The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W., England.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

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Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

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NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JULY, 1915

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The Principles of Peace

IN talking to others concerning war and the rigours of war, one has met with a feeling, somewhat widely spread, and held by those whose general love of goodness entitles them to a thoughtful hearing: the feeling that war is in essence so horrible, that peace of itself is so full of gracious beneficence, that war must cease at any cost; that peace must be re-established and secured at any price. What must one say to these passionate advocates of peace?

An attempt has been made, in these Notes and Comments, to analyse the essential quality of war; to bring war, in the literal meaning, to the bar of the highest tribunal, to try the case before the supreme judge. As a result of this attempt, it seemed absolutely clear, first, that war is the very condition of life itself; that all growth, whether of body or of soul, is won by war and in no other way; and, secondly, that every Christian must recognize Christ as the supreme Warrior, the greatest exponent of war, both in his life and in his teaching, that the world has ever seen.

Let us try in the same way to look into the essential principles of peace. What is peace? Is it the mere absence of military hostilities, a cessation of the firing of bullet and shell, of bayonet-thrust and cavalry charge? Will the absence of these things constitute peace, a spiritual condition, supremely desirable? Is it the absence of the practice of violence?—the substitution of the principle of "non-resistance," as it is somewhat obscurely called: the principle—if such it be—that it is not only inexpedient, but spiritually wrong, to "resist evil," under any circumstances whatever?

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We may well begin with this principle, so-called, of "non-resistance." Suppose we accept it, and push it to the limit, what will it mean? It will mean this: a consistent refusal to use force, whether one's own or another's, in defence of property or person. If we are prepared to push this "refusal to defend" to its ultimate limit, then we are, in principle, opposed to all war. If we are not prepared to accept the ultimate application of that principle, then we must courageously face the alternative. And that alternative is war,—war with rifle and bayonet and quick-firing gun; war to the last ditch, war to the death.

But this, perhaps, is abstract, and therefore unconvincing. Let us try to make it more objective. What will be the practical working-out of the "refusal to defend"? One meets, in our complex social life, many professors of non-resistance, who say that they themselves would on no account use violence, and who, at the same time, are profiting, day by day, hour by hour, in their persons, in their professions, in their homes, by the organized preparation for violence which is embodied in the police-power. What would these professional non-resisters do if the police-power were suddenly withdrawn?

What would happen, we can easily realize. Even in spite of the ceaseless vigilance of the police-power—and in this we include the whole machinery of the law and of the courts—the forces of greed and hate and lust are perpetually alert, seeking whom they may devour. The contriving of fraud is also ceaselessly active,—as witness the thousand and one trials "for misuse of the mails," which show that hundreds of millions are stolen by means of such frauds every year. We need say little of the vast extent of fraud carried on just within the fringe of the law except this: that, if the police-power were withdrawn, the impulse behind this mass of fraud would express itself more simply. The present perpetrators of fraud would then take by force what they now take by guile. It is not the willingness that is lacking.

The forces of greed and hate and lust.—We live, in this country, in the midst of a curious recrudecence of gang violence; the gunman, the murderer for hire, is as common here today as he was in medieval Europe. For the most part, the murders committed by these "gunmen," and they are to be reckoned by the hundred, are the result of personal spites, jealousies, quarrels, and have nothing to do with any principle, whether social, political or economic. They testify simply to the readiness to kill, as the mass of fraud testifies to the readiness to steal. Even under the pressure of police-power—itself, perhaps, not always untempered by fraud—the murders which spring from this root are to be counted by the hundred. How large would the total be, if the strong arm of the law were withdrawn?—if lawlessness were given free play?

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Add the evil and sinister forces of lust, which so intertwine themselves with the other two that they often employ the same agencies. If the restraining power of law were withdrawn, where would organized lust be willing to draw its frontier? Is there any limit at all to the desires of evil, once they are given full play? What would happen, in fact, if the police-power suddenly ceased, is, of course, what has happened again and again in frontier communities: men have banded together to protect themselves, their wives and their children, forming Vigilance Committees and organizing Lynch law.

But, according to our hypothesis, that of absolute non-resistance, of the complete "refusal to defend," this course would be forbidden. For under these principles rigidly construed it is morally wrong to defend oneself or one's property; equally wrong to defend the person or property of another. Where, then, under a régime of non-resistance, would fraud and hate and lust be willing to draw their frontiers? Would they consent to draw the line outside our houses, or would they enter? Given immunity to lust and hate, the answer is indubitable: they have no limit whatsoever. No one, man, woman or child, would be safe for an hour.

If one is willing to stand by, with folded hands, while men, or women, or children are subjected to force and violence,—if one is convinced that such an attitude is spiritually right, then one may call oneself a consistent follower of the principle of non-resistance, of the refusal to defend.

If the situation is still obscure, then one is advised to linger over it; to picture concrete cases of the working out of hate and fraud and lust, unbridled; to work these cases out, and face the result. That result would be the ruin of everything of value in human life; the actual and abominable enslaving of the weak by the brutal, the lustful, the evil-minded. If anyone doubts this, let him gain a more real and accurate understanding of the operation of these forces, even now; of the abominable evils they work, even under the ceaseless pressure of the law, which, on the whole, is justly and honestly effective.

It will become clear that the unbridling of lust and hate and greed—and this is what the principle of non-resistance really means—would lead to results vile and detestable beyond conception; would lead to the destruction, first, of everything clean and worthy in human life, and, within a very short time, of human life itself. And we could not logically expect any other outcome from wholesale surrender to the forces of evil, the forces of destruction.

Surely it ought to be clear as day that such a vile and abominable result can never have been the purpose of the Master Jesus; and, there-

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fore, that the principles which would lead inevitably to this result cannot by any possibility be the Master's principles; rather, that they are a ghastly parody and distortion of those principles; one among many means put in motion by the active forces of evil, which wage ceaseless war, by guile as well as by force, against the purposes and the work of the Master Christ.

What then of the injunction, "Resist not evil," which is quoted, in their support, by the extreme advocates of non-resistance? Its purport would seem to be this: The Master tells his disciples that, as individuals, they must not resist evil. If one smite them on the check, they are to turn the other cheek. Thus, if in conversation, one's interlocutor is bitter, sarcastic, unfair, one must not therefore be bitter, unfair and sarcastic also, but must rather seek to be gentle, kindly, answering in the spirit of conciliation.

But the Master does not say—and this is the heart of the whole matter—if a man smite thy mother, or thy wife, on the right cheek, turn her face to be smitten on the left cheek also! He does not say, if a man take away the coat of an orphan, stand by and let him take the child's life also. He condemned the mean tendency of the mind to "get even" with an opponent. Who would not? But what has this got to do with the defence of others, or with the enforcement of law, or with the hatred of evil?

Let us carry the matter farther. Saint Paul bids us *overcome* evil with good (Romans xii, 21); he bids us "abhor evil" (Romans xii, 9); surely this is the very opposite of the surrender to evil, the refusal to defend others, who are subjected to evil. Surely the command of "the brother of the Lord,"—Resist the devil!—includes resistance to the works of the devil, and to those who deliberately further these works. And what could be more devilish, more bestial, more cowardly, than cruel assaults on women and children, the cold, deliberate murder of the defenceless? Who countenances these, countenances the devil himself.

Those who preach "peace at any price," would have us believe that the soldier and the soldier's business of war, fall under the ban of Christ's displeasure. But what do the records show? Time and again, Christ came into contact with soldiers, as with the centurion, who "had soldiers under him," and of whom Christ said, that not in Israel had he found so great faith. Is it recorded that on any such occasion, Christ expressed disapproval of war? Did he say, "Cease to be soldiers for the soldier's work is evil?" Did Paul, who also came again and again into contact with soldiers,—who for years was chained to a soldier? Was

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not the whole tenor of their teaching, Christ's as well as Paul's, that the soldier must be a good soldier, loyal, true, courageous, alert and valourous in duty; instant in the defence of the weak, the helpless?

It will be well to work this question out to the bitter end; in terms of the women and children dependent on oneself, or vividly within the circle of one's own habitual life; and then to face the question squarely: Am I ready to give these up to the unbridled forces of lust and cruelty? That anyone, facing the issue thus squarely, should remain for a moment in doubt as to what true moral and religious duty demands, is horrible. That anyone should believe that the Master Christ, the very soul of chivalry and courage, would counsel us through vileness to make the great betrayal, is yet more horrible. Yet these ghastly distortions of his teaching, with their ghastly results, exist, and will exist, so long as the Adversary seeks to undo the Master's work.

Is it necessary to complete the argument?—to work out the problem from the individual to the group; from the single brute, obedient to the devils of lust and cruelty and fraud, to the organized society, the nation, which has taken cruelty and fraud, greed and hatred, as its gospel, and which, with the fierce energy ever possessed by the active forces of evil, consistently puts the black gospel into practice? Surely it must be clear that, as the danger here to whatever things are holy, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, is infinitely greater, so the imperative duty to withstand the organized forces of evil is even more unmistakable.

If, among the nations, one or a group be found which deliberately takes the counsels of Satan as its policy; which teaches that it is justifiable to rob and murder and lie, to further the supposed interest of that nation; which establishes fraud and lying as an international system, with rat-like burrowings through all surrounding nations; which deliberately organizes the national forces for purposes of tyranny and oppression; which carries out its purposes by the methods of the assassin, the traitor, the poisoner; then it must be clear as day that the well-being of humanity is at stake, and must be defended by ultimate force, as one would defend children from a lustful criminal lunatic, who is, according to sane popular belief, "possessed of devils."

There are times in human life when war, and war to the death, the most effective possible use of bullet and bayonet and shrapnel, is not only necessary, but supremely honourable; when war, and war to the death, is the supreme expression of the gospel of Christ; and so, conversely, there are times when that peace which is the "refusal to defend" the weak from abominable violence, becomes itself abominable. Such a

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These pathological phenomena are only the extreme form of what may be observed in connection with every desire that is not in line with the general trend of our life and our sense of right. When we give it the upper hand, we feel, think, and act in ways wholly different from those which are natural to us in its absence, and in this sense we are quite as much different beings at different times as the maddest inmates of any asylum. Euclid's axiom that the whole is greater than any of its parts was long regarded as universally valid. Modern mathematics has, I am told, come to see it as but a definition of finitude, as an infinite whole may have an equally infinite part. But in the realm of unregenerate human nature it is the exact antithesis of the patent facts. Euclid may have been a mathematician,—of that I am in no position to judge. But as a psychologist his powers of observation appear to have been singularly limited, and he gives little evidence of having passed through those schools whose maxim was: Man, know thyself. We may grant that both God and man geometrize, but it is certain that their systems are Euclidean only in the most limited of fields. Every time you lose your temper, every time you are dominated by a desire, be it in itself good or bad, you find the whole of yourself vanishing into nothingness in comparison with this part of yourself. The universe is suddenly emptied of all but three things: your desire, its gratification, and that which stands between. Nothing else matters; nothing else exists for you; neither the Masters, nor your own dignity, nor your desire of yesterday, nor the feelings of others, nor right and wrong. What absurdity, then, to talk about the whole being greater than any of its parts! When do you ever think about the whole? When do its interests ever guide and compel your action? When are you ever "whole"? All your life is but the theatre of factional strifes and party triumphs. One desire after another usurps the machinery of government, and rules during its time of power with no other aim than to enrich itself. You? You are as yet but a kaleidoscopic succession of elemental forms, a congeries of elemental lives, no more existing as an individual than Mexico exists as a nation.

It is quite possible that you won't like this view of yourself. Indeed, though I trust you may have the intellectual honesty to grant its truth, I distinctly hope you won't like it. When you get to the point that you really hate it, you will do something about it. We do not blind our eyes to the presence of what we hate, nor do we submit tamely to its continuance. What can you do about it? First of all you can realize its truth. And when you have done this thoroughly, so thoroughly that it nauseates you, you can realize its falsity. Somewhere within you, submerged and hidden beneath the warring flames of opposing desires, or covered over with the soot of that small, mean selfishness of mood which is too often dignified by the name of desire, there is the spark of Selfhood. What it is, no man can say; but that it is all men can know. "Kim, Kim, who is Kim? What is Kim?"

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Each of us can ask this of himself; and as we ask it we can find, not an answer, but a fact,—the fact that "Kim" exists, the fact that "I am I." Not this desire nor that is the Self, not love nor hate, nor fear of pain, nor the craving for ease, nor vanity, nor ambition, nor the lust of possession. I am not these. They rise from and around me; I lend them my light and my fire, I lend them myself; they sweep over and submerge me, they blind and confuse me, they seat themselves in my seat and rule in my name; but I am I, I am not these.

When you reach this point, and, perceiving that you are not what in your outer life you are, perceive that nevertheless there is a real "you" that exists, though it can scarcely be said to live, you will find the desire rising within you to gain self-conscious life, and power of self-expressive action, for this real Self whose sense of selfhood you have stolen to squander on your whims and fancies. The will to be whole and real will be born in you.

Though I am still drawing my spiral round your first question, it is here that I should deal with your second; for it is at this point that we can begin to understand *Light on the Path* and the first four aphorisms of which you ask. The self-pity that made you weep, the vanity that caused your sensitiveness, the resentment that prompted your wish to wound, and the cowardice that held you shrinking from the fear of pain,—these things are not the Self; and before the Self can see or hear or speak or stand in the presence of the Masters and in the world of the real, the eyes and ears and voice and heart must be freed from the usurpation of what is not the Self. It is as simple and as matter-of-fact as to say that if a child is playing with your spectacles you cannot yourself read with them while they are on his nose; or that you cannot talk to your office over the telephone while the wire is kept "busy" with the flirtatious conversations of your idle and faithless stenographer; or that the unfortunate fact that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, prevents your taking your seat at the head of your table so long as it is occupied by the family cat. It is for you to determine how long you will permit these usurpations to continue; but it is worth noting that they are as injurious to the child and the stenographer as to you, and that while the cat's retention of your chair may give ease and security to the mice in the cellar, it does not enable her to enter the human kingdom nor to take part in the table conversation. Despite her sleek complacency, your place is empty.

The simple truth is that every faculty and power which rightly pertains to the soul,—to the real Self within you,—has been seized upon by one or another of the elemental forms your desires have created, and has for so long been prostituted to the service of its immediate possessors that it fails to recognize its rightful master or to respond to your soul's will. To explain this further will compel me to move on dangerous ground, where any moment my similes may betray me into

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a quagmire from which I may be unable to extricate either myself or you. So, if you would follow me, deal warily with my words. The powers of the soul are vital with its consciousness. They stand around the soul as a royal cabinet stand around a king. To each is entrusted some department of the realm, where his voice is the king's voice, his will the king's will. Bearing the king's signet, the reports and the obedience that are rendered to him are rendered as to the king. So long as his ministers are loyal, and the king himself the centre from which all authority radiates and to which all information and obedience return, all goes well. The division and delegation of power, necessary for close touch with all aspects of the national life, serve only to strengthen the national consciousness and sense of unity. But if the ministers be disloyal, form cabals among themselves, and use their power,—the king's power,—for their own aggrandizement; if they be little by little misled into thinking themselves royal because of the royal salutations accorded their representative capacity, and begin to suppress information and to act from their own initiative in what they deem their own interests,—then all goes very badly. The state is rent asunder. Unity gives way to faction, and faction to anarchy. The forms of royalty persist, so that every brigand and freebooter is as king to his own followers. But the sense of national identity has vanished, and the king himself is left deserted, ignorant of what is done in his name and powerless to command the personal obedience that could alone correct it.

It is so with the soul and its powers. The royalty of the soul is its self-conscious individuality. This it bestows upon its ministers, as the sign that they act on its behalf. All that they do is marked with this sign. The power of sight goes forth and reports "*I* see." The power of hearing goes forth, and it is said "*I* hear." The powers of love and hate, of holding and loosing, go forth, and it is said "*I* love," "*I* hate," "*I* hold," "*I* loose." But this sense of the Self, of the "I am I," thus given to all that pertains to the Self, and originally accepted as a symbol of loyalty no less than of authority, becomes the very means of the Self's betrayal. From the beginning of time it has been God's generosity in the gift of himself that has led to his denial and crucifixion in his universe. Whatever uses the powers of the soul is tempted to think and act, in forgetful disloyalty, as though it were itself the soul,—itself the Self. Thus when our bodies are hungry we say "*I* am hungry," and that "I" means no longer the soul but the body, which here thinks and acts as though it were the Self, existing of and for itself. Or again, the congeries of mental and emotional elements, the psychic "complex," that has been formed around your enjoyment of your after-dinner reading and cigar, resents the interruption of visitors, and you say: "*I* wish they would leave *me* alone," though the real "you" has no such wish, and has, unfortunately, but little chance to reach or to be reached by your visitors through a personality forgetful even of its existence.

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These psychic complexes thus do more than usurp and use for their own ends the faculties and powers of the soul. They assume the royal prerogative of individuality, taking the gift of self-consciousness that belongs to them only as servants of the soul and centering it in themselves. It is this that makes them so difficult to combat; for by this theft they appear to us as ourselves, and their desires seem our own will. Were the soul's self-consciousness ever wholly absorbed by any one complex we should, indeed, have nothing with which to combat it. But this is never the case. "With a single portion of myself I established the whole universe, yet remain separate." Something of consciousness transcends and escapes the dominance of our moods, and this is true even on the lowest plane. In the warfare of our desires first one and then another gains the upper hand; but the victory is never absolute and complete, and there is always something of the Self left in the hands of the defeated parties to cry out the illegitimacy of the one which triumphs. Wholeness exists in the soul only; and the self-consciousness that is torn from the soul, and which gives the appearance of selfhood to the fragment of the self in which it is centered, betrays the deception by its awkward sense of incompleteness. This is our hope of salvation. The will to be whole, the will to be real, and to live the life of the whole Self in the world of reality, may be submerged, but it is not lost or surrendered. It is through this will, this loyal desire, that the Self can war upon its rebellious subjects and regain its powers. But no desire, no habit, no congeries of life forms and forces, can be effectively combated until it is seen as not the Self. The sense of self-identification must be withdrawn from it,—as a royal charter would be withdrawn from one who had proved faithless to his trust.

There are two means that we may use for this purpose. The first is the practice of concentration and meditation. This consists in the deliberate effort to center the self-consciousness in the soul. We take some time, let us say in the morning before we start our outer work, and try to rise above whatever mood we may be in and to regain the sense of our true Self. Sometimes we have to start negatively, denying that we are, in reality, this or that which we seem to ourselves to be. This denial is very different from the Christian Science denial of facts. It recognizes the facts, but it refuses to identify the Self with what is not the Self. Thus if, when we begin, we feel sleepy and hungry and that we want our breakfast, we do not deny these sensations; but we do deny that they are those of the Self. My mind is sleepy; but I am not the mind. My body is hungry and restless, but I am not my body. I am the Self, greater than the mind, greater than the body. These are my servants, for which I must care; but now I must use them; now they must obey me; now they must follow my will and not I theirs. I am the Self. I am I, and stand in the Eternal before the Master who made me what I am. At other times we may begin directly with such positive affirmation, striving to hold it in consciousness, till it becomes

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self-consciousness; till we feel and think and live in that self-consciousness. At still other times, and these are the most frequent, we can begin best with some spiritual reading, or prayer; by act of will making ourselves respond to the sentiments which we read, till they awaken,—as it were by induction,—the kindred sentiments that lie in our own soul. But in whatever way we begin, the end that is sought is the same: to be, in those few moments, the real Self that we are, and from that center of reality to look forth upon our life and set our will to the doing of what needs to be done. A very little of this practice serves to loosen the hold of our moods upon our sense of identity, and as we persevere in it and extend our effort, we slowly acquire the power to feel and think and act from the centre of our real Self, bringing to all that we do, all that we are, and making our lives whole where they are now fragmentary. (Here, by the way, Euclid's axiom again breaks down, for in this perfect concentration the whole infinite Self finds complete expression in a single duty, and each fragment of the Self becomes the perfect copy of the whole.) Between the first beginning and this final result there is, of course, a long road to be traversed. But even my circuitous answer to your questions cannot include a treatise on meditation.

The second way of withdrawing self-identification from our "desire elementals" is to force our minds to follow in imagination their full life cycle, so that we see the results of the actions to which they urge us. Results cannot be separated from acts: the two are one. If we identify ourselves with the one we must do so also with the other; and we shall find ourselves quite unwilling to stay with our bad habits to their inevitable ends. It is by this means that life itself teaches us; the final catastrophe shaking the sense of Self free from the "complex" that had held it. But this tuition by Karmic law is slow and very painful, and our reason, if we will use it honestly, may enable us to anticipate its lessons, and prompt our wills to do for ourselves what otherwise life must do for us. The man who has fostered the craving for alcohol till it has taken possession of his consciousness, may be willing now to identify himself with the complex he has created; but looking forward through the years to the hopeless wreck of humanity in which this indulgence ends, he will be by no means so ready to claim it as himself. If he can really see this end as the inevitable consequence of his present habits, he will turn against them with hatred and with loathing.

When we feel in this way toward any habit or desire, we are in a position to attack it positively and effectively. But we shall have constantly to be on our guard against slipping back into that wrong self-identification with it which robs our efforts of all virility. We can plan against this; first in continuing the practice of meditation, and, second, in working upon the "complex" itself. Here we shall be wise to distinguish as clearly as possible between the elements that unite to

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form any wrong habit and that habit itself. You used the word "desire" and not "habit"; and superficially it may appear that a desire is a simple and single thing. But what you mean by a desire,—what you alone can mean, if you talk of killing it,—is not a simple thing. It is just such a "complex" as we have been speaking of. The elements of this complex are, in their essence, right and vital attributes of the soul,—powers of the Self which we must recognize are precious. It is the perverted union of these elements, the cabal that they have formed against the soul, that is the harmful thing and that we have to destroy. I tried to make this clear earlier. But we have now come to the point where it is important to remember it. Otherwise we shall be as loath to fight as was Arjuna; and we have need to take to ourselves Krishna's explanation of the nature of the combat, and to see that

> "If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again."

Illustrations often confuse where they are meant to simplify, but truly I think those which I have already used should make this point abundantly clear. When you try to take back your spectacles from the baby who is playing with them, he is quite likely to howl as though you were murdering him, and if you are naturally a timid and sensitive person you may come to feel very much like a cold-blooded infanticide before you succeed in your undertaking and escape from the reproachful glances of the foolish nurse. But once you are safely back in your own study, with your spectacles where they properly belong, reason will assure you that murder was not actually your intention, and that the baby is the better and not the worse for being prevented from straining his eyes. *Mutatis mutandis,* the same scene is enacted when you forbid your stenographer the illegitimate use of your telephone; and I am quite sure that even in the case of your cat you would hesitate to take your own seat at the cost of inflicting a messy death upon it then and there. It is really not a question of "killing" any of these. It is a question of breaking up improper combinations: of the baby and your spectacles; of the stenographer and your telephone; of the cat and your chair; of thirst and alcohol and the desire to escape from the deadness of self. All that is killed is the parasitical life that resides in these combinations and that vamporizes your own. What you do is to set your house in order: turn the baby back to his proper playthings, the stenographer to her proper work, the cat to its proper place, while you yourself assume the position that is yours and the use of what belongs to you.

The problem of "killing out a desire" is, therefore, the problem of separating the elements that unite to form it. There are always at least three of these,—as even Euclid will tell you that three is the least

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number of straight lines that can enclose a space, and a stool that has not at least three legs has no stability. Thought, feeling, and some sort of will, are necessary constituents in every complex that can embody self-consciousness and so appear as a "desire." If we remove any one of these elements, the desire as such must disintegrate. Moreover, if we can successfully introduce a new element, another kind of thought, feeling, or will, we create a new combination,—a new grouping which may expel an element previously present, or which may at least possess properties totally different from the first. This is really a matter of occult chemistry, and its best similies are found in ordinary chemical processes. Thus hydrogen, sulphur, and oxygen unite to form sulphuric acid. Remove any one of these elements, and we no longer have sulphuric acid. Introduce sodium in the proper proportion and there is at once a new grouping; the hydrogen is expelled and sodium sulphate is formed. This gives us the clue to the conquest or transformation of our desires.

The crudest and most direct method consists in denying the gratification of our desire. This inhibits the action of the element of will bound up in the desire. The will can live only through exercise. If it be long inhibited, it atrophies or starves. Therefore this denial gradually starves out the will from the desire, and thus causes the latter slowly to disintegrate. This is obviously a slow and laborious process, but it is, if consistently followed, certain to succeed. It is, as it were, a frontal attack, in which we deal with the complex as a whole, opposing its will with our will. As its will is, in essence, a portion of our own will in rebellion against us, this always has the appearance of warring against ourselves,—do what we may to withdraw our sense of self-identification.

We can hasten the process, and make it much less painful and laborious, by working upon the separate elements of the complex, seeking to introduce new elements beside them, and to draw them off into new combinations. If, for example, I habitually resent criticism and desire to justify myself, I can gradually break down this desire by steadfastly refraining from every expression of resentment,—however subtle and covert,—and by never permitting myself any excuses,—even to my own mind. But I shall find this very slow and very difficult. I can accomplish my end much more expeditiously and easily, if, in addition, I work also upon the separate elements of my thought, feeling and will, and place beside them new thoughts, new feelings, and a new will. Thus I can resolve that whenever I am criticized, and my mind begins resentfully to talk to me of its counter criticisms against the one who has hurt me, I shall think also and more persistently of his virtues; of how much I owe to him; of my need for criticism; of what a beastly unpleasant task I have put upon him in making him criticize me; of what a contemptible thing my resentment is; of the vanity and cowardice that make me wish to be like the ostrich with his head in the sand,

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blind to the faults and dangers which everyone else sees in and about me; of my real wish to see my faults that I may conquer them; etc., etc. Such a resolution may seem too cumbrous for effective use in a crisis. It is, however, all summed up in the resolution to remember to welcome criticism and to *think accordingly*. But there is much value in having your mental speech prepared; and you will find that there is ample time for quite a long speech before you succeed in drowning the voices that rise from the complex of resentment.

Similarly we can work upon the elements of feeling and of will. Of the two, the will is much the easier, for it is more external and tangible. Thus the "elemental" that moves us to resentment wants to be nasty,—to say or do something spiteful, something that will put our critic in his proper place as the dust beneath our feet. We can resolve, instead, that we will do some kindness, some *humble* kindness and service. We shall not feel like doing it. But that is just the reason why we resolve to do it. We deliberately introduce into this resentful mood of ours an element of will which is incongruous with it, in order that, from this very incongruity, the mood itself, the psychic complex, may be disintegrated.

The element of feeling is, as I said, more difficult to deal with, and perhaps few of us can hope to modify feeling save through the instrumentality of thought and will. But if we work, as I have suggested, upon our thoughts and will, we shall find our feelings also change. Resentful feelings cannot long survive in the midst of thoughts of gratitude and acts of kindness; and if we try really to feel the injury we have done, and daily do, the Master, I doubt whether our hearts can have much room left for the sense of the injuries done ourselves. We may find at least the beginning of this when we pray: "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

The whole theory of penances has its rationale in this occult chemistry of the dissolution of psychic complexes. It associates with the action of each such complex an element that is so incongruous, so unassimilable, as to be positively painful. If you want to break up a habit, there is no better or quicker way than to punish yourself every time you indulge it, and to do this so persistently, and with such an increasing scale of severity, that the pain outweighs the pleasure. However popular you may be with hostesses, if you chain yourself to a big black, who must thus go everywhere with you, and who thrashes every one who entertains you, you will not continue long to be sought as a guest. It is necessary to remember, however, that it is not so much the severity of the penance as its inevitableness that drives the lesson home. We have got to treat these tendencies of the lower self as we treat the bad habits and the faults of children. The spanking must be severe enough to be remembered,—and to be dreaded,—but the essential thing is that it should be indissolubly associated in the child's consciousness with the fault for which it is administered.

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The subject is truly inexhaustible, but I have fulfilled my promise and led you through this long circuit back to where we started. Half measures are futile. But he who has no reservations can accomplish whatsoever he will.

There remains only your third question, which I confess seems to me a mere foolish misunderstanding of words. "Why is occultism necessary? Why is not Christianity sufficient?" As well ask, "Why is religion necessary? Or effort? Or knowledge of self? Is not Christianity sufficient?"

"Occultism" means only the science of that which is hidden. Christ came to make manifest the hidden life of the soul. His life, his teaching, is occultism from beginning to end; and to it there is neither beginning nor end. It is the eternal pathway of the soul: the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Between Christianity and occultism there is no shadow of difference, no possibility of distinction. Between their popular misconceptions there is this difference: Christianity, to many who profess it, means no more than a general desire to do right, a general profession of a name and of a creed, and a weekly attendance at general Church services. Occultism, to many who talk about it, means no more than an unhealthy curiosity regarding particular aspects of the psychic plane and dabbling with the hidden working of vital forces in nature and in man. Thus travestied, Christianity has been made often hypocritical and usually ineffective; and occultism, equally often, dangerous, harmful, or silly, as the case may be; but the one is general where the other is particular. We know very little of ourselves if we do not recognize that before our general aspiration can be of much value it must descend to particular effort. Occultism is but Christianity in detail; Christianity is but Christ's revelation of occultism.

Now I have answered all your questions, and my mind is sleepy and my body tired, and it is time to go to bed. We are not half grateful enough for the way this universe of ours is ordered. We are sleepy at bed time, and hungry at meal time, and tired when it is time to rest. Have you ever thought how easily it might have been reversed, and how horrid the reversal would be? If we were wakeful at bed time and if sleep made us sleepy; satiated before meals, and made hungry by eating; energetic before resting, and tired after it? Thank heaven that there is so much in your life that is thus ordered by a more benevolent intelligence than your own, for unless I greatly mistake them, most of what you call your desires are set on this very reversal.

Let me hear from you when you can, but, please, no more passing on of such encyclopedic questions.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

P. S.—I find I have omitted one point which is of considerable practical importance and of which I had meant to speak. If you had

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kept your stenographer properly busy, and if that baby had been kept at whatever babies ought to be kept at, the one would not have been tempted to flirt over the telephone, and the other would not have been interested in your spectacles—which, also, should not have been left carelessly within its reach. Once we have analysed the elements that enter into any complex we wish to break up, we shall be wise to keep each one of these elements fully occupied in some other and legitimate direction.

J. G.

We think it a gallant thing, to be fluttering up to heaven with our wings of knowledge and speculation; whereas the highest mystery of a divine life here, and of perfect happiness hereafter, consists in nothing but mere obedience to the Divine will. Happiness is nothing but that inward sweet delight, which will arise from the harmonious agreement between our wills and the will of God. There is nothing in the whole world able to do us good or hurt, but God, and our own will: neither riches nor poverty, nor disgrace nor honor, nor life nor death, nor angels nor devils; but willing, or not willing, as we ought.—Ralph Cudworth.

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FATHER AUGUSTINE BAKER,

An Eminent Spiritual Director

IT is amazing to think how slight and superficial a thing culture is! We pride ourselves on scientific impartiality, and freedom from historical biases. We crowd into summer schools and winter *seminars*. We plough and harrow the ridges of life down to a dead level of stupidity; there we cultivate native bristles. We stow away all the past into the small compartments of our own provincialism; we cast its dreary shadows forward, blotting the loveliness of celestial towers. Let us, by a radial journey to the centre of life, bring ourselves into contact and sympathy with other parts of the vast circumference—*orbis terrarum*. Let us, wise Protestants as we are, with our house impregnable prudently stablished on Plymouth Rock, turn our attention for a half hour to an English renegade who was prodigal enough to abandon his Protestant birth-right, a refugee who found in France liberty to worship as conscience dictated—which meant for him at the feet of the Crucifix. If extremes meet, perhaps Catholic fugitives who followed the voice of conscience may awake sympathy in us, the children of Puritan fugitives.

Father Baker's lifetime falls within the period of Queen Elizabeth, King James and King Charles. His dates are 1575-1641. Personally. he seems to have taken no part in the intriguing and plotting which marked the contest between the two rival sects. His abandonment of his family's Protestantism was altogether a case of conscience—it had no political motive nor significance. His adherence to the Catholic sectarians brought his share of their karma—unavoidable exile, or illegal residence in his native land. He accepted both. In his old age, he fled from place to place in England and finally just escaped a martyr's crown by dying of fever.

Did not Ruskin once say if there had been more gentlemen there would have been fewer martyrs? As we look back upon the period of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth and the Stuarts we find ourselves wishing that urbanity had given us more true martyrs and not the burlesque of heroism that fills the record on both sides of the struggle. Bigotry, hatred, petty recriminations! It is a wearisome and disgusting contest. We turn from its crudeness and savageness to the courteous heroism of the Maid for true valor and self-sacrifice.

Zeal is not incompatible with dignity. But who could find the bishop in the words of Latimer when he tore down from his cathedral the image of the Virgin? "She, with her old sister of Wolsingham, her younger sister of Ipswich, and their two other sisters of Doncaster and

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Penrice, would make a jolly muster at Smithfield." They seem like the speech of a satirical dramatist put into the mouth of some fanatic. And there is something that suggests Mormonism in the haste with which English priests took wives and turned over to them the ecclesiastical vestments to be cut up as trimmings for personal wearing apparel. On the whole the two rival sects balanced themselves very evenly. Three hundred Protestant martyrs under Mary is the usual count. Practically the same number of Catholic priests died during the succeeding reign. Perhaps the balance is slightly in favor of the Protestants. Elizabeth did not persecute Catholics on account of their religious opinions. She had to get rid of them on account of their political plottings.

Father Baker's baptismal name was David. His father was man of business to an earl whose estate was in Monmouthshire. His mother was a clergyman's daughter. The boy's childhood and youth gave no indication of a religious vocation. During his residence at Oxford he seems to have abandoned conventional beliefs and to have become a theoretical atheist. He chose law for a profession and worked at it privately under an older brother and afterwards in London at the Temple. For a time he assisted his father in Monmouthshire as bailiff. While riding across a river on the estate his horse lost the ford, and Baker just escaped drowning. The danger and the escape awoke him to the realities of actual life. He sought religious instruction, found what satisfied him with a Catholic priest and discovered his vocation. Later he become acquainted with some Benedictine monks and resolved to become a postulant. As the English monastic institutions had been destroyed, Baker was compelled to seek a community on the continent. He served his novitiate at an abbey in Padua and in his thirty-second year took his final vows. He was not ordained priest till many years later.

Baker was for a time chaplain in one or two Catholic families and worked also at some historical investigations in England. But England was not a centre for Catholics, and Baker, like many other priests and monks, crossed over to the continent. There the English Benedictines had formed a community at Douay—the Plymouth Rock of Catholicism.

Douay came into prominence in1562 as a retreat for English Catholics—four years after the accession of Elizabeth. In that year, Philip of Spain [husband of the late Queen, Mary (Tudor), and Elizabeth's life-long foe] the champion of the Catholic cause, obtained from the reigning Pope authorisation to found a University which should be a bulwark against the raging Protestant heresy. Douay, a town in Philip's Flemish possessions, was the centre chosen for the new University. Several exiled Catholic professors of Oxford were given posts at Douay, and much of the tradition of Oxford was continued in the Flemish town. Three years after the founding of the University William Allen, late president of one of the Oxford colleges, arrived at Douay. He had been finally driven out of England after many years of work among

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Catholics. He was seeking a centre for a theological seminary in which English Catholic priests might be trained. Allen was a powerful and sanguine Catholic and believed that his cause was merely in eclipse. He felt confident that Philip would finally annihilate the heretic Queen. Allen wished to be prepared for the aftermath, to have a strong body of trained priests ready to restore the pure teachings of former days. The founding of the University and the presence of Oxford professors at Douay influenced Allen to begin his seminary there. It was so successful that after ten years the Pope granted a subsidy which was regularly paid until the French Revolution. In the years that followed its foundation a very large number of men became students at Allen's seminary. Three hundred of these were secretly sent back to England from time to time, for work of conversion, instruction, and intriguing. Of those three hundred Douay priests, one hundred and sixty are enrolled as martyrs. When the seminary was well started, Cardinal Allen plotted with Philip the expedition of the Armada. He tried to raise an auxiliary company among the English students and residents of Douay, but only a few responded. The defeat of the great scheme left the academicians free to turn their attention to a Catholic translation of the Bible. This translation, the Douay Bible, still the standard Catholic translation, was published at Antwerp in 1600.

Father Baker was a member of the English Benedictine community at Douay. From Douay, in his old age, he was sent secretly to England for missionary work. In the prosecution of that work he died, as has been already stated.

A large part of Baker's writing was done at a town near Douay, where for nine years he was spiritual guide to a group of English nuns. He has explained his method of instruction in a life that he wrote of one of the nuns—Dame Gertrude More. After Baker's death, a loyal monk, Cressy, studied diligently whatever he could find of his friend's composition; he went through more than forty of Baker's treatises, made an abstract of the teachings, and published that abstract at Douay in 1657 under the title *Sancta Sophia,* Holy Wisdom. Dame Gertrude More and other nuns wrote their impressions and memories of Baker's instruction. Many of the manuscripts remained in the convent at Cambrai until the French Revolution drove the nuns back to their own country. Some of Baker's writings were lost during the disorder of the Revolution, but others are still preserved in English convents that are descended from the mother house at Cambrai.

The community of nuns that Baker so successfully guided crossed over to Douay in 1623. The community was the fruit of faithful pastoral work on the part of a Catholic priest among English families. (Elizabeth's tolerant policy required little of ordinary Catholic families. She haled priests to prison on account of their intriguing.) That priest, a Father Jones, in his ministrations found nine young gentlewomen whom he thought fit for religious training. Their families gave consent, and

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Jones planned to bring his wards together. But as monasticism had ended in England, Jones crossed over with his charges to Douay, whence they proceeded to Cambrai. Three older nuns from an English convent in Brussels were made Superiors of the new group.

The troubles of the young community began at once. Different English priests from Douay were appointed Chaplain and Confessor to the nuns. The training of these priests had been altogether in preparation for argumentative proselytising. They did not know the elements of interior, contemplative living; hence they were unable to give suitable direction to the novices. Baker's pupil, Gertrude More, seems to have been the greatest sufferer from that lack of discipline. She appears to have had no vocation to religious life when in her eighteenth year she left her country and her father. She had merely very strong affection for God and a strong aversion from the life of the world. Her father was wealthy. She had refused to consider marriage. A tradition of devout Catholic loyalty continued in the family—Gertrude More (Helen we should call her, for that was her baptismal name; at her formal entrance into the convent she took St. Gertrude as patron and was thereafter called *Gertrude* More) was the great-granddaughter of Henry VIII's Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. The chaplain of the More family considered their loyalty and the girl's distaste for worldly life as sufficient foundation on which to erect the structure of a religious character. The girl was partly influenced also by the fact that her choice would decide the fate of the proposed convent. The other candidates were poor. Without the contribution of Helen More's dowry which her father agreed to make, the establishment of the community would be impossible.

Helen More made her choice and went eagerly to work to acquire the graces of an interior life. She had a strong and active intellect and had some of the scholarship which distinguished the uncollege-trained ladies of earlier centuries. She inquired of the missionary chaplains and she read diligently all the books she could find. But the books and the *viva voce* advice she received were both harmful. She was not only hindered and retarded but actually lost ground. From a cheerful and pleasant companion, she became morose. She lost her inclination toward divine things and became so hopeless that she regretted the step taken. That was her state after eighteen months at Cambrai. Baker was then appointed Chaplain. At first he aroused her enthusiasm and restored her hope of coming into actual union with God. But the enthusiasm was short-lived. She took a hostile attitude toward Baker as well as toward her Mother, and refused to consult him. This opposition continued for some time. Finally the comfort and aid which other nuns received from Baker's guidance induced her to consult him again. He was able to give her the help she needed, and she followed the method of prayer he suggested during the nine remaining years of her life. She died painfully of small-

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pox, but inwardly at peace, in 1633. She was born in 1606—two years after the gunpowder plot.

Baker's way of approach to God may be called Vedantin. It seems abstract to our Western minds. Instead of approaching spiritual communion through the humanity of Christ, which is the normal Catholic way, the approach is made through the *divinity* of Christ. This seems as difficult as the Sankhya way in the East. It also seems unnatural; the *humanity* is a natural bridge for the very purpose of spanning the chasm. Baker is explicit, however, in his directions. An aspirant to spiritual communion is bidden to seek after God nakedly, in the Essence of His Being, and is cautioned "not to allow the soul to rest in even the noblest image that has ever been created, the image of the humanity of our blessed Saviour. For the soul (in some cases), through her strong propensity, is unable to use the image of the humanity of our Saviour at all as a step to the Divine simplicity." Baker's ideas when he writes of spiritual communion bear a striking resemblance to the "absorption" idea of the East. Rightly or wrongly, that notion or distortion—the drop lost in the ocean—represents Western opinion of Eastern religion. Baker writes as follows of the soul and God—a passage which might easily pass for some Vedantin comment. There is nothing in the thought to identify it with a Christian writer. "'Like covets like,' says the philosopher, and so the spiritual soul of man thirsts after the noblest and most perfect of its kind, the Divine Spirit. He being infinite, the finite spirit of man may satiate and fill itself with Him and in Him, in a way it can not with other things, because the latter are limited and finite. Thus the Divinity is the infinite, profound centre or resting place of man's soul. Hence it ever desires the ocean, which, for its depth and wideness, is capable of containing it and millions of others. She thirsts after the spaciousness and infinity of God, wherein alone she can have her fill and be secure from perils. Nothing can touch or harm a soul while she is immersed in the Divinity."

It is that unusual, un-Western idea that gave to an envious superior a handle for proceeding against the orthodoxy of Baker's teaching. In 1633, after Baker had been for several years guiding the house at Cambrai, a new President of the community was appointed. That new President, envious of Baker's influence, made doctrinal charges. The specific charge was that Baker's teaching about obedience to an interior voice was subversive of obedience to Superiors. A committee of Benedictines was appointed for a searching examination. A close scrutiny was made of Baker's writings, and the Cambrai nuns, after *viva voce* examination, were ordered to give up all notes of interviews with Baker, all comments, all prayers, etc., written or suggested by his teaching. The committee reported complete vindication of Baker. That was inevitable. Interior prayer, interior listening for a silent voice, could never, Baker said, unless at the very beginning, conflict with outward obedience. For that inner activity is not a check to the outer—it goes along simultaneously

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with the outer.* Nevertheless, Baker makes no evasion. He puts in the first place the virtue that St. Benedict made the foundation of the Order—obedience. If a person aspiring to union with God is forbidden by a Superior to practise interior prayer, Baker declares that person is to obey the Superior—"God will make it up to him."

Indications of that suspicion against his orthodoxy are frequent in Baker's writing. It introduced into his treatises an apologetic tone that is seldom pleasing. He feels the need to explain, to justify and safeguard.

Baker's abstract, Vedantin views are easy to trace historically. They are an heritage from the Areopagite whom Baker read and passed on to the nuns for study—together with writings of St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross and Tauler. The anonymous work, the *Divine Cloud of Unknowing,* is a link between Baker and Dionysius.

The *Divine Cloud* is an extraordinary writing of which almost nothing is known. There are five manuscripts in the British Museum. There are other manuscripts also. Mr. Edmund Gardner says the manuscripts are at least of the fifteenth century, but thinks that it is safer to assign them to the fourteenth. Baker found himself in complete accord with the teachings of the *Divine Cloud* and wrote a comment upon it. The original and his comments were first published two hundred and thirty years after Baker's death by another Benedictine. The book is difficult to obtain. It is said that Catholic booksellers are forbidden to sell it to laymen—another indication that Baker's way is not quite the normal way of Catholic Christendom.

In his comment, Baker states that the *Divine Cloud* is founded on Dionysius, and he quotes from Dionysius' epistle to Timothy: "Thou, then, Timothy, leave thy senses and sensible exercises, and all sensible and intelligible things. Keep under by a strong effort of thy mind the things which are not and which are, and as far as it is possible to thee, rise up unknowingly to that union with God, which is above all substance and knowledge." Baker's comments reveal profound sympathy between himself and Dionysius. "As God is infinite," he writes, "there can be no true sensible (i.e., of physical senses) image of God. A devout soul should free itself of all such images and retain only an obscure and general notion of God; the mind should remain in a kind of vacuity."

To attain to union through an obscure and general notion of God with the mind held in a kind of vacuity—that is Dionysius' way of negation. Dionysius spoke always of the "Transcendence of the One." To Dionysius the One [God] is above all created things, and cannot there-

* "As to following prayer when the Superior at such time would wish otherwise to employ a person, I say that after the soul hath been some good space practising that exercise, Superiors would fail to hinder her in it by imposing that which to them seemed fit, and the soul would have no desire to resist them, nor could she do it without a check from God Almighty. For no employment which religious women have in religion can hinder them after they have had a good entrance into prayer; because if they pray not at one time they can easily pray at another, or best of all, pray with the work itself, and make the work their prayer."—Dame Gertrude More in her *Apologia.*

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fore be reached through created things. The way of negation is the way taught by Baker, also. "The knowledge which Dame Gertrude had of God," Baker writes, "was of that kind which spiritual writers declare to be the truest knowledge of which we are capable in this life and that is by way of negation—that God is none of those things which we can imagine or conceive with our understanding." Baker is perhaps the most thorough-going representative of the Areopagite in the West. He passes far beyond mystics like Richard of St. Victor. Richard embodied the teachings of Dionysius' "Mystical Theology" but he clothed them in Biblical allegories and gave them an appearance of concreteness, familiarity and domesticity. Erigena, the first translator of Dionysius, seems to understand his author fully. But even Erigena holds to the usual Catholic teaching that man must reach God over the bridge of Christ's *humanity*. "He wished to make His Humanity a medium," Erigena wrote, "for the transmutation of all human nature to Divine. He descended alone, in order that He might ascend with many. He, a God, made Himself Man, in order that He might make Gods of men." The unknown author of the *Divine Cloud* and Father Baker reproduce the complete abstractness of Dionysius. They counsel their readers to consider the naked Being of God.

Union with God [the Transcendent One] through the way of negation was the victorious end to which Father Baker led his spiritual daughters. But it is an end—it is not a method. We cannot think that a man of his wisdom would speak about transcendence, the way of negation, etc., to a nineteen-year-old girl in great distress over a mistaken vocation. He pointed out to Gertrude More certain spiritual exercises which he thought would bring her relief. He tried to start her on a simple way of prayer that would lead her interiorly to the spiritual plane. His wish was to make her spiritual life independent of himself personally. Something must now be said about the spiritual exercises Baker gave to Gertrude More.

His plan was to lead her to God along the path of least resistance. That path for her was the one of her natural affection for God. The mistakes of the missionary chaplains and the harm she got from books seem to have been of two kinds. They counselled "doing violence to nature." That is excellent counsel when used under the guidance of a skilful director. But unwise use of it almost wrecked Dame Gertrude's life. The second mistake was the effort to hold her, as a novice, in the elementary stages of meditation—the stages of memory and understanding. Baker saw that Gertrude More was an unusually gifted beginner—that her natural affection for God was strong enough to kindle her will, and that for her the earlier stages of reasoning, which with most aspirants lead up to an awakening of love, were altogether unnecessary. He counselled her to seek God naturally—to let her affections be her guide in ejaculatory (mental) prayer. She obeyed, made selections of sentences from St. Augustine, and used them. That simple exercise seems

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to have saved her soul. By it she was brought first to complete acceptance of her life* and afterwards to the higher stages of Meditation.

True to his intention Baker left his pupil to her own course when he saw her steering steadily. Hence he did not know just when she reached the higher forms of Meditation. But he felt confident that she did reach that end. He describes two of the higher degrees. The first is Meditation Active. He defines this as "a prompt, easy, clear, immediate converse of the intellective soul with the Divinity." He writes eloquently of this stage. "The effects of this blessed, perceptible presence of God in perfect souls are unspeakable and divine; for He is in them both as a principle of all their actions internal and external, being the life of their life and spirit of their spirits; and also as the end of them, directing both the actions and persons to Himself only. He is all in all things unto them: a light to direct securely all their steps, and to order all their workings, even those also which seem the most indifferent, the which by the guidance of God's Holy Spirit do cause a farther advancement of them to a yet more immediate union. He is a shield to protect them in all temptations and dangers, an internal force and vigour within them, to make them do and suffer all things whatsoever His pleasure is they should do or suffer. They not only believe and know, but even feel and taste Him to be the universal, infinite Good. By means of a continual conversation with Him they are reduced to a blessed state of a perfect denudation of spirit, to an absolute internal solitude, a transcendancy and forgetfulness of all created things, and especially of themselves, to an heavenly-mindedness and fixed attention to God only, and this even in the midst of employments to others never so distractive; and finally, to a trustful knowledge of all His infinite perfections, and a strict application of their spirits by love above knowledge, joined with a fruition and repose in Him with the whole extent of their wills; so that they become after an inexpressible manner partakers of the divine nature; yea, one spirit, one will, one love with Him, being in a sort deified, and enjoying as much of heaven here as mortality is capable of."

Baker calls the second of the higher degrees, Meditation Extraordinary or Passive. The first degree man can attain by faithful performance of spiritual exercises. But the second degree is entirely beyond man's attainment. He cannot prepare himself for it because it is a grace or gift supernaturally infused by God. There are two degrees within this Meditation Extraordinary, the lower of which is sometimes

* "The divine obedience of Dame Gertrude consisted in this—that for God and out of love and obedience to Him, she willingly and readily did those things to which she was bound in any way, refrained from those things she was forbidden, and patiently and with resignation, and even cheerfully, endured all the difficulties and sufferings which befell her, whether in internal matters, as contradictions of will or desolations, or in external things, as unkindness or neglect of others, or bodily infirmities, which were often considerable. In a word, her standpoint towards God made her regard all the things of this life, and all that could be done or suffered in it, as mere nothing, save in so far as they could help or hinder the love and service of God and the attainment of God and the attainment of eternal happiness."

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accompanied by outward incidents, such as levitation, precipitation of roses, gifts of jewels, etc. When these outward incidents are genuine, Baker says they are seldom heard of until after the death of the individual who experienced them. The highest form of Meditation Passive is the immediate apprehension of some divine mystery. This is altogether interior, and is with great difficulty brought within the scope of the mind. The result of it is that it accomplishes love in the soul: "and all perfection consists in a state of love and an entire conformity with the divine will."

"A state of love and an entire conformity with the divine will." That was the end Father Baker proposed for himself and his disciples in the seventeenth century. His way toward that goal seems a most difficult one—one that we can scarcely desire to follow to-day. For his way—though it does reach the goal—seems to leave out of account the hierarchy, the Elder Brothers, those compassionate Masters of Life who, having attained, desire so eagerly that all humanity shall share their happiness. Attainment through devotion to a Master and loyal adherence to His will seems so much easier, warmer, more human. Gertrude More's death was as cold as her way was abstract. One contrasts with that coldness the passionate love of Soeur Thérèse, the flower of Lisieux, her acute physical pain which no wise diminished the ardor of her devotion. Baker's way seems one for trained intellects. Soeur Thérèse's one for those who are willing to become as little children.*

JOHN WILFRID ORR.

Take, O Lord, and receive all my liberty, my memory, my understanding, and my will, all that I have and possess. Thou hast given it to me; to Thee, O Lord, I restore it; all is Thine, dispose of it according to Thy will. Give me Thy love and Thy grace, for this is enough for me.—Ignatius Loyola.

* "No matter how poor the family is," she said, "enough food is always given to a child. I resolved to win Heaven so. I resolved never to grow up, but always to remain little. For I distrusted my ability to earn my living of immortality.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT

Introduction.

"And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; Who with the Father and Son together is worshipped and glorified; Who spake by the Prophets . . ."

Nicene Creed—A. D. 325 to 589.

THIS is an age of materialism, of unspiritual aims, of mere externality in life and thought. We talk of the love of God, of brotherhood, of prayer; but in fact, we have little clear knowledge of what any of these things mean. They belong to the world of spirit, while we feel that we are largely alive in a world of matter. There *is* spirit somewhere, just as there is God. We know that our souls are more important than our bodies,—even though we forget the fact almost continuously; that they are rulers, and at least potential masters of our bodies; yet how vague is our conception, in thought or in fancy, of this elusive, subtle, invisible, masterful soul in each one of us.

So the materialism of the age goes on living its life, self-absorbed and unconcerned about the spirit; leaving the discussion and belief in such matters to saints, mystics, and religious people.

In the Western world, the Church is founded on a belief in the reality of Spirit. But even the Church is forced to admit her inability to explain what faith impels her to believe. Dogmas have been formulated, definitions abound, but the mystery still remains a mystery. St. Augustine voices an almost universal opinion when he says, "In no other subject is the danger of erring so great, or the progress so difficult, or the fruit of a careful study so appreciable." He was dealing with the Trinity, which is the Church's synthetic conception of Spirit,—hence his estimate of the difficulty of the subject. All that the Church maintains is based upon her conceptions of the Trinity; so if an understanding of the spiritual world and of the Holy Spirit are to be found in the Church, a study of the authoritative literature on the Trinity should answer the purpose.

But such study, besides being difficult and highly technical, does not give the desired satisfaction. St. Augustine's *De Trinitate,* one of the standard orthodox expressions of the Church's belief, largely quoted by St. Thomas Aquinas and also by more modern Protestant theologians, is a monument of patient mental analysis, and an acute disquisition of metaphysical subtleties. After reading the work, as likewise at the end of nearly all available books on this subject, a feeling persists that the real heart of the matter has never been reached, that the "fruit" of "care-

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ful study" has not been what intuitively we feel it could and ought to be, that somehow the mystery has an explanation other than the final and formal statements of theology. Take, for instance, this authoritative summary of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Trinity, quoted from the *Catholic Encyclopedia:* "The essential points of the dogma may be resumed in the following propositions: The Holy Ghost is the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Though really distinct, as a Person, from the Father and the Son, He is consubstantial with Them; being God like Them, He possesses with Them one and the same Divine Essence or Nature. He proceeds, not by way of generation, but by way of spiration, from the Father and the Son together, as from a single principle. Such is the belief the Catholic faith demands." We have chosen this condensed statement as the simplest and clearest among many. But are these terms clear; and what do they really tell us about the essence and life of the Holy Ghost? What has the Holy Ghost to do with the fact of spirit in the universe, and how does it affect us as individual human beings?

Further reflection seems to indicate that the point of greatest obscurity, the part least understood, lies exactly in these conceptions of the Holy Ghost, or Holy Spirit as it is called, in the New Testament Greek. Even the average man, as well as the theologian, has some idea, however vague, about God; though this is too often so vague as to defy verbal description. He has also some idea about the Son, chiefly based on his knowledge of Christ's life as man on earth. But when it comes to the Holy Spirit, he has practically no idea at all, of any kind. The theologian, looking to the life of the Church as the recognized expression of the Spirit's activity, is naturally puzzled and confused by what he sees, however loyal his faith in the ultimate victory of the Church may be. The layman, asked as to his understanding of the Holy Spirit, will answer that it is conscience; or that it is the good impulses and higher aspirations that prompt us; or that it is the voice of comfort that comes to us in times of sorrow, the sense of deeper realities when trials test our faith in God and in our fellow man.

These answers are all indicative of where to look and how to look. That we have a fundamental belief in the fact of a spiritual world, that we instinctively acknowledge a Trinity and a Holy Spirit, and that a large portion of even our materialistic western peoples believe that there *is* truth to be had back of all our dogmas and creeds, the modern religious "revolt" and unrest amply prove. There is a growing demand for understanding of these subjects.

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to explain the Trinity; but rather, as the title suggests, to study the Holy Spirit directly. Inasmuch, however, as the Holy Spirit is "consubstantial" with the other Persons of the Trinity, it becomes practically impossible to separate them, and so constant reference to the Trinity becomes essential. It is here that the *Secret Doctrine, Isis,* and many other Theosophical books throw an immediate and illuminating light on much that is abstruse and

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enigmatical in the purely Christian thought. Many passages in them, which will be referred to, interpret the texts of the Old and New Testaments, and the writings of the early Church Fathers. In addition, there is assembled an amazing number of parallels between the Christian conceptions of the Trinity and the Holy Spirit, and those of every other known religion. Many of these other religions have a much richer and deeper body of teachings than the Church Christianity that has so far come down to us; and we can see in their light that Christian theology is far from complete. At the same time it is astonishing to discover how much is unconsciously stated by the great early Church theologians from St. Paul to St. Augustine,—unconsciously, that is, as far as modern interpretations and understanding go. That many of them must, in fact, have known what they were writing about seems more and more probable when their works are re-examined without the bias of later theologic interpretations. It is not till our modern all too rigid ideas, often derived, it would seem, from total misunderstandings of these Church Fathers, are broadened and enriched by the wisdom of Oriental religions and of Theosophy, that we begin to get a comprehensive significance out of our own religious formulas and beliefs. The vantage-ground of a new viewpoint is needed before our mental perspective can be more correctly readjusted, and a universal application in our creeds be possible where now too often exists only the cramped vision of a single exclusive system of thought.

Many Christians do not know that there is a Trinity in every great religion. The Hindus have Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Shiva; the Buddhists, or more properly, the Vedantins, call it Mulaprakriti, Prakriti, and Purusha; the Persians teach that "Ormuzd produced *light* out of himself by the power of his *word*." The Egyptians have Osiris, Isis, and Horus. In Chinese, "Kwan-shai-yin is the universally manifested Word, coming from the unmanifested Absolute by the power of its own will, and being identical with the former." The Greeks called it Zeus (Power), Minerva (Wisdom), and Apollo (Beauty). The Scandinavians, Wodan (the Supreme Cause), Thor (Power), and Freia (Beauty). Jehovah and Allah are trinities of Will, Knowledge and Power; while even modern materialism believes in "Causation, Matter, and Energy."

The Christian Trinity therefore, theology notwithstanding, has no unique features when properly understood; and a study of the Holy Spirit can well be supplemented by comparisons with the third person of other Trinities.

An attempt will be made to do this in order to develop our idea of the Holy Spirit; though in the nature of things the field is so vast that comparatively little detail can be brought into the compass of a magazine article. In the first place, however, the particular reason will be given why a clearer knowledge of the Holy Spirit is deemed important; and then analysis will be made of man's own realization of himself in order to clear up as many preconceptions as possible. This

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will give a better comprehension of the Spirit as we experience it in ourselves, and will lead directly to the three-fold division of St. Paul, which is the Church's traditional article of faith on the presence of the Spirit in man. This, in turn, will introduce the whole body of New Testament and Early Church teaching on the subject; while finally, the light that Theosophic writings throw on all these divisions,—psychological, theological, historical, and religious alike—will be brought to bear, so that some definite synthesis of this collected material may become possible.

That any final or absolute conclusion can be reached is clearly beyond the powers of such a treatment. After all, we are dealing with a topic in itself transcending mind and mental conceptions, and we are repeatedly confronted with clear statements that this is a mystery. But this does not mean that there *is* no solution for those who are able and determined to achieve it. The answer will be found by making oneself aware of the spiritual world; the "terrace of enlightment" is for each and every one to reach for himself; books and study alone will not give the solution,—they but serve as stimuli.

I

It is the undivided testimony of the New Testament, and the growing conviction even of modern Protestant theology, that to be without a knowledge of the Holy Spirit is to be destitute of one of the first essentials of Christianity. In fact, if we wish to discover what was the great, distinctive thing in Christianity as it went forth, a new religion, into the world; to find out what it was that constituted Christianity that rousing, saving, spiritual power which it *proved* itself to be; if we wish to seek, in the first place, not *theories* concerning the teaching of Christ, but the record of *facts* as they exist in early Christian literature, we are forced to conclude that the statements and explanation about the Spirit are that thing. The descent of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples at Pentecost was the start of Christianity as such—the birth of Christ's Church; and the power of the Christian religion was believed to reside in those who actually experienced the presence of the Spirit in themselves.

The evidence for this is found throughout the New Testament. Christ's teaching, especially towards the close of his ministry, is full of reference to the Holy Spirit, the Comforter; St. Paul rings on almost every page with stirring appeals to the witness of the Spirit as *the* fundamental proof of Christianity; while the first Christians awaited its coming into their own lives with eager expectation and prayer, and accounted its presence as their greatest blessing.

People today are asking what is a Christian, and how does he really differ in fact from any other good man. Whatever the modern Church has to say about ethical precepts and moral standards, the answer in the New Testament is clear. Morality and high standards of conduct

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must always be; but there is something that underlies and is the criterion even for moral codes. It is the Spirit in man which provides that inner standard up to which all morality must ultimately be measured. Thus Jesus told Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Right conduct alone was not sufficient. And does our formal baptism into any of the Christian Churches in itself realize the truth that Christ here expressed? If not, what did Christ mean? Do we really desire the kingdom of God? Or take St. John, in the third chapter of his first *Epistle,* last verse: "And in this we *know* that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us." Or St. Paul to the Roman Christians, eighth chapter, ninth verse: "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if *any* man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is *none of His.*" And St. Paul tells us himself in *Corinthians,* with exquisite simplicity and modesty, "I think also that I have the Spirit of God."

To many these seem extravagant claims or requirements, suitable only to those few early enthusiasts at that special time; and in a measure this is true. Christ's victory and ascension made possible an outpouring of spiritual power in the world that perhaps has not been equalled at any time in this dark age. But is it not also true that it was the loss of the original purity and loyalty in the later Christians,—the growing use of spiritual knowledge for personal and selfish ends by them, that led to the degeneration of the Church into the mere worldly institution that it has since so largely been? Certain it is that the bulk of acknowledged Christians have little or no realization of what the teaching here touched upon means.

It seems that the Church has departed so far from an understanding of what she herself professes to believe, that ignorance is now taken for granted; and not only that, but unenlightenment is actually accepted as part of the Divine plan for the growth of the Church. Thus the fact that the Master promised us that "these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall hold up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover,"—these promises, too, are disregarded, not believed, or with our superior modern knowledge, limited to the happy but brief days immediately following the ascension. We are constantly told from pulpits, or read in books and articles, that such things cannot now be; that the day of "miracles" has passed; that the supernatural is indeed super-natural, and pertains to a future state and not to this world and to this civilization; or that science and the known laws of evolution do not admit of any such startling invasion into the established harmony and order of existence.

But in denying these possibilities in ourselves, in cheapening Christianity and the word of Christ, are we not indeed in danger, consciously,

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or unconsciously through an inexcusable ignorance, of sinning against the Holy Ghost:—that sin which is not and cannot be forgiven, simply because it is we who wilfully deny the credibility of the new birth which alone can admit us into the kingdom of heaven? We are in far worse condition than were those Ephesian Christians spoken of in *Acts* (chap. 19; 1 to 7), for when Paul asked them, "Have ye received the Holy Spirit since ye believed?"—they replied, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Spirit." And Paul, evidently in some surprise, asked them, "Unto what then were ye baptized?" And they said, "Unto John's baptism." Then said Paul, "John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people that they should believe on him that should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus. When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid hands upon them, the Holy Spirit came on them; *and they spake with tongues, and prophecied.*"

It seems that the Church today in her belief has gone little beyond John's baptism of repentance. Certainly our inheritance as baptized Christians does not mean to us what it did, the descent of the Holy Spirit upon us, with power to work miracles and to regenerate the decaying civilization of our day. With us this result is at best a hope for the future or an abstract article of belief.

If the Church today has lost the heart of a teaching which history seems to designate as of primary importance, would it not be well to review the whole field with the set purpose of seeking anew the truth? Assuredly the writings of Madame Blavatsky point to just such a loss of vision, and to just such a need for renewed investigation and for a richer, deeper knowledge and belief.

Further than this, a man of such ability as St. Paul must have meant something very definite when he writes so much to so many and various people on the same topic. Each of his major epistles centers in its spiritual instruction on the Spirit. "Ye are the temples of the Holy Spirit," he says, "and therefore defile not yourselves with evil living." Do we recognize this Holy Spirit in ourselves? What, in all the various mass of thoughts, feelings, and impulses that form our daily consciousness, is of the Spirit? If it be there at all, how is it to be recognized? Why do we not know it better? A consideration of these questions will now be attempted.

II

Nine-tenths of western civilization and peoples today will reject the most overwhelming evidence, even if brought to them without any trouble to themselves, for the simple reason that it clashes with their personal interests or prejudices. And so when every religion and religious teacher unite in saying that Light is to be sought within, the world, just because religion is either feared or despised, or because it is buried under ignorant prejudice and apparently irrational doctrines

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and dogmas, continues blindly to ask the question: How are Light and Knowledge to be found, and how do they manifest themselves when found?

It is the pitiful, age-long demand of humanity. But the fact remains that this blindness is largely due to a lack of *real* desire or effort to solve the problem. Man is so content with his lot that exertion beyond a certain point becomes distasteful. Only so could the unquestioning acceptance of dogma, and reliance on a ready-made religious system be possible. But even man has learned that if there is Light and Understanding anywhere in the world, it is to be found in himself. Ultimately he turns to philosophy and religion only to explain himself to himself. The whole of life's experience throws him back upon himself.

The steps by which life has taught this lesson, and the understanding that man has attained, may briefly be summarized as follows:

Crude, physical man bases all his activities on sense-perception, and upon what is, then, to him pleasurable gratification of this sensation. He soon finds these selfish gratifications clashing with the will and desires of other men; and so is brought to self-consciousness and the use of reason. This self-consciousness and reason are the first manifestation of the real Ego in man; it is what differentiates him from animals. Reason is, so to say, the lowest special faculty of the self-conscious Ego, as separate from the mere animal body. It is the first guide of physical man; and by it he is enabled to recognize and analyse himself.

Man has learnt to live largely by the use of this calculating, previsioning faculty. But if his life be guided by reason only, he plans solely for himself, for his personal physical comfort or interests; and he is inevitably selfish, treacherous, immoral. He has, however, another whole range of faculties that self-consciousness and reasoning awaken in him, because his crude, animal instincts are profoundly modified by these new endowments. All his inner life, consisting of incessant sensations, of feelings ever acting upon and agitating him, brought to bear from without or generated from within, a constant stream of reflections, emotions, and desires, are found to conflict with his calculating, reasoning powers. He desires something that reason tells him is harmful,—and in this moment of hesitation a new power opens before him. He no longer acts on instinct alone; for the first time he chooses, he uses will, he acts from a consciously directed will. Will is the next highest faculty of the real Ego in man, and is on a higher plane than the reasoning faculty, simply because it is more powerful, and can control the reasoning process itself.

With will consciously operating, man has reached a new and more developed stage of existence. There results from contact with fellow men an enlightened self-interest; virtues begin to appear; sacrifice becomes a prerequisite for the very existence of friendship; morality and moral standards are set up.

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But here a new danger appears. The will itself, because of the pull of selfish instincts and the desire for sense-gratification, is often voluntarily guided and controlled by the lower, the reasoning, calculating faculty. In other words, the man chooses to continue his instinctual, selfish, animal life; and uses his reasoning faculties to persuade the will to acquiesce. At this point two things occur. The first is that if he continues to subordinate and misuse the will in this way, he will lose the real power of choice,—habit will at length bind him, and where an apparent choice confronts him, the ability to choose will already have been predetermined. He becomes the slave of his desires, and has lost the essence of his manhood. Most of mankind are today more or less bound by this slavery to sense and animal desire, even though they refuse to recognize the fact. And as a result will in man has so far lost its true function as to be almost wholly misunderstood and underestimated.

The second thing that occurs is that conscience is awakened. While man acted in an almost purely animal way, instinct and desire took the place of will and conscience. But when the higher element in man began to obtain recognition and to control his outer actions, when the man consciously chose what he would do in relation to his fellow men, when a moral code and the sense of right and wrong were developed, then conscience appeared to urge the man to choose right instead of wrong, to be unselfish, charitable, just, instead of brutal, selfish, and treacherous.

In essence conscience is again a higher faculty than the simple will,—though being an expression of the real Ego in man, it partakes of the same nature. Will might be described as a more impersonal, spontaneous force, while conscience is the conscious direction of the will-power itself,—it is consciously-directed will. In most people conscience is so undeveloped, and so much of the will has been deflected to augment the lower, selfish, and animal desires, that there remains but little of the will-element in conscience itself. But this is not the normal. Conscience should be an invincible will-power; and some small approach to this can even now be recognized in so-called "good" people, for whom it is already a reliable power on most occasions of choice between a virtuous action and its opposite. The vague sense of disquiet, of a wrong committed, or the general admonition of an evil intended,—these are merely the imperfect and weak effects of an undeveloped and almost choked conscience. Fully realized, conscience is the voice of the higher Ego in man, with all the certainty of knowledge, truth, and power of will that can be imagined to belong to his uttermost divine possibilities. It is perceptive will, and is capable of an infinite unfoldment.

When Bergson assures us that an element of will is to be reckoned with in all growth, he is saying that this consciously-directed power is exerted throughout the universe. In the lower orders of nature, in

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minerals, plants, and animals, there is on a vast scale the marvelously harmonized creative evolution of infinite degrees of consciousness. In man, with self-consciousness, this evolution takes a new turn. It seeks not only to bring our species or genera of beings as a whole to a certain higher degree of consciousness, but it seeks also to raise each single individual to a new capacity commensurate with the achievement of the whole race. So Brotherhood takes on a profounder meaning, and sympathy is seen to be a quality springing directly from the highest will in us. The individual man must himself attain to all that the whole race attains, as well as supplying that one place which his individuality as a member of the race requires. This double evolution, so to speak, is the task confronting each human being.

To achieve this man must learn to function on a plane above that of animal instinct, feeling, desire, or even of thought. As the bee is impelled by what Maeterlink calls "the Spirit of the hive," so man must learn to become an instrument obedient to the collective will of a united humanity. He must raise his personal will to the creative and powerful will above him; and not content with the mere exercise of choice in the petty affairs of his daily existence, he should succeed in entering that mighty world-force of an undivided and unanimous human will which is the very essence of his own life and being.

This inner world of a united, self-conscious will-power is what is commonly called the spiritual world. In it are those Masters, men once like ourselves, who have broken through the trammels of their merely animal nature, and who have learnt to use all the energies of the lower man for the higher spiritual purposes. These powers are so vast in comparison with those now at our disposal that for centuries mankind has thought to divorce the two from any identity of essence. But with the change of the cycle, and with the growth of self-knowledge which has accompanied the scientific study of our generation, mankind in the West are rediscovering their own inner existence and possibilities. Will is being valued and developed more and more, though it is to be expected that mere self-will and desire are too often mistaken for the real spiritual will of the super-sensuous world.

Bergson was heralded as one who "had rediscovered the soul." In this he but focused the belief of a growing majority of the thinkers of today. It becomes patent that man must have within him, or more truly *be*, the soul. Through the free exercise of will there is opened to him an illimitable beyond; and it is but rational to conceive that he can not always be limited by the physical body, with its dead matter, or nervous system so often diseased and inadequate. That constant stream of self-conscious volition, "the essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself 'I'," as Carlyle says, necessarily constitutes the *real* man. Deny this, and man is worse than an animal,—"the shame and scandal of the universe," as Pascal puts it. So we find scientists and philosophers everywhere searching for the soul in man, and the phrases "subliminal" or "subconscious self," "intuition," "spiritual apperception," and

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the like, attest the direction of their search. The race is gradually, through its religious and scientific leaders, discovering the windows of the spirit within, and its oneness with all of creation.

It must not be thought from what has preceded that the spiritual world is simply a world of liberated and extended will, or that the Spirit in us is merely that will which makes for righteousness. It is this, and much more besides. We have simply endeavoured to trace those direct attributes or qualities of the Spirit which every man can know and recognize in himself. Briefly to recapitulate, they are reasoning and intellection, will in the sense of free-will as distinguished from desire and selfish impulse, and conscience or perceptive will,—will and knowledge combined.

In all of these we can see that there are degrees of excellence or the reverse, and if degrees at all, then some point of perfection where the whole nature of the quality becomes transformed into what seems to us a higher order. All of nature demonstrates this. Dense ice changes to water, to steam, to gas; air may be solid, liquid or gaseous. Each plane involves a complete change of outer form; and also a great increase of power; while the essence remains throughout the same. So with man. Early, formal, and one-sided reasoning becomes powerful intellectual knowledge, with all its attendent pleasures and wide interests. This, in turn, may become intuition; at first but the flashing visions of genius, finally the instantaneous and certain wisdom which is the dream of every philosopher and the possession of the Initiate. Will, directed first as blind instinct, becomes the self-conscious and free choosing-power of humanity. Its future is as yet but vaguely foreshadowed by such qualities known to us as conscience and sympathy, and we feel intuitively, as well as forcasting in imagination, that the ultimate possibilities of a trained and united human will would exercise a power as yet undreamed of by mankind today.

But that the realization of this dream is the perfectly explicit object of all religious teachers can hardly be denied. What is faith, as Christ used the word, but the conscious reliance of the whole being on the reality and power of the spiritual world? And by faith all things are possible,—faith of this dynamic kind,—opening as it does the whole man to an inflow of spiritual force or will that can only be limited by the acceptance and strength of the man himself. Or take the Vedantins, with their gospel of raising the self by the Self, until the self becomes one with the Divine Self, sharing all its powers, one with its whole life. And similarly with all the religions.

To do this it is obvious that man must lay aside his present misconceptions and inertia. It is to help him do this, to help him create for himself a vivid, conscious, personal life in the spiritual world, that Christ lived and died, and St. Paul laboured and wrote. We shall turn next to these New Testament writings.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(To be continued)

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PAUL THE DISCIPLE

PAUL'S life is supremely valuable because it shows the method of the Master, after the resurrection, in training his disciples and in carrying forward the work of the church. We have Paul's distinct testimony that, in each decisive hour of his life, from the great awakening on the Damascus road until he stood for the last time in chains before Nero, the Master was with him, teaching, guiding and strengthening him.

Describing his first commission to King Agrippa, Paul told how the Master had appeared to him, and, speaking in the Hebrew tongue, had thus charged him: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. Rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

Paul saw the Master and spoke with him face to face, and he was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. Direct from the Master came his knowledge and his commission. He makes this clear, when writing to the disciples in Galatia, reminding them that, after he had seen the Master, he let three years pass before going up to Jerusalem to talk with the elder disciples. During the two weeks he then spent at Jerusalem, he talked only with Peter, and with James the brother of Jesus, already beginning to dominate the church at Jerusalem. Perhaps it was on this occasion that James told him that the Master had appeared to him also, after the resurrection, as Paul later wrote to his friends at Corinth.

While at Jerusalem, he again had speech with the Master, as he himself relates: "It came to pass that, when I was come again to Jerusalem, even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance and saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me. . . . Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."

Some years later, Paul "went up by revelation" to the Council of Jerusalem, which debated the great question of admitting the Gentile converts to the church, without compelling them to comply with Jewish rites and customs: the question which lay at the root of the work entrusted by the Master to Paul.

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Again, after the door had been opened wide to the non-Jewish disciples, in Asia Minor and in Greece, and when, in consequence, the Jews of Corinth were fiercely assailing Paul, the Master once more spoke to him "in the night, by a vision": "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee: for I have much people in this city."

Once again, when Paul had hardly escaped a violent death at the hands of the mob about the temple at Jerusalem and was still in imminent peril, the Master paid a magnificent compliment to the indomitable courage of his disciple, promising him still further opportunity and danger: "the night following the Master stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

The promise was fulfilled. The disciple went to Rome, with chains on his wrists. And in the last dark days, when many friends had forsaken him, when he was summoned before the judgment seat of Nero, presently to receive sentence of death, he bears this superb witness: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Master, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. . . . At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge. Notwithstanding the Master stood with me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion. And the Master shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory for ever and ever."

These are only the most critical events in the long discipleship of Paul. Not only at these times, but constantly, the Master was near him, overshadowing him with inspiring and protecting power, and on many other occasions definitely communicating with him, as Paul testifies in his letters.

These communications referred in part to the earlier work of Jesus, during the period of teaching before his death, as where Paul writes to the disciples at Corinth: "I have received of the Master that which also I delivered unto you, That the Master Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me."

Or the communications referred to the immediate needs of one or another group of disciples in the growing church, as where Paul, writing to Corinth, says: "And unto the married I command, yet not I, but the Master, Let not the wife depart from her husband."

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Or the Master spoke concerning Paul's own training as a disciple: "For this thing I besought the Master thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

Through more than thirty years, till the period of active work was closed by Paul's execution, the Master's communication with his disciple was unbroken: a general inspiring influence, with specific, detailed directions, for the immediate need or danger; directions which were decisive in guiding Paul's movements during the vital and critical period in which the doors of the church were thrown wide open to the whole Western world, to the Greeks and Romans as well as to the Jews. At each crisis, the deciding influence was the Master's intervention.

Paul says much which makes clearer the manner of the Master's communication to him. There was articulate speech, so definite that Paul records of the first occasion that the Master spoke to him, not in Greek, but in the Hebrew tongue, the idiom in which the people of Galilee had heard the parables. Paul saw as well as heard. "Have I not seen the Master?" he writes, and he speaks elsewhere of the Master's luminous form: "the Master Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Paul had written earlier of this transformation: "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body . . . and as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

The Master, therefore, appeared to him in what Paul himself calls "the spiritual body," the body of the resurrection, which seems to have taken a form less externally visible after the event which is called the Ascension, though the Master in no sense withdrew from his disciples; he was seen by those who had eyes to see, and heard by those who had ears to hear: the eyes and ears of the spiritual man.

Thus did Paul see and speak with the Master during the long and arduous years of his work as a disciple; and, more than all words, the Master communicated himself, imparting something of his will and consciousness to Paul, and drawing the life of his disciple closer to his own.

The trials and sufferings which Paul endured were a part of the purification which was necessary for this union of will and consciousness with the Master. As that purification was carried forward, Paul grew able to say: "We have the mind of Christ." And his constant effort for the disciples to whom he brought the word of the Master, was, that they too might break through the external consciousness, and be united with the will and consciousness of the Master: "My little children," he writes to the group of disciples in Galatia, "my little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." It was this uniting of the will and consciousness of the disciple with the will

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and consciousness of the Master, which transformed the natural man into the spiritual and immortal; and it was the union of many disciples with each other, through their union with the Master, which made the unity and life of the Church. "We are members one of another. . . . even as the Master nourisheth and cherisheth the church: for we are members of his body. . . . This is a great mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the church."

In order that this new consciousness and will may be gained, there must first be a transformation of the external, personal life; a dying and rising again, of which the Master's crucifixion and resurrection are the prototype: "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

After this new birth, this birth from above through the power of the Master, comes the gradual growth of the spiritual man, that "upbuilding" of which Paul speaks so often to the disciples, whereby we are transformed "to the likeness of his glorious body," growing in the spiritual life "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

To carry the word and power of the Master throughout the whole Western world Paul toiled and suffered: to bring others into touch with the will and consciousness of the Master, thus building up, through their union in him, a divine and immortal life, the spiritual life of the disciples and the Church.

For this work, Paul was chosen and commissioned by the Master, as Paul himself has recorded. The circumstances of his birth and early training, debtor both to the Jews and the Greeks, signally fitted him to carry out the task later entrusted to him.

Paul was a Jew of Tarsus in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city. He was also a Roman born. As a Roman citizen, he was at home everywhere throughout the Empire from Syria to Spain, and therefore well fitted to carry the word of the Master throughout the Empire. Since he was a Roman born, his father was a Roman citizen before him, perhaps his grandfather also. Tarsus was closely bound up with the Caesarian house; through Tarsus Julius Caesar passed from Alexandria, where he had met Cleopatra and buried Pompey, on his way to fight the king of Pontus in that swift campaign which begot the epigram: I came, I saw, I conquered. To Tarsus also came Mark Antony, and on the river Cydnus, which flows through the city, Cleopatra was borne in that famed progress which outshone Aphrodite:

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> For her own person,
> It beggar'd all description: she did lie
> In her pavillion—cloth of gold of tissue—
> O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
> The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
> Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
> With diverse-color'd fans . . .
> The city cast
> Her people out upon her; and Antony,
> Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
> Whistling to the air.

From Tarsus came Athenodorus the Stoic, son of Sandon, who was the tutor of Augustus, and who, by the favor of Augustus, became governor of his own city, Tarsus. Nestor the Platonist, who succeeded Athenodorus as Governor of Tarsus, had been the tutor of Marcellus, nephew of Augustus. Close bonds like these bound Tarsus to the imperial house; Roman citizenship in Tarsus meant personal service rendered to the Caesars or distinction conferred by them. It meant familiarity with the history and fortunes of the Caesarian house: the martial deeds of the great Julius, the wise statesmanship of Augustus, the long reign of Tiberius. This Paul implied, when he declared himself a citizen of Tarsus in Cilicia, and a Roman born.

Besides the close relation with the Caesars, Tarsus was famed for Greek culture, with traditions going back to Homer. Strabo narrates that Tarsus was founded by Argives who accompanied Triptolemus in his search after Io. Dion Chrysostom, who was a youth of sixteen or eighteen at the time of Paul's death, when addressing the people of Tarsus, always took for granted that they were familiar with the history and poetry of Hellas.

Strabo relates that the Tarsian philosopher Diogenes went about from city to city, instituting schools of philosophy, and that, as if inspired by Apollo, he composed and recited poems on any subject that was proposed to him. Further, he says that Athenodorus in part owed his influence to his gift for extemporaneous speaking, a power that was general among the inhabitants of Tarsus. One may find here, perhaps, the prototype of the eloquent journeyings of the greatest citizen of Tarsus.

As a boy, Paul must have played in the market-place where Antony had sat enthroned, and wandered along the wharfs where the crowds gathered to hail Cleopatra. He must have known very familiarly the hot, damp plain around the city, overshadowed by the foothills and snow-fringed ridges of Taurus, shaggy with dark cedars, the evergreen vales adorned with glades of saffron. From Taurus flowed the icy Cydnus, passing through the city close to the gymnasium of the young men. The son of a leading citizen, Paul must have had the right to join in

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the exercises of the gymnasium; and this seems to be the source of his many allusions to athletics, to gymnastic training, to boxing matches and foot-races. For one who had been an athlete in his youth, it would be natural to sum up his life-work in the words: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my race; henceforth is laid up for me a crown." Paul contrasts the physical training of the athlete with the spiritual training of the disciple: "Bodily exercise profiteth for a little: but godliness is profitable unto all things;" and again, "Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, as not beating the air." Here, and elsewhere in the New Testament, the crown held out to the disciple is the crown (garland) of the victor in contests and trials rather than the crown (diadem) of hereditary rule. Paul, Peter, James and John all use the symbol: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

It may well be that Paul's early training in the gymnasium by the Cydnus, in whose icy stream Alexander the Great had bathed, prepared him for the bodily hardship of his later work. He must have gone on foot in much of his journeying through Palestine, Asia Minor and Macedonia; as, for example, his fellow-traveller relates: "We went before to ship, and sailed unto Assos, there intending to take in Paul: for so he had appointed, minding himself to go afoot." This journey on foot from Troas, the port of ancient Troy, to Assos was probably characteristic of much of Paul's travel; the type of exertion which led him to write to Timothy: "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Such was the atmosphere of Tarsus, in the midst of which Paul passed the most impressionable years of his boyhood and youth. Though the Cilician city was far from Greece, it was full of the Greek spirit and Greek tradition. The background, as in Greece itself, was made up of the great tradition of the Homeric poems. An amusing tale which Strabo tells, concerning the gymnasium where, if our surmise be sound, Paul got his taste for athletics, shows how Homer was on everybody's tongue, his poems in everyone's mind. According to this tale, it was Mark Antony himself, the friend of Julius Caesar and of Cleopatra, who founded the gymnasium, and made Boethus trustee of a fund for its support. Boethus was a fraudulent trustee, appropriating even the oil which was provided for the athletes to anoint themselves with. He was accused of his theft, whereupon he made an angry protest to Mark Antony: "As Homer sang the praises of Achilles, Agamemnon and Ulysses, so I have sung yours. I therefore ought not to be brought before you on such a charge." The accuser answered, "Homer did not steal oil from Agamemnon; but you have stolen it from the gymnasium, and therefore you shall be punished." Yet, says Strabo, the crafty

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Boethus contrived to avert the displeasure of Antony by courteous offices, and continued to plunder the city until the death of his protector.

Tarsus was also a famous seat of Greek philosophy. Paul was, without doubt, not only familiar with the names of the Stoic, Platonic and Epicurean schools, but also with their doctrines. Consider the incident of his stay at Athens: "Certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him. . . . And they took him, and brought him unto the Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?" The story is recorded by Luke, the beloved physician and fellow-traveller. But Luke was not with Paul in Athens; therefore the story, with the names of the philosophical schools, must have been given to him by Paul himself.

If we go back to Strabo's account of Tarsus, we shall see how easy it would have been for Paul to be familiar with these and other schools; how difficult, almost impossible, it would have been for him to have been ignorant of them. For the inhabitants of Tarsus, Strabo tells us, applied themselves to the study of philosophy and to the whole encyclical compass of learning with so much ardour that they surpassed Athens, Alexandria and every other place where there were schools and lectures of philosophers. Among the famous Stoics of Tarsus was Athenodorus, tutor of Augustus Caesar, who made him governor of Tarsus. Nestor, who was tutor to Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, and who succeeded Athenodorus as governor of Tarsus, was equally famous as a Platonist. Since Athenodorus and Nestor were great orators, it is likely that they made the public squares of the city ring with the names and doctrines of Zeno and Plato. Paul, therefore, was quite ready to hold his own with the eloquent philosophers of Athens.

The way in which he faced his audience on the famous Hill of Ares under the Acropolis shows how well he profited by the lessons of the Tarsian orators. It was his custom, when opening his great theme to the Jews who gave him the privilege of speech in their synagogues, to use the Old Testament background, the majestic story of God's dealings with Israel; and here he spoke out of a full heart. But when called to address the critical audience of Athens, he took rather, for the background of his oration, the general philosophic sensibility, the somewhat vague pantheism, which was the broad result of Greek philosophy. Men of Athens, he began, having in mind, no doubt, the famous orations of Demosthenes,

Men of Athens, I perceive that ye are somewhat religious. For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, To an unknown God. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you. The God that made the world and all things therein, he, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in sanctuaries made with hands; neither is he served by men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life and breath and all things; and he made of one blood every na-

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tion of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth . . . for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain even of your own poets have said, 'For we also are his offspring . . .'

Then he went on to speak of that one among the sons of God, whom God had raised from the dead. . . . It would be hard to conceive of a wiser or more skilful approach to the Athenian mind; of a better way of bringing to that mind the mystery of the resurrection. And it is of record that many of his hearers, both men and women, like Dionysius and Damaris, were in fact led through that speech of his to a knowledge of the Master. It would be difficult to find a better example of the orator's art and secret: to take men where they are; to speak to them first of what is in their own hearts. And it was Paul's early life in Tarsus, when, as a boy, he wandered about the streets and squares of the city, listening to the eloquent words of the Platonists and Stoics, that trained and fitted him thus to make overtures to the mind of Greece, where a man of narrower education and sympathies would have met with nothing but derision.

It has been said that the beauty of Paul's style, as we find it in the living, breathing pages of his letters, is the beauty of speech, of oratory, rather than of writing. Take the magnificent passage concerning Charity. . . . It rings like a great oration. This quality of eloquence, then, Paul must have learned and absorbed in those same boyhood days, among a people for whom oratory was one of the supreme aesthetic delights.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(To be continued)

If He calls you to a kind of service which is according to His will but not according to your taste, you must not go to it with less, rather with more courage and energy than if your taste coincided with His. The less of self and self-will there is in anything we do, the better.—St. Francis de Sales.

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THE RENAISSANCE

ANY and all human achievement may be considered as theosophic documents, and thus a period of consummate achievement, such as the Italian Renaissance, holds for us a very special significance.

Here a great spiritual force seems at work so near the surface that one can fairly see its tumultuous surge seeking outlet through every possible channel. The whole of Italy seethed with an over-endowment of energy, of passionate hearts and eager intellects and lofty souls, all contributing their quota toward a unified movement; princes were superprinces in brilliance and magnificence, poets burned with the divine afflatus, saints were carried to heights of ineffable ecstasy, and artists were the recipients of an unexampled tide of inspiration. In varying measure it floods the entire output of the time, even the workers in silver and leather fairly surpassing the limits of their crafts, while the great men were a very embodiment of the baffling mystery of creative genius.

It is surely not alone the saints and ethical leaders of a race who guide spiritual evolutions, and it may well be doubted whether any save the greatest masters have done as much for the awakening of the world, toward the deepening of consciousness and the heightening of aspiration, as have the poets and painters and musicians. The impetus given by a Saint Francis or a Savanarola is more easily reckoned and defined, but the very explicitness of their teaching prescribes its boundaries; our argumentative mind meets it on a common ground, accepting or confuting it point by point. But in the presence of great art we become onepointed and receptive and there is an immediate sympathetic enkindling of our higher powers, those above the reasoning intelligence. As we listen to the message voiced by music, speaking through the throb of rhythm, the poignant sweetness of melody and the depths of harmony, each obedient to its own high law, we experience a direct inrush of life itself. With no dogmatism to confuse and confound we may receive straight from the fountain-head and go forth to meet our daily tasks with renewed sense of high courage, of other-worldliness, of essential unity, and by some act of the awakened will make the inspiration bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is a very epitome of the theosophic attitude and the theosophic method.

The imperious summons of beautiful color and form has the same certain appeal, though the mind is more tardy in acknowledging the cause. Their governing rules are still shrouded, still waiting to be reduced to clear formulæ as have those of musical harmony; yet as we study some masterpiece of painting or sculpture or architecture we have a sense of instinctive acquiescence to its inherent rightness, which is

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basically an obeisance to an unknown law. The measure of our delight is the measure of our understanding, so that, for instance, in the presence of the marbles of the Parthenon as we yield to the swell and subsidence of the large free lines, we are moved as by great swinging seas under full sunlight, feeling unconsciously that underneath each is the same rhythmic law. It is this "life-enhancing quality" which is the crowning glory of all true art, and which makes it in all its ramifications a legitimate field of study for those who are avowedly interested in latent and hidden powers. Even the much decried province of technique may properly hold our attention, however slight its claims in comparison with the higher gifts. It is as right and natural to admire a beautifully painted surface as to admire the texture of a rose leaf or the sheen on a ring-dove's neck; it charms us of itself, and is, moreover, the swift, sure means to a higher beauty as the artist mounts from height to height in pursuit of his ever-receding ideal. Also the portrayals of momentary moods and fleeting impressions are worthy our serious consideration, worthier, indeed, than even the loveliest material forms, for they are essentially more permanent, the true builders of form, and hence a full step nearer to the world of causes. Through pictorial presentation one can often "look deep into the hearts of others" and moments of despair, of aspiration and of joy are startlingly revealed to us through the deep insight of genius; for we are "so made that we love

> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
> And so they are better, painted,—better to us,
> Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out."

To the artists of the Renaissance the human form became an instrument expressive of their faith, through which to bring home their entire range of thought and emotion and belief, and then to expand in comprehending sympathy the beholder's narrow personal horizon. For complete realization it demands perhaps the very highest development of knowledge and technique, yet that the determined desire for such expression can triumph over all limitations has been well proven. We need only turn to the masterpieces of Giotto to realize that pictures almost childish in drawing and devoid of all surface charm can yet hold in a high degree the one great essential,—the life-enhancing power. In his joyous and tender sympathy, his aptitude for "speaking to the condition" of types differing fundamentally from one another and from himself, in his ability to reach the heart of human significance in scene or event, Giotto is a very apostle of brotherly love; and in art as in life this necessitates and presupposes a complete absence of self-assertive egotism, a supreme good taste. The people of his frescoes, sinners and saints, are

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allowed to live their lives in a calm indifference to his own preferences and dislikes, so that by virtue of this ability he has depicted the life of a Saint Francis reverently and sympathetically, holding in complete and courteous abeyance a very lively personal distaste for all asceticism and voluntary renunciation. It is no wonder that since, like Abou Ben Adhem, he might be written "as one who loved his fellow-men," he proved one whom, indeed, the gods loved best, and that to him was granted as to few others great inspirational gifts; that to him was given, in supreme degree, an instinctive feeling for significance in gesture and attitude, together with an infallible intuition for the right, the essentially and everlastingly right, division of space and line and balance. To these laws of division he was innocently and simply obedient, so that we in our turn, through love of his pictures, acknowledge them without suspicion of there being laws, just as we yield to the grace of a normal, well-regulated life without thought that we are paying obeisance to the laws of ethics and religion.

The happy tranquility of Giotto seems strangely free from the troubled brooding which he might well have acquired through his friendship with the harassed and embittered Dante. It is the later generations of the High Renaissance that show his influence, who felt that

"He to explore the place of Pain was bold
Then soared to God to teach our souls by song."

There is no need of the illustrations of the Divine Cantos which one and another essayed to prove his hold on their imagination, for on every hand are mirrored his conceptions and interpretations of the unseen world, while each and every one was the direct heir to his habits of thought.

Even so gay and spontaneous a spirit as Botticelli could not altogether escape the brooding melancholy, though we feel his delight in all that was free and natural and untrammelled; in the breeze of the open sea, the brightness of flowers and birds, and above all, in the rhythmic movement of sentient life. The Allegory of the Spring is indeed its very apotheosis, so compelling that as we look we instinctively join the jocund company and become one in some pagan rite which praises the advance of the New Year with the timbrel and the dance. It was movement and rhythm which here held his fancy in thrall; on them "he intended his mind," till there came to him out of the blue the perfect means of conveying it to canvas, the secret power of inwoven pattern and sinuous line, so that at once and for all time it was rendered with supreme artifice, never again quite to be recaptured in all its first pristine loveliness. Yet in spite of the joyousness, there is even here a touch of haunting pathos which in his religious pictures deepens to poignant pity, as, for instance, in those circular compositions which seem to enclose and enfold a Madonna bowed by her weight of yearning over the baby Christ. His drawing may be academically faulty, but its power of expression is faultless; line and color lend themselves so graciously

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to the conception that they become indeed "no mere representation of natural objects, but a glamour upon them by which they become alive to the spirit."

He was a true seer, and his was the path of all the heaven-born, whether artist or mystic. Impelled by the genius within, he contemplated, and obtained the vision; with intense and unremitting labor he gave it body and substance, and since in contemplation he had "become one with the object contemplated," it may be said that his works were of his very essence and that "in his own form created he them."

The lesser man, the merely talented, observes, combines and invents. He may be admirably conscientious and painstaking, but if he lacks the power of vision, the result is barren, since it is no great uplift for us to step from our own vital life into one thus made up of threads and patches. It may be right enough for him who actually does the work; he at least is polishing and sharpening tools which will some day serve a purpose, or he may even become an honest purveyor of a dilute milk to some who find Leonardo da Vinci's subtleties unpalatable or the dynamic power of Michael Angelo too strong a meat.

It is to these great ones that we naturally turn in our search for the fullest exemplification of the means and methods and laws of inspiration; men to whom art was a religion, and who became through their devotion to an ideal the most fit instruments in the hands of the high gods for the transmission of the truth of beauty.

The eager and inquiring mind of Leonardo led his genius to manifold modes of expression; he was allured by all the realm of natural phenomena of science, philosophy and the arts. We read of him "brooding over the hidden virtues of plants and crystals; the lines traced by the stars as they moved across the sky; the correspondences between orders of living things, of all that is magnetic in the forces of nature and the modes of their action; and anticipating by rapid intuition facts established by a later science." We know that he sought to solve the problem of human flight through intricate concoctions of wings and rudders; that he designed devastating machines of war; that he devised engineering schemes by which the marshes of Italy should be drained, and that his splendid physique was half ruined by arduous and prolonged search in the dissecting room for exact anatomical knowledge.

Gradually he became imbued with the idea of a never-ending life gathering to itself all experience, and of humanity as wrought upon by and summing up in itself the entire past; the subtle material as having been raised to a plane when only the keener touch and the finer nerve could follow. It is small wonder that his manuscripts, written strangely from right to left as was his wont, contain passages that might have been taken bodily from the lore of the ancient East.

To quote somewhat at random: "The mind passes in an instant from the east to the west, and all the great incorporeal forces have a like speed. Nature is constrained by the order of her own law which

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lives and works within her; and every part is disposed to unite with the whole that it may thereby escape its own incompleteness.

"Pleasure and Pain are represented as twins, for there is never one without the other; and they turn their backs because they are contrary to one another. If you choose Pleasure, know that he has behind him who will deal out tribulation and repentance; where there is most power of feeling there of martyrs is the greatest martyr.

"If you kept your body in accordance with virtue, your desires would not be of this world. The Soul desires to dwell in the body because without the members of that body it can neither act nor think.

"The lover is drawn by the thing loved, as is the sense by that which it perceives, and it unites with it and becomes one and the same thing. Intellectual passion drives out sensuality. The senses are of the earth, the reason stands apart from them in contemplation; the soul apparently resides in the seat of judgment, and the judgment apparently resides in the place where all the senses meet which is known as the common sense. The faculty of imagination is both a rudder and a bridle to the senses, inasmuch as the thing imagined moves the sense." Without break of continuity we could proceed in the words of Patanjali: "To conquer transgressions the weight of the imagination should be thrown on the opposite side," or, "The transfer of the powers from one plane to another comes through the flow of the natural creative forces."

In his pictures we have a complete summing up of the man; here are garnered all his anomalous experiences, all his exact science, all his philosophic subtleties. They bespeak "a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit little cell by cell of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions"; here is evinced the truth of the eternal flux, the evanescent magic of vanishing moods. The entire gamut of life is played upon from the inverted spirituality of a Medusa, and the morbid underworld of physical decay, up through the allurement of Mona Lisa's smile, to the deep and sad appeal in the sensitive face of the Christ.

The wonder of his mind was its marvelous capacity, not only for perceiving, but for registering and retaining the fleeting glimpses flashed upon his vision, holding them indellibly fixed for years if necessary, till they ultimately reached an embodiment. There is the witness of his seven-year struggle toward the completion of his greatest portrait; his days of resolute inaction and concentration before the masterpiece of the Last Supper, or of his breathless rush the length of Milan's streets to add just the one felicitous brush-stroke which had at last occurred to him as the perfect means to a perfect end.

In his inner life he must always have dwelt as in a place apart, a silent and solitary thinker; he warns his pupils against companionship, because "when with another one possesses but half, nay less than half, of oneself."

Yet his outer life was that of a brilliant courtier, delighting monarch

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and prince and high-born lady by the beauty and grace of his vivid personality, contributing by his wit to their merriment, or charming them by the songs which he sang to his oddly fashioned lyre.

To turn from this versatile and radiant being to his contemporary and only rival, the towering, tragic figure of Michael Angelo, is like plunging from blinding sunlight into the heart of a storm. His sonnet brings him, toiling on the huge dim vault of the Sistine ceiling, vividly and terribly before our eyes:

> "I've grown a goitre by dwelling in this den—
> As cats from stagnant pools in Lombary.
> Or in whatever land they hap to be—
> Which drives the belly underneath the chin.
> My beard turns up to heaven; my nape falls in,
> Fixed on my spine; my breast-bone visibly
> Grows like a harp; a rich embroidery
> Bedews my face from brush-drops thick and thin;
> My buttocks like a crupper bear my weight;
> My feet unguided wander to and fro;
> In front my skin grows loose and long; behind
> By bending it becomes more taut and straight;
> Cross-wise I bend me like a Syrian bow;
> Whence false and quaint I know
> Must be the fruit of squinting brain and eye
> For ill can aim the gun that bends awry."

To such sacrifice and labor we owe the wide heritage he bequeathed us, for whether he wielded brush or chisel or pen, it was the same fiery, sustained concentration which gave form to his crowding thoughts. Obsessed with the idea of the immanence of art and that

> "The best of artists has no shape to show
> Which the rough stone in its superfluous shell
> Doth not include; to break the marble spell
> Is all the hand that serves the brain can do,"

he worked unceasingly to free the hidden shapes which he felt about him on every side waiting their release.

It is a far cry from the patient study of a posed model and from faithfully recorded observations, to the furious freedom with which this self-existent genius created his mighty-limbed Titans. His figures are never portraits, never individualized men and women, but embodied forces, visualized ideas: the David is not merely a masterly presentation of the young warrior giant, it is the very spirit of youth and careless daring; the sombre statues of the Medici tomb are meditations carved in stone; his virgin is an almost impersonal type of exalted motherhood, and his Christ-child is the incarnation of an abundant vigor that shall enable him to bear the burden of the world.

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But it is in the great Sistine decorations that we find the full marvel of his inspiration. Here it is not human qualities, however abstract, that we feel, but the very current of life itself surging through the universe, an overpowering force as of tempestuous winds and rushing waters under a storm-riven sky. Through compelling line, through massy shadow and the mystery of light, he actually quickens the beat of our heart, and tearing away trivialities and obstructions, he reveals the wonder of great full curves, their power, in sequence and repetition, to lead both the imagination and the senses onward and upward; yet making us aware the while that they are not the whole, finite and complete, but a component part of an infinite progression, through which we may

> "touch enough
> The verge of vastness to inform our soul
> What orb makes transit through the dark above;
> And there's the triumph! There the incomplete
> More than completion matches the immense—
> Then Michael Angelo against the world!"

We have been told that "number underlies all manifestation"; it is a dark and difficult saying, one from which our mind instinctively recoils, but we can more readily accede to the statement that "number underlies all art," for here order and arrangement are well in evidence. Furthermore, we know that beautiful curves can be mathematically plotted and constructed, for none are lovelier than the long taut arcs of astronomical science; that just and satisfying divisions of space can be expressed by equations, for Temple and Cathedral and Campanile are there to sustain the architect's assertion; and that without reference to the numerical laws of musical harmony no composer would dare essay a symphony. It is but one step further for us to concede that the differing vibrations of dusky blue and vibrant yellow may be reduced to proper mathematical relations, and but another step to the concession that rhythm and repetition of line, or the crescendos of chiaroscura may be the steady, awe-inspiring march of an arithmetical progression, making its visible appeal to the eye; that these are laws which are an open book to the awakened eyes of genius, and which are felt by each and all of us as our instruments of perception, growing finer and keener, near the goal of perfect taste.

In this underlying law of number is contained the real unity of the arts, that which makes analogies possible between painting and music, poetry and architecture; yet the finer distinctions of their differences must not be lost sight of; they must be most rigidly adhered to and each art confined within its own special sphere of beauty or there will be a total subversion of the illusive quality of style—as in those hazy attempts to play color or paint music, or worse still, to paint and play literature, with which we are all too familiar. For style demands a

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limpid clarity of thought, a precision as clean-cut as the facets of a diamond, while in these efforts confusion is certainly confounded. Nevertheless, it is a real truth that is being sought, if not found; the truth that "in the realm of forces an audible sound is a subjective colour, a perceptible colour but an inaudible sound."

All this the great artists, consciously or unconsciously, have voiced in their work; it is part and parcel of their inspiration; for, to repeat, and sum up our conclusions, the pictures of genius, those having truly the life-enhancing power, are not only representations of objects or scenes or events, though this is a prime function and of value in that it bestirs memory and thought; they are more even than the penetrating interpretations of character and emotion and event, though it is their high privilege to so widen our sympathies and enlarge our horizon; these powers they do indeed possess to our exceeding great joy; but moreover and above this, they hold a direct appeal through the creative use of color and form, to our love of high truth, and of the laws, not man-made and partial, but divine and universal, but another manifestation of the same law of magnetic energy which holds the stars to their courses and draws after it the tides of the sea.

ANNE EVANS.

The greatest burden we have to carry in life is self. The most difficult thing we have to manage is self. Our own daily living, our frames and feelings, our especial weaknesses and temptations, and our peculiar temperaments,—our inward affairs of every kind,—these are the things that perplex and worry us more than anything else, and that bring us oftenest into bondage and darkness. In laying off your burdens, therefore, the first one you must get rid of is yourself. You must hand yourself and all your inward experiences, your temptations, your temperament, your frames and feelings, all over into the care and keeping of your God, and leave them there. He made you and therefore He understands you, and you must trust Him to do it.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

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MAHOMET

SINCE the life and work of Mahomet first occupied the pens of historians there has been much controversy over the true nature and value of that work. All points of view have been advanced, from the extreme of the Moslem writers to whom every least tradition about their great teacher is sacred and therefore to be accepted without question, to the opposite extreme of those who hold that the work of the prophet was but the result of ambitious scheming, and his revelations a monument of lying and deceit. For any but a "true believer" the Moslem attitude is, of course, out of the question, but the complete rejection of the man is almost equally incomprehensible, if we regard the facts of the earlier days of his mission. All his strivings after truth, his ecstacies and depressions, his own distrust as to the genuineness of his inspiration, and finally the unwavering steadfastness with which, when once convinced, he faced and overcame, almost alone and unsupported, the ridicule and hostility of a nation,—all these facts testify certainly to no charlatanism and deceit. Furthermore, an examination of his teachings convinces one that the heart of his message was undoubtedly genuine. It is true, however, that the later years of the prophet's life show a marked change not only in the character of the man himself, but in the form of his revelations and in the nature of his religion. And this change, in fact all the apparent contradictions both of character and of work, are most readily explained by a statement which has been made to the effect that Mahomet was a psychic, probably the greatest psychic in history, a statement which is attested by one fact after another as we read the story of his life. The very manner in which he received his revelation is one of the strongest indications of his mediumship; he himself states that he heard sounds like the ringing of bells penetrating his very heart and rending him; and according to contemporary writers he went into a trance—evidently a sort of catalepsy—great beads of perspiration stood out on his face and at times he fell to the ground. His lack of the genuinely spiritual qualities, his manner of interpreting many of the revelations, and in his later life, the numerous occasions on which vanity or self-deception led to the distortion of his message, all testify again to his psychism.

The work of the Prophet falls naturally into two main divisions, first, the period spent at Mecca, a time of doubt and difficulty, and unceasing effort, of struggle not only for the recognition but for the very life of his religion as a religion; second, the period after the Hegira, when his message, gaining a foothold, gathered force in much the way that a rolling boulder gathers momentum, and in a few years swept the whole peninsula. To understand the difficulties of his work at Mecca

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it is necessary to understand something of his people and his country. Arabia in A. D. 570, the year of Mahomet's birth, differed little from the Arabia of Abraham and Job. The people were banded together in independent nomad tribes, each headed by a Sheikh, the representative of his people; there was no government in the usual sense of the term, the tribes as an aggregate and also within themselves being held together by no permanent bond, but being so constituted as to allow the utmost independence to the clan, the family and the individual. Yet all observed the same code of honor, and the same moral standards and used the same language, manners and customs. Of these tribes the greatest and proudest was the Coreishite, dwelling in Mecca. This people traced its ancestry to Abraham, asserting that Hagar, when wandering in the desert with Ishmael, made her way to the present site of Mecca and there discovered the well Zemzem, sacred ever after. According to tradition, Arabs from the south soon settled here, the daughter of whose chief was later married by Ishmael, the founder of the tribe. It was supposed to have been on one of the neighboring hills that Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac; later he built, on the site which it now occupies, the temple or Kaaba, the holy of holies of Arabian worship to the present time. In the very early days of the city, the custom had arisen of making pilgrimages to this shrine from all parts of the peninsula, and when to this is added the fact that Mecca was the central point of one of the most important caravan routes of that part of the world, it will be obvious that the guardianship of the Kaaba and of the well was a position of the utmost importance. And from the earliest days to the time of the Prophet, this position was held with but one or two brief lapses of time by the Coreishites.

To the tribe of the Coreish Mahomet belonged. His father died before the child was born, his mother when he was but six years of age; the boy was cared for during some years by his grandfather and on the death of the latter, by his uncle, Abu Tâlib. With the death of the grandfather, who had been guardian of the well and a man of wealth and influence, the power of this branch of the family waned. Nothing of unusual significance,—at least nothing authentic— is related concerning Mahomet's childhood; at one time, he was employed in tending sheep and goats on the neighboring hills, and some writers picture him as studying here the "signs of an unseen power" and beginning his vague wondering as to the explanation of God and the universe. As early as his twelfth year, we are told, he accompanied his uncle with a caravan to Syria and again in this instance there is much surmise as to the deep impression made upon his "childish heart ever yearning after the marvellous," by the sights which he saw, the Christian customs, the churches with crosses and images, and the contact with new faiths. Undoubtedly he was influenced by the religious beliefs of Syria, but as this was not his only trip to that country, our credulity as to the assimilative powers of the twelve year old need not be taxed. At the age of twenty-five,

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he went again to Syria in charge of a caravan belonging to Khadija, a wealthy widow of Mecca. The real importance of this trip to the subsequent history of Mahomet it is impossible to tell, but it is of undoubted significance that the region to which he journeyed was the center of the Ebionite and Essene communities—Sprenger in his life of Mahomet traces a close connection between the exoteric doctrines of these two sects and many of those promulgated in the Koran—and that tradition gives strong evidence of his close intercourse with Nestorius, a monk, and with others of the clergy of the Syrian sects.

It was on his return from this trip that his marriage with Khadija took place and we know little more of him until his fortieth year when he first showed signs of his prophetic mission. We are told that as he grew older he became more and more thoughtful, and it is suggested that the contrast between his own idolatrous faith and the facts which he had gathered concerning Judaism and Christianity may have given rise to the doubts which began to disturb him. Frequently he would withdraw from Mecca, accompanied sometimes by Khadija, and retire to a cave in the nearby hills where he remained in prayer and meditation. The earliest suras of the Koran date from this period, rhapsodical passages, bits of impassioned poetry, earnest prayers for help, showing the conflict which was waging within him. This state lasted for perhaps three years, while Mahomet in great mental agitation, torn by doubt and fear as to the genuineness of his visions and as to the heavenly nature of the spirits whose influence he felt, became gradually convinced that he had a divinely appointed mission to perform. At length, during one of these retreats, an angelic messenger, whom Mahomet designated as the angel Gabriel, and from whom were received many of the subsequent revelations, appeared to him and commanded him in one of the verses now embodied in the Koran to "recite" or "read" or "cry" (according as the Arabic word is translated) in the name of the Lord. After this definite annunciation of his mission Mahomet gave out his revelations in the name of God, prefacing every sura of the Koran with the divine command, "Speak" or "Say." Muir says of him:

"This commission pervaded now his whole career, and mingled with his every action. He was the servant, the prophet, the vice-regent of God; and however much the sphere of his mission might expand in ever widening circles, the principle on which it rested was the same. . . . It is certain that the conception of the Almighty as the immediate source of his inspiration and Author of his commission soon took entire and undivided possession of his soul; and, however colored by the events and inducements of the day, or mingled with apparently incongruous motives and desires, retained a paramount influence until the hour of his death."

The inhabitants of Mecca, however, by no means shared in this conviction. Ridicule, scorn and abuse met him on all sides, and again he was filled with doubt, this time not as to the genuineness of his reve-

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lation, but as to whether his mission were not merely to his immediate family and the few relatives and friends who had already become his disciples. But again the angel appeared to him in a vision and roused him with the words:

"Oh, thou that art covered! Arise and preach" (that is, warn or call to repentance) "and magnify thy Lord.

"Purify thy garments and depart from all uncleanness."

From this time to the end of his life Mahomet never questioned, but met every obstacle with an unwavering steadfastness of purpose and a firm conviction that the Allah, whose messenger he was, could bring ultimate good out of every evil. His progress, however, was by no means easy, for the people of Mecca were no more ready than before to accept his claims. He possessed in the beginning, it is true, a small body of devoted adherents; among these Khadija is notable for her never-failing faith in him, as well as for her power of filling him with renewed courage and determination in times of depression; notable also among the earliest converts was Ali, a cousin, who later married the Prophet's daughter and became famous in the early Caliphates. Most important for the success of the new religion was the conversion of Abu Bekr, the devoted follower of Mahomet, his companion in the hours of greatest peril and his closest friend to the day of his death. This man possessed great wealth and influence and devoted it to the last jot in the furtherance of the cause.

To understand the difficulties which lay in the way of the new religion it may be well to note here its chief points of difference from the old faith. The religion of Arabia was a combination of Sabianism, idolatry and stone worship. Remnants of Sabianism are probably to be observed in certain of the rites of pilgrimage, particularly that of making seven circuits round the Kaaba,—a rite which may have been connected in its origin with the movements of the planets. Both in the Kaaba at Mecca and in many a shrine throughout the peninsula were idols of Lât or Ozza or others of their goddesses. Set in the wall of the Kaaba, also, was an especially sacred stone, said by tradition to have been placed there by Abraham, originally a pure white jacinth but long since become black from the kisses of unnumbered pilgrims. Elsewhere in the land, as well, were stones made the object of worship, stones which had been in many cases carried from Mecca originally by some pious pilgrim. The importance which was attributed to pilgrimage will be obvious when it is stated that during certain months in the year, the season of pilgrimage, a peace was declared, during which no caravan, however temptingly laden, could be despoiled, and no warlike tribe, however hungry for plunder or eager for revenge, could unsheathe its weapons. And significant of the genuine observance of this peace is the fact that a war once waged against an invader during this season was ever after known as the Sacreligious War.

One point the two religions had in common, namely, a vast store

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of Judaical legends and traditions originating in the belief that Abraham and Ishmael were the great forefathers of the race. But it was at the very root of the old faith that Mahomet struck with his proclamation, "There is no God but God," and his denunciation and uncompromising hostility toward idolatry. The oneness of God and the acceptance of Mahomet as his mouthpiece, the favorite of heaven, were the two cardinal points of Islam. In promulgating his doctrine Mahomet declared that his object was the restoration of the religion of their forefather Abraham and that his revelations, throughout, confirmed both the Jewish and the Christian scriptures. And the Koran does, in fact, contain great numbers of the Jewish traditions, many stories, particularly of their prophets, and large portions of Old Testament material. It is claimed by many historians that this incorporation of the Jewish teachings as a part of his own faith was largely a bid for the support of the many Jewish tribes flourishing in various parts of the peninsula. His later treatment of these tribes, when their non-acceptance of his views became certain, makes the theory entirely tenable. Yet it is clear from the Prophet's own words that he hoped to establish a world religion, one which all nations could accept, and with this point in view, he would naturally lay emphasis upon such features as these Jewish traditions, features which should meet with a ready response from Jews, Christians and Arabians alike.

Of the teachings of Christianity he made far less use, many of the Christian doctrines,—particularly that of the Trinity—being rejected by him from the first, and many others being grossly misunderstood, due no doubt to the fact that much of his information came from apocryphal or heretical sources. His system included an angelic hierarchy, borrowed, it is probable, from one of the Syrian sects; the belief in immortality and resurrection from the dead (a belief much derided by his enemies); and also the doctrine of predestination. This last doctrine was a most important factor in the success of his cause in the days when Islam became a religion of the sword. For together with the fact that man must die at his appointed time, was coupled the assurance that death fighting for the faith gained paradise, and this certainty of either earthly victory or eternal bliss won the day on many a bloody field of battle. His material descriptions of heaven and hell have caused much perturbation to European minds. Some have tried to argue that this was symbolical and that the Prophet himself recognized as the highest bliss the abiding presence of Allah, his Maker. There is no denying the fact, however, that Mahomet did describe the joys and torments of heaven and hell respectively in the most minute detail and, too, in the most material terms. But it is also well to remember the people to whom he appealed; his garish paradise and lurid hell kept in the straight path or led through the heat of battle countless fiery sons of the desert, in whom the promise of spiritual joys or mystical beauty, however great, could have roused but scant ardor.

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Perhaps one of the strongest features of the religion,—strongest, at least, if it had been made more living and vital—was the principle indicated by its name, Islam, that is, surrender or submission to God, and by the name of its adherents, Musalmans, or those who surrender themselves. And it is worthy of note that the Prophet really endeavored, so far as in him lay, to weave this principle into his life, several incidents of it giving to his character a touch at once lofty and heroic. This quality and his great emphasis upon prayer—indeed, Mahomet is known to have declared that there can be no religion without prayer—were in themselves, if they had not degenerated into a mere formalism, the wellspring of a truly spiritual religion.

As has been stated before, it was not the dissimilarity of the two faiths that roused opposition among the Meccans; indeed, for several years Mahomet went quietly about his work unhindered except for the scoffs and jeers of his townspeople. It was the rejection of their many gods and the realization that the growth of the new religion would seriously jeopardize the old, that gave rise to active hostility and persecution. Such treatment had little effect upon the more influential Moslems, for it was a matter of honor with the head of each clan to protect its own members from injury, or to avenge them if need be. Thus Mahomet for years enjoyed the protection of his uncle, Abu Tâlib, who, while he did not embrace Islam, yet countenanced the work of his kinsman in the face of the united hostility of his tribe. It was the slaves, however, whose sufferings were greatest, torture often being resorted to to force them to renounce the faith. A number of these were bought and freed by Abu Bekr, who spent practically his entire fortune for the purpose; the others were released from their torments by Mahomet, who made a special exemption for such as renounced the faith unwillingly but remained true at heart. It was as a result of this persecution that there occurred the first hegira, the emigration of a small band of converts who, lacking protection, sought refuge by advice of the Prophet, in Abyssinia.

About this time occurred an incident which is worthy of note, though it has met with denial from many a pious Musalman. Hitherto the chief, perhaps the only obstacle in the way of the Prophet's success was the question of idolatry. Was his mission to fail because of this one point? Was the only result of his years of work to be the winning of perhaps fifty converts, as against the alienation of the whole community? At length, during a gathering of the chief men of Mecca, Mahomet, joining them one day, recited verses from the Koran, and finally the following:

> ". . . He also saw him (Gabriel) another time, . . .
> And verily he beheld some of the greatest signs of his Lord.
> What think ye of Lât and of Ozza,
> And Manât the third beside?"

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these being the three great idols of Arabia. Then came the answer, still purporting to be a revelation:

> "These are exalted Females
> Whose intercession verily is to be sought after."

We are told that all the people were greatly pleased with this judgment in favor of their idols, accepted it gladly and announced themselves thereupon content to follow Mahomet. But the latter was much perturbed; in a vision he was upbraided by Gabriel for uttering words which had not been given him and in a short time he declared that the true reading of the verse had been revealed to him, substituting, in reply to the question, "What think ye of Lât and of Ozza?":

> "They are naught but names which ye and your fathers have invented, etc."

Never again did Mahomet make a deflection from the straight path, or rather, never again did he concede the smallest point to the enemies of Islam. But this was the first instance of a failing which showed itself frequently in later years,—namely, a possible confusion of mind by which the will of the Prophet or the expediency of the moment was regarded as the will of God.

The explanation was immediately offered that Satan had placed in Mahomet's mouth the words of the earlier rendering, but the people of the city were not ready to accept such a statement. After the recantation, hostility rose to such a point that the Coreish placed under a ban the branch of the tribe to which the Prophet belonged, refusing to marry or give in marriage, or to buy or to sell with them. The families thus ostracized withdrew to a separate section of the city and this condition of affairs lasted for two years. At length the hostility of the citizens, the death of Khadija, and, most serious of all, the death of Abu Tâlib, his powerful protector, led Mahomet, in 620 A. D., to go to Tayif, a neighboring city, in the hope of accomplishing there the work he had failed to do in Mecca. But the citizens of Tayif, worshippers of the great idol Lât, raised the same objections as the Meccans, and after several days spent in the effort to convert them he was driven from the city amid hooting and throwing of stones. His real beauty and nobility of character and his sincerity of purpose are perhaps best shown in the prayer offered on this occasion, as he sorrowfully made his way back to Mecca:

"O Lord! I make my complaint unto thee of my helplessness and frailty, and my insignificance before mankind. But thou art the Lord of the poor and feeble, and thou art my Lord. Into whose hands wilt thou abandon me? Into the hands of strangers that beset me round about? or of the enemy thou hast given at home the mastery over me? If thy wrath be not upon me, I have no concern; but rather thy favour

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is the more wide unto me. I seek for refuge in the light of thy countenance. It is thine to chase away the darkness, and to give peace both for this world and the next; let not thy wrath light upon me, nor thine indignation. It is thine to show anger until thou art pleased; and there is none other power nor any resource but in thee."

Shortly after this, it being the season of pilgrimage, he talked with and converted a band of pilgrims from Medina and sought assurance of a refuge in their city. Medina, at the time, was torn by conflicting factions of Jews and Arabs and could not assure him asylum, but it was agreed that a year should be spent in gaining converts to the new faith and preparing for his coming. Medina was singularly fitted for the purpose; many of the people were of the same faith as the Meccans, yet because of the large Jewish population had become familiar with the doctrines of the latter people. Furthermore, the fact that the Jews were looking for a prophet may have insured from the Arabians a still more ready acceptance of a teacher from their own race. However this may be, the new faith spread with amazing rapidity, so rapidly, in fact, that it became necessary in a short time to send a teacher from Mecca to aid in the work. A paragraph from one of the historians will give some idea of the condition of affairs in Mecca during this interval:

"Mahomet thus holding his people at bay; waiting in the still expectation of victory; to outward appearance defenceless, and with his little band as it were in the lion's mouth; yet trusting in His almighty power whose Messenger he believed himself to be, resolute and unmoved; presents a spectacle of sublimity paralleled only by such scenes in the Sacred records as that of the prophet of Israel when he complained to his Master, 'I, even I only, am left.' Nay, the spectacle is in one point of view even more amazing; for the prophets of old were upheld (as we may suppose) by the prevailing consciousness of a divine inspiration, and strengthened by the palpable demonstrations of miraculous power; while with the Arabian, his recollection of former doubts, and confessed inability to work any miracle, may at times have cast across him a shadow of uncertainty. It is this which brings if possible into still bolder prominence the marvellous self-possession and enthusiasm which sustained Mahomet on his course."

It is worthy of note that the point mentioned above, namely, the Prophet's inability to perform miracles, was regarded by the Meccans as strong proof of the falsity of his claims. Among the great volume of tradition which grew up in the early days of Islam are numerous miracles claimed to have been performed by Mahomet, but he himself avowed frankly his impotence in this respect and declared that the Koran was his great and only miracle.

The period of waiting on the one hand and of preparation on the other lasted until the spring of the year 622; then came the great Hegira from which the Moslem calendar is dated. First the followers of the Prophet, about two hundred in number, quietly took their leave. And

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finally Mahomet and Abu Bekr, the former in danger of his life, fled the city, took refuge in mountain fastnesses till pursuit was over, and at length approached Medina,—approached hesitatingly and with much trepidation. But the day of struggle and hardship was past for Mahomet; Medina had accepted Islam; Medina had believed. And as Carlyle expresses it:

"Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a Nation becomes fruitful, soul elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century,—is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada! I said, the Great Man was always as lightening out of Heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame."

JULIA CHICKERING.

(*To be continued*)

O MOST *merciful Lord, grant to me thy grace, that it may be with me, and work with me, and continue with me even to the end.*

Grant that I may always desire and will that which is to thee most acceptable, and most dear.

Let thy will be mine, and let my will ever follow thine, and agree perfectly with it.

Let my will be all one with thine, and let me not be able to will, or anything to forego, but that thou willest or dost not will.

* * * * * *

Grant to me above all things that I can desire, to desire to rest in thee, and in thee to have my heart at peace.

Thou art the true peace of the heart: thou art its only rest; out of thee all things are full of trouble and unrest. In this peace, that is, in thee, the one chiefest eternal God, I will lay me down and sleep. Amen.

Thomas á Kempis—IMITATION OF CHRIST.

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THEOSOPHY AND BUSINESS

II

It Is Profitable To Follow Religious Principles

"Everything is founded on the Law of Sacrifice. God set the example when he created the Universe."—D. R. T., April, 1915, QUARTERLY, p. 354.

"As the silent soul awakes it makes the ordinary life of the man more purposeful, more vital, more real, and more responsible."—LIGHT ON THE PATH, p. 60.

"Therefore the hand must be skilled, and discipline and training alone will do that. But be vigorous, be strong, not passive! I get so tired of these humble, washed-out disciples, who have not strength enough to stand on their own feet, and who simply shut their eyes ecstatically, and sit there! What will they ever accomplish? Nothing, until they are waked up and shaken out of that condition."—Cavé in FRAGMENTS, Vol. I, p. 28.

"Every moment has its duty, and in the faithful performance of that duty you will find the satisfaction of your life."—FRAGMENTS, p. 60.

WE have considered the negative side of Theosophy and Business, reviewing the subject under the disjunctive use of the "and," seeming to find that a departure from religious principles is distinctively unprofitable. But this has been negative. It is now time to see whether the use of such principles is positively profitable. If there be order in the Universe either of any two aspects of life should be governed by the same Law and in the same manner. If this be accepted, then we may, indeed, consider that the "and" in our title is used conjunctively; that the successful business man uses religious principles and practices, even if he does not know it or even desire it.

The successful, money-grubbing modern business man would be one of the first to object to this statement. Yet, as we look into the subject in the spirit of Professor Mitchell's *The Theosophical Society and Theosophy,* quoted in the last number, we should remember, in studying a question in what may be called a theosophical spirit, that, "Therefore the discussions seek unities and not differences."

The business man would instantly challenge the quotation with which this article begins. He would deny that Sacrifice governed business, to say nothing of the Universe! If he were seeking to excuse

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himself he might say sometime that he sacrificed himself for the sake of his family or even his business. He would deny that this was universally characteristic. We like to regard both our virtues and vices as distinctively ours—something unique. We hate to regard them as universal manifestations. That is commonplace. Yet that man would be the very first to tell an employee that if he wants to get ahead he must think first of the business and not of himself, or even of his health.

There was a great blizzard once and the suburban services were given up. The head of a metropolitan daily got down to his office to see what he could do. He found one editorial writer had turned up. The young man had walked through snow and fallen electric wires, getting a "lift" now and then. He was used up and tired, but he was there. The "old man" came downstairs and said, "There's a man with a future. He got in somehow. The others did not dare risk their lives the way he did." That young man is now one of the most important men in the newspaper profession.

Have you ever thought of the life that the heads of business lead? Seeing them in their automobiles or hearing of their trips to Europe might lead you to think that their lives are chiefly ones of self-gratification. But they have little self-gratification. They give themselves to their business. Putting aside the many who take their work home—like the bank president who goes over, at night, cards showing every important change in the accounts, that he may see how to hold or get business—few of them ever let the business get out of their minds. A good Religious never forgets the Habit he wears and is conscious at all times of his responsibilities to his Order. A good chief executive never forgets his responsibilities. He is rarely given to letting go of himself or to indulging himself. He may dislike his sales manager personally. So long as sales grow he will be backed to the end. Personal feelings do not govern the successful executive. Of two men he will prefer, other things being equal, the man who is the more congenial, but this is because he deems it wiser to have an organization of men who are mutually congenial.

The laws governing life have been said to be expressed in the three vows—Poverty (self-renunciation), Chastity (self-purification) and Obedience. Take a man like the late J. P. Morgan. Where do we find the vow of poverty in his life? Reviewing the financial history of the past few years, was there ever an emergency in which Mr. Morgan did not respond to the call of duty? Irrespective of his health or comfort, was he not at his post? During the panic of 1904 he was working night and day. He did not seem to need sleep. Yet was it not that he put himself to one side? He sacrificed himself. But, it may be argued, he got big rewards. Who dares to say that the Saints do not get big rewards? Certainly not any one who has read what they themselves have

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written. The rewards of obeying the Law must be great, or it would not be the Law.

Take the second vow—when it came to business, say reorganizing a great and bankrupt road, did not Mr. Morgan clean his mind of all other problems? Perhaps one of his yachts was racing, or a dealer had offered him a wonderful painting, or a tempting business opportunity presented itself, but nothing mattered. For the moment he forgot himself and was, let us say, only the up-builder of the Southern Railroad. Was he perfect? No; possibly because he choose to use the great powers that Karma had brought him in a field where perfection is not possible—that is to say, in the world. But it must be admitted that in the world he was great.

The third vow—obedience—may seem something lacking in his life, since he was so thoroughly one to be obeyed. What a fearful lot of misunderstanding there is about that word "obedience"! People seem to forget that God Himself obeys—if He did not, Chaos would rule forever. This subject is marvelously covered in *Fragments,* where Obedience is said to be the one direct road to the Master. It would be desirable, did space permit, to quote the whole of that illuminating discourse, but it may be brought back to the memory by a key quotation: "Do you perceive, further, that at first you are obedient to *your own ideal of the Master,* and *your own highest conceptions of duty and selflessness?*" Can any one who has followed Mr. Morgan's life deny this? He had his ideals, beginning with his father, who had trained him. Again, he lived in obedience to the traditions of the House. Who has not heard stories where he gave up chances to make money or actually took a loss rather than to break his rule of never increasing a "firm offer" once made; that is to say, increasing the price or changing the terms of an offer that the House had submitted. It may be said that in the long run this paid. If this be true, what stronger argument in favor of unrelenting obedience may be advanced?

There are people who will indignantly deny that such a man observed the three vows. Scandal may be brought up. In the first place, such scandal is mostly lies. Take such a man as Napoleon, one of the very greatest of all mortals, whose life and success were one unending proof of the truth of our proposition. No man has ever been so lied about, unless it be the great Master of the West Himself. Only now, a hundred years late, are people beginning to realize that history was controlled, for a time, by those who feared or hated the all-round Man of Destiny, and that he led a life of personal probity, morality and simplicity that bordered upon the ascetic. It is true that he wore gorgeous uniforms and flaming stars and was surrounded by a brilliant Court, but was it not for the sake of France, to symbolize the Empire, and not for any self-satisfaction? To one who studies his life with any sympathy yet without partisanship, does it not become evident that he hated such things yet sacrificed himself? Was Gregory the Great, when he

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enforced respect for and homage to the Papacy any less strict toward himself than he had been as Hildebrand?

One of the weaknesses of our present civilization is that people confuse planes in all sorts of ways. We have been applying certain tests to the late Mr. Morgan as a business man and someone is certain to bring up personal matters about him, as if that were a test of the Law. Were Mr. Morgan an Adept or even a high chela, one would have a right to expect his life to have been well-rounded. He was an intensely human being of great force and like most human beings he had his faults. Some of these may well have been in balance for his wrong use, from the point of view of a Saint, let us say, of his powers.

The Master K. H. gave us a pretty direct hint as to this danger that we suffer from, it might seem, in his story of "the Aryan Punjabee" who was suggested to serve as a connecting link between the Elder Brethren and some of the English investigators in India. "This young gentleman, who is pure as purity itself, whose aspirations and thoughts are of the most spiritual, ennobling kind, and who, merely through self-exertion, is able to penetrate into the regions of the formless world—this young man is not fit for a drawing room." His dress and turban "were very dirty and slovenly." But this did not mean that he had not obeyed the Law in the part of his life where he concentrated his energies. It would have been wrong to have said that he did not illustrate what might be done by following the Law. It did prove that he limited his field of effort—probably to his own loss. To those who have read the delightful descriptions of the great Eastern Master among his devoted followers in the Mountains there is left no doubt that He is equally at home in the drawing room and as charming as he is perfected, but there are, alas! apparently mighty few Masters.

Ordinary men, or even extraordinary men, so long as they live for the world, seem to be set up in business, so to speak, with a certain amount of Karmic capital. They use this and increase it along certain definite lines. Does not this bring back the Parable of the Talents? Perhaps they get into grooves in the use of their talents and, life after life, follow similar occupations—seeking them to find growth. The more "vigorous," the more "strong" and the less "passive" an individual ego, the more one may imagine him as indomitably storming his barriers along a single line. Some of our money kings of this era may be privileged to be the St. Vincent de Pauls of a future day. They will find their training invaluable—once the motive of achievement be changed. If they become saints they will again prove that Master K. H. spoke from knowledge when he said: "The human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low brute energy of Nature," but as he shows, the motive of use is the limiting factor.

One of the first things that the student of things Theosophical learns

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is required for progress is concentration. Meditation, held from the beginning of recorded time to be a vital necessity, is not possible until the student has gained control over his mind by exercising powers of concentration. There is not a writer or commentator upon business success who does not point out the same rule of necessity. If one may judge from stories such as of Elijah and Elisha, or of Nachiketas in the House of Death, it is necessary that the disciple shall put his head down and plunge forward toward his goal in utter disregard of any obstacles or barriers that may seem to loom in his path. Is this not the spirit that has made every successful man successful? Is there not good teaching on all planes in the story of Dick Whittington and his cat?

At the head of this article is a quotation from the Second Comment in *Light on the Path*. It is in that section that the effort of the disciple is likened to the concentration of a painter at his canvass or to "a composer listening to the melodies that dawn upon his glad imagination." If it had not been for the danger of seeming to inculcate materialism, analogies might just as well have been drawn from the stock market leader planning a campaign, or from a sales manager considering the development of more territory. None of these men—from disciple to salesman—would be paying any attention to outside, extraneous and unconnected happenings.

Each effort-maker would be using his imagination. St. Ignatius, one of the greatest occult "trainers" or developers who has appeared in the West, advised the use of imagination as a first step. Napoleon used it to bring out the greatest powers in his soldiers in his famous dictum regarding the possibility of every soldier of France achieving a marshallship. St. Ignatius, like Napoleon, used it himself in his own growth, as did St. Francis of Assissi. We think of the men who are the leaders of the present-day commercialism as lacking in imagination, but could one of them have succeeded without it? Curiously enough we recognize its possession in our political leaders—who has not heard the story of Lincoln, of Jackson, of Garfield? When it comes to materialism we doubt it. Perhaps this is from an instinctive feeling that the pursuit of money is essentially not worth while, so we are not as interested in studying the secrets of its achievement. Take a single example: When the young man in Cleveland, who as a clerk founded the Standard Oil, began giving up immediate pleasures and all self-gratification of the physical man to start the savings, which he recognized as the first step in gaining power, could he have resisted the daily and legitimate opportunities for expenditure had he not had great imagination?

St. Ignatius recommends, as a second step, the use of the intellect or the reasoning faculty. Here marks the separation of the paths. The dreamer, be he disciple or shipping clerk, stops with his use of his imagination. The "purposeful," "vital," "real" and "responsible" worker described in *Light on the Path*, and pleaded for in *Fragments*, seizes upon

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his imagination as a vehicle to take him forward, and plans how to attain what, with his imagination, he sees may be won.

St. Ignatius, as a third step, urges the use of the faculty of will—the doing of something. Again do we not find that this is true in art, in religion and in business. Having imagined a step, having planned it, does not the man of power then take it? But he guards himself against the loss of his power by taking step by step. He concentrates upon the next step. Mr. Rockefeller had imagination enough to see himself a power. But it is certain that he did not spend his days and nights dreaming about a great Standard Oil Company. He began saving in order to get his first $1,000, which he himself has said was the only difficult part of his progress. He might have said that he crossed the Rubicon when, having determined to save that sum, he put aside his first dollar. The preliminary quotations, with which this article is headed, close with another from *Fragments,* which seems decidedly worth while to quote again—for emphasis:

"Every moment has its duty, and in the faithful performance of that duty you will find the satisfaction of your life."

If there be one point pounded upon by all Teachers and teachers it is this. Newton could not have worked out the Law of Gravity if he had not known that two plus two is four. Napoleon could never have crowned himself Emperor if it had not been for those weary hours of self-sacrifice while he, as a young subaltern, worked out military problems and studied elementary mathematics. If Mr. Rockefeller had not decided that his suit of clothes would have to do, provided he brushed it more carefully, the Rockefeller Foundation would not now be working to help humanity. Is this not the secret within the Parable of the Widow's Mite?

Suppose an eager and determined young man makes up his mind and his will that he shall, come what may, get ahead. Would his methods of procedure be any different if it were Heaven on earth he were seeking or a multi-millionaire's palace on Fifth Avenue? Here, I may imagine, comes out a long deferred protest from some of the readers of this: But what about the moral issue? Ah! here again we have that confusion of planes. The Pharisees condemned our Lord as a wine-bibber and worthless fellow, consorting with publicans and sinners. They did not consider His Mission and what Laws He was following as He progressed in it. They used their mean standards to measure Him. Can an American separate a man from his place or position? Was there not wonderful insight in the story (probably apocryphal) of Lincoln's comment on the kind of whiskey that the capturer of Donelson was supposed to drink, and his wish that he could get some for his other generals? It is each man's own responsibility to his Lord for what use he makes of his talents. One's motive is one's own. One's personal mistakes are one's own. But what one works at may be studied to obtain the "how," where we should not have the right to consider the

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"why." It is here, perhaps, that people get off the track, in thinking that Religion and Business are in opposition and work under different Laws. The head of a great religious movement may feel himself a worthless man, but he does his work and wins success despite this conviction. A successful man in the world may individually be morally worthless, but if he follow moral principles in the organization of his plan of campaign, he will succeed in what he works for. It is conceiveable that he might win out in an immoral desire by using moral principles in his efforts. It may be difficult to understand this if we do not keep separate the difference between the man and his work. It will be dangerous to understand this if we do not also realize that such a course is wrong for the individual involved and that, unmistakably, he will pay for it sadly in the evil Karma thus produced by him. Did not the Master Christ say: "It is impossible but that offenses will come: but woe unto him, through whom they come." (Luke, xvii: I.)

Perhaps the distinction may be made clearer by suggesting that man has free will but that there is no free will in the Law. The Second Law of Force—for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction—works when Jake reacts to Joe's fist-blow by stabbing him with a knife, and it also works when, in response to the Master's appeal, another soul starts on the Path. There is apparently nothing moral or immoral in the application of a given Law.

Religion rests on a moral base. It has been said that to follow religious law is the only way to succeed in business. Is there apparent contradiction with our main thesis in the statement that has just been made as to the immorality of the application of the moral Law? Not when the motive be kept separate from the application. The most ruthless individual in business follows the Golden Rule in the methods by which he conducts his business. If he did not do for the other person what that person wants done, no business could be done. It is the customer who sets prices and fashions. Efforts are made to guess at his judgment but he is the court of last appeal. So it is that every successful business is based upon the Golden Rule, although the individuals running that business may be breaking the Rule daily, but the Business itself, as a unified organism, must not, indeed cannot, break the Rule without certain disaster. In other words—the first step in making a business a success is to observe the First Vow and to give up one's own self-will and to meet the desires of the other—the buyer.

Temporary success may be secured by following the Law part way and then letting its momentum work for a time as progress is made on the wrong path. A business may sell rotten product for a time by observing the First Vow (catering to a popular demand), but it must observe the Second Vow of Chasity (self-purification) if it is to hold its trade and succeed. Furthermore, constantly it must keep this vow within its own life. An embezzler will wreck the business he is conducting for others if he be not spewed out in time. The business must be run on

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honest lines or it cannot succeed. There is no debating this. You may say that the Sawdust & Sand Consolidated Exploitation Company is an immoral trust, a hideous monster. It could not be successful if it did not follow morality in manufacturing its product and in selling it. It must keep its promises as to quality and deliveries. It cannot have in it men who are dishonest. Its growth is due to—as its success is measured by—its adherence as a business entity to moral principle. This is didacticism. It will challenge some minds. If it does, try the experiment of seeking unities and not differences—the result may be surprising, wherever applied.

Let us apply the Three Vows to the ruling principles of business once more, in order to see what we may get by seeking unities. Is it not a familiar plaint, running all through history and literature, that business men are only business men; painters, painters; and soldiers, soldiers? Where there is one Caesar or Napoleon who succeeds on battlefield and capitol alike, there are scores of Wellingtons and Grants who lost battle laurels in the political arena. Do we not forget that the Three Vows mark a "profession," involving taking the vows? Do not each one of us make a "profession" when we give our selves up to a desire that is backed by the will? Do we not have to take vows, being what we are in the kind of universe that this is? Is not the only question—"to what shall I vow myself?"—not "what are the vows that I take?" Is the drunkard any less professed than the spotless nun? Is it a question of what power is used; or is it a question of how we shall use the Power that exists and upon which all draw, irrespective of the morality of their demand? Does not this nerve us to seek to make each moment, every action, count on the right side and not be a contribution to the forces of misdirected power manifesting in wickedness and sin?

Soeur Thérèse was only a little French nun, who died in the early twenties, yet her life has influenced thousands of men and women. The story of that quiet little life in a small French convent has outsold the most popular of all the "best sellers"—why? Is it not because our dear little friend proved the workings of the Law? William Penn was a great religious leader. He found that when he consciously put his principles into practice he brought peace and prosperity to his Colony. He had an advantage over those who merely follow the Law in its operations and lack the valuable, even invaluable, aid and power that comes from a conscious use of moral principles, of what the old saints called "intent," a deliberate effort to align one's forces with those of God.

We may see about us, if we will look, that groups of moral men, working with moral intent, may achieve greater successes than if they merely unconsciously follow the exoteric side of the Law. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this, that occurs offhand, is the remarkable record of "The President and Fellows of Harvard College," the Corporation of seven men who have handled the funds of that institution since its foundation.

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But we are getting away from our thesis—that business succeeds only because it follows moral law; not necessarily with moral intent. The General Electric Company has succeeded where scores of its earlier competitors failed—why is this? Is it not because Elihu Thomson and C. A. Coffin and their associates gave up everything; risked their money, reputations and future; put in their time and strength, and kept within (were obedient to) the fundamental laws of sound business?

What are these laws? A business is a combination of men and women under rule. The parallel to a religious organization—an Order—is obvious. Let us see how some religious Rule bears comparison: The Benedictine Rule is perhaps the most general. Does the business code show any similarity?

In the "Prologue" we find the famous antithesis of "the labour of obedience" and "the sloth of disobedience." Is there a business in the world that could succeed that did not enforce this distinction? "Renouncing thine own will"—need this be expounded?

"God saith to thee: 'If thou wilt have true and everlasting life, keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak no guile. Turn from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.'" Bearing in mind that which business aims for—material success—could better advice be given within its limits?

Would not every successful man, reviewing his career, although, mayhap, prefering to change the phraseology to make clearer the parallel, accept the following: "But if anything be somewhat strictly laid down, according to the dictates of sound reason, for the amendment of vices ("faults" would say the business man) or the preservation of charity ("success" may be substituted—that being the goal of business and religion alike), do not, therefore, fly in dismay from the way of salvation, whose beginning cannot but be strait and difficult." If John Wanamaker had not pushed his porter's barrow or the Fargos carried their carpet bags when weary, would great department stores and express companies have proved possible?

Turning the pages of *The Via Vitæ of St. Benedict* at random, the eye falls on—"Of the Abbot"—"Let him make no distinction of persons in the monastery." The Abbot is advised to call others into consultation "as often as any important matters have to be transacted." Then—"And, having heard the counsel of the brethren, let him weigh it within himself, and then do what he shall judge most expedient . . . But let the brethren give their advice with all subjection and humility, and not presume stubbornly to defend their own opinion; but rather let the matter rest with the Abbot's discretion, that all may submit to whatever he shall consider best." Could this not be a description of a council of war of Napoleon; of one of the famous daily conferences of the Standard Oil at 26 Broadway, when Mr. John D. Rockefeller sat at the head of the table; or of a meeting of the partners of

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J. P. Morgan & Co., or of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., when Messrs. Morgan and Carnegie were active?

Under the heading, "What are the instruments of good works," the Saint gave certain rules—all have modern application—as, for example:

12. Not to seek after delicate living.
22. Not to give way to anger.
23. Not to harbour a desire for revenge (in business it destroys judgment).
24. Not to foster guile in one's heart.
25. Not to make a feigned peace.
34. Not to be proud.
35. Not given to wine.
36. Not a glutton.
37. Not drowsy.
38. Not slothful.
39. Not a murmurer.
40. Not a detractor.
41. To put one's hope in God.
48. To keep guard at all times over the actions of one's life.
53. Not to love much speaking.
67. To fly from vain-glory.
68. To reverence the seniors.
69. To love the juniors.

Right after these, he says: "The first degree of humility is obedience without delay." And whosoever has had charge of an office force will second—"But as for buffoonery or idle words, such as move to laughter, we utterly condemn them in every place, nor do we allow the disciple to open his mouth in such discourse."

As St. Benedict died in 543 the fact that his system is true of 1915 conditions would seem to indicate that he was dealing with fundamentals that antedated Monte Cassino. In fact, he himself gave credit to Egypt for his wisdom.

Could there be a better guide to business or professional success than Patanjali's, "Faithful, persistent application to any object, if completely attained, will bind the mind to steadiness"? And, "Right poise must be firm and without strain"—is that not a picture of the successful man of affairs?

Take the *Imitation of Christ* and see if á Kempis would not have been able to lay down rules to govern the United States Steel Corporation. Take the famous Chapter V (Book III in ordinary editions, Book IV in that of Dr. Bigg) "Of the wonderful effect of Divine Love." Substitute "ambition," let us say, for "love" in Section II and "ambitious man" for "lover," and it will read like an "Instructions for Salesmen."

In other words, the original fundamentals still remain fundamental! It is the use that changes. A microscope utilizes the same laws of optics

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whether it be used by a biologist, a metallurgist or an expert witness on handwriting. Mathematical law governs music as well as astronomy, though a Wagner or a Beethoven may not have known a cosine from a digit or a Herschell or a Pickering a clef from *addagio*. No one of these men could have been successful without observance of mathematical laws—immutable. The musician is governed by his ear. The mathematician by his mind. May it not be said that the Saint and the ambitious man in the world use the same Law, but that one uses his heart and the other his head—while the Master uses both to help others? Indeed, so have some of His disciples, such as St. Benedict, St. Ignatius, St. Francis, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Teresa and the beloved Maid of Orleans—a most marvellous example of the power from obedience.

So far we have dealt with the broader applications of our thesis. It may prove interesting and helpful to try turning the theosophical light on the details of business; as, for example, in regard to "Employer and Employee" and "Salesman and Customer," in order to carry forward the test of the universal application of the fundamental law summed up for us by the Master in His Two Great Commandments.

G. M. McKLEMM.

"Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all."

LA ROCHFOUCAULD.

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"AN article which appeared in the Sunday edition of the New York *Times* (May 16th), by George B. McClellan, at one time Mayor of New York and now Professor of Economic History in Princeton University, expresses a creed which is the exact opposite of everything for which the QUARTERLY stands. It is entitled 'War Stirs Italy to New Ideals,' and as it refers to questions which confront every one of us today, I suggest you should mention it in the next Screen of Time."

This was addressed to the Recorder by the Sphinx. So the Recorder very naturally asked for more light.

"The opening paragraphs of Professor McClellan's article contain doctrine as pernicious as Bernhardi, Nietzsche or von Treitschke at their worst. This is what he says, writing from Rome on April 16th:

"'One of the most characteristic of Italian traits is a frankness in expressing desires and ambitions, either private or public, that is almost childlike in its simplicity.

"'The English have never been able to understand the Italian point of view, and are inclined to consider the present Italian attitude toward the war as being cynical and selfish, because Italy is openly playing for her own hand, instead of disguising her purposes behind a mask of alleged altruism in the interests of the suffering and oppressed. . . .

"'. . . And so the course of Italy in the present war has been guided and will be guided entirely by what Italians believe to be Italian national interests, without the slightest regard to the wishes, interests or opinions of any other nation. It is perfectly true that the Italian policy is purely selfish, but the spirit of nationality itself is, and can be nothing but national selfishness.

"'And if in the present crisis Italy thinks of no one but herself, she is doing no more, and no less, than all the nations of Europe have done. No matter what protestations to the contrary they may have made, and their protestations of unselfishness have been many and constant, each government has thought always and only of the particular and selfish interests of its own people.'

"It is possible, of course, so to misuse terms as to describe all motives as selfish. In that perverted sense, the motive of Joan of Arc was selfish when, utterly against her own inclination, she left her home to offer her services to the King of France. She would have been miserable if she had disobeyed her voices. Therefore her obedience was selfish. But that sort of argument shows not only a perversion of reason but of the moral sense. It well may be that a man who acts because *noblesse oblige,* ultimately profits in a material sense by so doing. But it does not follow that his motive originally was selfish. Even if his second thought was that some alternative course of action, such as re-

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treat, might ruin him socially and financially, it does not follow that self-interest is his real motive. In cases known to me a man has been ashamed to speak of his chivalry, and has taken pains to assure his friends that what he contemplated doing was 'mere common sense' because of certain obvious advantages accruing. Actually he did not care two straws about these material advantages. His decision was based upon his sense of honour.

"In a nation, which is made up of many types and grades of human beings, the motive which prompts a given policy necessarily is composite. There are those for whom a sense of honour comes as first consideration. There are others who are incapable of this, and who see things always in terms of material profit and loss, perhaps national, but perhaps, in extreme cases, of merely personal gain.

"We must grant that nations, like individuals, often are actuated by purely selfish motives. But some nations have the grace to be ashamed of such motives, as soon as they become conscious of them; and other nations, with low standards and no ideals, lack the grace ever to be ashamed.

"Do we not know the difference between a shameless, habitual libertine, and a man who has momentarily been dominated by evil passions; who has sinned, and who bitterly regrets it?"

The Student interrupted. "I should like to apply what you say to specific cases," he said. "Let us assume that Mr. McClellan's diagnosis of Italy's condition is correct. I believe, or in any case hope, that it is incorrect in so far as it fails to recognize a large element in Italy which has been influenced greatly by other and more generous considerations. However, let us accept his diagnosis for the purpose of our argument. What, then, may be regarded as the difference between Italy and France? France, of course, is capable of very wrong conduct. She has often been guilty of it. But she has fine ideals, high standards. Avowedly she would wish to defend the oppressed and to sacrifice her own interests in doing so, if that were necessary. She says so and means it, and when convicted in her own conscience of conduct 'unbecoming an officer and a gentleman,' she is mortified and ashamed.

"The United States, as a nation, in one part of herself, is both mercenary and selfish. This is due in part to the fact that while the original settlers came here from motives of principle or for freedom of conscience, and sacrificed their material comfort and prosperity when they left their homes in Europe, the large majority of immigrants during the past sixty years or more have come here solely 'to better themselves.' Meanwhile, the old American stock has been dying out. Consequently the majority of voters in this country are slow to see a principle or a point of honour. They think first of self-interest. None the less, the best people of this nation—widely scattered and not necessarily well-to-do—descendants of the earlier stock—have enough standing where they live to carry a majority with them whenever their attention can

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so forcibly be called to national issues as to overshadow their provincial interests and limitations."

"You are hard on most of us," laughed the Gael. "But I agree with you none the less. Until the 'Lusitania' was sunk, with a number of American women and children on board, this great war in Europe might have been taking place on the planet Mars, if one were to judge by the daily conversation in innumerable American homes. . . . But I do not want to divert you from your point."

"I have almost finished," replied the Student. "I had intended merely to compare the conscience of the United States, and the idealism of France, with what, according to Mr. McClellan, can only be regarded as the cynical selfishness and materialism of Italy. Mr. McClellan, who perhaps adopts the economic interpretation of history—which is based upon the premise that no man ever does anything except to satisfy his bodily appetites—in any case shows a complete misunderstanding of his own countrymen and of their history. It would be impossible, for instance, to explain our war with Spain on grounds of self-interest only. Doubtless there were many people in New York and Washington who foresaw profit to themselves in such a conflict. Commercial interests in Cuba were by no means disregarded. But the great mass of our people were in favour of the war because they had heard so much about concentration camps and the alleged horrors of Spanish rule. The blowing up of the Maine precipitated the storm. The motive, for the most part, was far from ignoble."

"The same thing is true of the Boer war," interjected the Philosopher. "That war would have been impossible if the vast majority of people in Great Britain and her Colonies had not been persuaded that the Boers were ill-treating men and women of British birth. Several years of campaign work in the press preceded the outbreak of hostilities. This agitation, it is true, was engineered by those who had large financial interests in the Transvaal and who wanted to run the country for their own advantage. Oddly enough, most of these men were German Jews, who found willing leadership in Sir Alfred (now Lord) Milner, who is of German parentage. Chamberlain was a Birmingham manufacturer, who had adopted, both in business and in politics, the philosophy of the Superman. But the selfish and unscrupulous element, though they were able, by demagogic methods (and Chamberlain was an arch demagogue), to precipitate the war, failed utterly to gain their ulterior ends. The idealism of the British people—their respect for liberty, their generosity, their good sportsmanship—asserted itself triumphantly, and by giving equal rights to the Boers whom they had conquered; by accepting Botha, who had fought to the end against them, as Prime Minister of the united South African colonies; by refusing to allow the German Jew element to dominate; by protecting all classes and races equally —they won the allegiance of their former foes and today find in men

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like Botha and General Smuts the most effective champions of the principles for which the Allies stand."

"After all," said the Sphinx, "it is the motive that counts—the motive which actuates really the great mass of a nation. And I should like to emphasize the fact that I do not accept McClellan's diagnosis of the Italian motive. I prefer to believe that he had read into their hearts his own unpleasant and absolutely mistaken theories. Here, in any case, is an item from today's New York *Times* (May 20th):

"'D'Annunzio has received countless letters and messages encouraging him in his mission. One from a poor woman in Bari reads:

"'"All the roses blossoming in the gardens of Apulia we poor Italian mothers desire to send to thee, who defendeth our dear Italy with such force and enthusiasm. I am representative of all the poor mothers in my town. We all give with joy our children to the country, as for her alone we brought them into the world.

"'"Thou, who art great, shout again, shout aloud against him who wishes us to be eternally slaves. *We do not want to know what advantages Italy may gain from war;* we wish to avenge Belgium, to avenge the victims of the Lusitania and all the innocent people who have been so brutally killed."'

"There must be others in Italy besides D'Annunzio and that poor woman of Bari who would spurn with disgust the sordid self-seeking which the ex-Mayor of New York attempts to justify. What do you think about it, Friend Gael?"

"It is quite clear to my mind," said the Gael, "that a nation, in its international relations, should be governed by exactly the same principles that should govern a family in its social relations. This does not mean that a nation should be Quixotic or sentimental or intrusive. It means that it should mind its own business; that it should be self-respecting; slow to criticize or to condemn others; practical in its outlook; thoughtful of the future ("take no thought" means literally "do not *worry* about"); that it should be careful of its physical, financial, intellectual, and moral health.

"But, at the same time, 'he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me,. is not worthy of me.'

"That is the law of Christ, which is only another way of saying it is the law of life, from which there can be no escape, any more than from the law of gravity.

"It means that if a man, thinking to do his duty by his wife and family, sacrifices his honour for them, he is sacrificing them and their permanent welfare, besides degrading his own manhood. He is doing, not only that which is wrong, but that which is inexpedient. He must love honour, truth, justice, duty; he must love the principles which represent Christ in his own heart, better than he loves any earthly thing or creature; otherwise he is unworthy of a woman's love, and the woman,

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whether wife or mother, will know it and will despise and distrust him. (I am, of course, supposing a real woman and not an elemental.) He must hate cruelty and dishonour and cowardice and a lie, with all the fervour and passion of his soul. Otherwise, though he may be in the shape of a man, he is less than a man, and therefore, being a botch on the face of nature, he is less than an animal.

"Suppose that this country were at war with China. Suppose that a large number of Chinese in this country (I am wildly imagining) were to rise against the Government and, fully armed, were to try to seize New York. Suppose them marching through the streets, threatening death to all who interfered with them or who gave information to the Government of their movements. Suppose an American, a married man with children, perfectly confident that if he remains with them in the cellar of his house, with blinds drawn and lights out, he will be able to escape notice and so pass through the strife unscathed. Suppose that his wife thinks of her safety and that of her children before she thinks of her husband's duty and honour, and suppose that she implores him to remain, to hide, to play for 'safety first.' We must also suppose that the man, owning a rifle and ammunition, is in a position to give aid to the authorities. What should he do?

"It will rend his soul to leave his wife and children. But he must choose between them and Christ (he may be a Jew, but the principle is the same); between wife and children on the one hand, and honour and duty and his own manhood on the other.

"Yet this is only half the truth, because the fact is that if he should choose wife and children he will lose them, and if only to keep them as his, he must be prepared to lay down his life for the sake of his understanding of 'Christ.' This is the eternal law, and it is a just law, which no real man and no real woman would annul if they could."

"Quite obviously," commented the Student, "the same law governs the life of a nation. King Albert of Belgium chose for his people. He did not foresee the frightful consequences; neither did his people, because what happened surpassed the worst that the worst enemy of Germany could have imagined, and the Belgians were not enemies of Germany. None the less, unimaginable as the consequences were, would the King undo his choice? Would his people undo theirs? Immortality cannot be won except at the cost of suffering and death, and though men do not know this, there is that within them, if the soul be alive and active, which compels conformity."

"This point has already been brought out in the Screen," remarked the Philosopher, apologetically, "but I suggest it should be emphasized again. I refer to the principle that neither man nor nation should be judged solely by their performance, or solely by their ability to live up to their ideals. If a man asks me, 'Would you, if you saw a wounded man lying exposed within a fire-zone, rush out to rescue him?' what can I say, except that I *hope* I would? How can I tell whether, in time of

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trial, my courage would be equal to my sense of what is right, fitting and desirable? My ideal is one thing; my ability to live up to it is another thing. If I excuse myself for my inability, my ideal will rapidly fade from view. But if I deplore my inability and try persistently to live up to my ideals, in little and in big, I shall not only gain the power I now lack, but also shall gain truer vision of my ideals—I shall see where my past vision has been imperfect and incomplete. And as there is no difference in action between the conclusions of worldly wisdom and true idealism; as that which is right is also that which is wise, it follows that my conduct will be justified increasingly in a worldly sense as my vision of the ideal becomes clearer.

"We should not condemn a nation, therefore, merely because it fails to live up to its ideals. We should utterly condemn it, on the other hand, when its ideals are low or mean or brutal."

"From which it also follows," commented the unneutral Gael, "that when a nation 'runs amuck,' it should be dealt with as a mad dog is dealt with; the neighbours should turn out and put an end to its unfortunate existence. This would be no justification for cruelty, and if asphyxiating gases must be used, they should be as painless as possible in their effect. Wantonly to select gases that are painful in their effect is devilish, and is proof positive that the mad dog stage has been reached. As I said, once that stage is reached, the nation, as a nation, must be put out of existence. You cannot compromise with it; you cannot enter into treaties with it, because its standards are not your standards and you have been given formal notice beforehand that no attention will be paid to such trivialities as promises or treaties should expediency suggest their disavowal. . . . And I must say for Italy that Austria, by her ultimatum to Servia without previous consultation with Italy, violated the letter and the spirit and the purpose of the alliance between Italy and herself, and more than justified the formal repudiation by Italy, on May 4th, of that unnatural and senseless compact."

"Italy had no business to enter into that alliance in the first place," growled the Student. "What did she expect! . . . But let me ask this, Mr. Recorder: Is our conversation likely to interest readers of the QUARTERLY? Is it not foreign to what they expect to find in its pages?"

The Recorder had been considering the same question, and did not hesitate in his reply. "If much of the QUARTERLY were devoted to such topics," he said, "the editor would be open to criticism for bad editing. But no one is obliged to read the Screen. You can get more than your money's worth while omitting that altogether! . . . The real answer, however, goes much deeper. One of our greatest needs is to learn how to think clearly and simply. The QUARTERLY as a rule deals with general principles of conduct and with the application of those principles to the affairs of daily life—particularly to matters pertaining to the inner life. There are times when sociological problems are similarly dealt with—to the displeasure of a few of our readers, because they are more

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likely to have fixed opinions about such things than about matters which, for them, unfortunately are less immediate. But what is the use of principles if we leave them up in the air? We need to solve all problems in the same way and on the same basis. We need to distinguish between the real and the unreal, the eternal and the temporary, between false and true idealism, between materialism and spirituality; quite simply, between right and wrong on all planes and in all circumstances. The principles of Theosophy, once we understand them, make the rights and wrongs of this great war luminously clear. Our daily newspaper reading often confuses the issue because, as yet, newspapers do not as a rule regard it as part of their function to base their opinions on theosophic principles! Furthermore, the newspapers print daily communications from Washington, purporting to represent the opinions and feelings which should govern us; and these, too often, appeal to selfishness and to that short-sighted self-interest which sees tomorrow, but is blind, not only to eternity but to the material results which five or ten years would inevitably reveal.

"It is the mission of the QUARTERLY to uphold theosophical principles and standards, and to protest vigorously whenever these are violated in such a way as to confuse the public conscience."

A member of the Executive Committee was present.

"Under that head," he said, "it would be well to keep in mind what Madame Blavatsky wrote in the third volume of *Lucifer* (pp. 266-267). 'Is Denunciation a Duty?' was the title of her article. This is her statement:

" 'We may be told, perhaps, that we ourselves are the first to break the ethical law we are upholding; that our theosophical periodicals are full of "denunciations," and [that] Lucifer lowers his torch to throw light on every evil, to the best of his ability. We reply—this is quite another thing. We denounce indignantly systems and organizations, evils, social and religious,—cant above all! We abstain from denouncing persons. The latter are the children of their century, the victims of their environment and of the Spirit of the Age. To condemn and dishonour a man instead of pitying and trying to help him, because, being born in a community of lepers, he is a leper himself, is like cursing a room because it is dark, instead of quietly lighting a candle to disperse the gloom. "Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word"; nor can a general evil be avoided or removed by doing evil oneself and choosing a scapegoat for the atonement of the sins of a whole community. *Hence we denounce these communities,* not their units; we point out the rottenness of our boasted civilization, indicate the pernicious systems of education which lead to it, and show the fatal effects of these on the masses.' "

The Recorder broke in: "Pardon me if I interrupt you to say that it is just that attitude which some people find it impossible to understand. Yet it is perfectly simple. For instance, there are or ought to be many German and Austrian members of the Society fighting for their country in this war. We do not criticize them. We do not blame any

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soldier of those armies who fights because it is his duty or because he loves his country. We can sympathize with them, and for more reasons than one we can pity them. This is entirely consistent with the most uncompromising condemnation of the community of which they are a part, and also with entire willingness to fight on the opposite side, against the very men for whom we have personally only the kindliest feelings—believing them personally incapable of that which their community perpetrates and upholds. . . . If that attitude cannot be understood, Theosophy is not understood and Brotherhood is not understood."

The member of the Executive Committee returned to his point.

"Almost from the foundation of the Society we have been told that a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked, an unsparing condemnation of crime and corrupt systems of every description, and an endless combat against cant, hypocrisy and injustice of every kind—are the duties of everyone who would call himself a Theosophist.

"When articles appeared in the QUARTERLY criticizing Socialism, one or two people, who did not understand the constitution of the Society, argued that By-Law 35 was being violated: 'No member shall in any way attempt to involve the Society in political disputes.' They forgot By-Law 38: 'No member of the Theosophical Society shall promulgate or maintain any doctrine as being that advanced or advocated by the Society.' They also forgot the statement displayed at the beginning of every issue of the QUARTERLY, that 'The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.' Certainly the Screen is not and does not pretend to be an official document, or anything more than a record of conversations between members—of no importance! I give you permission to quote me, in this instance, as a member of the Executive Committee, because I am speaking only about the Constitution of the Society and the freedom of speech which it is so vitally important to safeguard.

"The fundamental principle of our Society and of its free platform is Brotherhood, and those who understand this principle recognize, as one of its most important implications, that each member should be permitted to uphold the truth and the right as he sees it, and that each should 'accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.' Upon that rock the Society was founded, has stood and must for ever stand.

"Each individual member is responsible for his decision as to the rights and wrongs of this great struggle. He is responsible to his own soul and to whatever divine authority he may recognize. He certainly is not responsible to any officer of the Theosophical Society. German members may rest assured that we shall respect their decision as they, undoubtedly, will respect ours."

"I entirely agree with you," said the Gael. "But not being an officer

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of the Society, perhaps I may properly say more than you have said. Briefly, this: German and Austrian members are being tested in more ways than one. Their understanding of theosophical principles; their understanding of Brotherhood, of tolerance, of our free platform, of the real purpose of our existence as a Society; their recognition of such truths as we have discussed this afternoon—the universality of moral law: all this is being tried, and perhaps the fate of their nation itself depends, far more than they realize, upon the way in which they pass the test. It would not have needed many righteous men to save the city of Sodom.

"We, too, in this country, are being tested. By what are we governed? Are we capable of 'a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked'? Can we act because *noblesse oblige*, regardless of consequences to ourselves? Does self-interest come first, or honour? Sentimentality or true Brotherhood? . . . Let us still hope for the best, or, if it be too late for the best—if we have missed our chance for the best—let us still hope for the next best.

T.

Let your will be one with His will, and be glad to be disposed of by Him. He will order all things for you. What can cross your will, when it is one with His will, on which all creation hangs, round which all things revolve? . . . Whatever sets us in opposition to Him makes our will an intolerable torment. So long as we will one thing and He another, we go on piercing ourselves through and through with a perpetual wound; and His will advances, moving on in sanctity and majesty, crushing ours into the dust.—H. E. Manning.

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ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

A RULE OF LIFE

VII.

Self-Will

WHEN considering our Rule of Life we should never forget the fundamental principle upon which it is based, which is that it is always and only some form of self which separates us from a full and conscious participation in Divine Life. All sin has its origin in disobedience to spiritual law; a disobedience arising through the promptings of the lower self. Therefore our Rule of Life has for its basic purpose the conquest of self and the gradual merging of our will with the Divine will. In the figure of speech of the devotional book, instead of our will running across the current of spiritual will, thus making the cross and its inevitable suffering, we should harmonize our will with the universal stream, ceasing from all conflict and opposition, and thus find peace.

It is the work of ages; it is so difficult that it can only be done piecemeal; and the rest of this series of articles will be taken up in an effort to describe the different forms of self-will and to suggest methods of discovering and curing them. First, however, it seems desirable to analyse this tremendously important element which plays so vital a part in our evolution and destiny. Perhaps we may get some new light upon it if we approach it from other points of view.

The Buddhists teach that material life is hell and that we should get rid of Tanha, the thirst for life, and of all other desires which can only find expression and satisfaction in material life. This is done by following the noble Eightfold Path,—Right Views, Right Aspirations, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Mode of Livelihood, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness, Right Contemplation. The motive is to find happiness and peace, in place of the misery and pain which is the inevitable accompaniment of material existence. The Buddha had a higher teaching for those who had already made some progress along the way, but this elementary statement serves our purpose, for it is obvious that the desire to live and the other desires which the Buddhist must kill out, are forms of self-will. They are the cravings of the lower nature, demanding

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satisfaction. To eliminate them is merely another way of conquering self-will.

The Brahmin, or the Vedantin, teaches that man is part of the Eternal, is the Eternal, but, owing to his dual nature, can follow either of two Paths, the Path of the Gods leading to freedom and light, or the Path of the Fathers leading to bondage and darkness. He who wishes to follow the Path of the Gods and obtain release from the wheel of rebirth, must assert his divine prerogatives, must claim his heritage and conform his life and will to the Eternal Life and Will. It is the Brahmin or Vedantin way of expressing the necessity of conquering our self-will.

Christ taught that the Kingdom of God is within, and that He is the Way to Eternal Life. "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor . . . and come and follow me." "Verily, I say unto you . . . everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Everything He said emphasized the necessity of a complete renunciation of the outer life, of the life of the personal self, *i.e.*, of self-will.

Even Mohammedanism, the crudest of all the great religions, teaches perfect obedience to the Will of Allah as the only sure road to Paradise. They differ in method, but they all agree that the way to liberation lies through self-conquest, through the subordination of the lower nature and all its impulses and desires to the Divine Will; or, in the terms of our thesis, through the conquering of our self-will.

If anyone thinks that this is easy, let him undeceive himself. It is highly probable that the average human being does not have a dozen impulses toward action a week which are free from self-will. The average good man would be a very good man indeed if ten per cent of his motives were free from any element of self. The Saint becomes a Saint when anything over half his mainsprings of action are pure and undefiled by self. From the moment we waken, second by second, minute by minute, hour by hour, until we once more lose consciousness in sleep, our thoughts, our speech, our actions, our desires, our hopes, our imagination, every thinkable activity, is either prompted entirely by self-interest and self-will or at least contains strong elements of them. Please understand that all these are not wholly bad. Self-will does not necessarily drive us into outbreaking sin. A very frequent manifestation of self is the method in which we do good, or try to do good, to others. We insist upon benefitting them in *our* way by *our* plan. It is not unusual for us to make real sacrifices coupled with the condition that we shall make them in our own way.

Let us consider together an imaginary day of an average man. He wakes. His first conscious thought is that he does not want to get up. Self-will. He rises reluctantly, after more or less struggle with his laziness and torpor, because he has to. Force compelling his lower self.

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His thoughts fly naturally to the day ahead, to what pleasures it may have in store, or to what disagreeable or difficult tasks may await him. He anticipates the pleasures with his imagination, trying to live them in prospect. Or he worries and then tries to drive out of his head the disasters he fears. Self in either case. This occupies his mind while he performs a mechanical toilet. He remembers a conversation of yesterday and thinks of some witty retort which he might have made, or some amusing anecdote he might have told, to the greater glory of his lower self. Or even if his thoughts do not take quite so crude a form, they are still full of and revolve around self. He begins to cast longing mental eyes toward breakfast and wishes he were dressed so that he could have his tea or coffee. As we are dealing with an average person it is highly probable that he will be decidedly cross, short and snappy until he has had his breakfast. When he does get down, as likely as not he is secretly annoyed because someone else has the paper.

He goes to his work, hurrying through the crowds in order to get a seat in street car or subway. He resents having to hurry to avoid being late, he resents the rule that he shall not be late, he resents the necessity that compels him to work at all. All this may not be formulated very clearly, but it is there in his consciousness. It never occurs to him as a possibility that he should submit voluntarily to discipline and rule. And so the day goes. He does his work because he is paid to do it, and because he has to work. If ambitious, he may do it with eagerness and may put some will and effort into it, for that is the road to promotion and higher pay. His relations with his fellow workers may be friendly enough. He will help them occasionally and do them a good turn, for he has found from experience that it pays to be reasonably kind. He may be generous. Lots of people like the sensation of being generous and are willing to pay the price. It is apt to be a discriminating generosity, however, and to take forms that gratify their feeling and minister to their pride.

The picture is already unattractive and I am almost afraid to carry it the step further and deal with the subtler motives and with his thoughts. What are the average man's thoughts? They usually contain a large element that could not be printed. Even the reasonably decent man is constantly thinking unprintable things and the so-called clean-minded man is constantly thrusting unprintable thoughts out of his mind. Then there is that wide range of thoughts which have in them some element of malice, of envy, of jealousy, of suspicion. Which one of us is free from such things? We may be ashamed of them, may fight them, may try to not think them, but they pour into our minds in a constant stream, all day long, and particularly when our tone is low and our mood is suitable. All the readers of this magazine are, I trust, much above the average, but which one of us is free from such evidences of a very "lower self"? And if we are guilty, what of the average man or woman? Who is there in the world today who would dare

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to have a photographic record of his mental life for one day thrown on a screen for others to see? Think of it, ye would-be disciples, and realize how far you are from that degree of purity that would enable you to stand in the presence of your Master, who sees you as you really are.

The whole fabric of our daily lives must break down and be thrown into the melting pot before we can refine all the elements of self out of our motives, our actions and our desires. And long after we honestly believe that we have surrendered our wills and have completed the task of self-renunciation, we shall find whole areas of our natures which are still undiscovered, let alone unconquered territory.

Complete self-conquest is a task of ages, but let no one find in this thought any cause for discouragement. Remember what you are trying to do; you are trying to become not only like Christ, but you are trying to become perfect even as the Father in Heaven is perfect. Surely you should not be dismayed because this will take you a very long time. Furthermore, it should be remembered that the rewards of effort are immediate, or almost immediate. We do not have to reach our final goal before reaping some of the fruits of our endeavor. The stages of progress are known and marked, and each has its gifts of power, of privilege, of joy, of peace, which become ours as we ascend each step of the ladder.

The chief difficulties are at the beginning of the way, for it is then that the enemy we fight is at its strongest, and when the real self in us is at its weakest. It is during these early stages of the battle that we must conquer bad habits, always a harder thing to do than to acquire virtues. This is what *Light on the Path* means where it speaks of the first two stages requiring the use of the surgeon's knife; we must get rid of those things which are undesirable, indeed, impossible possessions of the soul. Once we make up our mind to undertake this great struggle we need a Rule, and the object of our Rule, while it may and should be detailed and specific, must conform to our ultimate purpose, self-conquest, self-renunciation, the entire elimination of self-will.

C. A. G.

Lord, Thy will be done in father, mother, child, in everything and everywhere; without a reserve, without a BUT, *an* IF, *or a limit.*—St. Francis de Sales.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION 185.—*What does Cavé mean when he says, "Be a follower of no man?" Did not Christ and after Him the Saints set us an example to follow?*

ANSWER.—"Be a follower of no man," would apparently mean, do not follow, or in this connection, worship the man, but only the Divine Spirit which guides or controls him in each act of his life. No Saint would be a Saint were he not doing "the will of the Father," and it is only as an expression of this Divine Will that he should be taken as an example. The human part of a Saint may err at any moment and mislead a follower. A. F.

ANSWER.—"Be a follower of no man." Was Christ mere man? It seems to me that an example to follow is an example only because it borders on realizing an ideal. One should not follow a man but one should follow an ideal. A. K.

ANSWER.—I suspect Cavé of speaking from experience. What could be more disappointing to any leader than to see the message neglected and the manner of delivering it imitated? But is that not what followers do? Even in the world of art see what happens when a new truth is caught by some man of longer vision or greater devotion than his fellows. Do they seek to catch his vision or is it usually to get his "effects"? Those who devotedly seek to find and follow the vision would seem to me to be acting as Cavé indicates, "Be a follower of no man; follow the inner voice." By that road they may reach the leader's vision, and so become what every true leader must desire—not followers but pursuers. P.

ANSWER.—I have just been reading the life of a mediæval saint—one who is renowned for the wise teaching he gave to beginners in the spiritual way. His method with all his novices was to lead them to find interiorly their spiritual Master. The testimony of several disciples shows that he succeeded. All these followers of the saint state that he did everything to detach them from him personally—to make them dependent solely upon the interior teacher. C.

ANSWER.—To be a follower of a saint and to follow the example set by him, are two widely different attitudes. For the first case the saint is made an authority for blind faith, and his followers generally look to him for spiritual bread. But the heavenly Manna doesn't come from any outer source. It must be sought for in its own field, in the kingdom of heaven, which is within us. In the second case the attitude towards the saint is more that of a man, who has set himself the same goal as one ahead of him and tries to reach it by the same means as his successful foregoer.

Supposing that Christ was man only, to follow the example set by him and the saints is, therefore, not to follow any man, but to follow that very God, whose will Christ did and the Saints have tried to do.

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Cavé says also: "Follow the inner voice." This voice is the voice of the conscience, the silent whisper of the Deity, who is our Father in heaven, and who is always trying to teach our soul how to do his will, if we only will listen to it. T. H. K.

ANSWER.—We have only to look at the history of Christianity—so-called—to see the need of Cavé's warning. Christ came into incarnation as a man, not that we might follow Him as a man, but that through His humanity we might see Divinity made manifest, see Him as the incarnation of Divinity and follow that Divinity. As the essence of the Divine, the Soul, is unity, so the essence of the personality is separateness. To follow a man is to follow the personality. It is the effort to follow this separate personality apart from the Divinity it manifests, that results in the denial by those of one faith of the truth of other faiths, and all the ensuing hatred and bitterness.

The most pitiful thing about us is our blindness to our own inner light. The effort to follow the example set us by our Master enables us to realize that the goal to which He shows the way is the goal of our own deep desire; that the light that shines forth through all His actions in His high degree is the same as that which we find within our hearts in our puny degree and one with the light that lighteth every man that comes into the world. J. M.

QUESTION 186.—*What do the words: "Lead us not into temptation" mean? Can God lead us into temptation?*

ANSWER.—I have been told that this phrase is really a petition that we shall not be placed under more "pressure" than we can stand. The object of evolution is the perfection of man. To become perfect man must acquire all sorts of powers and virtues,—by exercise. Life furnishes this exercise. We appeal to the Lords of Life not to try us beyond our strength, not to call upon us to do too much, not to demand the use of more virtue than we possess; in other words, to be easy on us. Why not?

But this is only the first stage. Later we begin to understand the meaning of the other possible translation: "Lead us *through* temptation." We desire to serve and this means that we must grow. We cannot grow without trials. Therefore we welcome trials, but ask to be led successfully through them and to be delivered from evil. C. A. G.

QUESTION 187.—*How does individual Karma work out in the European war? Can it be that that manner of sudden and frightful tearing of soul from body is the Karmic due of thousands upon thousands of human beings?*

ANSWER.—Yes. It seems probable that every human being in the world is Karmically due to suffer many sudden and violent deaths; due by their good Karma as well as by their bad Karma, perhaps, for it is only a very materialistic point of view that considers death a misfortune. And what reason is there for supposing that death by a bullet or by shrapnel is a more "sudden and frightful tearing of the soul from the body" than death by cancer or consumption or any of the other diseases that kill most of us? Is it reasonable to suppose that the soul is shocked and surprised by what seems to us as a "sudden" death? Is the querent not looking at the matter from the point of view of the lower self with its pernicious craving for material life and its complete lack of comprehension of the life and welfare of the soul? C. A. G.

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T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was held on Saturday, April 24th, 1915, at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York City.

MORNING SESSION

The Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, called the Convention to order at 10.30 a. m.; and asked for nominations for the offices of Temporary Chairman and Temporary Secretary. On motion, duly seconded, Mr. Charles Johnston was elected Temporary Chairman, and Miss Isabel E. Perkins, Temporary Secretary. The first business before the Convention being organization, the Temporary Chairman was instructed by vote of the Convention to appoint a committee to receive and examine the credentials of delegates and proxies. Accordingly, the following Committee on Credentials was named: Professor H. B. Mitchell, Chairman—who as Treasurer had the needed information about the standing of members; Mr. Karl D. Perkins, the Assistant Treasurer; and Miss Margaret D. Hohnstedt, of the Cincinnati Branch. The Committee was asked to retire and prepare its report as speedily as possible. While awaiting the Committee's report, Mr. Johnston addressed the Convention.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

It is the happy duty of the Temporary Chairman to welcome the delegates, members, and visitors; and words are effective as far as you have already felt yourselves genuinely welcomed. Everyone must have felt the Theosophic warmth with which visiting delegates were welcomed, as we assembled, and with which members welcomed each other.

The Theosophical Society gains in age, and I hope in eternal youth. As the years pass, we learn how absolutely indispensable the Society is; and therefore we are reassured by finding such a gathering as this—representing not only the Branches and members, but also, what is more vital, representing the spirit and the life. It has been said again and again that numbers are not the important matter. The Chinese have a proverb to the effect that it is easier to get a thousand soldiers than one general. As the years pass, I think these meetings grow in spiritual power; they are coming to be meetings of Theosophists in the essential sense. It would necessarily follow that the spirit of welcome would be among us, and that everyone would feel it, for the essence of welcome is an essential part of the Theosophic spirit; a welcome not only for the acceptable truth, but also for the discordant truth, for the discordant person, for the person of alien spirit and race. To our enemies, if we have them, we would extend a cordial welcome, to those who are farthest from us in action, in spirit. If we feel in that way toward our "enemies" (the actual enemies are, as we know, within us), then how much more cordial is our welcome to those who have recognized this oneness with us.

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Sometimes it has happened to us to have foreign visitors, but in these times we could not expect that delegates from foreign Branches would leave their posts of service even to attend a Theosophical Convention. I find in looking over this assemblage that the American continent is well represented. Those who are delegates and who do not know each other will have a chance to cement and make external that bond which is internal, and therefore effective.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

The Chairman of the Committee on Credentials reported that 19 Branches of The Theosophical Society were found to be represented by delegates or by proxies, empowered to cast a total of 110 votes. The credentials of both delegates and proxies had been examined and found satisfactory. The Committee also had reason to expect other credentials from other Branches which had not arrived at the time of the making of the Report.

The following Branches were represented, either at the time when the Report was made or by later arrivals:

Aurora, Oakland, California
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.
Brehon, Detroit, Michigan
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio
Dayton, Dayton, Ohio
Hope, Providence, Rhode Island
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio
New York, New York
Pacific, Los Angeles, California
Providence, Providence, R. I.
Queen City, Seattle, Washington
Stockton, Stockton, California
Toronto, Toronto, Canada
Virya, Denver, Colorado
Berlin, Berlin, Germany
Swedish, Arvika, Sweden
British National, London, England
Krishna, South Shields, England
Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
Norfolk, Norfolk, England
Sunderland, Sunderland, England
Altagracia, Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela
Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela

Upon motion by Mr. Clement A. Griscom, seconded by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, the Report of the Committee on Credentials was accepted with thanks, and the Committee was discharged.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION

Upon motion of Mr. C. A. Griscom, duly seconded, Professor Mitchell, the President of the New York Branch was elected Permanent Chairman of the Convention. Mr. Johnston requested Professor Mitchell to take the Chair at once, suggesting that it would be a happy moment for himself and for every one present, except perhaps for Professor Mitchell. In response to this request Professor Mitchell replied that for him it could be an unhappy moment only because we were, for one day, surrendering the privilege of having our meetings conducted by the one who is for 364 days in the year our Permanent Chairman. He regarded it as a very high privilege to serve the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society, and as its Chairman to try to focus its thought and action. It might seem, he said, a small gathering, but it is one that has very far reaching effects.

Upon motion duly made and seconded, the cordial thanks of the Convention were extended to the Temporary Chairman for his services.

Upon motion by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, seconded by Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis, the Temporary Secretary of the Convention was duly elected Permanent Secretary.

The Chairman asked the pleasure of the Convention regarding the selection of the necessary committees. It was moved by Mr. Hargrove, and seconded by Mrs. E. Q. Bell, that the Chairman be directed to appoint three standing committees—on Nominations; on Resolutions; on Letters of Greeting. The motion was carried, and the Chairman appointed the following:

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Committee on Nominations
Mr. C. A. Griscom, *Chairman*
Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis
Miss Margaret D. Hohnstedt

Committee on Resolutions
Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell
Judge Robert W. McBride

Committee on Letters of Greeting
Mr. Charles Johnston, *Chairman*
Mrs. Marion F. Gitt
Mr. Karl D. Perkins

These committees were directed to meet during the recess between the morning and afternoon sessions, so that they might be prepared to make their reports at the opening of the afternoon session.

The Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, was then called upon to report for the committee.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

In one sense the Executive Committee has not much to report this year. There have been no new Charters issued; and there have not been many serious matters requiring executive mediation; there has been no new territory to open up. This means that a part of the field has been lying fallow, and therefore is more likely to be productive in the future.

The formal part of the work is only a small part of it; in a sense the perpetual duty of the Executive Committee is to give a certain consciousness and continuity to the life of The Theosophical Society, as under our Constitution the Executive Committee is always in session. So, in fact, the Executive Committee would represent the consciousness, purposes and principles of The Theosophical Society.

In speaking a welcome to delegates and members, I said that it seemed that The Theosophical Society was never so essentially necessary as it is now; never was the right opening for The Theosophical Society so wide. Having in mind our first object, and seeing that Universal Brotherhood becomes daily the most vital issue in the history of humanity, it is becoming clear that much of the future history of mankind depends upon the true development and true understanding of races as such. It is becoming the ideal in world politics so to readjust relations as to give scope for the development of race character, that which Divine wisdom has imbedded in a race.

It is essential that our understanding of this principle should be clear and deep. It is not necessary that we should make public declarations on the subject, but it is necessary that we should understand it and should embody it in our lives: it is what we, as members, are, not what we say, that counts.

To-day it is a commonplace to declare that the parts of Christendom are coming together in a spirit that never existed before. This is being expressed in a variety of ways; one of the most illuminating and forceful statements of it that I have seen was in an article written by a high prelate of a church which is strange to most of us. I had the privilege of reading the proof of this article—and I was much impressed with a declaration to the effect that, in Christianity, the era of differentiation had run its course, and that the era of reintegration had begun.*

It would seem that up to the present forces of differentiation have been at work throughout the world, but that from the present the tendency will be one not of differentiation but of reintegration, first spiritual and religious rein-

* See, *Constructive Quarterly*, June, 1915, "The Problems of the Orthodox Church in America," by Rev. L. Turkevich.

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tegration, and then reintegration touching other spheres of life. Let me say once more that it is not important for the world that members of The Theosophical Society should issue logical or authoritative declarations on these themes but it is most important that they should so order their own lives as to make possible the reintegration of the spiritual life and indeed the whole life of humanity. Perhaps the first step is our realization that never before was The Theosophical Society so indispensable to the life of the world. Then we may begin to appreciate how vitally necessary it is that every member of the Society should saturate himself with this fundamental principle and should live it into the very fibre of his being. For it is by the presence in the world of groups of Theosophists who *are* these principles that the spiritual reintegration of humanity will be made possible.

The Chairman: If never before was there such need for the principles for which The Theosophical Society stands, then never before was there such opportunity as we have now before us.

Upon motion the Report of the Chairman of the Executive Committee was accepted and the Chairman called for the Report of the Secretary T. S., saying:

For the first time in many years our Secretary is not with us. Mrs. Gregg has not been well and is not able to be here to-day. It would be almost an impertinence for me to tell this Convention what we owe to our Secretary; what she has done, and the spirit that she puts into her letters are known to all of you. So I shall not attempt to say more, but will call upon the Secretary of the Convention to read Mrs. Gregg's Report.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 24TH, 1915

New Branches and Members

This has been a year of great activity in certain directions. With most of the Branches this activity has not included the bringing in of new members; it would appear that large additions to our ranks were not desired for us this year. Diplomas have been issued to 33 new members; in the United States, 14; in South America, 6; in England, 6; in Germany, 4; in Austria, 1; in Norway, 2. One new Branch, formed several months ago in Barquisimeto, Venezuela, has applied for a Charter; the original application was lost in the mails, a duplicate is on its way and may be received before the Convention closes. One Branch in the United States has asked for the cancellation of its Charter; those of its members who are in sympathy with the work of our Society feeling that it is wiser for them to retain their connection as Members-at-large than to continue the Branch, share in its Karma, and assume its local problems.

What would the Masters say, were they preparing a report on our members and Branches for the past year? Have we, as members and as Branches, done what was expected of us; have we met the opportunities as they came? This searching question has been uppermost in the mind of your Secretary in reviewing the outer work of the year. What is the significance of the number of Branches that have found it difficult to hold public meetings, because of the continued illness or absence of so many members? Were they thinking too much of the outer work, or did they, perhaps, need to do more inner work before the outer could be done effectively? The desire for service is so deep, the world's need so apparent, the Society's opportunity so immense, that we must all wish to consider how we can, during the coming year, make ourselves instruments for the Masters' service.

Correspondence

In the Secretary's Office, there is a map that is never shown to visitors, and indeed it is a very ordinary looking affair; but it has been a faithful companion in many an eager journey. When the postman brings a letter from a new correspondent or from an old friend in a new place, out comes the map,

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and the Secretary makes a trip to that place——hoping that a light has been kindled there that will shine forth steadily amid the world's fret and gloom. Thus welcome is a new correspondent! And among our members, it is surprising to note the extent to which the files of this office show those members who are most alert to the opportunities before them. There is frequently ground for anxiety about the member from whom no word ever comes; no question, no suggestion, no offer of help.

Sometimes it is very difficult to draw a consistent line between official and personal correspondence; especially when an old member, a correspondent for many years, writes in enthusiastic detail about some new engrossing work. Often it is some mistaken form of the effort we have all made, in one guise or another, —to put new wine in old bottles. Perhaps the member has moved to a new home, finds no Branch of our Society there but does find another Theosophical Society which invites aid, the member desires to work for the T. S., and says—"After all it is not worth while to keep alive dead issues." Many have gone down that road, expecting that, by such liberality in thought and work, they would return with recruits for the service. Without exception they have been disappointed. And how could it be otherwise? The issue between right and wrong is truly an old one, but not therefore one that can be safely ignored or overridden. Suppose you sat at the Secretary's desk and heard from an old friend that she was about to give her winter to such an experiment—would you not be tempted to forget your official restrictions and to cry, "Look out! there is danger!" Another temptation comes when good members write complacently about finding little work to do in their communities, when the need for it is so apparent. One longs to cry to them, "Awake, arise! Put away childish things!" And those who do ask for help; how eagerly counsel is sought about the advice to be given them; the books, the work that will best fit them for larger service. One illustration of the expansion of theosophic interest is the increased demand from outsiders for our books and for the QUARTERLY, and their many requests for information and for guidance.

The Book and Magazine Department

Not long ago a stranger wrote that he had been reading the QUARTERLY for some time, and thought he should like to ally himself with the Society, but he saw that we had a book list; he had found that in some societies members were expected to buy the books, whether they happened to have time and inclination to read them or not. He wished to know whether we made such a requirement. We all know that there is no such obligation, but the fact that such a question has arisen is another evidence of the foresight that years ago prompted the organization of a department called "The Quarterly Book Department," to conduct the publication of such books as the needs of our work might require. Not a penny of the Society's money has gone into the preparation or publication of these books; and all the profits made are turned into the production of needed new books.

The orders for our own books and for standard books dealing with the inner life have been surprisingly large this year. With the fall, came the long anticipated edition of the *Bhagavad Gita,* as translated and annotated by Mr. Johnston. In spite of hard times and war demands that most attractive and valuable book has gone to many parts of the world. Several new books are promised us for next fall. The second volume of *Fragments* is to come first; and advance orders for that volume are already being placed. It is to contain not only the "Fragments" that have appeared in the QUARTERLY since the publication of the first volume, but also a number of additional ones. To those who value the first volume beyond all price, the appearance of the second would be most welcome, even without the special selections that will be new to most readers. A new and revised edition

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of Mr. Johnston's *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali* is made necessary by the fact that the first edition is entirely exhausted. There is also constant demand for his *Song of Life* which is out of print, and we are given hope that we may have that in the fall, too.

The Theosophical Quarterly.

In the days when mail was carried by stage coach and courier, when postage was high and periodicals few, how eagerly the family watched for the arrival of its one regular periodical! To many of our members and subscribers the appearance of the QUARTERLY is an equally important event, even though they may live where there is a news stand on every corner, offering every day a newly published periodical. One expression used by readers of the QUARTERLY is perhaps the key to its power; they say that it is "home" to them. By that they evidently mean that it tells them more about their real home than they can find elsewhere, that it shows them how to go there.

The magazine goes to our members each quarter—and how much further its message shall be heard still depends upon them. It is precisely the problem that was so completely expressed hundreds of years ago—"And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" Whoever sends the QUARTERLY to a friend or to a library is surely sending a preacher, and one that speaks to the heart of man in many different languages. There may be comparatively few among our number who are able to write for the QUARTERLY; but there are none who cannot do effective work in getting it into the hands of those who need it.

A month ago I asked some of our members to join in a special effort to double the number of QUARTERLY subscribers before the opening of the Convention. The response was immediate and most gratifying. Many names were at once added to our mailing list; and replies are still coming in—either a subscription for a friend, or perhaps a letter saying that the member has not a dollar to spare, but is glad to send the names of people who need the magazine and are able to pay for it. Then a sample copy is sent to them and they are given a chance to subscribe for themselves. But shall we stop with this one effort? After all, why do we want more subscribers? Surely not to support the magazine; the Society does that; not even to get more members, for we know on the best possible authority that it is not numbers that count. No, we long, do we not, comrades, to carry the good news to a waiting world—and the QUARTERLY is our carrier. What shall we do about it? What will *you* do about it?

Have any Branches tried a QUARTERLY evening? Imagine what interesting meetings could be based on the reading aloud of some series of articles in the QUARTERLY, with such comments and questions as members or visitors choose to bring forward. What a series could be based on "Letters to Friends," beginning with the first letter and reading them aloud consecutively; or take the "Screen of Time" in the same way. The QUARTERLY has so many possibilities which we are not beginning to recognize.

A Personal Acknowledgement

There is one acknowledgement that is always in my heart when I look back on the work of the year,—and this time I should like to put into words my gratitude to the Masters for the privilege of sharing in this their work; the opportunity to work for them is a constant inspiration and joy. And next, among my blessings, I always count my fellow officers, whose support, direction and co-operation has always been given to me in the fullest measure. The election of an Assistant Secretary last year made it possible for me to apportion the work of the office between Miss Perkins and myself, in a way that has been a relief to me, and a pleasure, I know, to her. We have also had willing assistants; Miss

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Hascall has been giving three half days to the work each week, with a regularity and devotion that is much appreciated. Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Helle have continued the addressing of the envelopes for the QUARTERLY—their handwriting must now be closely associated in the minds of many with the welcome appearance of the magazine. It would also be a great pleasure to mention other names that come thronging into my mind—of members who have done special pieces of work, of members whose letters and visits have given me so much pleasure; the list is a long one. And if I may not give it, I may at least make grateful record of the fact that among our members there is an increasing number who are endeavoring to live Theosophy; and it is to these that the greater part of our work is devoted.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) ADA GREGG,
Secretary T. S.

Mr. Hargrove: I move that the Report of the Secretary T. S. be accepted with thanks, and that a Committee be appointed to call upon Mrs. Gregg, perhaps in the interval between the morning and the afternoon sessions, and that this Convention shall, by a rising vote, request them to take her some flowers as an expression of our gratitude to her for all that she has done and is doing. She is ill, and I am afraid that she is suffering a great deal of pain, but I am confident that she could receive such a committee; and I, for one, want her to know by word of mouth that those of us who have known and loved her so long do miss her to-day, as we necessarily must. To make our united wish definite, I would move that the Chairman be instructed to appoint a committee to carry to Mrs. Gregg, in the warmest possible words, the expression of our regret for her absence, our constantly increasing affection for her, and our gratitude for her services.

Mr. Griscom: I should like to second that motion; but I am not sure that it would not be well for the committee to delay its visit to Mrs. Gregg until after the election of officers. Mrs. Gregg has had it in her mind that she should resign because of her ill health. That I am sure cannot be the wish of the Society, but I think it might be gratifying to her if the committee that has been proposed could carry her, in addition to our greetings, the news that she has been re-elected. So it might be better if that committee were to make its visit at the close of the afternoon session at which the election of officers takes place.

Mr. Hargrove: That might be too late for Mrs. Gregg's comfort. The Chairman of the Committee on Nominations could place Mrs. Gregg's name before the Convention now, as Secretary T. S. for the coming year. Of course the Committee has not formally met, but the members of it know that the Convention would not let them do otherwise than bring in the name of Mrs. Gregg for Secretary. So why not act now?

ELECTION OF THE SECRETARY

By unanimous consent the Chairman of the Committee on Nominations immediately proposed Mrs. Gregg as Secretary T. S., and she was unanimously elected by a standing vote.

Mr. Hargrove's motion was then seconded and carried. The Chairman appointed the following Committee to wait upon Mrs. Gregg, explaining that he felt that she would be particularly glad to have the out-of-town delegates represented on it: Miss Hohnstedt of Cincinnati, Mrs. Gitt of Washington, Mr. Michaelis of New York. At the suggestion of Mr. Johnston, Mrs. D. M. Helle of New York, who is frequently with Mrs. Gregg, was made the official guide of the Committee.

The next Report in order being that of the Treasurer T. S., the Chairman asked Mr. Johnston to take the chair, and then presented the following report:

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REPORT OF TREASURER

April 20, 1914, to April 22, 1915

General Fund as per Ledger

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Dues from Members.....	$427.51	Secretary's Office	$226.69
THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY ...	211.30	Treasurer's Office	14.90
Contributions	164.90	Printing THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (3 numbers).....	838.64
	$803.71		$1,080.23
		Deposit to Secretary's Acct...	100.00
Balance, April 20, 1914.....	426.62	Balance, April 22, 1915.....	50.10
	$1,230.33		$1,230.33

Financial Statement

(Including Special Accounts)

General Fund					
Balance, April 20, 1914	$426.62		Disbursements and Dep.	$1,180.23	
Receipts	803.71		Balance, April 22, 1915	50.10	$50.10
		$1,230.33		$1,230.33	
Special Publication Account					
Balance, April 20, 1914	$300.00				
Receipts	12.00		Balance, April 22, 1915	312.00	312.00
		312.00			
Discretionary Exp. Account					
Balance, April 20, 1914	$350.00				
Receipts	133.00		Balance, April 22, 1915	483.00	483.00
		483.00			
Special (Sales of QUARTERLY, etc.)	$104.60				
		104.60	Charges and Checks returned for correction	43.79	
			Balance, April 22, 1915	60.81	60.81
				$104.60	
			On Deposit, Corn Exchange Bank, April 22, 1915.....		$905.91

Respectfully submitted,

H. B. MITCHELL,
Treasurer.

New York, April 24, 1915.

In comment on the report, the Treasurer said: The $100 on deposit with the Secretary T. S. is to prevent inconvenience to her in case there should be any delay in the Treasurer's office in sending her remittances to cover the expenditures

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she makes for the Society. There has been a shrinkage in receipts during the year; that means that our income has not been equal to our necessary expenses. It does not mean that we have only $50 to call upon; we have special funds set aside that could be drawn upon in an emergency, though it is our hope to use them only for the special purposes for which they were set aside last year.

The Treasurer would also like to make one or two comments, and must begin them with an apology. Owing to an accident in the Treasurer's Office, where accidents ought never to occur and are never excusable, there is one deposit which I am not sure has been credited to the members who made the remittances. No accident has happened to the money; that went into the bank. The accident was to a certain paper from which entries of names should have been transferred to our cards. I am deeply mortified over the occurrence, but can only express my regrets and ask you to let me know in case you receive bills for dues already paid.

Another point: there is confusion in the minds of some members who think that the $2.00 sent to the Treasurer every year is sent for the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY; while in point of fact it is sent for the annual dues. To all members whose dues are paid the QUARTERLY is sent free of further charge. To non-members the subscription price is $1.00. [The Treasurer then read a portion of a letter recently received in which the member spoke of enclosing $2.00 in payment for the QUARTERLY.] A casual reading of such a letter might lead one to credit that $2.00 to the QUARTERLY account, especially as there are members who, as they are able, send in remittances to be applied directly to QUARTERLY expenses. The member, whose letter I have read in part, evidently intended to pay dues, but the mention of the QUARTERLY instead of dues might result in that member's getting a bill for unpaid dues.

It may be of interest to you to know that up to the time the books were closed 248 members had paid their dues for the year now ending. During the intervening two days a number of other remittances have been received which it has not been possible to include in this report. Our fiscal year runs from Convention to Convention; and in accordance with our By-Laws, our dues should be payable in advance, as they are in other Societies. When this Convention adjourns, therefore, we should one and all realize that our dues are then payable. In case one gets behind and pays the dues for this year just prior to the Convention, it may seem as though he had paid the dues that will so soon be payable for next year; but still I think our members will appreciate prompt notifications, and that it will be best to send them out as soon as possible after the Convention.

I have received several letters about mite boxes. Some years ago friends in the Cincinnati Branch prepared mite boxes for our use similar to those that are used for the heathen. They were sent to all members; some used them, and some asked whether they might not be excused from the burden of making a daily contribution to the mite box and send in their checks at one time for the amount that they could spare. The Treasurer had to say that they might, because the plan was purely voluntary. Certain members never dropped the use of the boxes; but found that it was a helpful reminder of all that the T. S. stands for, even if, some stormy night, they did not have the coin that should go into the mite box and so were obliged to go out into the storm to get change. Would it not be well to consider whether the mite boxes should be revived—especially if we could all share in the experiences of certain members who say that they have found the use of them helpful to the whole moral nature?

Upon motion the thanks of the Society were extended to the Treasurer and to those who had helped him and the report was approved.

REPORT ON THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

Professor Mitchell resumed the chair and called for a report from the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, Mr. Clement A. Griscom, who said:

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I should like to make a nice speech, but I find it difficult to say anything new. I am conscious that what you want is to hear the QUARTERLY praised, and yet I have been so closely identified with it that it is like praising myself. At least I may remind you how little the editor of the magazine has to do with it. You laugh, but it is true; I am not merely talking modestly. The excellence of the magazine is due to the contributors. To be sure there is the printing and the clerical work that they do not do; but there are many thousands of people in New York who could do the typesetting and the clerical work on the QUARTERLY. Those who deserve your praise and recognition are those who write without compensation; I, myself, write very little for the QUARTERLY. In thinking of what I could say to you I recall several small incidents that I think are interesting, and I am going to let them make my speech for me.

The first is indicative of the extent to which the QUARTERLY reaches many of whom we never hear in the Society itself. It happens that in this neighborhood there is a very charming lady whom we have known for many years, and whom we met through one of the churches. I have learned that for a long while she has been a regular reader of the QUARTERLY, and yet she has never spoken of the magazine to us, nor used the word Theosophy. She has bought every issue of the magazine from Brentano's; and she confided to our informant that it had been a source of much inspiration to her.

Two significant comments have come to me. The one was made by a person who is unusually competent to judge a magazine, and is himself a contributor to such periodicals as the *Atlantic Monthly*. He said that he regarded the QUARTERLY as one of the best edited magazines in the country—he was referring particularly to the editorials, so I do not hesitate to repeat his praise. The other estimate was to the effect that the QUARTERLY is the best magazine published in the world to-day. That is, of course, very high praise; it was followed by the statement that the tone of the magazine is on a higher plane, that it maintains a higher standard than any other known to the speaker, who, by the way, is familiar with the best magazines published in both Europe and America. It was said that our nearest competitor is the Hibbard Journal and, possibly, one French magazine; but that neither one of them had the same high purpose and ideals or was so uniformly dignified. This person emphasized particularly the QUARTERLY's interest, dignity and high quality.

Despite its excellence its circulation is still small. Some of those present are among the members who responded to a special appeal that the Secretary T. S. recently sent out—asking members to subscribe for friends whom they desired to reach. That effort met with many responses, and I presume that when the returns are all in we shall find that a number of names have been added to our list of subscribers; but we need to go much further and to try to devise more far-reaching plans for making the magazine more generally known. It is a matter of intellectual interest that here is a magazine that is an extremely good periodical, yet in a world of a billion and a half people, see how few are interested enough to read it. There are some thousands who read either their own copy or the copies found in the libraries, but the circulation is ridiculously small considering the many thousands of people in the world who ought to want to read such a magazine.

Upon motion of Doctor Clark, seconded by Mr. Michaelis, it was unanimously voted that the Convention accept the report from the editor of the QUARTERLY, with sincere appreciation and thanks.

The Chairman announced that before entertaining a motion to adjourn the morning session, he would like to suggest that the three committees appointed should meet during the recess; and stated that all those present, delegates, members and visitors were invited to be the guests of the New York Branch at luncheon at the Hotel Brevoort, at half after twelve. The Convention then voted to adjourn until 2.30.

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AFTERNOON SESSION

The Convention was called to order by the Chairman, who asked first for a report from the committee that was named to take the greetings of the Society to Mrs. Gregg and to notify her of her election as Secretary for the ensuing year.

Mr. Michaelis said, on behalf of the committee: Mrs. Gregg asked that her gratitude be sent to the Convention, and her love to each member of it. She said that she had felt for some time that her strength would not permit her to carry the work much longer, and she had been looking for some one to do it; she thought she had found the right person in Miss Perkins, and she had worked hard to train her for the duties of the position. Now since Miss Perkins had been made Assistant Secretary she had felt that it was right and proper to turn over certain branches of the work of the Secretary's Office to her—especially those that required hard physical work, like the packing and shipping of book orders; and those that demanded constant detail work, like the book business and the subscription department of the QUARTERLY. This fortunate reassignment of work would leave Mrs. Gregg free to correspond with all the members, as she greatly desired to do.

The Chairman expressed, for the Convention, its gratitude to the Committee for the way in which it had carried out its wishes; and on motion the Committee was discharged. Next the Report of the Committee on Resolutions was called for.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Hargrove, said: There are certain customary resolutions that it is our practice to pass unanimously; and those the Committee wishes to present at this time:

1. *Resolved,* That Mr. Charles Johnston, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, is hereby requested to reply to the messages of greeting from foreign Branches, in the name of and on behalf of this Convention; and to extend to the Conventions of the European and South American Branches our fraternal greetings and hearty good wishes.

2. *Resolved,* That this Convention of The Theosophical Society hereby requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to Branches in Europe and America.

3. *Resolved,* That the thanks of the Convention and of the Society be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality received.

Upon motion these resolutions were carried unanimously.

4. Mr. Hargrove: The Committee on Resolutions recommends a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the Secretary of the Convention. Then there is the Chairman of the Executive Committee, the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, the Editor of the QUARTERLY, and the two members of the Executive Committee who retire this year.

The resolution was adopted.

Mr. Hargrove: We have now cleared up these resolutions which though formal are very genuine, and the Committee had not forseen the presentation of others. Mr. Griscom and I were talking things over during the recess, and we agreed that it would be ridiculous if a Theosophical Convention were to meet and close its session without any reference to one of the greatest events in the world's history, which is taking place at the present time. So I should like to bring the matter up now. It is evident that any discussion of the rights or wrongs of this war would be out of place in this Convention or in a Branch meeting. Therefore we have to adhere to fundamental principles, about which I think there can be little difference of opinion. We therefore move that:—

Whereas, the first and only binding object of The Theosophical Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity; and

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Whereas, in the name of Brotherhood, war as such is being denounced from many pulpits and lecture platforms, and in newspapers and magazines, with appeals for peace at any price; and

Whereas, Non-belligerents have been asked to remain neutral; therefore be it

Resolved, That The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled hereby declares:

(a) that war is not of necessity a violation of Brotherhood, but may on the contrary become obligatory in obedience to the ideal of Brotherhood; and

(b) that individual neutrality is wrong if it be believed that a principle of righteousness is at stake.

Mr. Hargrove: I do not think that any long exposition of this resolution is required. It does not suggest that it is the duty of any member of the Society not to be neutral, though, speaking for myself, I cannot conceive of anybody as being neutral. That question, however, must be left to the individual, to his conscience, his heredity, etc. It is not for the Society to decide for him or to express his opinion for him. But in view of the fact that there are clergymen, of all kinds and of all nations, who so hopelessly misunderstand religion as to declare that war necessarily is a defiance of religious principles, it surely is important that we, as members of The Theosophical Society, who have every reason to believe that we can see more clearly into the underlying facts of life, should call attention to this truth—that you may fly to the uttermost parts of space, and yet you do not get away from war. All progress, all growth, is the fruit of conflict, and it is a monstrous perversion of religion to talk of peace at any price, regardless of duty, of honour, of righteousness. We, as a Society, ought to stand for those principles which a member of any nationality should respect. So long as he is willing to lay down his life, for love's sake, for that in which he believes, he ought to have our support, and not, by our silence, our inferred condemnation.

I cannot believe that any member of the Society can see things in any other light, so far as this question has been carried in the Resolution we suggest—and we must not carry it any further. Any member who has tried to live in obedience to his own ideals knows that his life is a life of conflict. Having done that, and so gained some insight, a member must see that you can divide the universe into two great camps; forces making for righteousness, and the forces making for evil. Do we stand aside and say that that conflict is none of our business? That is not conceivable. We have been shown the way by H. P. B., who the moment she drew breath began to fight, and fought like a lion until she died.

The Committee moves that this resolution be adopted.

The Chairman: In presenting this resolution, let me call attention to the ruling that the Chair will make: it is only on the resolution itself and the principles involved in it that discussion will be permitted. Do you wish to discuss the resolution or pass directly to a vote on it?

"Question" was called, from several quarters; and the resolution being put to the vote was unanimously carried. The Chairman then called upon Mr. Griscom, as Chairman of the Committee on Nominations to present its report.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Mr. Griscom: The Secretary already having been elected, it remains for the Committee on Nominations to present nominations for the two vacancies in the Executive Committee, Treasurer, Assistant Treasurer and Assistant Secretary. First, for the vacancies in the Executive Committee, the Committee on Nominations recommends that the two gentlemen whose terms expire, Mr. Charles Johnston and Mr. E. T. Hargrove, should be nominated to succeed themselves, for a term of three years.

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Upon motion by Mr. Michaelis, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, the Convention elected these nominees by a rising vote.

Mr. Griscom: For the office of Treasurer we recommend that Professor H. B. Mitchell be elected to succeed himself for the ensuing year.

Professor Mitchell was elected by acclamation.

Mr. Griscom: The Committee also offers the nomination of Mr. Karl D. Perkins for the office of Assistant Treasurer. Mr. Perkins was unanimously elected.

Mr. Griscom: For the office of Assistant Secretary the Committee offers the name of Miss Isabel E. Perkins. The Society owes more thanks to Miss Perkins than it may realize. Mrs. Gregg has been incapacitated for months, and Miss Perkins has done a large share of the work. It gives me pleasure, therefore, to associate our thanks with her nomination as Assistant Secretary for another year.

Miss Perkins was unanimously elected. It was also voted to discharge the Committee, with the thanks of the Convention.

The reading of Letters of Greeting and Reports from Branches being next in order, Mr. Johnston, as Chairman of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was called upon to report.

Mr. Johnston: I find many Branch Reports with the letters of greeting; and the number is so large that it might take the time of the Convention unduly if we were to read them now. I have no doubt that they contain many cordial and appropriate Theosophical sentiments, but our Committee did not have the opportunity to go over them in detail, as some of its members were also on the committee that waited upon Mrs. Gregg in the recess between sessions.

Mr. Johnston read a letter of greeting from the President of the Berlin Branch, Mr. Paul Raatz; explaining that as the European Branches have a central organization the Branch reports are naturally made to that organization. He also read letters from the Venezuela Branches, and spoke of letters from Colonel Knoff and Doctor Keightley, saying that these latter letters were not addressed formally to the Convention as such, but conveyed to the Convention the greetings, and the cordial and sincere Theosophic spirit of their authors.

The Chairman: The mails from foreign countries have been greatly delayed, and it is doubtless for that reason alone that we have not yet received letters from several of the foreign Branches that have never failed to remember us at Convention time.

Mr. Griscom: I would suggest that the Convention authorize the editor of the QUARTERLY to insert in the Report of this Convention, as published in the QUARTERLY, any letters intended for the Convention that arrive too late to be read here. Upon motion the editor of the QUARTERLY was authorized to use his discretion regarding such publication.

REPORTS FROM DELEGATES

The Chairman: We have now to hear from the Branch delegates upon the work of the Society in other parts of the country. I will call first upon Judge McBride, from the Indianapolis Branch.

INDIANAPOLIS BRANCH

Judge McBride: I feel to-day as if I were a mere relic remaining from a former age; I find so many new members here, some of whom have been members for years, active members, and yet have not known those whom I used to look upon as our active original members. But I hope that even if a relic I am not fossilized as yet; I am still able to do my work and to share in Theosophic activities. But I did not come here to talk, I came to listen; and especially to

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those New York people who have done more than any others to keep alive the spirit of this organization. I hope to be allowed to listen to them and to draw inspiration from those who are capable of inspiring.

Our Branch is not large but every member of it is alive, and alive to the work. The influence of our organization is being felt. More and more, through the city, people are interesting themselves. One reason why our Branch has not held large public meetings is because we have felt that we did not want to be in the position of antagonizing other societies who were attempting to get recruits. Those societies have not been making much headway,—perhaps because they were chiefly interested in phenomena and the occult side of things. We have thought that we ought to let them alone; they were doing good work as far as it went; and in due time those of their recruits who were interested in living the life would come on to us. We look on Theosophy and Theosophic teaching as akin to religion; we look on it as teaching us how to live, as making us better citizens. I think we are doing good work; we have every week inquiries from the citizens of Indianapolis about our Society; and there is throughout the community a very friendly feeling for Theosophy as we expound it.

CINCINNATI BRANCH

The Chairman then called upon another delegate from the Middle West, Miss Hohnstedt of Cincinnati. She read a letter of greeting from the President of the Branch; and then said: That letter voices the sentiments of all our members. We had to meet a condition like that of which Judge McBride spoke; and for a time many of our members were discouraged. It took a little time for them to realize the meaning of "when two or three are gathered together in my name." The members wished me to tell the Convention that for a time we had a cloud hanging over us, but that we are now working hard to keep our Theosophy pure. Our attendance had been smaller, but at the recent meetings it has been exceedingly good, both among members and visitors.

Mrs. Gregg has spoken in her report of what is done with the QUARTERLY. One of our members who is interested in work for prisoners cuts extracts out of the magazine for use with them. They have been greatly interested, and the selections have been the means of helping many of them. In addition to its regular meetings our Branch has a *Secret Doctrine* class once a week and a Study Class twice a week, in which we have been taking up the QUARTERLY, *Fragments* and the devotional books.

The Chairman asked Mr. Herman F. Hohnstedt whether he had anything to add to the report as given. Mr. Hohnstedt explained that he had not recently been active as an officer of the Cincinnati Branch as he had been away from the city for a great deal of the time.

The Chairman: One of the advantages of the New York Branch is the extent to which it is indebted to members from other Branches who are spending some time in New York. One of them is Mrs. M. T. Gordon, whom I will ask to tell us of the work in Middletown.

MIDDLETOWN BRANCH

Mrs. Gordon: I have no formal report from the Branch to present to you, but I have had numerous letters from the members, and they have asked me to convey their sincere love and congratulations to the Convention. From the letters I have sketched a few facts about the Branch. Of its eight members five are always present at the meetings; the other three are non-residents. Small as it is, the Branch is very much awake; and during the past year it has been exceedingly active. There are always visitors at the meetings. Before the opening of the meetings in the Fall a number of subjects for discussion were selected and printed in a little leaflet. Each member agreed to assume the responsibility

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for presenting one or more of these topics. From the marked leaflet sent me, I see that the topic given to or chosen by the blind member was—What is Faith? Can you imagine a more fitting subject for one who is deprived of outer sight, one who is poised, patient, gentle, and true! Certainly this cheery little woman, so resigned to conditions as they are, so full of faith and trust, can and does give much. In one of the letters I received I was told of a visit made by two of the members to a home in the country. They were asked to go there and tell a few people something about Theosophy. They went and gave what they could; and they were urged to come again, with the promise that if they would return all the neighbors should be gathered to hear them. I must not omit to say that these two devoted members walked the whole distance—four miles each way—in order to give what they had received.

PROVIDENCE BRANCH

Mrs. Jennie C. Sheldon, President of the Providence Branch, reported for the Branch:

There is not much to be said of the work of the Providence Branch this year, as most of it has been embodied in our report to the Secretary. We have held our regular weekly and semi-weekly meetings; the former being devoted to the reading of papers, followed by questions. At some of the meetings where there seemed a dearth of questions we studied *Light on the Path*. We have been fortunate this year in being able to get the papers, which have been compiled from so many sources for so many years, typewritten; and after they have done service at our public meetings on Sunday we have used them to give to inquirers. They are of especial value as many of the minor points are left out and the salient features condensed. A number of new members coming into the Branch, it seemed desirable to turn our Wednesday meeting into a study class; and the best book to use seemed to be Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*. This was made doubly interesting by referring to the "Secret Doctrine," and additional light was thrown on both books thereby.

HOPE BRANCH

Speaking for the Hope Branch of Providence, Mrs. Regan said: Our Branch is in its infancy, and like all infants has to grow. If visitors come to our meetings we take up some article from the QUARTERLY. In our very first meeting we took up an article from the QUARTERLY which said that Theosophy has to be lived. We knew that we could not promulgate it, but we could try to live it. When we were asked for a paper for a Club, we gave it; but our work for this year has really been that we just tried.

VIRYA BRANCH

Miss Mary Kent Wallace, of the Virya Branch, Denver, was next asked to report; she said:

I was not aware that being a delegate involved more than the magic art of being a listener. While I am a woman voter of Colorado, and I hope also a member of The Theosophical Society, in good standing, I have not acquired the art of public speaking, so in the few minutes that I had after I learned that delegates were expected to make reports, I wrote down a few notes of what I should like to say for our Branch.

It is a privilege of which I am greatly appreciative that I can be here to-day, bearing the warm and cordial greetings of the Virya Branch to The Theosophical Society, and especially to the New York Branch to whom we owe so much, not merely for the heartiness of their welcome, but also for the fact that we are here brought face to face with the embodiment of the principle which has become our commonplace: that the greatest contribution that can be made is what we are.

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No one who comes in contact with this Branch can fail to feel that one-pointedness has come to life among its members. It is a lesson which the younger Branches of the West should emulate.

If we err, as we properly should think we do, it is on the side of Theosophic diversity. Our work has lain among those whose interests are varied, and we have tried, with earnestness, to find and reinforce the good. It has come to be a very real conviction that The Theosophical Society exists, in the strength it has to-day, because it rises from a level formed of the very genuine aspirations of the hearts of other men. This has seemed to us to exemplify the Theosophic Spirit and the Theosophic Method, for which the Society stands. It will be my privilege to carry to my fellow members the message of one-pointedness, by which this attitude of Western openness to others' good may best be made to bear fruit.

The Chairman: Surely in that attitude of openness the Denver Branch is neither Western nor Eastern but is therein reflecting the universal Theosophic attitude. For openness to another's truth is the very foundation of The Theosophical Society.

WASHINGTON BRANCH

Mrs. Gitt spoke for the Washington Branch, saying:

My story is a short one. I was so glad to hear Mr. Hargrove say that the good walker makes no dust; certainly outer dust does not necessarily indicate growth. This year our most active workers have been ill, and that has crippled our outer work, but I believe that our members have never more earnestly tried to live the Theosophical ideals. Each one has his own individual work. We made a departure this season by having no president, but expecting each member in turn to take the chair, and to select the topic for the meeting, the other members falling into line. We found this interesting and helpful. Still we would naturally like greater activity on the outer plane, even though we know it is not necessary to our service of Theosophy. I think the Branch was never stronger, never had a better spirit, never was trying harder to live the life. Those of us who have sought to take part in church work have had all the outer work we could do; and while the Branch has been quiet this year, and has not had so many visitors as formerly, I sometimes think it is better to have such a quiet year.

NEW YORK BRANCH

Speaking as Chairman of the New York Branch, Mr. Hargrove said:

I do not know that there is anything of special importance to report as to the work that has been done or attempted by the New York Branch in the past year; and yet I suppose that the experience of each Branch is necessarily of some value to other Branches: our problems are the same, though our circumstances are different. It would be foolish for any Branch to undertake to follow slavishly the method that another Branch had found successful; but the fundamental principles of our work must always be identical.

When Mrs. Gregg referred in her Report to a problem which confronts some of the Branches—what to do about other societies calling themselves Theosophical—I was reminded that we have no such problem in the New York Branch. There are plenty of such societies in New York, but they do not bother us; we have no relations of any kind with them. We let them go ahead and do what they can; we defy them to bother us. Things only bother us when we pay attention to them. This word "theosophical" is becoming widely known; in the nature of things it must be copied and travestied.

Now occasionally, though very rarely, a member of our Society is somewhat perplexed when confronted with the members of these other societies. He may say, "These people are very decent human beings, they are working for the same

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objects for which I am, why should I not work with them?" If I had to answer such a question, I should have to say—"If you are working for the same purpose for which they are working, then by all means work with them, join them, because *this* Society is not working for the same ends. If your interest is really centered on psychism and phenomena, or on Brahminism,—if that is where your centre of interest lies, you should leave us and hasten to your goal." But such a member does not want to do that; he wishes to have a hand in this pie, and then in that pie. This comes about partly through a hopeless misunderstanding of Brotherhood. You do not have to eat out of the same dish with a man, merely because he happens to be a human being, in order to be brotherly; in fact, it would be exceedingly unbrotherly to do so.

If you go into the history of the past, you will find that the Theosophical Society got along pretty well during the lifetime of H. P. B., because she was perpetually banging everybody over the head; if they could not stand the banging, they got out. After she died, William Q. Judge, who had learned his Theosophy from her, and who was a great man, as many of us know, was in charge of the American T. S. He was a real man, and had real inner experience. There was a certain individual—no reason why we should not mention names on such an occasion—Mrs. Annie Besant, who was a prominent and influential member in England. Not long after H. P. B.'s death, Mrs. Besant went to India. There she was swept off her feet by the Brahmins, called herself a Brahmin, and became very intolerant, as most Brahmins are (the Brahmins are priests, and few of them real ones). She began to wear the Brahminical thread; she threw herself, heart and soul, into the practices of the Brahmins, which means that she sat in judgment upon Mr. Judge and everybody else all the time. This is straight talk, but to speak at all one must speak frankly. This attitude of hers could have been overlooked, because it did not at all matter what she thought; but it did matter when she tried to get her Brahminism into the Theosophical Society, which happened when she insisted that a commission should sit on Mr. Judge to decide whether his inner experiences were real or not. Against this we protested. It was not because we knew Mr. Judge and loved him (though we did know him and did love him); it was because we knew that if we were to countenance a judicial commission to sit upon him, there would not be another moment's peace in the Society. Worse than that, if such action were countenanced, it would violate and nullify every principle on which the Society had been founded. So we had to protest. Many members in Europe agreed with the American Section. So we revived the T. S. as it had been founded by H. P. B., and kept on working. We could not prevent other people from using the name—that would be their own serious responsibility—but we went on doing what we knew was right, and have tried to do so from that day to this.

In the very nature of things, the principles adopted and acted upon by these good people whom we see as mistaken, meant an ever widening breach. How could it be otherwise?

Some people may say, "Even supposing that is true, there are individuals joining Mrs. Besant's Society to-day who have never heard of the old differences; why not work with them?" But it is not a question of individuals; it is a question of principles. We have nailed our flag to the mast when it comes to the question of Brotherhood; they have nailed theirs. Their Society is on record as believing in judging and condemning a member or members of the Theosophical Society. One might as well talk about light co-operating with darkness as of co-operating with the members of such a society in matters theosophical. You cannot compromise over questions of right and wrong. You can go to their meetings and can join in their work, but when you do this you not only cease to co-operate with us; you work against that for which our Society is working.

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Instead of breaking our hearts about other societies, let us take the commonsense view. See how many churches there are in Christianity! If you want to join any one of them you join, and do not bother about the others. There need be no confusion because there are several societies calling themselves Theosophical; people need only find out which they prefer, join that, and forget the other societies. To think that you can touch pitch without having some of it stick to you is a great mistake. It is impossible to use to real spiritual advantage anything that comes from a contaminated source; and this source is contaminated, for any organization that stands for the condemnation of another Theosophist has gone astray; sound originally, it has jumped the track, and if we so much as touch the edge of it we shall be drawn to destruction.

Without doubt there are societies, calling themselves theosophical, which have branches in this city; but I do not know who belongs to them or where they hold their meetings. The New York Branch of our Society is fortunate in having an independent meeting place. If our meetings were held in an office building and another society began to hold its meetings in the same building, it seems to me that the sensible thing would be to meet somewhere else, so that there could be no possibility of overlapping. In time, visitors would find out what the difference signifies.

When we have considered principles and know where we stand, there is no problem. At the same time we wish to express cordial sympathy with the several Branches which have been struggling with such situations; in a large city like New York they are easier to meet, and I would not on any account have it inferred that we lack appreciation of their difficulties.

There is one other matter I should like to refer to. It is this. When we meet here as a Convention of The Theosophical Society, once a year, I think it is important that we should think not only of the present and the future, but also of the past. As Judge McBride has said, there are many newer and younger members; and it would be strange if it were not so. They are confronting different problems than those of twenty-five years ago, but what exists to-day is the fruit of what has happened since 1875. It will be helpful for us to feel that we are the children of an organization of long standing, with an intensely interesting history. Nothing in the past ought to seem unimportant. Everyone prominently connected with the movement, his success or failure as a member, must concern us intimately. We want to learn from the past and to get all we can from it, and that is why we should rejoice when one who was, as he still is, closely associated with the Society makes the sacrifices necessary to attend our Conventions.

It would not be right if I were to fail to express for the New York Branch what immense pleasure it gives all New York members to see you here. It gives us strength, and we hope it gives you new enthusiasm. May it help us all to realize what a great and marvelous cause it is that we represent. It was and is intended that the Society should act as leaven. If we were to think of ourselves as leaven, if we were to try to become leaven, much would be accomplished. It is not the discussion of intellectual views that is our duty, but the putting into practice, in daily life, of theosophical principles. Wherever we live, we ought, as was said by H. P. B., to realize that a Branch of two or three members, just because they try, can affect the consciousness of their entire city. We ought never to think of ourselves as few in number—the question is, what are we trying to be? If we are sincerely trying, it follows that those who founded the Society are able to work in and through us as leaven, if only we have sense enough to stand aside and let them work in us. This is our great mission.

So it seems to me that a Convention of The Theosophical Society ought to end as well as to begin with mutual congratulations. To join an organization

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always means something, but to join one that has the power back of it that The Theosophical Society has always had—is on the one side a great responsibility, and on the other a God-given opportunity.

The Chairman asked Mr. Charles M. Saxe of Niagara Falls to speak for the Members-at-large. Mr. Saxe said that he found himself quite unequal to undertaking to speak for such a large and important body of members, but speaking for himself, he was glad to have the opportunity to say that he had always found every Convention he had been privileged to attend a source of great inspiration and pleasure.

THE CLOSING ADDRESS.

The Chairman: This completes our list of reports, and with it the stated business of the Convention. I do not know how far it is wise for the Chairman of these Conventions to exercise also the privileges of a speaker, but as I was listening to Mr. Margrove, and congratulating myself that what I had wanted to have said was being put so clearly and so cogently, it occurred to me that his points might be further clarified by viewing them from another angle, though still directly in the light of the fundamental principles upon which our Society was founded and now rests.

The Theosophical Society has "no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose," and no member may "promulgate or maintain any doctrine as being that advanced or advocated by the Society." The reason for this is clear. Creeds, dogmas, doctrines, personal dicta and systems of philosophy, are all but intellectual formulations of aspects of a life or a truth which in its wholeness transcends the intellect. They are built of words and forms,—symbols of reality,—whereas what the Society seeks is that reality itself, the being for which the word stands, the spirit that animates the form. We will accept all symbols, but we will substitute none for reality. We will deal with words, not as things in themselves, but in accordance with the meaning that they have to him who uses them; and within all forms, of whatsoever kind, we will look for the spirit.

This search for the spiritual content of life, this will to lay hold upon the essence, is the basis of the Theosophic attitude and method. It has two poles,—which means that the one faculty of spiritual discernment must be applied in two opposite directions. The first is that which has been followed and made familiar to us in every Branch meeting. The second is that of which Mr. Hargrove has been speaking. In the one, the power to look beneath the surface, to perceive the spirit within the form, and to pierce through layer after layer of the wrappings of our subject until we find its essential principles, is exercised to reveal the unity of spirit existing within the widest diversity of mental formulas and verbal expression. Personal opinions, religious, philosophic, and scientific systems, which outwardly and when first approached seemed antagonistic and mutually contradictory, are made to yield to the magic of the Theosophic attitude and method, and show us their inner spiritual content as essentially one and the same.

But the other pole, the converse of this, is no less important. As the one spirit may manifest in many ways, and one truth receive different intellectual formulations in terms of different symbols, so also may the same forms be animated by different spirits, the same words used to denote states and qualities that are essentially distinct, and the same intellectual formulas be applied by different people in such different sense as to lead to diametrically opposite meanings and results. It is essential that we should recognize this. The ability to deal truly with life and our fellows, to penetrate the veil of appearance and lay our hold upon reality, requires that we should be no more deluded by similarity than by difference of expression. It is the inner essence to which we must always look.

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I think that an illustration, suggested by two very common expressions, may help us to a clearer understanding of the need for this type of spiritual discrimination. We speak of "the plane of the intellect," but of "the world of the spirit." The intellect cuts across reality as a horizontal plane cuts across our space of three dimensions. Such a plane, cutting through this building and those beside it, would give us a cross-section of each, a flat map of this region, in which the real houses, with their cellars and sub-cellars and many stories, would be represented by flat rectangles or L or T shaped figures. And whether I was thinking of the darkness of the cellar or of the sunshine and airiness of the upper floors, I could only point to the same cross-section, if you asked me to show you where it was upon the map. Yet it is very clear that it is by no means so important to our health and general well being, whether we are living in this house or the next, as it is whether we are living in the damp darkness of the cellar or in the brightness of the upper rooms. This latter distinction the map does not show—and its failure is characteristic of all that pertains to the intellect. It cannot portray, but only map, the world of the spirit and reality. The words that we must use represent but cross-sections of that for which they stand, flat figures, such as squares or circles, beneath which reality descends like a great pit to the depths of hell, and above which it towers to the highest heaven. In one and the same word every level is contained. There is no depth of wickedness it may not cloak, no height of spiritual power that it may not represent. Words can be no bond of union.

It is the failure to remember this, and the consequent failure to look within the form to the spirit which animates it, that causes much of the confusion in the world upon all ethical and religious questions. Words and phrases are accepted as things in themselves, capable in themselves of receiving our support or condemnation, and whatever meaning they may have in the mind of the hearer is ascribed also to the intent of the speaker. To us, for example, Brotherhood is a great spiritual fact and law, standing for the common fatherhood of the Supreme, for self-sacrifice, and the whole-hearted gift of self to the service of others. But to another it may be but the slogan of a materialistic philosophy that denies all divinity to man or to Being,—the cloak of envy, jealousy, and hatred of all that is above him, the pretext for vilifying all that is noble, for pulling down to his own level all that shames him by its superiority, and for despoiling others that he may himself be profited. The one word covers movements of the human spirit that are eternally opposed, and it is the failure to discriminate between them that has enabled the corrupting virus of Socialism, for example, to spread as it has through the whole civilized world. Here, too, is one of the greatest obstacles to true religion, for there is no religious phrase, no religious system, that has not been perverted and travestied into the very opposite of that which it was first used to depict. "The pale Galilean" suggests little of the warrior spirit of the Christ; "pious" and "sanctimonious" are in popular thought, no longer descriptive adjectives which we would wish applied to ourselves. But choose what word you will: love, honour, courage, obedience, self-sacrifice—there is no one of these that cannot be lifted to spiritual power and dignity far above our present use, or perverted to depths of infamy below our tolerance.

These causes of confusion are not absent from our own minds, though we who have been trained in the Theosophic attitude and method have small excuse if we permit them to continue to blind or to mislead us. As difference of intellectual belief cannot separate us in the brotherhood of the spirit, so similarity of intellectual belief,—the use of the same words and formulas,—cannot unite us. It is the spirit alone that concerns us,—the life that is within,—and this is not a matter of words or of symbols, but of reality. Of all the lessons that the Theosophical Society has to teach us none is of greater moment than is this:

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that we should seek the animating spirit of all which we contact, and that we should deal with it according to that spirit.

The Chairman then announced that he did not know of any further business to come before the Convention. Prior to adjournment, however, he wished, on behalf of the New York Branch, to extend to all members and visitors present the invitation to come to the Studio at half past eight for the purpose of informal conversation and discussion upon such topics as might be brought up,—these informal after-meetings often proving one of the most helpful features of the Convention.

The Chairman also announced that all present were invited to come, and to bring their friends, to an address to be given by Mr. Charles Johnston on Sunday afternoon at the Hotel St. Denis, at half past three o'clock; subject, "Christianity and War." All were also invited to an informal tea on Sunday, after Mr. Johnston's address. There being no further announcements, Mr. Mitchell moved that the Committee on Resolutions be discharged with thanks; this motion was duly seconded and carried. Upon motion by Mr. Michaelis, duly seconded, the hearty thanks of the Convention were extended to the Chairman and the Secretary.

Upon motion duly made and seconded the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING.

Nothing is more significant of the unity of heart that links our members together than the tone and spirit of the Letters of Greeting and the Branch Reports. They were sent from different parts of this country, from South America and from Europe; yet a characteristic attitude may be seen in them all. Nor is it less evident in those letters from foreign Branches and members that are written in what someone has called Theosophic-English—English learned for the sake of being able to read books on Theosophy in the language in which they were written. If space permitted the printing of all the letters and reports received, the likeness of spirit could not fail to be impressive.

Greeting from the British National Branch to the Members of the Theosophical Society in Convention assembled:

On behalf of the members of the British National Branch I beg to tender most hearty greetings and best wishes for a happy and successful Convention.

Our thoughts will be with you on the day, and we must make much of it, for we shall not be able to hold a Convention for ourselves this year.

We sincerely hope the past year has been a great one for the work accomplished, and that this Convention will give fresh heart to all, so that the work may advance in the coming year.

Yours fraternally,

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,
General Secretary British National Branch.

In a Report that accompanied the Letter of Greeting, Doctor Keightley gives the following account of the activities of the British National Branch:

> During the past year the work of the Branch has been continued, but since August the activities have, naturally, been interfered with owing to the fact of members having additional work, and in many cases they cannot be at the place of meeting.

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It has been decided by the Executive Committee that it is inadvisable to hold a Convention in England this year, so many members being on special service. It is realized that a Convention might have been a great help to all, but it is quite certain that the members would not be able to meet.

What work has been done has been done quietly, steadily and with persistence, and we have gained in numbers.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,
General Secretary.

The quiet reserve strength that characterizes this Report is also evident in the Reports received from various sections of the British National Branch—from Norfolk; Newcastle-on-Tyne; Sunderland; and South Shields. In one of these Reports the Branch Secretary states, with regret, that they have been obliged to suspend their study class, owing to the fact that its members are scattered—one of them is accounted for in this way:

"He has been a prisoner of war since last September. He was captured with many of his men, after holding his position for nine hours against a superior force. It may be of interest of you to know that his Theosophic beliefs and principles have been his greatest sources of help and strength during his long captivity, which is entailing many privations and hardships. As soon as he was able to communicate with me, by postcard only, he asked me to send him some Theosophical books; and he has been studying Mr. Charles Johnston's translation of the *Bhagavad Gita,* and *Letters that have Helped Me.*"

From South America we had last year the firm assurance that one or more delegates would be present at the Convention of 1915; the European war made that impossible, but two most interesting Reports were received. The Secretary of the "Rama Venezuela," writing from Caracas, Venezuela, said:

During the present year our principal work has been *Dharma* (the magazine published by the Branch), now in the second year of its existence; also our meetings on Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week; attending to the correspondence with friends and with the Branch at Altagracia of Orituco. Generally we have visitors; and the reading and commenting of appropriate themes makes pleasant and profitable our hours, passed beneath the spirit of tranquil investigation and cordiality. We believe that *Dharma* has rendered good service by giving a certain tonic which has had salutary effect here as well as outside of the country, not alone because of making known the contents of the QUARTERLY to readers of the Spanish tongue, but because, to our way of seeing, it has fulfilled an important purpose: namely, the public and categorical declaration of those principles which constitute our Cause, so that our attitude may be clearly distinguished.

In this manner we are relieved from prejudices and erroneous conceptions and from influences harmful to our real ideal, to the spirit and impersonality of Theosophy and The Theosophical Society. Due to tendencies which came from elsewhere as though to break the link which unites us with our spiritual ideal, we saw ourselves forced to make perfectly clear our principles and to take that firm attitude which purified and compacted the ranks of the real servers of the Masters. *Dharma* fulfilled this duty with perfect opportuneness and fervour.

During the year of 1914 there were admitted to our Branch four new companions. We have hopes of the formation shortly of new Branches in other parts of the country, as also the full security of their rapid march along the highways of the Spirit.

Filled with confidence are we seeing how everywhere the "Voice of the Spirit" is responded to. That is life which, flowing from on high comes as am-

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bassador of peace and of justice to the world. Close in heart with our companions, the Branch Venezuela fervently desires the greatest life and inspiration for the Convention soon to take place in your city.

Fraternally yours,

JUAN J. BENZO,
Secretary.

From another Branch in Venezuela, that at Altagracia de Orituco, comes the following:

It is very pleasant for us to inform you of our labor realized during the last year, 1914-15. After cordially greeting you, receive our most true feeling of adherence to the Bright Center where the Masters of our Cause have located its spiritual sun and whence comes to us the light of truth.

Under the shadow of that spiritual movement that you so wisely represent, we have co-operated humbly but sincerely, to make successful the work of our Masters in this country, striving ceaselessly to fulfil our duty and to hold high the spiritual ideal within the area of our influence.

When we began our theosophical work, it could be noticed that there was a feeling against our ideas; now, it is a great pleasure to inform you that such is past, and we have noticed that, on the contrary, we are winning, slowly but surely, the sympathy of this city for the Theosophical Branch we have established here. We owe this victory undoubtedly to the tolerance proclaimed by that High Center and that we have observed with all. We hold meetings daily for the study of the Theosophical Literature and its diffusion. Beside this, the Branch has a Quarterly publication whose principal object is to make known the most important works published in "THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY."

This year some members of this Branch have left it as they were not accompanied by Faith; they found it was too large a work for the mental strength they could employ. However, I think that courage and strongness increase day by day in the heart of this Branch for the fulfilment of its purpose.

With our most faithful votes, and wishing the blessings of the Masters may accompany you to strengthen your work in this year.

A. VALEDÓN,
Secretary.

M. DE LA CUEVA,
President.

From the Union of the German Branches of the T. S., the Secretary, Mr. Paul Raatz, of Berlin, sent this Greeting and Report:

To the members of the "Theosophical Society" in Convention assembled:

DEAR COMRADES: In behalf of your Comrades in Germany, I would not miss the opportunity to send to our brothers and sisters at the Convention our heartiest greetings and best wishes.

Our Convention takes place this year under greatly changed circumstances. The great "world war," which H. P. B. prophesied and which will certainly draw still other nations into activity, has broken out. This makes communication between America and Germany difficult. But the influence of the war on us, the Theosophical Society, is only external. The inner spirit of the T. S., with its duties and objects remains uninfluenced, for our aim is: "to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood." This of course includes *all* nations, those carrying on war, and those not carrying on war. We know that *all* nations are a part of humanity, and that spiritual Unity connects them all, in spite of their warring against each other. We know also, that war, like disease, is nothing but a throwing to the surface of all passions and feelings of hate, envy, arrogance, etc., which have collected on the psychical plane. Therefore we consider war a healing

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process, which, when ended, will enable the spiritual, religious life of the nations to manifest itself better than ever.

As in disease, fever is only a process, which burns out the impurities of the body, so in war the psychic and astral impurities are cast out, the bad qualities vanish, giving room for the spirit of sacrifice and devotion, for spiritual insight, and other good qualities.

As Karma makes use of war to help nations to gain *spiritual knowledge*, so we, the members of the T. S., can do a great deal to hasten this process, called war, by manifesting Universal Brotherhood now *more than ever* in our thoughts, deeds and words, spoken and written, and above all in our individual lives. Let us show the world that the sense of separateness, which has caused nations to war against each other, is an illusion, and that it must vanish to make room for the knowledge of the Unity of Humanity and of the whole Universe. May each one of us do his part to realize this.

Fraternally yours,

PAUL RAATZ.

The greeting from the Arvika Branch, Sweden, has always been one of the pleasantest features of the Convention—the following letter from the Branch President, Mr. Hjalmar Julin, explains why we had to miss it this year:

Yours of March 27th came too late to us, that it was impossible to send proxies or greetings to the Convention. The post will sometimes go very slowly now. Telegrams from Sweden to America seem to stay in England, so to send greetings with telegraph is no use now. We will have an extra meeting this day and in thought send you the best wishes.

A Report from the Branch Secretary, Mrs. Julin, reads:

Our work goes on as before, with an open meeting every week, similarly winter and summer. The members read in due order what interests them. Articles from the QUARTERLY are most often objects for our reading and discourses. After the reading, there is discussion. All members that live here attend regularly, also outsiders come frequently.

The Karma Branch of Christiania, Norway, reports:

The Branch has been carrying on its work in a peaceful and harmonious spirit, having had weekly meetings every Friday from 8.15 to 10 P. M., except in the summer. The meetings have not been announced in the papers, but the door has been kept open for all. The average attendance has been about 13.

Most of the meetings have been taken up by a series of lectures on the Theosophical Philosophy by T. H. Knoff, mainly based on "The Ocean of Theosophy." Other topics have been:

"The first step. That which is most important."

"Fragments from my Copy-book."

"Religious Life."

An exposition of "The Elixir of Life" has also been attempted in order to avoid misunderstanding of those that read this excellent treatise.

The Branch has now 22 members.

Besides the Branch-Work, Colonel Knoff has had a special Study-Class for outsiders for the study of the philosophy and the Theosophical ethics. The Class, whose work has been going on from October to the end of January, has had a regular attendance of 15 to 20 listeners.

ANNA DAHL,
Secretary.

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The Report from Mr. H. A. Alme, Chairman of the Aurvanga Branch, Norway, contains an interesting account of many activities, including not only work in Aurvanga but also lectures in Christiania, and a series of seven lectures in Bergen. Of the Branch work, he says,

During the past year the Branch has held its meetings on Sundays, from 11.30—1; at which meetings members and other persons interested have been present. At these meetings have been discussed the Norse Myths as compared with the Secret Doctrine, and other topics, partly suggested by visitors asking questions.

From the Branches in the United States many Reports and Greetings were received, and were there space to do so extracts should be given from those sent by Dayton; Detroit, East Oakland; Seattle; Stockton; and from Toronto, Canada. It seems appropriate that the last message recorded here should be one sent to the Convention from the other side of our great continent.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 17, 1915.

To the Members of the Theosophical Society, In Annual Convention Assembled:
GREETING:

The members of Pacific Branch of The Theosophical Society, of Los Angeles, Cal., salute you with their heart's love, and with the assurance that they will always be found standing true and firm in the great Theosophical Movement under all circumstances and conditions, as they all have come through the great fire that tests men's souls.

When you are assembled at this Annual Convention be assured that our best thoughts hover over you for the good of all that you may do in the common interest of all humanity, in this the work for the Masters, and may their benison, as a gentle mantle, fall upon you.

Sincerely and Fraternally,

ALFRED L. LEONARD,
Secretary of Pacific Branch.

NOTICE

The division of work in the Secretary's Office, referred to in the Secretary's Report, requires some changes in the handling of the mail, to ensure prompt attention. Members and subscribers are requested to take note.

(1) All correspondence about books or about the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, should be addressed to,

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,
P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York City.

(2) Dues, donations and other remittances for the T. S. should be addressed,

TREASURER T. S.,
P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York City.

(3) General T. S. Correspondence, and applications for membership should be addressed,

SECRETARY T. S.,
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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STANDARD BOOKS

The classification of these books, as Devotional, Introductory, and Philosophical is for the convenience of those who may wish some guide in making selections; it is only an approximation. Books are bound in cloth unless otherwise indicated.

DEVOTIONAL

Blavatsky, H. P. Voice of the Silence.	cloth $.50; leather,	$.75
Cavé. Fragments, Volume I.	boards,	.60
Volume II.	boards,	.60
Dream of Ravan.		1.00
Johnston, Charles. Bhagavad Gita.	Translated, annotated; cloth,	1.00
	limp leather, India paper,	1.50
From the Upanishads.	paper, .30; leather,	.75
Parables of the Kingdom, The.	paper,	.20
Pantanjali's Yoga Sutras.	Translated, annotated,	1.25
Song of Life, The.	limp boards,	.30
Theosophy of the Upanishads.		1.25
Judge, William Q. Bhagavad Gita.	Edited; leather,	.75
Letters that Have Helped Me, Volume I.		.50
Volume II.		.60
Light on the Path.	cloth, .50; leather,	.75
Niemand, Jasper. Vow of Poverty and Other Essays.	paper,	.15
Through the Gates of Gold.		.50

INTRODUCTORY

Hillard, Katherine. A Primer of Theosophy.	paper,	.05
Idyll of the White Lotus. A Novel.		1.00
Judge, William Q. Culture of Concentration.	paper,	.10
Ocean of Theosophy.	paper .50; cloth,	.75
Keightley, Archibald. Theosophy as an Influence in Life.	paper,	.10
Spiritual Life, The.	paper,	.10
Keightley, J. W. Unity of Religions.	paper,	.10
Mitchell, Henry B. Meditation.	paper,	.20
Theosophical Society and Theosophy, The.	paper,	.20
Sinnett, A. P. Esoteric Buddhism.		1.25
Karma. A Novel.		.75
Occult World, The.		1.25

PHILOSOPHICAL

Blavatsky, H. P. Five Years of Theosophy.	(reprints from the old magazines),	2.50
Key to Theosophy.	(in question and answer form),	2.00
Secret Doctrine, The. Vols. I and II and Index.		12.50
Hartmann, Franz. Magic, White and Black.		2.00
Hillard, Katherine. Abridgement of the Secret Doctrine.		2.00
Walker, E. D. Reincarnation.		1.50

These, and any other books on Theosophical, Religious, and Philosophical subjects, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

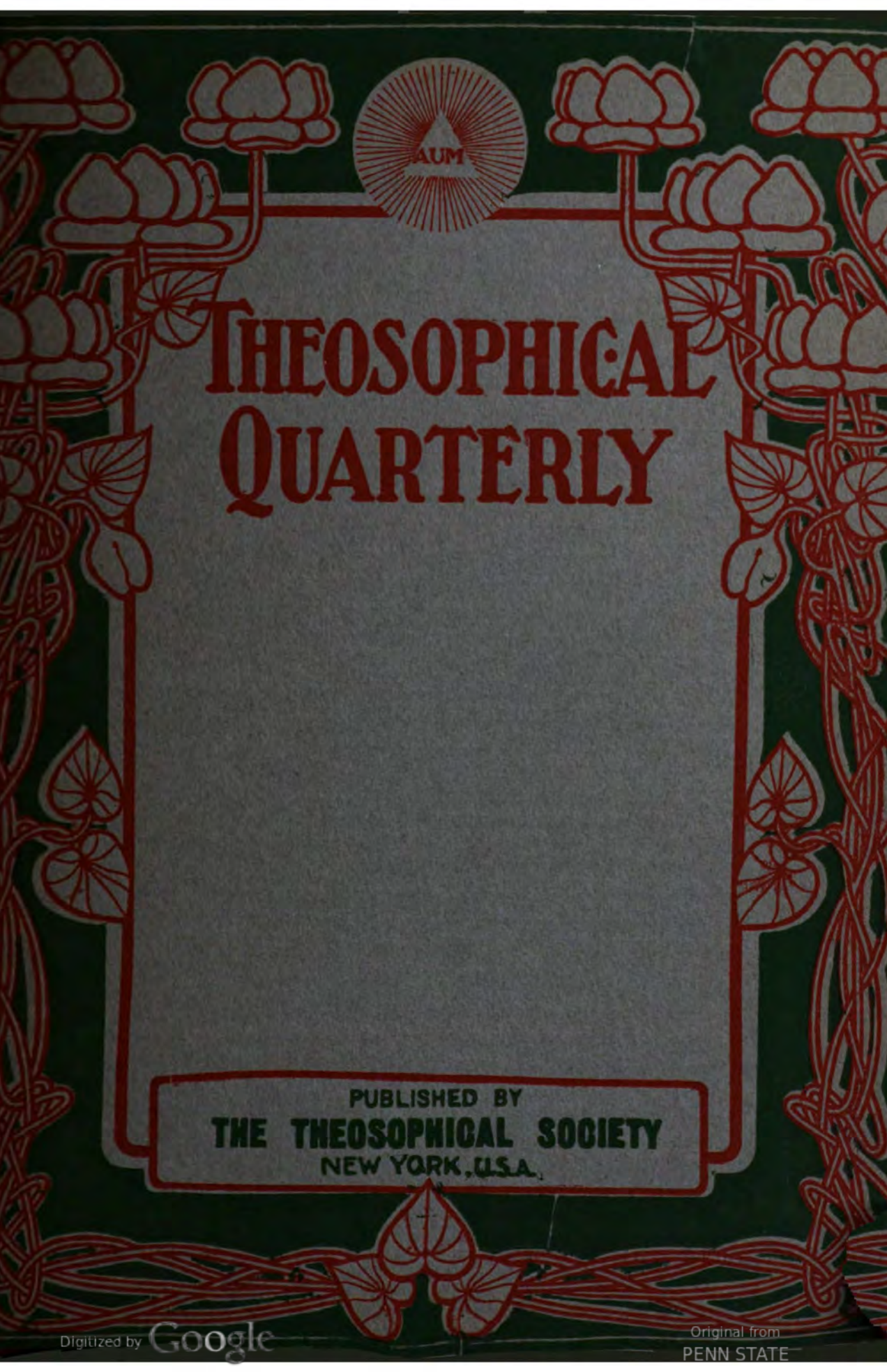
"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W., England.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1915

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE LODGE AND THE WAR

A Conjecture

TO begin with, it is wise to say once more, what has been said so often, that, for the views and opinions expressed in this or any other article in The Theosophical Quarterly, The Theosophical Society, as such, is in no way responsible; nor are the Editors responsible for the views of any article; though they are responsible for its compliance with the general rules of Theosophical discussion: "Gently to hear; kindly to judge." But, as has also been said again and again, the Theosophical attitude, the true principle of tolerance, in no sense binds one to tolerate evil, or to call evil good. There are situations, and many of them, when to tolerate evil is to become an accessory to that evil; when to gloss over sins against the spirit of truth and righteousness, is to poison the wells of life; to co-operate with the active, alert, malevolent Powers of Darkness.

All who have read more than superficially in the literature of our movement, and this will mean the whole cycle of the religious and spiritual literature of mankind, have had borne in upon their consciousness, to the point of forming an unshakable conviction, that there are very real Powers of Darkness, active Forces of Evil, as conscious, as deliberate, as full of purpose, as individual, as are the holy forces that oppose them, the Masters of the White Lodge. Perhaps the writings of H. P. Blavatsky have rendered no more signal service than this: to bring out, in striking relief, the picture of these two opposing armies, the Lodge of Light and the Lodge of Darkness.

All who have read, with any understanding, the book of their own hearts, will have realized that this eternal conflict is raging there. "As

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above, so below." And if we see it in ourselves, as all but fools must, we should be worse than fools if we failed to recognize that our own daily struggles are but the reflection of this cosmic strife. Logic compels us to see in the infinite all that the finite contains; to see in the finite—even in the infinitely little—the utmost of infinity. To scoff at the War in Heaven is to be blind to the facts of life.

Practically everything that H. P. Blavatsky has written concerning spiritual life bears directly on this: the work of the White Lodge with its disciples; the powers of Masters; the conditions of discipleship. And at every point it is made startlingly clear that the Masters of Evil oppose the Masters of Good; the forces of uncleanness and bestiality and tyranny war against the forces of holiness and of light. Those who go through H. P. Blavatsky's writings seeking for clues, for fuller information concerning this grim fact, will find a very complete revelation of the methods and aims of the opposing forces, and will gradually come to realize that the tense, unending battle between them covers the whole field of life; not only the more hidden realms of consciousness, through all the regions of the astral world, but our daily life also, in all its activities.

It becomes evident, too, that this gigantic struggle has gone on from the beginning of human evolution; from the vastly remote epochs when what is now humanity was far less material, far more astral; not yet consolidated to the concrete form we are familiar with. And it becomes evident that the presence of enormous possibilities of evil is inevitable. For it was the Divine Purpose from the beginning to endow the souls of men with marvellous powers, with an archangel's reach and potency; and the possibility of good carries with it, inevitably, the possibility of evil. It is conceivable that beings might have been formed, able to wield enormous forces in one way only, along one line only, without the possibility of going astray. But these would be automata, not archangels. And the development of divine beings with free will and unlimited power, which is the purpose of Divinity, means, and must mean that these beings, once endowed with power, may either use or misuse it. In this sense, God created evil; for He allowed the two alternatives: the free choice between good and evil; between obedience and rebellion.

There have been, therefore, at every stage of the vast progression of our spiritual development, great powers that have chosen good; that have set themselves, through sacrifice and obedience, to carry out, to strengthen and fortify, the work of the Divine Will; the work of the White Lodge, in which is embodied the Divine Will for our humanity. And there have been likewise rebels, who, knowing the good, have chosen the evil; seeing holiness, have preferred foulness, rejecting love and choosing malevolence. And these Powers of Darkness have built

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up their organization, their Black Lodge, compact, determined, vigilant; unwearying as only the highest powers, whether of good or evil, are unwearying.

It will follow also that the continued life of these Powers of Evil depends on the maintenance of conditions, which one may call astral or spiritual, consonant with their natures. It is said that certain of the fouler astral organisms can live and grow strong only on the fumes of alcohol or of blood, and that, in order to obtain these, they ceaselessly incite to drunkenness and murder. On a far greater scale, and in a deeper sense, the Powers of Evil, the Masters of the Black Lodge and their disciples, can continue to exist only so long as the aura of humanity is full of evil and darkness, of malevolence and lust, of tyrannous wrath and bestiality. There must be this gross material in the atmosphere of the world. Otherwise the Powers of Evil will starve to death. This poison is as necessary for their existence as carbonic acid gas, which is fatal to human life, is necessary to the life of plants. But while the plants absorb carbonic acid and give off pure oxygen, the Powers of Evil multiply evil, as filth breeds filthy organisms, increasingly destructive.

The power and purity of the White Lodge is fatal to the Powers of Evil, as light dispels darkness. And the White Lodge and its Masters would remain unassailable, if they were willing to dwell altogether in their own high world. But, since their very essence is love and helpfulness—because they embody the great Divine Purpose for all mankind—therefore the Masters of Light have never consented, and can never consent, so to withdraw behind their unassailable battlements. They ceaselessly mingle their life with ours, and thereby render themselves vulnerable, to that degree, to the shafts of evil. Hence there are wounds that can never be healed until the wounds of humanity are healed.

Humanity, therefore, with its races, its individuals, is and has always been the daily and hourly battleground between the forces of Good and the forces of Evil: "War in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon; and the Dragon fought and his angels." And that fight is being waged now, as in heaven, so on earth. There have been, in the past, climacteric epochs, when the Powers of Good and the Powers of Evil have faced each other more palpably, more visibly. The scriptures of all nations hold echoes of these "wars between the Gods and the Titans," these contests between the forces of Ormuzd and the forces of Ahriman. And, beneath the thin veil of symbolism, they are absolutely historical; they are recurrent; they take such forms as the World War that rages today.

In the writings, already referred to, of H. P. Blavatsky, one finds certain of these world-conflicts between Good and Evil clearly depicted,

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stripped of their mythological veils; such a contest was that between the Aryans and the Atlanteans, in which Masters openly took part on either side. The sins which gradually ranged the Atlanteans on the side of Evil, which made their civilization a fitting vehicle for the incarnation of the greater Powers of Evil, are there set forth at length. They rest on two chief principles: rebellious will, and bestial self-indulgence; and both strengthen and increase that foul aura of evil on which these detestable beings live, as maggots live on rottenness.

In that contest, the devils were scotched, not killed; and they have ever since looked forward to renewing the campaign, with better fortune, planning with endless patience, with subtle craft, with desperate determination. For decisive defeat means for them a ghastly disintegration, irremediable death, death from which there will be no resurrection. Therefore they fight, and at this moment are fighting, with the energy of despair, knowing that for them defeat will mean "a night with no to-morrow." Therefore they fight with infinite cunning, for the powers of the intellect, misused, are, in a sense, their special prerogative, and enormous natural and supernatural forces are available for their purposes.

If we think once more of the principle on which rests their life; the cold, deliberate choice of evil, the lucid determination to rebel against the Divine Will and the Divine Light, in order to follow out the purposes of their own wills, in boundless, bestial self-indulgence, we shall be able to determine the hall-marks of their presence and their work. The assertion of the will against the Will of God—which is the essence of evil—must mean, equally, the assertion of that will against the lawful will and liberty of others; therefore a gross and truculent tyranny will always indicate the handiwork of these bullying Powers of Evil. Arrogance, vanity, evil ambition—the purpose to grow strong by weakening others—are of the very essence of their atmosphere. Therefore, when they find the sparks of these evil passions in the hearts of men and of nations, they will sedulously fan them into flame. It is always their interest to strengthen the arrogant, to flatter the vain, to encourage base ambitions, since they wax and grow strong on the evil vapors of these sins; since every evil will and base purpose strengthens and reinforces their wills, and so gives them a new lease of life. Therefore, if the Powers of Evil detect, in nations or in individuals, the seeds of arrogant vanity, they will do all in their power—and their power is vast—to feed that arrogance with evil success, to gratify that base ambition, so that the man or the nation who serves them will find himself, or itself, rich in their evil treasure, successful with their foul success.

The relation of the Powers of Evil to the intellect has been spoken of. They have a subtle insight into the laws of material life, a resourceful mastery over the grosser, and some of the subtler, forces of nature.

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And they are capable of inspiring and fostering the same knowledge in others: in those who, through the seed of evil in their characters, are, at first unconsciously, the potential disciples of the Black Lodge. A large development of material science, therefore, is, and has always been, within the scope and policy of the Black Lodge. It was so in the days of Atlantis. It is so equally today.

With this highly developed material science will go a philosophy to match: a creed that rests in unbelief, a faith in faithlessness, a devotion to treachery. There will come, gradually instilled into the nation which, by its inclination, has made itself the vehicle of evil, a doctrine of Satanism, a glorification of the brute, hymns of praise to bestiality, a sapping of belief in whatever things are true, whatever things are holy. And, from generation to generation, side by side with immense efficiency and energy—for the Black Lodge is compact and untiring—there will go on this progressive degeneration of the moral nature, this corroding of the moral fibre, until all vestiges of more humane and benignant life are rotted away, and there remain no obstacles at all in the natures of these neophytes of evil, to impede the full tide of cruelty and bestiality in which the Black Lodge finds its account.

Corroding unfaith, scepticism, a disbelief, openly professed, in all things good: in loyalty, sacrifice, purity, love; this is one of the surest signs of the presence of the Black Lodge, in a nation or in an individual. And this profound practical atheism may go with loud professions of national religion, or blasphemous familiarity with the majesty of God. For the devils are hypocrites and traitors from the beginning.

This principle of treason is another hall-mark of the Black Lodge which ceaselessly promises, only to leave its victims cheated and blasted in the end. Treachery: therefore we shall see international unfaith, the brazen defence of broken pledges, the cynical, lying attribution of these same procedures to opponents, invariably present in the nation or nations that have given themselves into the hands of the Black Lodge. It is an old trick of the devils, to try to besmear the angels with their own foulness.

Yet another side of this treachery, and a foul and ugly one, is the wide-spread practice of personal treason. When the nation which has been stamped with the sign of Satan—wearing on the forehead the mark of the beast—accepts the creed of international treachery and lying, the individuals of that nation, men and women, share the karma and the shame, and presently they will be found trying, by personal treason, to further the same evil ends. They find their account in a certain evil vanity, puffed up by the sense of their nation's strength and invincibility. So, where they come into touch with the men and women of other

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nations, and especially in positions of trust, they make haste to cheat and lie. And the spy-service of that country becomes an international menace, a living danger to the honour and honesty and safety of the whole of humanity. Treachery then, and the wide-spread organization of treachery—always under the hypocritical guise of national service—is another hall-mark of the active and sinister presence of the Black Lodge.

Lying will go with treachery. The creed of lies, accepted as part of that nation's gospel, will so corrupt and corrode the moral nature of its members, that simple truth in any relation will become impossible. The whole nation will end by lying to each other and to themselves. There will be a methodical, systematic misrepresentation of the motives and acts of other nations, a cynical attribution to them also of motives treacherous, false, dishonorable. The whole nation will be fed on lies, defaming and inflammatory lies, and always—with true devil's hypocrisy —in the name of righteousness and truth, God being ceaselessly called on, to witness to the testimony.

Then, after long preparation by the subtle, fiercely energetic and untiring Powers of Evil, there will come the time when the Black Lodge thinks itself strong enough to fight once more openly against the Light, powerful enough to retrieve the great disaster, when the standards of Atlantis were beaten down. The principles of bullying and lying will set about their task, and the close-knit forces of evil will be let loose upon the world—amid a flood of treachery and fraud. And the weapons of that army of darkness, once it has opened its road by treason and lying, will be abominable cruelty and detestable terrorism, a cruelty that not only does not spare non-combatants, but that, at its climax, finds its crowning joy in foul assaults on women, in the torture and murder of children.

It has been said before, in these Notes, that one of the menaces of our time is the pretence that "the devil is a gentleman," far better company than the smug tedious angels. The devils have but one trick better than such a belief as that; and this is the belief that the devils themselves are myths. It is one of the ghastly benefits of the year through which we have lived, that this veil at least has been torn away. All men, all women, have been convinced of the reality of devilish cruelty, devilish tyranny, devilish lust, devilish foulness. What a terrible account against any nation, that its one positive achievement is to have revived in the world the conviction of incarnate evil.

The lines are set, therefore; the battle is on, between the White Lodge and the Black. Among the nations, there are those that, through inherent arrogance, vanity, foulness, have yielded themselves up exultantly to the Black Powers—who will use them only to betray them.

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Among the nations there are those who, from inherent loyalty, love of honour and of justice, of the purer essence of liberty, by the fire of their devotion and their power of sacrifice, have made it possible for the Great White Lodge to make them its instruments. The results, to both, will be momentous, and will change the face of all future time. The veils are being torn away, and the tremendous spiritual forces amid which we walk are becoming visible to all men. From this, to an advance of the elect nations into the very halls of the White Lodge, the step is not a great one, and it will assuredly be taken.

So two groups of nations with varying degrees of consciousness, have taken upon them the immemorial war. Between them, the issues for long ages to come are being fought out, the issues between Light and Darkness, between incarnate Good and incarnate Evil. There are these nations, on the one hand and on the other, warring for God and for Satan. And there are nations that, with appalling folly, affect, in the name of superlative virtue, to stand neutral between God and Satan. For such nations, too, the results will be far-reaching, decisive; for nothing so surely and finally places a nation, or a man, as his refusal to place himself, in the vast conflict between Good and Evil. It matters little whether his determining impulse be vanity, or Phariseeism, or cowardice. His final fate will be the same.

But this tremendous battle between Good and Evil is not confined to the belligerents. Nor is the power to make or mar, to help or hinder, restricted to those who are actually bearing arms and facing death. Within the belligerent nations, there are traitorous elements, inspired by exactly the same forces of evil—self-seeking, arrogant, preferring their own supposed gain to the nation's welfare. The great and just law will deal very decisively with these.

Nor does the war of mighty forces stop with these. It comes closer, far closer, and enters our own hearts. Hour by hour, we, no less than the men on the firing-line, are contestants in that battle. Great opportunities come to each of us incessantly. It is notorious, in the external world, that the best service the men of neutral nations can render, is, to provide shot and shell for the men who are fighting for the right. But we also, each of us in our own hearts, have the power to provide the White Lodge with priceless munitions of war: our faith, our loyalty to the right, our spirit of sacrifice, and—vitally important—our real comprehension of the issues involved in this momentous war; all these things are munitions available for the great White Lodge, just as our selfishness, baseness, cowardice, vanity are valued supplies for their opponents. Who can tell, in the more visible warfare, which shell is to decide an engagement? And which of us can tell whether this or that act of sacrifice or heroism, of loyalty and faith, may not turn the scale towards righteousness, in this momentous battle of the worlds?

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FRAGMENTS

WHILE we are fighting our recognized defects, let us at the same time keep our eyes upon our virtues. These are less easy to manage. One is the enemy in the open, the other the enemy in ambush. Even the simplest and humblest amongst us is inclined to feel safe where his virtues lie, as if there he were under cover; and yet my own experience has taught me that the more serious danger exists in that direction, and because of this very sense of security. This is of course hardly true of earlier stages, where crude and rudimentary conditions must be met and adjusted. But once the preliminary breaking up of ground has been effected,—the large stones removed and the wild growths,—then we are wise to expect our impediments to consist in subtler and more insidious forms, and our virtues may well claim our attention.

In the world of duality no virtue can be perfect; for our duality does not alone consist in the virtue and its counterpart vice, but also in the nature of the virtue itself, which will have its light and dark sides.

For instance, you are patient. But where is your patience indistinguishable from indifference? Where is it dyed with the colour of your self-satisfaction? Where is it but a wish to save yourself trouble, the unwillingness to speak the word that should be spoken and to take the consequences, no matter how disagreeable? How often is it a cloak even for cowardice?

Or again, we love to serve others. But how much of this feeling is only self-pleasing? To how great an extent do we completely forget ourselves in the happiness of others? Or are we trying to make them happy *our way*, bending their wills and wishes to our own, and then because we have tired ourselves out over it, fancying ourselves very unselfish,—perhaps even going so far as to think ourselves unappreciated? Unappreciated, good heavens, when perhaps the poor wretch we were "serving," has had his whole life saddened by our intolerance, our persistence, our utter disregard of his tastes or opinions!

Or our purity; how much of it is merely lack of imagination, deadness of enthusiasm, inability to feel? Psychic anæmia or negativeness, should never be confused (though it often is), with that burning white flame in whose heat evil is consumed, and whose encircling fire no devil can approach.

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Years ago, Judge told me of the Blackie who, visiting him with hostile intent, appeared in a blue coat, in an effort to disguise his real nature; and the worst forces that move or govern us, are often masquerading in the rainbow tints of angelic virtues. Self-love alone can make the deception a success. Serenely aware of our deficiencies (for true humility is always serene), we shall suspect our virtues, and study them narrowly, detecting their disguise; and so never be obliged to suffer the shame of having them, in the "last day," uncloaked for us before the angels.

There is but one way in which we can prepare for final judgment, and that is to *forestall* it.

Surely he who judges himself with the extremest rigour; who holds himself to the severest account for each infraction of duty; who does not excuse himself, or indulge himself, or gloss over his weaknesses, or dress his faults in the shoddy finery of some imagined motive —what mortification of revelation, what extreme of punishment has he to fear?

Hence in all times and in all religions, teachers of the spiritual life have insisted upon searching and frequent self-examination. The future has then no horrors of surprise for us,—only the endless surprise, the blinding light of the vision of the mercy and love of God, and the Masters' blessing upon those whom they are spared the pain of judging, since their own condemnation had more than satisfied the Law.

A severe but deeply wise Teacher once said: "Give me the man who is tempted to distrust my judgment because of its mildness. I may have difficulty with him, BUT THAT KIND NEVER FAILS."

Try to preserve exterior silence in yourself and in your household; see that voices are low, that doors do not bang, that footsteps are noiseless. The angels do not come to noisy places nor to noisy people. Can you expect to hear the Voice of the Silence in the midst of din and clatter? And only an advanced disciple can distinguish the Master's tones in such conditions. Could you follow strains of music in the uproar of a cannonade? Practise silence then; train yourself to it; train those under and about you. The world hates it; the devil hates it; but it is the very atmosphere of heaven: there is no silence in hell. A devout man is never noisy, and a noisy man is not devout. And if

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you ask me if all quiet people are good, I shall answer at once—*to that extent*. Evil of itself creates noise, as part of the confusion it makes in the spiritual and psychic worlds. Not for long can its echoes be kept back even through the dense curtain of material life. Some explosion forces to the surface, though it may be an earthquake on the other side of the world. The burglar who creeps by stealth into your house, may not waken you, but the noise he makes resounds through space. The disciple, whose inner ears are opened, would hear him instantly.

These suggestions will show you perhaps how much silence means, and what is involved in it.

CAVÉ.

I hear so many mourning that the path of discipleship is so difficult. Life is hard enough at the best, they say, but when spiritual effort comes in, it seems unbearable.

I have to confess that I cannot understand their meaning. In the difficulty lies both the interest and the incentive. I do not know what the man is made of who wants only easy things to do, or who finds interest in easy things. I cannot see that happiness would be found in mere mechanical facility, an endless repetition of one single tune, until the keys broke from much fingering.

Those who feel like this have no need to worry. Discipleship is not for them as yet. When it is, their humour will have changed.

I have heard that only he who feels that he must die if the Master do not take him, can send his appeal to the place where the Master hears.

M. T.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT

III

"I admonish thee, whosoever thou art that desirest to dive into the innermost parts of nature; if that thou seekest thou findest not *within thee,* thou wilt *never find it without thee.* If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek after the excellency of other things? O MAN, KNOW THYSELF! IN THEE IS HID THE TREASURE OF TREASURES."

Quoted in Vol. II of *Isis,* p. 617.

MUCH confusion has arisen in the Church's understanding of St. Paul's teaching about the Spirit because, on the one hand, he is, as he himself repeatedly says, writing of "a mystery"; and on the other, because he uses the term in two different senses —a particular and a general. The Church as we know it, having lost almost from the start so much of the mysteries, has had no clue by which to distinguish these differences, and has built up its dogmatic theories almost entirely on misinterpretations of what Paul really was saying. In addition to this, Paul's own knowledge grew and changed with the years, so that a term used with one shade of meaning in earlier epistles would in later become a richer and more far-reaching medium of expression. Again the Church, able to note this external change, but failing in the first instance to grasp Paul's inner intention, was left more hopelessly in the dark by each successive onward step. And when Paul's teaching as understood in this abortive way was forcibly combined with the half-digested speculations about the Trinity, there emerged our modern doctrine of the Spirit, contained in the creeds, elucidated by dogmatic treatises, and understood, in the last analysis, by nobody.

Paul's epistles are rich in direct instruction on the Holy Spirit. When we find him writing in the seventh chapter of I Corinthians, "and I also think that I have the Spirit of God," we feel that he does speak with authority, with the vital force of a personal experience. Indeed, this constant return to a personal, immediate, ever-present experience is one of the striking features of Paul's whole thesis. There are times (and they have their special significance) when he treats of the Holy Spirit along Old Testament lines, as a basis of all nature, as a background of existence, as a parallel with the Mulaprakriti of Hindu metaphysics. But there are other times, and these greatly in the majority, when Paul seems to be giving us a special revelation, when the Holy Spirit is manifested as a Spirit in each Christian, and above all in each

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disciple. Himself a high disciple, he speaks with increasing fullness and emphasis on this personal distinction which the Spirit's possession by a baptized man conferred upon him; demanding a corresponding discipline of life, and an entire obedience to the laws governing the spiritual order. At least partial consciousness of the presence of the Spirit in the disciple's inner life was made the basis for nearly all that Paul taught; and it was so taken for granted that we cannot but suspect that our understanding of Paul without this background, must be faulty in many respects.

Nevertheless there are certain aspects of the subject which seem clear enough; and where a "mystery" is suggested, at least we can assemble all the hints available, and throw on each such additional light as our Theosophical literature has given us.

Throughout the writings of Paul it would be well if it be borne in mind that he was an initiate, not merely in the general and loose sense in which that word was then used of the corrupted Greek or Alexandrian mystery-rites, but in the true sense, as one possessed of Divine Wisdom. Thus we find Madame Blavatsky writing of him in *Isis,* Vol. II, page 241, "There was but one apostle of Jesus worthy of that name, and that was Paul." This sentence sums up several chapters given to an analysis and comparison of Paul with the other apostles, their writings and lives; all of which, without being a final word on the subject, suggests that Paul alone correctly represented his Master. Besides giving Paul's teaching this pre-eminent place as revealing in truest form the spirit of the Master Jesus, she speaks of him some dozen times quite explicitly as an initiate. In *Isis,* Volume II, page 146, she writes:

"The narrative of the Apostle Paul, in his second *Epistle to the Corinthians* (xii, 3, 4), has struck several scholars, well versed in the descriptions of the mystical rites of the initiation given by some classics, as alluding most undoubtedly to the final *Epopteia.* 'I knew a certain man—*whether in body or outside of body,* I know not: God knoweth—who was rapt into Paradise, and heard things ineffable *'ἄρρητα ῥήματα* which it is not lawful for a man to repeat.' These words have rarely, so far as we know, been regarded by commentators as an allusion to the beatific visions of an *'initiated'* seer. But the phraseology is unequivocal. These things 'which it is not lawful to repeat,' are hinted at in the same words, and the reason for it assigned, is the same as that which we find repeatedly expressed by Plato, Proclus, Iamblicus, Herodotus, and other classics. 'We speak WISDOM only among them who are PERFECT,' says Paul; the plain and undeniable translation of the sentence being: 'We speak of the profounder (or final) esoteric doctrines of the mysteries (which are denominated *wisdom*) only among them who are *initiated.*' So in relation to the 'man who was rapt into Paradise'—and who was evidently Paul himself [a note states that "Cyril of Jerusalem asserts it"]—the Christian word Paradise having replaced that of Elysium. To complete the proof, we might recall the words of Plato, given elsewhere,

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which show that before an initiate could see the gods in their purest light, he had to become *liberated* from his body; *i. e.*, to separate his astral soul from it."

Madame Blavatsky in an earlier passage (p. 90) of the same volume adduces further evidence no less interesting, whose significance will be dealt with subsequently.

"Another proof that Paul belonged to the circle of the 'Initiates' lies in the following fact. The apostle had his head shorn at Cenchrea [Acts 18, 18] (where Lucius, *Apuleius,* was initiated) because 'he had a vow.' The *nazars*—or set apart—as we see in the Jewish Scriptures, had to cut their hair which they wore long, and which 'no razor touched,' at any other time, and sacrificed it on the altar of initiation. And the nazars were a class of Chaldean theurgists. We will show further that Jesus belonged to this class.

"Paul declares that: 'According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation.' [I Cor. iii., 10].

"This expression, master-builder, used only *once* in the whole *Bible,* and by Paul, may be considered as a whole revelation. In the Mysteries, the third part of the sacred rites was called *Epopteia,* or revelation, reception into the secrets. In substance it means that stage of divine clairvoyance when everything pertaining to this earth disappears, and earthly sight is paralysed, and the soul is united free and pure with its Spirit, or God. But the real significance of the word is 'overseeing,' from *ὁπτομαι—I see myself.* In Sanscrit the word *evâpto* has the same meaning, as well as *to obtain* [long note omitted]. The word *èpópteia* is a compound one, from Επι—upon, and *ὁπτομαι*—to look, or an overseer, an inspector—also used for a master-builder. The title of master-mason, in Freemasonry, is derived from this, in the sense used in the Mysteries. Therefore, when Paul entitles himself a 'master-builder,' he is using a word pre-eminently kabalistic, theurgic and masonic, and one which no other apostle uses. He thus declares himself an *adept,* having the right to *initiate* others."

We have quoted thus at length because only as a new light and scope can be given to Paul's familiar phrases will his teaching in its true inwardness be revealed to us. In spite of its familiarity, we must realize that after all, Paul and the whole *New Testament* is Scripture, and contains "all things necessary to salvation," if we can but dig it out. Thus in the *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. II, p. 515) it is stated that "The cautious hints of Paul have all the true esoteric meaning, and it took centuries of scholastic casuistry to give them the present false colouring in their interpretation." In his teaching about the Holy Spirit, then, we may safely look for an index to spiritual laws, and to a divine rather than to a man-made wisdom.

Turning to Paul's epistles with this in mind, we are enable to regard what he writes in, perhaps, an entirely different light. We are accus-

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tomed to think of Paul too often as no more than the energetic worker and courageous martyr whose general example we are boldly inspired to emulate. His arguments against the Judaisers are out of date, circumcision is no longer a burning question, and his theology does not interest us. But Paul was much more than this. If truly an initiate he was possessed of all the wisdom and knowledge we associate with the Secret Doctrine. Frequent allusions to a "mystery," besides the hint of our Foundress, lead us naturally to look for some correspondence between the direct teachings of Theosophy and the heart of Paul's own message. Fundamentally there can be no difference; the source is one. And Paul was addressing, even in these Epistles, "Saints" of the Church, whom on occasion, he characterizes as "wise," into whom the Spirit had descended, and who possessed themselves powers and enlightenment far beyond our usual attainment. It would seem, therefore, that much more could be extracted from Paul than an historical picture, or a system of theology, or even a code of morals and ethics,—and that without subverting the text.

Paul's teaching about the Spirit is so frequent that it is usually passed over as a manner of speech. It is only when the different references, when the many angles of his thought, are all combined that we get something of a view of what it is he really has in mind. In order not to repeat himself he is forced to use phrase after phrase that bring out each its peculiar attribute, and a conception soon emerges whose very existence was before overlooked, and whose interest and import are a revelation.

In the two earliest letters, written *circa* 53 to the Thessalonian Church which Paul had founded eighteen months before (Acts xvii., 1-10), we hear at the outset that his preaching of the Gospel was attended by manifestations of the Spirit. Thessalonica (now Salonika) in Macedonia was in Paul's time the second commercial city of the European Greeks, because a sea-port and the center of the Via Egnatia, the high-road from the Adriatic to the Hellespont. We must not picture to ourselves, then, a little Oriental country village, but a great business town whose populace had all the characteristics of our own materialistic civilization. But to these people "our gospel came not unto you in word only but also in power and in Holy Spirit and much assurance" (I Thess., i. 5)* And the next verse adds: "Ye became imitators of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Spirit." That is, the Spirit which gave power of conversion to preachers, brought to the penitents, in spite of their afflictions, "joy of the Holy Spirit." This joy is of so frequent occurrence as to become a recognized sign, to which Paul constantly refers, using it to remind his penitents of the validity of their experience.

* Both the Authorized and Revised Versions are quoted interchangeably as seems best to develop our interpretation of Paul's meaning. Occasionally our own translation is used where a choice of the meaning of a Greek word seems to give truer colouring.

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The conversion of this group made them "an ensample to all that believe, in Macedonia and Arabia. For from you hath sounded forth the Word of the Lord. . . ." Jews and Greeks, prominent business men and women were roused by Paul's words and example, were baptized, and received the Holy Spirit. They then in their turn preached the new gospel, gaining converts, and strengthening their own numbers.

Paul continues, with winning reminders, to narrate how "And for this cause we also thank God without ceasing, that, when ye received from us the word of the message, even the word of God, ye accepted it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which also worketh in you that believe." Here we find Paul speaking of "the word" working "in" the disciples just as later the Spirit is described as working in them.

But if the word of God is working in them, impurity of life must be an impossibility; the Thessalonians must realize that "God called us not for impurity but in sanctification. Therefore he who sets at naught [this calling] sets at naught not man but God, who giveth his Spirit, the Holy Spirit, into you." The Greek ἐν ἁγιασμῷ, "in sanctification," implies a progressive holiness, a continual outpouring "into" the hearts of the believers, which renders any act of impurity on their part a contempt of God and of his Spirit. Thus, after the coming of the Spirit at the moment of the laying on of hands (which always accompanied baptism at that time) there is the unceasing renewal of the Spirit unless interrupted by evil living.

Further, at Thessalonica, the Spirit brought with it the power of prophecy, which had been either undervalued or feared as unnatural. Paul, however, writes "Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings, *but* prove all things; hold fast that which is good; abstain from every appearance of evil. And the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire (blameless) at the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The second letter, besides urging these Thessalonians "unto salvation in sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," contains a reference to the "coming" or "presence" of the Master which carries with it a shade of meaning not generally attributed to it. The passage, one characteristically Pauline in its involved juxtaposition of many thoughts, reads in part (II Thess., ii. 1 ff.), "Now we beseech you, brethren, touching the presence [both versions translate "coming"] of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him; to the end that ye be not quickly shaken from your mind, nor yet be troubled, either through spirit, or through speech, (λόγου), or through an epistle as from us, as that the day of the Lord is present; let no man deceive you in any wise. . . ." Παρουσίας, the Greek word translated in both versions "coming," is derived from παρειμί, to be beside, and means primarily "a being present." Classically it never implied "coming," though in Paul's time it had the meaning of "arrival." A further study of all the *New Testament*

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references to the second coming of Christ seems to divide them into two groups. The simple word ἔρχομαι, come, is used by the Master himself to foretell the Second Advent, as also with the other direct accounts given by the Evangelists. But there are similar passages which refer very obscurely to this second coming of Christ, but which take on a greater clearness and naturalness when interpreted to be descriptions rather of the abiding presence, or appearances of the risen Christ to his disciples in the post-ascension age. This distinction can be traced with convincing clearness in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, where it is narrated that the disciples come to Jesus "privately," asking him, "Tell us, when shall these things be? and what the sign of Thy presence (παρουσία, not ἔρχομαι), and of the consummation of the age?" The Master, answering their questions in order, first warns his disciples against false Christs. "If therefore they shall say unto you: .... "Behold, he is in the inner chamber; believe not. For as the lightening cometh forth from the east, and is seen even unto the west, so shall be the presence (παρουσία) of the Son of Man. This imagery is reminiscent of the appearance of angels and all other-worldy beings as given in every religious literature, from the pillar of fire of the Old Testament to the exorteric stories of Indian, Persian, and Greek mythologies. Jesus then continues, answering the disciples' last question, by saying that "*after* the tribulation of those days" the Son of Man shall *come* (ἔρχομαι) in the clouds of heaven.

If our interpretation of this and cognate passages be correct, those supposed to deal exclusively with the Second Advent may properly be divided into two:—a minority rightly dealing with this Advent, and a majority which seem to intimate manifestations of the risen Christ.*

Apart from other significance as tending to establish the fact that the ascended Master never finally departed from earth, as so often taught by the Churches, their understanding of an immediate presence or appearance of Christ has a particular interest for us because it is "through Spirit" that this perception occurs. There had been controversy in the Thessalonian Church about this "presence," and the explanation is not far to seek. Some, who were sufficiently advanced in discipleship, were aware "through Spirit" of the Master's presence at their "gathering together unto him"; others, less gifted, failed to be so conscious, and mistrusted the epistles of Paul or the talk about it they heard amongst the others. Very possibly, also, these higher disciples did not explain at all fully, what was to them a sacred experience; certainly Paul's explanation

* To the group which, while using the Greek παρουσία, bears out consistently the interpretation of the *presence* rather than the *Second Coming* of Christ, the following passages belong. St. Matt. xxiv. 3, 27, 37, 39; I Cor. xv. 23; II Thess. ii. 1, 8, 9, 10; Jas. v. 7 ff.; II Pet. i. 16; iii. 4, 12; I Ju. i i.28. There are also numerous passages which being differently constructed, do not use either word under discussion, but which should be studied in this light. Such are I Cor. i. 8; v. 5; II Cor. i, 14, etc.

Those passages using ἔρθομαι and obviously referring to the Second Advent, are St. Matt. x. 23; xvi. 27; xxiv. 30, 43, 45, 46, 50; xxvi. 64; St. Mk. viii. 38 ff.; xii. 26; St. Lk. xxi. 27; St. Ju. xxi. 22; Acts i. 11; II Thess. i 10; Rev. i. 7.

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is veiled in curiously involved and vague language. At any rate there emerges the fact that the Spirit in man is able to perceive and recognize the "presence" of the Master.

So far these references to the Holy Spirit are consistent with the early date of the Epistles to the Thessalonians, for they do not carry us with any exactitude beyond the general experience of primitive Christianity. When we proceed to the next two letters, we find that the Apostle has begun to think out his faith in many directions, and to deliver far more precise and mature instruction, especially regarding the Spirit. A possible explanation of this is to be sought not merely in Paul's own growth due to the lapse of time (I Corinthians, the next letter, was written in 55), but in the spiritual degree of development of the disciples to whom he was writing. For we find Paul addressing them as those "sanctified in Christ Jesus, called Saints."

These Corinthians were again chiefly Greek converts living in a commercial city; and the same dangers threatened to disintegrate this Church as the Thessalonian. But at Corinth there were additional difficulties: a disposition to form rival factions within the Christian body; an anti-Pauline, possibly Petrene and Judaistic, controversy; an intellectual provincialism; above all a levity which refused to take the great realities of life seriously, and trifled with the most solemn of Christian ordinances and with the spiritual gifts.

Paul meets this condition first with a reminder of the manifestations of Spirit that accompanied his own early ministry at Corinth (I Cor., ii. 4 ff.). "My speech and my preaching (testimony) were not with persuasible words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of Spirit and power: that your faith should not be in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." If this be the fact, as it undeniably was, then there is involved not just the everyday appeal of religious morality, but the principles and standards of a disciple's plane of life and understanding. Therefore Paul says, "Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet a wisdom not of this age, nor of the rulers of this age, which are coming to naught: but we speak God's wisdom that hath been hidden, which God fore-ordained before the world's unto our glory: which none of the rulers of this world knoweth: ..." The Corinthians had heard from him none of those typical Greek philosophical arguments, unsatisfying, inconclusive, endless;—despite their sincerity, empty of all vital quality because dispensing with moral discipline, and therefore dissolving like vapours at the touch of any of life's harsher experience. Instead, Paul appealed to the higher consciences of these men, to the witness of the Spirit itself. And this witness was twofold, containing within itself the proof of certain knowledge. "In power," *i. e.*, in that outpouring of Lodge force through the channel of the Master Jesus, which showed itself in miracles, in prophesyings, and in the flaming joys of conversion. Secondly, in "wisdom not of this age," spoken to "the perfect," or the initiated as Madame Blavatsky tells us Paul signified.

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This appeal is at once conclusive and the highest that can be made. Paul would not have invoked the Divine Wisdom nor referred to a Secret Doctrine at all unless those Corinthians had already been aware of a mystery,—had already attained a certain degree of discipleship

But he does not stop there with no more than an allusion, but continues to tell us of this wisdom and the channel of its communication to us. "For unto us God revealed through the Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For who among men knoweth the things of a man, save the Spirit of the man, which is in him? Even so the things of God none knoweth, save the Spirit of God. But we received, not the Spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us by God. Which things also we speak, not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth; interpreting spiritual things to spiritual men. Now the psychic man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual discerneth all things, and he himself is discerned of no man."

Surely this language is indeed "unequivocal." To the man whose inner perceptions are awake,—"to him that hath"—already is given the insight and the knowledge; not "psychic," not the uncontrolled, experiential knowledge of the lower rational mind, but the higher, spiritual wisdom of the mystery-doctrine. For Paul closes by saying, "But we [i. e., the spiritual man] have the mind of Christ"; that is, we share up to our capacity in the mind of our Master, Christ.

Paul further (Chap. iii.) explains this great appeal he is making to the reality of the Spirit and of discipleship; to spiritual insight as above psychic; and to the substantial indwelling of the Spirit of God which brings with it discernment of spiritual things and of Christ's mind. "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, as unto babes in Christ. I fed you with milk, not with meat; for ye were not yet able to bear it; nay, not even now are ye able for ye are yet carnal;....." It is noteworthy that in contrast to this Paul later on writes (x. 15), in a reference to the Communion, "I speak as to *wise* men; examine ye what I say." But to return, "According to the grace of God which was given unto me, as a wise master-builder I laid a foundation; and another builded thereon." This, after saying, "For we are God's fellow-workers; ye are God's husbandry, God's building." To show what this really means, what responsibilities it involves;—responsibilities dating from baptism and the descent of the Spirit, be it remembered,—Paul adds, "But let each man take heed how he buildeth thereon. For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." That is, spiritual growth cannot come by man's wisdom because the foundation of a spiritual life, of spiritual existence, is not of man or of the material world, but in the Master. "Now if any man buildeth on the foundation, gold, silver,

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precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; each man's work shall be made manifest: for time ["day" in the sense of age or cycle: cf. II. Cor. vi. 2; Jn. viii, 56, etc.] shall declare it, because it is revealed by fire; and the fire itself shall prove each man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work shall abide which be built thereon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by (through) fire." This seems to be a manifest allusion to initiation, to the "fiery trial" that figures in so many religions as barring the path of the unprepared or aspiring disciple in his upward struggle. But it is more than a mere allusion, because this teaching which Paul is giving is "not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth," therefore it is specifically designated as for spiritually minded men, and not for "psychic." Psychic here means "having the nature and characteristics of *ψυχή*, *i. e.*, of the principle of animal life." So the challenge is given. If we are spiritually minded, we may understand these hints; if not, we "cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned." At least, we know that Paul is trying to describe to these disciples realities of the Spirit, and to admonish them of the presence and life of the Spirit in them.

To continue: "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, [H. P. B. translates "*a* temple of *a* God"] and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." By virtue of baptism the Spirit of God is laid in us as a foundation upon which is built the temple of the Spirit; holy, husbanded by God and developed with man's co-operation; finally, tried as by fire, and when proven, receiving a reward. Taking all things together, linking thought to thought, we here seem to have outlined a teaching concerning the inner life of a disciple. That "mystery," prepared "before the worlds," is revealed to us through the Spirit;—a Spirit not estranged from, or without us, but in us, laid there by God, teaching us, admonishing us, quickening us. For Paul repeats yet again (Chap. vi., 19) "Or know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have from God?" pointing out that because of *this* fact, they must "flee fornication," and "glorify God in your body." In fact, Paul uses this verity of the existence and operation of the Holy Spirit in a disciple as the heart of his doctrine. He tells of himself (vii., 40) "and I think that I also have the Spirit of God," and therefore he can and does set an example it would be wise to follow. Whatever the sin, whatever the difficulty, whether it be fornication, idolatry, drunkenness, or the eating of meats and "things sacrificed to idols," beneath all these lies the actuality of this Holy Spirit, and up to its standard must all things be measured.

So far Paul has been concerned chiefly with two things: establishing the fact of a Spirit within the disciples, and pointing out that, this being so, they are bound to live up to the standards of the spiritual world, are bound to live as disciples, or die. He now turns to the question of

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spiritual gifts; and it is from this point onward that more information can be formulated, and a less general idea of what Paul meant by the Spirit in us gleaned from his all too fragmentary statements. The main outlines have now been given us. There is Spirit, and there is *a* Spirit in each disciple. Discipleship resolves itself into the life of this Spirit; and Paul's epistles are exhortations to the life of discipleship. Everything he has to say hinges on this subject, and all throw light on the nature of the Holy Spirit. The more detailed and specific references to the Spirit do but give the ground-plan; for after all the Spirit world is not limited by mechanical and diagrammatic outlines, but is a life, and can only be revealed to us in terms of life. Hence Paul's teaching, though in places it seems vague, must be taken as a whole; and as the spirit of his message is assimilated, are we closest to an understanding of the heart of his doctrine.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*To be continued.*)

Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience, and little duties make the will dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, heart and conscience. We need not to be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.

H. E. MANNING.

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THE TELL-TALE PICTURE GALLERY*

ALTHOUGH the gallery of pictures about which I now write has long ago been abandoned, and never since its keepers left the spot where it was has it been seen there, similar galleries are still to be found in places that one cannot get into until guided to them. They are now secreted in distant and inaccessible spots; in the Himalaya mountains, beyond them, in Tibet, in underground India, and such mysterious localities. The need for reports by spies or for confessions by transgressors is not felt by secret fraternities which possess such strange recorders of the doings, thoughts, and condition of those whom they portray. In the brotherhoods of the Roman Catholic Church or in Freemasonry, no failure to abide by rules could ever be dealt with unless some one reported the delinquent or he himself made a confession. Every day mason after mason breaks both letter and spirit of the vows he made, but, no one knowing or making charges, he remains a mason in good standing. The soldier in camp or field oversteps the strictest rules of discipline, yet if done out of sight of those who could divulge or punish he remains untouched. And in various religious bodies, the members continually break, either in act or in thought, all the commandments, unknown to their fellows and the heads of the Church, with no loss of standing. But neither the great Roman Church, the Free Masons, nor any religious sect possesses such a gallery as that of which I will try to tell you, one in which is registered every smallest deed and thought.

I do not mean the Great Astral Light that retains faithful pictures of all we do, whether we be Theosophists or Scoffers, Catholics or Free Masons, but a veritable collection of simulacræ deliberately constructed so as to specialize one of the many functions of the Astral Light.

It was during one of my talks with the old man who turned into a wandering eye that I first heard of this wonderful gallery, and after his death I was shown the place itself. It was kept on the Sacred Island where of old many weird and magical things existed and events occurred. You may ask why these are not now found there, but you might as well request that I explain why Atlantis sank beneath the wave or why the great Assyrian Empire has disappeared. They have had their day, just as our present boasted civilization will come to its end and be extinguished. Cyclic law cannot be held from its operation, and just as sure as tides change on the globe and blood flows in the body, so sure is it that great doings reach their conclusion and powerful nations disappear.

* Reprinted from an early number of *The Path*.

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It was only a few months previous to the old man's death, when approaching dissolution or superior orders, I know not which, caused him to reveal many things and let slip hints as to others. He had been regretting his numerous errors one day, and turning to me said:

"And have you never seen the gallery where your actual spiritual state records itself?"

Not knowing what he meant I replied: "I did not know they had one here."

"Oh yes; it is in the old temple over by the mountain, and the diamond gives more light there than anywhere else."

Fearing to reveal my dense ignorance, not only of what he meant but also of the nature of this gallery, I continued the conversation in a way to elicit more information, and he, supposing I had known of others, began to describe this one. But in the very important part of the description he turned the subject as quickly as he had introduced it, so that I remained a prey to curiosity. And until the day of his death he did not again refer to it. The extraordinary manner of his decease, followed by the weird wandering eye, drove the thought of the pictures out of my head.

But it would seem that the effect of this floating, lonely, intelligent eye upon my character was a shadow or foretoken of my introduction to the gallery. His casual question, in connection with his own shortcomings and the lesson impressed on me by the intensification and concentration of all his nature into one eye that ever wandered about the Island, made me turn my thoughts inwards so as to discover and destroy the seeds of evil in myself. Meanwhile all duties in the temple where I lived were assiduously performed. One night after attaining to some humility of spirit, I fell quietly asleep with the white moonlight falling over the floor, and dreamed that I met the old man again as when alive, and that he asked me if I had yet seen the picture gallery. "No," said I in the dream, "I had forgotten it," awakening then at the sound of my own voice. Looking up, I saw standing in the moonlight a figure of one I had not seen in any of the temples. This being gazed at me with clear, cold eyes, and afar off sounded what I supposed its voice,

"Come with me."

Rising from the bed I went out into the night, following this laconic guide. The moon was full, high in her course, and all the place was full of her radiance. In the distance the walls of the temple nearest the diamond mountain appeared self-luminous. To that the guide walked, and we reached the door now standing wide open. As I came to the threshold, suddenly the lonely, grey, wandering eye of my old dead friend and co-disciple floated past looking deep into my own, and I read its expression as if it would say,

"The picture gallery is here."

We entered, and, although some priests were there, no one seemed to notice me. Through a court, across a hall, down a long corridor we went, and then into a wide and high roofless place with but one door.

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Only the stars in heaven adorned the space above, while streams of more than moonlight poured into it from the diamond, so that there were no shadows nor any need for lights. As the noiseless door swung softly to behind us, sad music floated down the place and ceased; just then a sudden shadow seemed to grow in one spot, but was quickly swallowed in the light.

"Examine with care, but touch not and fear nothing," said my taciturn cicerone. With these words he turned and left me alone.

But how could I say I was alone? The place was full of faces. They were ranged up and down the long hall; near the floor, above it, higher, on the walls, in the air, everywhere except in one aisle, but not a single one moved from its place, yet each was seemingly alive. And at intervals strange watchful creatures of the elemental world moved about from place to place. Were they watching me or the faces? Now I felt they had me in view, for sudden glances out of the corners of their eyes shot my way; but in a moment something happened showing they guarded or watched the faces.

I was standing looking at the face of an old friend about my own age who had been sent to another part of the island, and it filled me with sadness unaccountably. One of the curious elemental creatures moved up near it. In amazement I strained my eyes, for the picture of my friend was apparently discoloring. Its expression altered every moment. It turned from white to grey and yellow, and back to grey, and then suddenly it grew all black as if with rapid decomposition. Then again that same sad music I had heard on entering floated past me, while the blackness of the face seemed to cast a shadow, but not long. The elemental pounced upon the blackened face now soulless, tore it in pieces, and by some process known to itself dissipated the atoms and restored the brightness of the spot. But alas! my old friend's picture was gone, and I felt within me a heavy, almost unendurable gloom as of despair.

As I grew accustomed to the surroundings, my senses perceived every now and then sweet but low musical sounds that appeared to emanate from or around these faces. So, selecting one, I stood in front of it and watched. It was bright and pure. Its eyes looked into mine with the half-intelligence of a dream. Yes, it grew now and then a little brighter, and as that happened I heard the gentle music. This convinced me that the changes in expression were connected with the music.

But fearing I would be called away, I began to scan carefully the collection, and found that all my co-disciples were represented there, as well as hundreds whom I had never seen, and every priest high or low whom I had observed about the island. Yet the same saddening music every now and then reminded me of the scene of the blackening of my friend's picture. I knew it meant others blackened and being destroyed by the watchful elementals who I could vaguely perceive were pouncing upon something whenever those notes sounded. They were like the wails of angels when they see another mortal going to moral suicide.

Dimly after a while there grew upon me the explanation of this

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gallery. Here were the living pictures of every student or priest of the order founded by the Adepts of the Diamond Mountain. These vitalized pictures were connected by invisible cords with the character of those they represented, and like a telegraph instrument they instantly recorded the exact state of the disciple's mind; when he made a complete failure, they grew black and were destroyed; when he progressed in spiritual life, their degrees of brightness or beauty show his exact standing. As these conclusions were reached, louder and stronger musical tones filled the hall. Directly before me was a beautiful, peaceful face; its brilliance outshone the light around, and I knew that some unseen brother—how far or near was unknown to me—had reached some height of advancement that corresponded to such tones. Just then my guide re-entered; I found I was near the door; it was open, and together we passed out, retracing the same course by which we had entered. Outside again the setting of the moon showed me how long I had been in the gallery. The silence of my guide prevented speech, and he returned with me to the room I had left. There he stood looking at me, and once more I heard as it were from afar his voice in inquiry, as if he said but,

"Well?"

Into my mind came the question "How are those faces made?" From all about him, but not from his lips, came the answer:

"You cannot understand. They are not the persons, and yet they are made from their minds and bodies."

"Was I right in the idea that they were connected with those they pictured by invisible cords along which the person's condition was carried?"

"Yes, perfectly. And they never err. From day to day they change for better or for worse. Once the disciple has entered this path his picture forms there; and we need no spies, no officious fellow disciples to prefer charges, no reports, no machinery. Every thing registers itself. We have but to inspect the images to know just how the disciple gets on or goes back."

"And those curious elementals," thought I, "do they feed on the blackened images?"

"They are our scavengers. They gather up and dissipate the decomposed and deleterious atoms that formed the image before it grew black—no longer fit for such good company."

"And the music,—did it come from the images?"

"Ah, boy, you have much to learn. It came from them, but it belongs also to every other soul. It is the vibration of the disciple's thoughts and spiritual life; it is the music of his good deeds and his brotherly love."

Then there came to me a dreadful thought, "How can one—if at all—restore his image once it has blackened in the gallery?"

But my guide was no longer there. A faint rustling sound was all—and three deep far notes as if upon a large bronze bell!

BRYAN KINNAVAN.

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LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XV

DEAR FRIEND:

SO we—who saw each other last when the world seemed at our feet and all our hearts' desires open to our claiming—are together once again, but now at the Gate of Failure: the gate through which I passed long since and yet have never left; "for without moving, O Holder of the Bow, is the travelling on this Path." And now you, too, are entering through that portal. Should I weep for you—as in those first days of my despicable self-pity I wept for myself, till my soul was seared with the reproach of Ayxa to Boabdil: "You do well to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man?" No. Those days have passed. And now I welcome you—my old-time comrade from the world of dreams—to the sternness of reality. I do not promise you your wounds will heal. But I do promise you that, if you will, you may play your part in this great war of life despite them. No—more than that—because of them: for "before the soul can stand in the presence of the Master its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart."

For twenty years you have read those words. Did you think to stand by any other means? Was it more than a dream that you could serve or hold till you had learned to stand? "It is useless to pause and weep for a scene in a kaleidoscope which has passed"—as useless as it is weak. The dream is gone. But reality remains. "There is no existence for what does not exist, and no non-existence for what exists. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth, nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be." You *are*. Though you be stripped of all that made life pleasant to you—though now life be bitter, and seem to stretch in one long, dreary, desert way of pain ahead—you *are*. And neither death, nor time, nor failure nor success, can alter that eternal fact—that fact which you have never faced, and which now you have to face. Let me go with you, old friend so newly found, the few steps that I may go, and let us look out together upon this strange, terrible, lonely fact of Being, which you must prove alone, though all the angels of heaven companion you on your way.

But first—here in the shadow of this great gate—look closely at these sharp flints that wound your feet, this ancient, burning dust no wind ever reaches, no moisture ever cools. What footsteps do you see? None? What? Are you the first that have entered here? Your eyes are still blinded by your tears. Look again—more closely. You see them now, so thick set, so lying one upon another, that nowhere is there space between. The very dust itself is but the flints ground fine by the age-long pressure of the feet of men—by the myriads upon myriads that have

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stood, as you stand, and have heard these iron gates clang to behind them, with the clash as of a final doom, shutting off forever the easy pleasances, the green meadows and the cooling streams. Where else, in all the worlds, will you find a highway so trodden as this straight, narrow track through the Gate of Failure, where each man must walk alone? One by one, through all the past, all who have entered into life have entered here. Here are women's footsteps, and children's, mingling with the heavy print of warriors whose mighty armies could not serve them here. Here Rameses stood beaten, baffled, all but crushed. Here trod Cæsar and Attila, Ghenghis Khan and Tamerlane, Charlemagne and Napoleon; and each alone. Here Peter laid his head upon his hands and wept—the Master taken and his own loyal faith denied. Here Paul stood in his chains. Here Joan of Arc lay through the long martyrdom of her imprisonment to face the defamers of her king with the truth of her own soul. Here Osiris walked, here Buddha. Here Christ himself sank beneath his cross, to rise again and struggle onward to Golgotha—to the place of skulls, and victory. Is such victory too high for you? Would you tell me man cannot tread the path of God? Then see these other footprints, of the weak, the vicious, the pariah outcasts of the world. They too have passed, and must forever pass, this way. For this, the Gate of Failure, is the Gate of Life; and whether it be as hero or as craven, as god or as devil, no man enters into life save through the shadow of these portals, over these sharp flints and burning sands.

Oh my friend, one part or another you must play. One thing or another you must be. What records are your feet leaving on this time-old path? How are you fronting what no man can escape? Here is the test of what you are. Here you face your own being, for look where you will there is no other thing that you can face. There is no break in this great wall. The past is past. The gate has closed, and you stand, as naked as at birth, alone with your own soul—save for these foot-prints, that point onward to the desert where you, too, must go and learn to live according to the thing you are. From where you stand "each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life." What way, what truth, what life, is yours?

Look out again upon this vast solitude. What is it that you see? Nothing? Nothing but dreary, desert waste? No fertile spot, no soil that has been tilled or watered, no sign of human labour, no fruit of human worth? Look closely, friend. This desert is yourself—the thing you are—and lies here before you: your way, your truth, your life, your all. Stand no longer like a craven sluggard—a weak, whimpering slave that must be scourged to his labour. If this be in truth the desert that you deem it, what then? It is your way. Will you not walk it? Would you be forever a pauper on life's bounty, reaping what you have not sown? Have you sunk so low you think the daily dole of charity a right, or that you are wronged by its withdrawal? Here before you lies all you ever gave to life, to love, to duty, to those who sought your aid,

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or as in return for the love on which you lived. What other thing could you give than what you were? And all you were you are. The fates that strip you cannot take one jot or tittle from the self. At the Gate of Failure they take back what is their own. But what you are is not theirs to take. Upon them is the law: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still." Only you can alter what you are. What are you, friend?

Look back dry-eyed upon the past. Beneath the dream you dreamt, was the reality different from what still is real? You loved? You still can love. Love is not changed by failure. It is only love of self that failure wounds: not love, but vanity and lust, that go forth seeking to return enriched. What was the truth? Was it yourself you loved? Was it only to take, that you strove to give? How much of baseness lay in the metal you passed as gold to all you called your friends?

You served? Then you still can serve. Here you say I lie. You did serve,—and now you serve no more; and this is the bitterness of failure, this the loss that leaves you desolate. Look well at this. You, who once served, serve no more. Be it so. But, O my friend, bow down your head and thank the gods for this their greatest gift: that you have served—you, being what you are. For service is the heritage of Masters; its heart the heart of God; and he who shares it shares the highest privilege of heaven. How did you lose it? Was it here in this desert of reality? Surely no, for here you have never been before, and here no thing is ever lost. Was it snatched from you at the Gate of Failure? No; it was its loss that brought you to this gate. It was in your dreams you lost it, if lost it be: in the dream that you could hold in pleasant places one whose way lay ever forward; that you could love a soul, and close your heart to all to which that soul aspired; that you could serve a warrior, and be careless of the cause in which he fights. Have you thought what an insult that dream was? Would you yourself be held, or loved, or served, in such a way as that? It was not so you served when you did serve. Lift up your eyes and see the thing your dreams have made you—the self with which you sought to serve—your gift of love. "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou are wretched, and miserable, and poor and blind and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thy eyes with eye salve, that thou mayest see." My friend, my friend, it is well for you that now you see. Here at this very gate—here because of you—day after day, while you lay dreaming, the one you thought to serve looked out upon this desert of your heart, and sought in vain to waken you.

Let us look back no more. The old life of dreams, the days that drifted with the tides of circumstance, the aims you borrowed from your friends

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and took unquestioningly to be your own, the goods the gods had given you which you left idle and unused, and those others that you let usurp the place of your own will till they grew rank and foul and choked your soul with its possessions—all these are shut behind the iron gates, and you stand, freed from all, to face the Eternal and yourself. Here there are no winds or tides to move you. Whether it be to good or evil you must move by your own will. Here what is is, and will be till you change it. Here what is not is not, and never will be till you create it. Your world is now your Self.

"When the sun is set, Yajnavalkya, and the moon is also set, and the fire sinks down, and the voice is stilled, what is then the light of the spirit of man? The soul then becomes his light. With the soul as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns. What is the soul? It is the consciousness in the life-powers. It is the light within the heart. This spirit of man wanders through both worlds, yet remains unchanged..... For when the spirit of man comes to birth....he goes forth entangled in evils. But rising up at death, he puts all evils away..... Felling the wood himself, and himself building the dwelling ....through his own shining, through his own light; thus does the spirit of man become his own light. There are no chariots there, nor steeds for chariots, nor roadways. The spirit of man makes himself chariots, steeds for chariots and roadways. Nor are any delights there, nor joys and rejoicings. The spirit of man makes for himself delights and joys and rejoicings. There are no lotus ponds there, nor lakes and rivers. The spirit of man makes for himself lotus ponds, lakes and rivers. For the spirit of man is Creator."

It cannot be counted loss that "lotus ponds" are no longer your desire. Your soul does not wish to dream by them again. But whatsoever thing you will to be, that thing you may be; for the soul "is made of desire, and what is beyond desire." The desert that you now see as your own self is but the raw stuff of being—you do not know how fertile it may prove when you have tilled and watered it. You do not know what lies beyond those hills that rise on the horizon, nor how vast a world is this real world of the Self. Does it seem to you that so its loneliness is deeper? That I am saying you are doomed to live forever in a universe emptied of all but self? Would any man care to live and labour for himself alone? Do not turn coward with such childish thoughts as these. It does not matter at all whether you care to live or no. You *are*. And if you, "then God." The Self is vast with the vastness of the all. Between it and God there is no bar or wall. "The walls are taken away." Here is the loneliness of God. Here is His closeness to every creature. Here is the reality of every pain, of every joy, of every fear and hope your heart has ever held. Here is all holiness; here the deepest depths of infamy to which holiness may be perverted. You enter here the thing you have been. You live here the thing you will to be.

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What is your will? Is it only this coward shrinking? You must decide. For *be* you must.

What is this loneliness you dread as you look out upon the Self? Is it in truth the Self? Is it God's solitude? If it be, then you must face it. But is it? Is it not a thing of the past rather than of the future,—a secret pain whose pressure you have always suffered but striven to forget and to deny? How often, in what should have been the closest touch of friendship, have you not surprised this loneliness unaltered in your soul, and found your love impotent and baffled before that strange sense of isolation and of otherness, that seemed to wrap your friend away from you as space wraps round the separate stars. Was this not so, again and yet again, growing, and not lessening, through the years of friendship? You would not face it, but was it not there? See: it is no new thing you fear, but only that the old fear, the old pain, can no longer be denied. May it not be that now, when at last you face it, you may find its cause and cure?

The loneliness you know and fear is not the loneliness of Self,—but of the denial of Self. You do not see it so as yet, but in your own experience there is that which should tell you of its truth. Was not your disappointment keenest, love's failure most bitter and complete, when you turned to your friend in order to escape yourself; when, for what you dared to call your love, you laid aside your duty? Did you not seek him as one *other* than yourself? Is it strange, then, that this sense of otherness should have risen between you, or that you should have found what you yourself had brought? And if you see now, and tell me, that you sought him not so often to escape yourself, as to find that upon which to feed yourself, I answer that that, too, was a denial of Self, as well as a denial of love. "Love seeketh not itself." But what I would have you recognize, as clearly as may be, is that, in each case,—indeed in all your outlook upon life—it was the lesser self you took to be yourself, and not the greater. In your mind you saw your friend *and* you; your possessions *and* you who possessed them; your pain and joy *and* you who enjoyed and suffered; your life *and* you who lived it. Your friend, your love, your very life were thus yours, only through this conjunction. In your hunger for sensation, in your longing to possess, you saw as external, and as other than the Self, all that is most truly the Self's own being. It is from this that loneliness arises; for this is the great heresy of separateness, which holds you, in an intolerable duality, ever other than the thing you love.

"Alas! we two, we *two* thou say'st!
  Yea, *one* wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
  To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
  Was but its love of thee?"

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It is oneness that love craves: and oneness can be found only in the Self. What does it mean to seek others as the Self: to love your neighbour *as* yourself? It means to put away this heresy of separateness. It means to seek within yourself the thing you love. You will not find it there at first. But you will find that which is like it. By the will that is born of love, the Self then labours on the self to increase this likeness: to strengthen those interests which are your friends's interests; to learn to love those things your friend loves; to aspire to that to which your friend aspires; to fight for that for which he fights, waging the war he wages, not because the cause is his, *but because it has been made your own.* Thus likeness deepens and passes into oneness. Not outside your Self, not as other than yourself, but *as* yourself, one with the Self, do you then find and love your friend.

Do not mistake my meaning. You who have passed through the Gate of Failure, you who now front the real, cannot return to take imitation for reality. All that I have said says this. You cannot make your own that which is not your own; and the effort to live by another's light will mean only that you leave your own untended, till at last both fail you and you fall into utter darkness. The desire, the will which is to move you now, must be your own. You must "seek the way by retreating within," till you have found the truth that is yours. If it be love you find, if such love as you have thought was yours be yours in truth, if the deepest craving of your heart be oneness, and your basic will the will to serve,—here lies your road. At first, it will seem to you you travel it alone. This needs must be; for only as day by day you push onward through the desert, guided by the light within, facing its loneliness, trusting yourself wholly to the Self, seeking no other thing than your own Being,—only so can the heresy of separateness fall from you. Here you are separated from all but Self, that you may prove that in the Self there is no separation: that in it lies oneness with everything that is. And always,—when the loneliness is deepest, and it seems that you are lost where neither God nor man had been before,—you will find these footprints close beside the place you stand. Look: here went the ones you love. Here your Master walked that you might follow. Here, from the Gates of Iron, through the desert sands that lead into the boundless Self, there runs the pathway to the Gates of Gold.

All your life you have thought you sought this Path; you failed to find it because you looked outside yourself, where it was not. Now it lies before you. The words you have read, and read again, and never understood—though you thought you understood—unfold their meaning. Turn to them and find their truth in all their clear simplicity.

"And then the heart will bleed, and the whole life of the man seem to be utterly dissolved..... But, O disciple, remember that it has to be endured, and fasten the energies of your soul upon the task. Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the Eternal." The Self is

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the Eternal, untouched by failure or success. "This is the lasting might of him who knows the Eternal, that he grows not greater or less through deeds. Let him find the pathway of the Soul. Finding it, he is not stained by evil.....The mighty Soul unborn grows not old, nor dies, for the Soul is immortal and fearless. The Soul is the fearless Eternal. He grows one with the Eternal, the fearless Eternal, who knows this."

"Kill out all sense of separateness. Kill out desire for sensation. Kill out the hunger for growth. Yet stand alone and isolated, because nothing that is embodied, nothing that is conscious of separation, nothing that is out of the Eternal, can aid you..... Desire only that which is within you. Desire only that which is beyond you. Desire only that which is unattainable. For within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the Path. If you are unable to perceive it within you, it is useless to look for it elsewhere..... Seek out the way. Seek the way by retreating within. Seek the way by advancing boldly without..... Seek it by making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within. Steadily, as you watch and worship, its light will grow stronger. Then you may know you have found the beginning of the way. And when you have found the end, its light will suddenly become the infinite light."

My friend, in all the years of your seeking, have you ever made this profound obeisance of the soul to the dim light that burns within? Have you ever bowed your heart in adoration of the good that it itself contained? You have knelt in prayer before the altars that other men have raised, you have reverenced the spirit that lived in other lives, but the spirit that was given to live in your own soul, has it ever known your worship? Has your own self ever been to you the temple of the living God? You have sought you know not what. You have worshipped you know not what. But now in this desert, where no light may shine save that which shines within, you are to know; for that light "shines from your Master's face." "Obey him, not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself, and his spoken words were the utterance of thy secret desires; for he is thyself, yet infinitely wiser and stronger than thyself..... He is thyself. Yet thou art but finite and liable to error; he is eternal and is sure. He is eternal truth. When once he has entered thee and become thy Warrior, he will never utterly desert thee; and at the day of the great peace he will become one with thee."

God speed thee to that day of the great peace. Pray for me that I, too, may tread the way aright, and find you there—as here—for now you must go on alone.

As always,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

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MAHOMET

IT would be difficult for even the far seeing gaze of a prophet to find in the early days of Mahomet,—in the lonely struggling figure, sharing with his handful of followers little but opprobrium and ignominy, a promise of the mighty prophet, to whose rule, both temporal and spiritual, flocked countless multitudes, and whose least word was law, fixed and unchanging for centuries to come. Yet such was the miracle wrought by so apparently unimportant an event as the flight from Mecca to Medina. Tradition gives a very full account of the Prophet's arrival at Medina; of his reception by an enthusiastic multitude; of his entry into the city on his camel Al Caswa, and of his decision to make his home on the spot where the camel chose to stop. Many are the picturesque details of the first few months of this new life, when the Faithful all joined in the raising of a mosque on the site chosen by the camel, Mahomet taking a leading part both in the work and in the rhythmic chant which all sang as they labored. The mosque, a large structure, was of wood with a thatched roof, and at the side was built a small cabin for the prophet's wife, a new cabin being put up with each addition to his harem, which finally numbered ten. Every detail of the worship of these early days became the fixed ritual followed by the Faithful through the twelve centuries that have intervened. The call to prayer, for instance, now heard from every minaret and dome in Mohammedan countries, was first sounded by Bilâl, the Prophet's servant, a stalwart negro of mighty voice, after a controversy in which it was decided that neither the Jewish trumpet nor the Christian bell could be adopted for the new religion.

Five times daily, from the roof of the mosque, the cry rang forth, summoning the Faithful to prayer, and each day saw an increasingly greater response, for soon the followers of the Prophet included nominally the whole city. These followers were divided into the converts from Mecca, known as the Refugees, a small band, upon whose unswerving loyalty Mahomet could depend to the uttermost; the converts of Medina, known as the Citizens, who vied in loyalty and enthusiam with the Refugees, but who were bound to defend Mahomet only in case of attack; and besides these, a large number of unconverted citizens who at first remained neutral, but later became known as the Disaffected, when jealousy and discontent stirred them to political antagonism. Another important factor in the community were the three rich and powerful Jewish tribes, dwelling in separate settlements on the outskirts of the city. These Mahomet made every effort to win over, stressing all points common to the two faiths, adopting certain parts of their ritual, encouraging them in every way to make public such of their scriptures as would substantiate his claims, and finally,

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entering into a treaty with them by which they were assured the undisturbed practice of their religion and the possession of their property.

To weld together factions so varied and, by this means, to develop what had at first been a mere movement of reform into the magnet which should draw to itself all tribes and all peoples, would have been a well-nigh impossible task but for two things: First, on the part of the Prophet, an indomitable will and a firm determination to have vengeance on the Meccans, and second, on the part of the Arabs, an innate love of plunder and conquest.

As has been said before, the Citizens were pledged to fight only in case of attack and the Refugees were few in number, yet even in this difficulty the Prophet recognized no obstacle to his desire for revenge. One of the chief trade routes of the Meccans passed between Medina and the sea coast, and Mahomet began operations by sending out small bands of Refugees, perhaps thirty in number, to attack the richly laden caravans. The gradually increasing success of these expeditions, bringing a greater number of volunteers to each succeeding raid, and culminating in the battle of Bedr, is a needlessly long story. Its chief interest lies in the skill, one might almost say the craft, with which Mahomet strengthened his position with every victory and plausibly turned to his own account even his defeats, showing by special revelation that such reverses were sent to sift the true from the untrue. For, with the change from Mecca to Medina, the character of the revelations changes; they are ready at hand with every exigency, explain away every difficulty, and second the Prophet's wishes on every concern, from domestic discords to matters of world empire.

The battle of Bedr is one of the great days in Moslem history. In it, a handful of Citizens and Refugees (for many of the Citizens were now taking part in all ventures), met and overwhelmingly defeated a large army from Mecca, roused by the depredations on their caravans. This victory told tremendously in favor of Mahomet, being regarded as proof that the Divine sanction was vouchsafed both him and his cause. It was followed a year later by the battle of Ohod, between the same army from Mecca and a larger force from Medina, but this time victory was on the side of the Meccans. This, as the Moslem army hastened sadly home, in fear lest defeat should be followed up by an attack on the city, would have acted correspondingly against the Prophet, but for his quick grasp of the situation and his decisive action. Though much disheartened by the turn of affairs, he concealed his chagrin, and in the face of the murmurings of the Disaffected, announced an immediate expedition in pursuit of the Meccans, with subtlety emphasizing the fact that none but the heroes of the field of Ohod might accompany him. This expedition saw no fighting, merely making a brave show in the rear of the enemy, but it effected the desired result at home where those who had fallen in the disastrous battle were soon regarded as glorious martyrs to the faith, and those who had held aloof were glad

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to cover up their shame. In one other great battle—the Battle of the Ditch, in which Medina was besieged for fifteen days—victory was on the side of the Prophet and was ascribed by him to the miraculous intervention of the heavenly host. In all this warring of kindred tribes, it is interesting to note that the Coreishites were loath, at the last minute, to enter into actual combat with fathers, brothers and kinsfolk, whereas the Moslems already began to show the zealous fanaticism so characteristic in later years, and Mahomet himself, filled with the desire for vengeance, inspired his men to martial valor, calling on the Lord to put his enemies to confusion and consume them in the fires of hell, and giving forth revelations filled with the promise of victory. Another curious thing in the accounts of these battles is the strong contrast which they offer when compared with military tactics of the present day. Two great armies (consisting of perhaps one, two or three thousand men) were drawn up in battle array. Mighty heroes from the opposing sides, next challenged one another and fought single-handed, Homeric fashion. The two armies then fell upon each other hurling clouds of arrows and stones; unevenness of the ground or the disadvantageous position of the sun would determine the battle one way or the other, and after a bloody contest the armies would withdraw, one having lost perhaps five men, and the other as many as twenty.

As time passed and Mahomet's religion grew increasingly more positive and definite, he became more and more troubled by the Disaffected and the Jews, the latter in particular, asking him questions difficult to parry, and attacking him with poems and lampoons which were quick to pass from mouth to mouth. Already, however, the devotion of the Faithful was such as to secure to him a far-reaching system of espionage, as well as the means of removing those of his enemies who were particularly objectionable to him. Fanaticism had reached the point where brother would turn upon brother; and at the Prophet's impatient exclamation, "Who will rid me of this troublesome man"; there were always ready those who would assassinate the offender, and receive in return the Prophet's hearty commendation for having slain an enemy of the Lord. In no long time, by means of this policy, Mahomet's power became absolute; by his open practice of polygamy, he had somtime since broken definitely with the Christian faith, and he now ceased entirely his conciliatory advances toward the Jews. It will be remembered that Jerusalem had for long been held as the center or Kibla of Moslem worship. Coalition of the two faiths having become recognizedly impossible, Mahomet was not slow to realize the advantage of taking the Kaaba as his Kibla, thus identifying his religion with the very heart of the religion of the peninsula. However, no plausible excuse could be found for such a change, so at length, according to tradition, he remarked to Gabriel, "O, Gabriel! would that the Lord might change my face at prayer away from the Kibla of the Jews!" And in time the answering revelation came, "—we shall cause thee

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to turn toward a Kibla that shall please thee. Turn therefore thy face toward the holy temple of Mecca. Wheresoever ye be, when ye pray turn toward the same." This is a fair example of the politic uses to which the revelations were now put.

The first excuse for an open break with the Jews came through a trifling political question and resulted in the complete expulsion of one tribe after a siege of several weeks. One by one, the other tribes were commanded to leave, and the fact that these rich and formerly powerful people allied in one way or another, with many of the leading factions in Medina, could be thus summarily dealt with, shows the height of power to which Mahomet had ascended. There are many moments in this chapter of Moslem history when success hung by a thread, as, for instance, in the long seige of this fated tribe, when the Disaffected, though holding aloof, might at any instant, have thrown their support on the side of the beleagured Jews. The latter, however, at the critical moment, openly supported by no one and thinking their cause hopeless, yielded, and by adding one more to the Moslem victories, still further strengthened the Prophet's position. The story of his treatment of the Jews shows Mahomet becoming ever more and more skilled in his understanding of men, in his ability to gauge to a nicety the loyalty of his followers, to weigh all the factors of a political situation, to choose the most critical moment and to strike, whether with calm deliberation or with swift decisiveness, the most telling blow,—in a word it shows the development of a genius for leadership.

One incident in his dealing with these people evidences a treachery which had hitherto been unapparent. The last of the tribes, that of the Coreitza, having undergone a severe siege, offered to lay down arms and leave the city, but were refused this privilege and finally surrendered, on condition that their fate should be decided by one of the tribes of Medina, formerly their sworn allies. This tribe was in favor of most lenient treatment, but agreed that the question should be left to some one of their number. Mahomet accordingly chose a man whom he knew to be filled, because of a recent injury, with a bitter hatred toward the Jews, and the sentence pronounced was death to the men, slavery for the women and children, and division of the spoils among the army. Mahomet promptly declared this decision to be "the judgment of God pronounced on high from beyond the seventh heaven," and there followed the execution—practically the massacre—of seven or eight hundred men, lasting all day. Thus was accomplished the removal of the last nucleus of disaffection and opposition, but without doubt, the deed was the darkest blot on the history of the Prophet. It is noticeable that in every case, political difficulties form the basis of these attacks; Islam had not yet reached the point of openly forcing men to join its ranks; yet it is probable that any one of these enemies could have bought his freedom by professing the faith. This last act was by no means met with general approbation, but by now, the decrees of

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the Prophet were clothed with a mysterious and supernatural sanction, and his treatment of the Coreitza had the effect of terrorizing all who opposed him.

Six years had now passed since the Refugees fled to Medina, years of the utmost activity, for aside from the numerous enterprises already mentioned, Mahomet had been occupied in a never-ending effort to win to his banner, either by conquest or by treaty, the tribes of the desert,—a people as shifting as their desert sands, their allegiance here today and gone tomorrow. His next step was a master-stroke. For some time he had realized the importance of giving practical evidence of his devotion to the ancestral faith; frequently had he stressed it as an essential element of Islam, yet for six years he and his followers had been unable to perform either of the pilgrimages which all had been brought up to consider an indispensable part of their religious life. Tradition states that in a dream he saw himself and his followers entering Mecca, without strife, making the circuit of the Kaaba, and performing all the rites of pilgrimage. It was immediately determined to make the attempt. The Arab tribes who had entered the alliance were called upon to join the expedition, in order to make it as imposing as possible, but few responded. However, about fifteen hundred in all, set out on the journey, in pilgrim garb and without arms, a supply of arms being sent separately in case of emergency.

The Meccans, on hearing of the approach of this host, were greatly alarmed and, fearing treachery, set out with an army to meet them. Mahomet, however, turned aside and went by another route to the very edge of the sacred territory; here the camel Al Caswa again stepped into history, refusing to advance further, and Mahomet, regarding it as an omen, decreed that there they should remain. The Coreish, who had fallen back to protect their city, now sent messengers to the camp for an explanation. The parley was long and at first wholly unsatisfactory, but as the Meccan deputation saw the extreme reverence which was accorded Mahomet, they became, by degrees, more and more deeply impressed, and at length, though they flatly refused to admit the pilgrims to the city, they entered into a truce by which peace was assured the two parties for ten years, and by which, also, permission was granted Mahomet and his followers to enter Mecca one year from that date, and occupy the city unmolested, for three days time. Mahomet thereupon sacrificed the victims he had brought, and returned home.

To the army of pilgrims, depressed and disappointed, the expedition seemed a lamentable failure. But Mahomet recognized in the affair the triumph that it really was. Without striking a blow, he had, in the making of the treaty, received recognition as the potentate of an equal, independent power; by the ten years truce he secured a time of peace in which his faith might gain ground among all peoples; and he was assured, in addition, all the rights of pilgrimage for the following

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year. He accordingly reminded the people that his dream had set no date for their entry into Mecca, and a divine revelation further aided him in convincing them that they had in reality witnessed a great victory (a revelation of this sort, chiding the Faithful for various sins and delinquencies, frequently saved the Prophet from the odium which a direct, personal rebuke might have incurred). The same Sura meted out as punishment to those who had failed to make the pilgrimage, the exclusion from future expeditions of plunder—a most efficacious punishment, as the next year saw a victorious attack on a northern Jewish tribe from which vast stores of wealth were taken. When the month of pilgrimage recurred, two thousand of the Faithful, with sixty camels for sacrifice set out in their pilgrim garb, for Mecca. As a safeguard, arms were again carried separately under a guard of two hundred men. The Coreish, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, evacuated the city to a man, and for three days watched from the surrounding hills, the worship of the Moslem invaders. Mahomet led his people in the performance of all the rites, the whole two thousand making the seven circuits of the Kaaba, shouting in unison:

"There is no God but the Lord alone! It is he that hath upholden his servant and exalted his people! Alone hath he put to flight the hosts of the Confederates." Mahomet would gladly have remained longer and established friendly relations, but the Coreish would have none of it, and true to the agreement, every Moslem had departed by night of the third day.

In less than two years time, a trifling difficulty between two tribes, one allied to the Coreish and the other to the Moslems, gave Mahomet a pretext for declaring that the ten years truce had been violated. Almost on the instant, he set out with a large army, taking the utmost precautions to keep his destination hid; allied tribes were summoned, to swell the number en route, and an overwhelming force appeared suddenly before Mecca, to the consternation of its citizens. The victory which followed would be amazing but for its testimonial to the prestige which Mahomet had gained. Messengers were dispatched from Mecca, who, realizing the hopelessness of the situation, embraced Islam, and were sent back to the city with the assurance that all who took refuge in the Kaaba, and all who remained behind closed doors, should that day be safe. Mahomet then divided his army into four parts and marched into the city by four different roads. In this triumphal entry into the city of his birth, better perhaps than in any other part of his history, we see evidenced the true greatness of character which made possible the fulfilment of a great mission. He was returning to the city which had cast him out, to the people who had reviled and rejected him; he returned a conqueror, their very lives in his hand, yet he showed not the least trace of his former desire for vengeance. It is true that leniency was the politic course to follow, but on this occasion, his magnanimity and generosity were too great to have been determined by mere expedi-

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ency. His expressions of joy at once more dwelling in his home city were so evidently sincere as to win over even the Meccans and to cause much alarm among the allies of Medina, lest he desert his adopted home. He lost no time in granting a universal pardon, and contrary to the usual custom on such occasions, the list of the proscribed numbered but a mere handful (some of them real criminals), and even of these, all but a few were eventually pardoned. In the presence of a great multitude he received from its custodian the key of the Kaaba, only to return it with a perpetual guarantee of its possession. All the idols in the Kaaba were then hewn down, with the cry, "Truth hath come and falsehood gone; for falsehood verily vanisheth away," and heralds proclaimed throughout the city, the decree that all images of whatever sort must be destroyed without delay. Bilâl then gave the call to prayer from the roof of the Kaaba, and following the ritual of the mosque of Medina, Mahomet led the great multitude in worship.

The majority of the citizens accepted his authority and professed Islam, and Mahomet, according to his usual custom, left the remainder to become converted without compulsion, for he was called from his triumph almost immediately, by the uprising of several tribes, notably the inhabitants of Tayif who had stoned him from their gates in his days of desolation. These few remaining tribes were soon reduced to submission, for the victory at Mecca decided his supremacy once for all, placing him in position to assert his authority over the whole peninsula. No such authority, it is true, had ever been held by the chiefs of Mecca, but Mahomet had proved his power beyond question, and his subjugation of Mecca, the spiritual center of Arabia, gave him the semblance, at least, of a right to wield it. Furthermore, acceptance of Islam meant entire acceptance of the power of the Prophet both temporal and spiritual. Already he had dreams of a world power, letters had been sent, sometime since, to the monarchs of several empires—notably those of Rome and Persia—summoning them to consider his teachings, and plans were being made for the conquest of Syria. "The Mosque of Mahomet was now the scene of frequent embassies from all quarters of Arabia. His supremacy was everywhere recognized; and from the most distant parts of the peninsula the tribes hastened to prostrate themselves before the rising potentate, and by an early submission secure his favor. They were uniformly treated with consideration and courtesy. Their representations were heard publicly in the court of the Mosque, which formed the hall of audience; and there whatever matters required the commands of Mahomet, such as the collection and transmission of tithes and tribute, grant of lands, recognition or conferment of authority and office, or adjustment of international disputes, were discussed and settled. Simple though its exterior, and unpretending its forms and usages, more absolute power was exercised, and affairs of greater importance transacted, in the court-yard of the Mosque of Mahomet, than in many an Imperial palace."

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One more bold stroke remained to be dealt at home; the year after his great triumph, Mahomet refrained from making the pilgrimage on the ground that many of the worshippers at the Kaaba were still unconverted and heathen rites were still largely used. Three hundred men from Medina, however, made the journey and with them Mahomet sent by messenger, a divine revelation, to be proclaimed before the assembled worshippers. This Sura commanded the Moslems at the end of four months time to "fight against the Heathen, wheresoever ye find them; take them captive, besiege them, and lay in wait for them in every ambush; but if they repent, and establish Prayer, and give the Tithes, leave them alone, for God is gracious and merciful." It further declared the unbeliever to be unclean and forbade his approach to the Holy Temple after the lapse of one year. The immensity of the distance that had been covered in little more than nine years, will be evident when we compare with this a Sura delivered before the flight from Mecca:

"Follow that which hath been revealed unto thee from thy Lord;—there is no God but he;—and retire from the Idolaters.
If God had so desired, they had not followed idolatry; and We have not made thee a keeper over them, neither art thou unto them a guardian.
Revile not those whom they invoke besides God, lest they revile God in enmity, from lack of knowledge."

The same revelation that decreed death to the idolaters, granted to Jews and Christians the privilege of holding to their faith, but only on payment of a heavy tribute—one-half of all their income. The Faithful alone were allowed, or rather required, to pay tithes.

The following year, the Prophet made his final pilgrimage every detail of which remains, in loving memory, a part of the ceremonial to the present day. In a discourse of some length, made before leaving the city, he lifted his face to heaven and cried, "O Lord! I have delivered my message and discharged my ministry. O Lord! I beseech Thee bear Thou witness unto it," and but a little while after this, he prophecied his death, saying, "Verily, the Lord hath offered unto one of his servants the choice betwixt this life and that which is nigh unto Himself; and the servant hath chosen that which is nigh unto his Lord." Even so, the people were not prepared for the end, and received the news with disbelief and vehement denial when, a short time later, he died after a few days of violent fever.

In his public life Mahomet displays a most confusing contradiction of qualities; his moral courage, loyalty to his cause, and unswerving steadfastness of purpose bear witness to a greatness of character amounting, at times, to nobility and grandeur; he was capable of a lasting friendship, which in many an incident proved exquisite in its sincerity

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and strength; to those of his own followers who offended against him, even in matters of considerable moment, he was lenient and forgiving to a degree; in his private and semi-private life he was gentle, kind-hearted, sympathetic and generous (it is said that he never struck anyone, even a servant, except in the service of the Lord); his mode of living was marked always by an extreme simplicity and even in the height of his power, while he permitted no familiarity, he was easy of access to all and treated every suppliant with quiet courtesy and consideration. Yet this leader of men whose greatness drew to him countless multitudes, whose winning personality bound to him many who would have shed, for him, their last drop of blood, was capable of treachery and deceit when dealing with a foe; stooped to underhand methods against the enemies who threatened his rising power; practised the most amazing fraud (in many instances, it would seem, a conscious fraud and no mere self-deception), in the matter of the divine revelation of the Koran; and has recorded against him the most remarkable career of physical indulgence, accredited to any man of equal greatness. Many men, considering these manifest inconsistencies, and regarding Islam as it is today—the unspiritual religion of an unspiritual people—brand his work as wholly man-made, having no connection with the fountainhead of Truth. Whether or not Mahomet accomplished what he was sent to perform, we have no way of judging,—what we are *permitted* to do, in our blindness, self-will and excess of zeal, is probably, all too often, far from what the Divine Powers would have us do,—but with all the great weakness and imperfection of the instrument, there is in the work of Mahomet, particularly in its beginning, much that is powerfully convincing, that bears the stamp of genuine inspiration. With this in mind, one feels an instinctive conviction of the truth of his cry, "O Lord! I have delivered my message and discharged my ministry!" And in the history of the succeeding twelve centuries, centuries of glory and triumph, albeit of outward growth largely, may there not be the answer to his further petition, "Oh Lord! I beseech Thee, bear Thou witness unto it."

JULIA CHICKERING.

(*To be continued*)

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace; well, then, he can also live well in a palace.

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

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A SEARCH FOR THE SOUL*

AS far back as the records of time carry us, we find thoughtful men seeking for answers to the questions: What are we? Whence do we come? and, Whither are we bound? These questions appeal to us, as to our forbears, with undiminished insistence. Can they be answered? Can light be found to pierce the darkness out of which we come? We long for some searchlight to be fashioned that will illumine the shadows cast by the wings of death, so that we may know whether the friend who leaves us fares forth to fields elysian or drops into a gulf of nothingness. Is it demonstrable, either as a certainty or even as a probability, that the something to which we give the name "soul" is an actual and definite entity? What is death? Is it the end, or is it only a change? Is there anything in the universe that is permanent, immutable, and unchanging? If so, what is it, and what relation does the soul bear to it?

Modern Spiritualism claims to furnish an answer in so far as relates to the immediate future of humanity. If its claims are justified, the death of the body does not end our existence as conscious and intelligent entities. Accepting its claims as true, death is not the end. An intelligent something survives. A something conscious and intelligent that is identical with the conscious intelligence that inhabited the body that has returned to its original dust. But whether that continued conscious existence is of limited tenure, or whether that which survives physical death is immortal, are questions concerning which Spiritualism, as I understand its claims, does not furnish any evidence. While Spiritualism has satisfied a great many people, including many of high standing who have won distinguished honor in Science, in Literature, and in Philosophy, as well as in other fields, it has thus far failed of general acceptance. This is due to the following, among other causes:

First: While a few eminent men of recognized standing in scientific circles have investigated the subject, and have declared themselves convinced not only of the genuineness of much of the phenomena but also that the human entity does, in fact, survive the dissolution of the body and can and does communicate with us, it is certainly true that the great majority of scientific men stand aloof and refuse to treat the subject as being worthy of serious attention. That this aloofness may be due to bigotry and unreasoning intolerance does not change the fact nor diminish its effect on the non-scientific multitude.

Second: The evidence is from the very nature of the phenomena of a character that can only appeal to persons having an intimate per-

* Read before the Psychical Research Section of Women's Department Club, Indianapolis, Indiana, March 17, 1915.

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sonal knowledge of the alleged communicator and of the facts involved. Circumstances that would be accepted as convincing and conclusive to one person may have no evidential value whatever to anyone else. To one who has an intimate personal knowledge of the one from whom the communication purports to come and of the facts involved, the evidence may be such as the law calls direct and primary and therefore conclusive. To all others it is only hearsay, or at best, circumstantial. Communications coming or alleging to come from such a source are so far outside the common experience of mankind that the average person can only be convinced of their genuineness by evidence that is direct, primary and positive. While they may listen with respect to the declaration by others that they have had convincing proof, the evidence will not be convincing to them, because to them it is hearsay testimony concerning something that to them seems incredible. Instead of being convinced, they are more likely to believe that the narrator has been in some way deceived and imposed upon.

Third: The phenomena are as a rule of a character that lend themselves readily to the perpetration of fraud. Many such frauds have been detected and exposed, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the true and the false tends to discourage investigation and to make people sceptical as to the genuineness of all such phenomena.

These are among the reasons why the general public declines to accept as satisfactory the evidence offered by modern Spiritualism.

The Society for Psychical Research has collected and placed within our reach much evidence that is entitled to respectful consideration, and that would be considered conclusive if the phenomena it relates to were within our ordinary experience. It is only because such phenomena transcend our ordinary experiences, and because they are not susceptible of proof in any ordinary way, that we hesitate to accept the evidence as conclusive. The genuineness of much of the phenomena is placed beyond question by the character of the men who attest their occurrence, and by the precautions observed by them while the phenomena were being produced.

May it not be possible, by processes of legitimate reasoning, to add to the evidence furnished by Spiritualism, evidence of a different character that will serve to strengthen and possibly confirm its claims? May we not find some reasonable ground for a claim not resting on faith alone, or on phenomena of uncertain validity, that as intelligent and conscious entities we not only do survive the dissolution of our physical bodies but that we are immortal? It seems to me that it is at least worth a trial.

Such a search necessarily involves an inquiry into the relations existing between life with our physical bodies which it builds and animates, and that hypothetical something which we call the "soul." In this connection, and for the purposes of this paper, I shall use the word "soul" as being synonymous with Spirit, and embracing all of that

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something which is supposed to survive the death of the body. Incidentally, it is not only interesting and valuable, but possibly essential to the inquiry, to consider the origin and development of physical man, in its bearing on the possible existence within the same organism of two natures or two entities so radically differing from each other,—one purely animal and chiefly interesting to the biologist in connection with its physical evolution, and the other having its chief appeal to the student of psychology. It can hardly be doubted that there are, within the human entity, two radically differing natures. The biologist who considers man's nature only from the viewpoint attained by him in his study of physical evolution, makes no attempt to account for that side of his own nature that makes it possible for him to conduct such an investigation, which empowers him to observe, collect and collate the facts relating thereto, and to speculate and reason as to their bearing; unless it may be said that he undertakes to account for them by asserting, as some of them do, that the results of his labors and his lucubrations are mere secretions of his brain. For it is to this conclusion that the extreme biological evolutionist would lead us. If they are right in this, it follows that instead of that which we call "mind" being a phase, an attribute, or a faculty, of an entity that inhabits our bodies, and that can and does influence and direct their action, it is itself a mere product or effect of the action of one of the organs of that body; the brain is a mere mill, and our so-called thoughts are simply the meal that falls from its hopper. If this were true, their learned productions would evidence no more than efforts of the meal to explain the mill that made it. Instead of this manifestly absurd conclusion, do not the facts point to two distinct lines of evolution, and to the production of two distinct entities, each on a different and distinct plane? Back of the visible physical universe, reason tells us there is an infinite and intelligent power that originated, that controls and that directs it. Is it not more reasonable to conclude that back of the visible physical man, but associated with him while living, is an intelligent, a definite, and a concrete entity, and that the brain is merely an instrument which it uses? Does not all of the available evidence point that way? True, this intelligent entity is invisible, and we know of its existence only by its effects, but we do know that it exists. We stand beside one of the great presses on which a daily newspaper is being printed, and watch the white paper as it starts on its way through the rollers. We see it emerge, covered with printed characters, folded, ready to bring to our fireside a record of what men have been doing throughout the world, and we need no other evidence that back of that wonderful piece of machinery lies embodied intelligence and embodied power. We shall search the mechanism in vain for either the intelligence or the power, but we know that they are definite and concrete realities. We know that neither is the product of the machinery, and we also know that the machinery is both their product and their servant. We know that em-

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bodied intelligence designed it, and that embodied power constructed it. We also know that embodied intelligence and power are directing and controlling its operation. We might as reasonably say that the intelligence exhibited in the working of the press is a mere product of its work, as say that the intelligence that directs the movements of our bodies is a mere product of one of the organs of the body.

It is necessary to distinguish between the ascertained facts of evolution and the guesses and speculations based on those facts. The fact that the human body, as well as other physical organisms known to us, are the products of a long course of evolution, is indisputable. It does not follow from this, however, that mind is simply one of the products of that physical evolution. The organism through which the mind acts is unquestionably a product of evolution, but no sufficient reason can be given for the assertion that that physical organism produces that which uses it and which is certainly in some respects, at least, its master and controls it. Nor, perhaps, is it material that in the evolution of physical man, his forbears may have been monkeys, or more remotely, oysters. But of this I shall have something to say later. The evolution of man physically has, as we know, been the work of that which we call "life," influenced by environment, and controlled and directed by a law which at all stages spells advancement. It is in this one thing alone that man's physical development has anything in common with the development of that which we call his non-physical nature. Both obey that which seems to be one of the great laws of nature, and which is embraced in the terms, evolution, development, and progress. The active element in the development of the physical body is that which we call life, while the moving force or forces in the development of the non-physical man is a something or somethings which we somewhat vaguely and variously characterize as spirit, as mind, as consciousness, or as will.

We know that we are infinitesimal atoms in an infinite universe. However insignificant we may be relatively to that universe, we are in and part of it. Physically, we are mere animals. In generation, in processes of growth, and in the manner of nutrition, there is no essential difference between us and other animals; and, like other animals, we die. Therefore, from the physical point of view, the questions,—what, whence, and whither, are easily answered. We come from that laboratory whence all of nature's organisms come; we are animated pieces of mechanism built by a mysterious power we call life, from the same material that forms the bodies of other animals, and when the life force no longer energizes us we dissolve into the elements from which we are formed.

But what of the non-physical and invisible things that go to make the complete living man,—the things we know as life, as mind, as soul, as spirit? If we survive the change called "death," what is it that survives, and is that which survives immortal? If we are immortal,

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is it in that which we know as life that immortality resides? We speak of life after death. If a conscious something does survive the death of our bodies, is that conscious something energized by the same force that built and energized our bodies? Or, is it true that our real and immortal self is to be found in another something,—that something to which we have given the name "soul"? What is the soul? Is it a reality or a mere product of our imagination? Is it a distinct and complete entity, separable from physical man and apart from life? If so, can we demonstrate the fact of its existence, and can we analyze it and know of what it consists and wherein the element or quality of immortality is to be found? These are some of the questions that confront us in such an inquiry.

A study of life discloses no apparent difference between the life force in a human being and the life force in any other organism, animal, or vegetable. It seems to be a common possession of all of them,—apparently a mere non-intelligent form of force or energy;—one of the many modes in which universal energy manifests itself, as it manifests in those equally mysterious modes to which we gave the names gravitation, electricity, magnetism, attractions and repulsions of various sorts, etc., the true nature of all of which is as little known to us as is the true nature of life. Life has neither initiative nor discretion. Its work is done along certain and circumscribed lines. While the forms it builds may be and are gradually changed or modified from time to time, such changes can always be accounted for by changes in environment or in other conditions. If we are indeed immortal, it is plain that immortality is not to be found in that which we know as life. There is nothing of immortality in any of the myriad physical forms in which life manifests. That which we know as life builds, nourishes, and maintains our physical bodies, but in so doing it follows a beaten path, affected only by what seems to be a universal law of progress and development. All forms of organic life begin with a germ. The germ, while it has life, can never be anything more than a mere germ until it is fertilized or energized by contact with another living something, whereupon the combined life force of the two takes on a new sort of activity and develops a cell. The cell has the power of multiplication along certain defined lines and within certain definite limits, the extent and character of such multiplication being determined by the character of the fertilized germ. Each fertile germ is the embodiment of a creative thought,—a focal point which marks the beginning in the development of that thought into a visible form. There is no immortality in the germ, nor in the form into which the germ develops. A given germ marks the genesis of a particular form of life. History, as recorded in nature's enduring book of records, tells us of unnumbered species and forms of life that have sprung from primordial germs, have developed and flourished throughout ages, and vanished. No power can reclothe their fosilized bones with flesh, or send the currents of life coursing through their

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restored forms. Nor have they left any successors. The entire type to which they belonged has disappeared.

Certain men, eminent in the ranks of Science, seeking to account for the origin of man, have imagined that all of those myriad forms of life that have flourished and that still flourish on the earth, must have sprung from a single germ. Ignoring the existence of many other "missing links," they have spent lives of patient effort in searching for a missing link with which to complete the chain between the monkey and man. Haeckel has assured us that he found that missing link in the fossil Ape Man of Java. The world is greatly indebted to these men. By their patient labors they have added vastly to our store of knowledge. But while we must accept the facts of evolution, it will be the part of wisdom for us to distinguish between those facts and the inferences that the extreme evolutionists draw from them. Thus: They infer that not only all existing forms of life, including man, have been evolved and developed from a single primordial germ that in some way spontaneously generated in the ooze and slime of a far-away geologic age, but that man's intellect, with all of its associated powers and qualities, all of that mysterious, unseen but apparently dominating side of our nature, has coincidently been developed from that same germ, owes its existence to our physical organism, and disappears when that organism dies. It seems to me that the first of these inferences is open to serious question, and that the second is wholly untenable. The second is the vital one. I refer to the first not because I think it has any decisive bearing on the question of man's immortality, but because its advocates seem to think it has, and what I say concerning it is merely by way of an aside from the main question. What rational ground is there for believing that the power that produced the original primordial germ exhausted its power in so doing? On the contrary, once such power is recognized, it is only reasonable to conclude that the same power could produce still other germs in unlimited number, from each of which a different form of life might develop, nor is there any evidence or any rational ground upon which to base an assertion that the same power may not be still engaged in producing other germs from which in time may be evolved other forms of life as yet undreamed of by us. What reason have we for such a limited conception of that Infinite Power that we know was able to and did produce a germ that marked the beginning of life's activities? Does not the power to produce a germ from which the monkey has evolved, imply the power to produce a different germ from which man has evolved, as well as different germs from which each and all of the various types of animate life have developed? Their first inference is based largely upon the similarity and apparent identity of the germinal vesicle in the various forms of verterbrate life, and the similarity observable in the earlier stages of embryonic development. It is obvious, however, that this similarity does not mean identity. The biologist may be unable to discern the

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differences, but it is certain that the life force is never deceived or uncertain as to what mystery is enfolded in the germinal dot. When life takes up the work of developing a given germinal vesicle into a living organism, it finds its work definitely marked out for it. It never makes the mistake of developing the germinal vesicle of a dog into a man, or of a man into anything but a man. The dog it produces may be an improvement on its progenitor, but it is unmistakably a dog. So, the man produced may show advancement, but nevertheless it is a man. However, it is not with the development of the physical organism that we are chiefly concerned. It is not material to that inquiry whether or not man's ancestral line reaches back through the millenniums to the slime in which the original germ made its solitary and mysterious appearance, as some imagine. We are interested, however, in the second inference, that all of those things that we know under the term consciousness trace their origin to the same source. The products of physical evolution are all transient and all perish.

The eternal and unchanging things are all invisible to mortal eyes. We recognize the facts of evolution,—the facts of development and progress. What valid reason can be suggested for limiting the idea of originative power and of development and progress to these temporary and transient forms, or to the plane of visible matter? Is it not more reasonable to conclude that on the invisible plane and among the things that are permanent and enduring, that same Infinite Power may have produced, and may be producing, on other planes of existence, other germs that mark the beginning of other lines of evolution and development? Do not the things we have discovered concerning the operation of nature's laws suggest to us that those laws all mean eternal progress and development, not only on the gross and material physical plane, but on every conceivable plane of existence? Do they not assure us, with convincing certainty, that progress neither begins nor ends within the range of our limited vision? Do they not assure us, with equal certainty, that what we can see of progress and development in connection with organic forms, is but a link in an infinite chain? But, as to life,—life never appears as an originator, as a designer, or as a master, but ever as a servant, a builder, and a maintainer. While life is itself invisible, it acts on the physical and visible plane. It deals with physical things, and its work consists of the building and maintenance of physical structures. Those structures may be those of the microscopic microbe and animalculæ, or they may be those of the gigantic elephant or whale, or of those other monsters of the prehistoric age known to us only by their fosilized remains; they may be the microscopic algæ, or the giant sequoia, or they may be man. But whether they are one or the other, the life force that builds them is the same. The physical man is apparently, up to this time, its crowning work. We know that all of its work may be done in the absence of any of the phenomena associated with mind or consciousness. In all the myriad forms built

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by life, it is in a relatively small number that we find any evidence that mind is present, except as the designer. Even in man, as yet life's highest achievement, we know that the body may be physically perfect, and may perform all of the functions necessary to its nutrition and its growth, and yet exhibit no trace of that which we know as mental action. This is true in cases of complete anesthesia or complete unconsciousness from any cause. Cases are not uncommon where such a condition of unconsciousness has continued for months, during all of which time life could only be sustained by artificial feeding, but the bodily functions,—aside from eating and drinking—went on without interruption. Life, therefore, is entirely independent of mind. But it is said that while this may be true, mind is not independent of, but is dependent upon, life; that mind can only manifest through a living brain; hence comes the argument that mind is a mere product of brain action, and thought a mere secretion of the brain. Plausibility is given to this claim by the indisputable fact that impairment of the brain is invariably accompanied by a corresponding impairment of mental power. This would, of course, be an inevitable result if that which we call mind is a mere product of brain action. But an explanation of a phenomenon is only satisfactory and conclusive if it covers every phase of the phenomenon and excludes every other satisfactory explanation. If the facts are open to another equally satisfactory explanation, of course the first is inconclusive; while if the latter explanation tallies with other known facts not explained by the first, the latter must prevail. If it is true that we find mind in nature separate and apart from the structures built by life, that fact alone would seem to be conclusive evidence that mind is not a mere product of brain action. It is too obvious to admit of doubt, that mind is back of and an active agent in all the phenomena of nature. The evidence is indisputable that the universe is ruled by law, and law cannot exist or be conceived of as something separate and apart from a designing intelligence. If the brain, instead of being the cause or the source of mental processes, is merely the instrument through which mind acts, the same results would follow an injury to or other impairment of brain substance. A workman cannot make effective use of a defective tool. The brain, considered as an instrument, is a more sensitive and more delicately adjusted piece of mechanism than anything ever constructed by the hand of man. If it is true that the something we call mind not only exists independently of the brain, but that it exists entirely separate and apart from the human entity, we have at once an explanation that invalidates the theory that mind is a mere product of brain action. By reason of that fact we know that the brain is only an instrument which mind uses.

We know that mind exists. What is it, and whence does it come? Nothing can come from nothing. In every phase of its activities it differs from any mode in which energy manifests. Therefore its origin must be sought elsewhere than as a mere mode of energy.

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The structures which life builds show evidences of design, and are obviously the products of an intelligence that is beyond our power of comprehension. If we are to find a clue to the mystery, we must seek for it in this designing and controlling intelligence that appears to dominate life.

The man who is honest with himself, who has studied the workings of nature's laws, and who has enough intelligence to comprehend the significance of the universal and uniform reign of law, knows that the universe is controlled by an infinite, conscious intelligence, acting with power that is also infinite. It is not a matter of guesswork, or even a question of probability. It is to him an absolute certainty. He knows, also, that in the very nature of things, this intelligent and conscious power is eternal and changeless, and that it is the causeless first cause of all manifestation. It is not material whether or not he attempts to give name, form, or locality to this ruling something. He may call it God; he may give to it any other name; he may give to each of the many aspects in which he recognizes it, a different name, and call each a God; or he may call it the unknown and unknowable; but withal, he knows that It is. Men of all races and in all ages have not only recognized the existence of this Infinite Power, but have attempted to personify it, and have invested it with imaginary attributes which have only served to measure their own limitations. The limitless cannot be limited. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. In it we find the only thing which in all the universe is immortal, unchanging and perfect. In it we find that something that lies back of all beginnings, that something to which all other things are subject and subordinate. Wherever the human mind can recall, we find evidences of that Infinite and Conscious Intelligence and Power. Indeed, the universe appears to be an embodied consciousness combined with infinite wisdom and infinite power,—the embodiment of an in-dwelling, all-knowing, and all-controlling soul of things which we vainly seek to personify and limit when we give to it the name "God."

While we thus attempt to personify and thereby limit and define this combination of infinite knowledge, infinite wisdom, and infinite power, by giving it a name, the finite human mind is incapable of an actual personification of that which in itself embraces omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence, and which is of necessity without possible limitation. Its grandeur and its glory are ineffable. The nearest approach to its ineffable name ever penned is found in the story of Moses and the burning bush,—the bush by Mt. Horeb that "burned with fire" and "was not consumed." "I AM THAT I AM." In it we find the original and ultimate expression of all that is embraced in the ideas of spirituality, of mentality, and of power. Here we find the origin and source of that which we know as "mind," for mind is one of its inseparable attributes. By mind, as thus used, we mean that which thinks, which reasons, which knows, which plans, which directs. It

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embraces everything that can be conceived of as pertaining to or falling within the definitions of intelligence and consciousness. Here also, in the completeness, the perfection, and the unerring certainty of its laws, we find something which co-ordinates knowledge into that which we call "wisdom." Withal, we find the obvious seat of that power which controls and enforces the operation of nature's laws. Infinite knowledge, infinite wisdom, and infinite power are among the aspects in which it manifests. Notwithstanding the anthropomorphic ideas associated with the name, our language furnishes us no other single word but "God" as the name for that infinite ruling power,—that power characterized by Jesus as "Our Father which art in Heaven." That Father of whom he spoke to the woman of Samaria when he said to her "God is a Spirit." Can we not recognize in that "Spirit" the soul of the universe from which radiates the infinite intelligence and power that we know rules all things and from which emanates mind?

What is man's relation to this infinite, intelligent and conscious ruling power, this God that is Spirit, and this Spirit that is God? When we come to study man, we find that which seems to show a direct and immediate relationship between God the Infinite and man the infinitesimal. As in God, we recognize all that is embraced in the definition and in the varying manifestations of mind, combined with power, so we find in man a similar, although, it is true, a miniature combination of the attributes of God, consciousness, intelligence and power. It is to this combination of qualities in man that for the purposes of this paper, we give the name "soul." We find in man conscious intelligence, coupled with power consciously and intentionally to direct and control the action of nature's laws. That is, we learn that he can consciously and intentionally set in operation forces that would otherwise have remained quiescent, and having set them in operation he can control their action and make them his servants. We find in him that development of mind that we know as reason. We find the power of abstract thought,—the power to create mental images,—the power to correlate facts, and the power consciously and intentionally to change the direction or to modify the action of most, if not all, of nature's forces. We find a something which is capable of directing and controlling the action of the body. True, its action is often influenced by the conditions of the body, and it often yields to the body's cravings and desires, from which is deduced one of the arguments in the effort to prove that it is a mere product and servant of the physical body. But, on the other hand, we find it capable of resisting and overcoming those cravings and desires, and in such manner as to demonstrate that when it wills to be the master it rules and the body obeys, even though obedience means the body's destruction. We find that it is capable of formulating and compelling the adoption of a line of conduct which brings pain and suffering to the body; conduct at which the body revolts, but to which this dominating something compels it to submit. We find also that while this some-

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thing is a common possession of all, in the sense that all possess it in some degree, its action is not merely the uniform action of a principle common to all, but is a voluntary exercise of a power that is common to all, a power that, while it is *in* the body, is not *of* the body. We do find, however, that this potential power is present in greater or less degree in each individual unit. We here find a dividing line between life with the body it has built, and the combination of conscious intelligence and power which we call the soul of man,—that something in us that thinks, that reasons, that knows, that plans, directs, and controls; that something which numbers among its attributes imagination, inspiration, aspiration, faith, and will; that something which can love and can hate; that something which can sink in the depths of despair, or rise on the wings of hope; that something which has power even over life itself, and which can deliberately and at will extinguish the spark of life in the body it inhabits, a something which knows no such limitations as those which bound the activities of life. We feel that that something is the real "I." We also feel that it is an entity apart from our body, and that it is the seat of that power by which the body can be controlled.

Evidences of the existence of this other, different, inner and real self are to be seen in that class of phenomena recognized by students of psychology, and which they attribute to a something to which they give the names—the subjective mind, the subconscious personality, the subliminal consciousness, the subliminal personality, etc.,—phenomena which lie on the threshold of, or beyond the boundaries of, ordinary consciousness. Other evidences of its existence are seen in that which we call intuition, and again in that which we somewhat vaguely denominate conscience, that inward monitor which we can only partially account for as an echo of early and partially forgotten training and admonition.

While life acts within boundaries which it cannot overpass, we can set no limit to the power of the soul. Man can sound the depths of time and space,—can compel the forces of nature to do his bidding,—can create and can clothe his creations in words, or give them shape with chisel, pencil, or brush. The structures that life builds perish, but the products of mind, when they have been clothed in the symbols of speech, possess a quality that seems to partake of immortality. The words of Socrates, of Plato, or of Paul, are today as instinct with living fire as they were in the days when they first stirred the consciousness of Greek minds. An idea, when once given form in speech, whether written or oral, lives on through the ages. We may say that the great Teacher is dead, but we know that the things he taught still live. Jesus died on the cross centuries ago, yet his teachings live to stir the souls and mould the lives of millions. Confucius and Gautama the Buddha, both of whom died centuries before Jesus, live in their teachings to other millions, and the words of the dead Mohammed, whether for

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good or for ill, shape the lives of other millions. The unknown grave on Mt. Nebo may yet shelter the dust that once was Moses' body, but Moses still lives in the laws he gave to his people, and he still orders the daily lives of orthodox Jews, wherever they may be. Whence comes this wondrous vitality? Whence comes this power that sways the souls of the children of men, although the tongue that spoke and the hand that wrote the words crumbled centuries ago? Whence could it come save from that boundless reservoir of conscious power that rules the universe? When we compare this element in man's nature with life and its limitations, are we not forced to the conclusion that they are entirely separate from each other? Do we not find in it an entity that is only dependent upon life to the extent that life furnishes it with a vehicle for manifestation? It is not a mere function of the body. It is the power that controls the body. The body is its habitation and its servant. In it we recognize the immortal soul of man.

As the infinite consciousness embraces all consciousness, it follows that the consciousness of the individual man is in some way a part of the Infinite Consciousness of God. God is therefore in a true sense our Father, in whom, in the language of Paul, as he spoke to the people of Athens on Mars Hill, "we live, and move, and have our being." It is in this element of man's nature that we find the only thing which seems to possess the essence of immortality. Whether the attempt to demonstrate by legitimate processes of reasoning that man is made in God's image, and possesses immortality, is successful or unsuccessful, does it not at least lead us to a point where we are justified in following the example of investigators in the field of science, and adopting the seeming conclusions as working hypotheses, and applying them to these, with other problems? If so, we find here an answer to the queries:— What are we, and whence do we come? We are living souls. We are immortal entities, emanating from and made in the image of God. And while it is true that we are but atoms in a limitless universe, we are in touch with each and every other atom, and the infinite and eternal spirit that pervades that limitless universe is in us and a part of us. Instead of the idea of our individual immortality being an incredible and unbelievable thing, it is the only rational conclusion that can be deduced from the known premises. Knowing as we must know that that part of us that possesses consciousness, the part that thinks, the part that reasons, that knows, that decides, and that compels our bodies to do, partakes of the same nature as that infinite consciousness that is back of all manifestation, and possesses a measure of its powers, we know that the things that enter into it are immortal. We therefore have a reasonable basis for the belief that it is an immortal entity. This being true, when we sift the evidence furnished by the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism, and winnow out the fraudulent and the doubtful, we find a solid basis for something more than a mere belief that what we call death is only a change. Are we not justified in saying that we know

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that the body of our friend which we laid away in the ground was only his temporary habitation? Do we not know that he was an immortal entity and that he could not die? Reason harmonizes with the phenomena which the Society for Psychical Research certifies to as genuine. The working hypothesis not only is in agreement with all the facts, as attested by that organization, but a greater and more important truth is demonstrated. The soul is not only a reality, it not only survives the dissolution of the body, but it is immortal.

Our quest is ended. We have found the soul, and we know that it is immortal. But here we find ourselves on the threshold of other mysteries,—mysteries which, while they lie beyond the purview of this paper, are suggested by it. We have found that through unnumbered millions of years nature has been evolving and developing innumerable forms of living creatures, all evidencing design. But why? We have found man, the highest type of life yet developed, admirably fitted for occupancy by a tenant and actually thus occupied. Biologists have traced the physical organism back to its beginning in a germ and a cell, but whence and how came the germ and the cell? What is the mystery of the association of the tenement and its tenant? Whence came the tenant? Like the body, it seems to be also a product of a line of evolution. Can its line of descent be traced? Or rather, can we trace its line of ascent? Because, in both tenement and tenant, we recognize advancement instead of retrogression. We find that everything in nature is governed by law. We know, therefore, that the development of both body and soul have been in accordance with law. The biologist essays an interpretation of the operation of that law as applied to the development of the body. What, if anything, can we learn of the law that governs the development of the soul? These, with other problems, all lie beyond the scope of this paper. Other questions are also suggested with reference to the phenomena in connection with Spiritualism, so-called, and the communications which purport to come from disembodied souls, which call for brief consideration.

Suppose it is true that the purported communications that are received in one way or another through the phenomena of Spiritualism are in part genuine, and that they do, in fact, come from those who have passed out of the body, to what extent, if at all, can we verify them and assure ourselves of their trustworthiness, and to what extent are the methods employed in obtaining them justified by the results obtained?

The phenomena of Spiritualism may be grouped under three heads:

First: Those that are physical in their nature, including such phenomena as rappings, moving of articles, materializations, levitations, slate writings, etc.

Second: Trance, including automatic writing, trance speaking, etc.

Third: Clairvoyance and clairaudience, where without losing con-

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sciousness or self-control, the operator or medium is able to see and hear things not within the reach of normal vision or hearing.

As to the first class, we are assured by those who claim to know that much of the ordinary phenomena thus produced do not come from the immortal part of the departed one, but from a part of the personality that, while it survives the dissolution of the physical body and possesses a measure of mentality, is itself physical and mortal, the matter of which it is composed being on a plane that makes it invisible to normal sight. Much of the phenomena appears to sustain this claim, but I know of no method of either proving or disproving it to the satisfaction of the average person so that it will be accepted as an established fact. Phenomena of this class might be conceivably produced by a class of physical bodies composed of attenuated matter as above described. Such phenomena are as a rule of a character that lend themselves readily to the perpetration of fraud, and at best can have little evidential value, especially as proof of immortality.

As to the second class, we can speak with some assurance as to the probable effect of such methods upon the living, and therefore as to whether the results obtained justify the method followed. In this class of phenomena the body of the medium is supposed to be at least partially occupied and controlled by a disembodied personality. The body of the medium becomes a mere passive instrument, its legitimate owner allowing the invisible entity to enter, control, and use it. Accepting this as correct, the danger to the medium is at once obvious and great. Concede the possibility that one can thus temporarily vacate or surrender control of the tenement he or she inhabits, and thus allow another to enter, occupy and use it, what possible safeguards can be provided as to the character of the temporary tenant thus admitted? If one disembodied personality can enter, why not another? If one thus voluntarily submits to being temporarily dispossessed, why may not the intruding tenant gain such control that it cannot be dispossessed? This would at once explain many cases where mediums have lost themselves and have been declared insane. Again, the intruder may be one who in life was depraved, vicious, immoral or criminal. The dangers are open and obvious and should lead anyone to hesitate long before consenting to encounter them. We are told also of injuries thus occasioned to those who seek to communicate, but this again is a matter where we can furnish no proof. Much of the most convincing evidence furnished us by the Society for Psychical Research has been obtained in this manner, and while it is of great value, I submit this query:—Is not the possible resulting harm to the medium or instrument through which it is received too great to justify a resort to it?

There remain those things which I have classed under the head of clairvoyance and clairaudience, where the operator has either acquired or been endowed by nature with the power to see and hear things not visible or audible on the ordinary visible plane, while he him-

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self still retains full control of all his faculties. That such a power does exist, and that it may be acquired, is attested by an abundance of reliable witnesses. Even in this class of cases there are dangers. There is the danger that one will be suspected of being the victim of hallucinations, and possibly suspected of being mentally unbalanced. Indeed, the untrained psychic possessing this power will in many instances not be able himself to know whether the things seen are real, or whether they are mere phantasmagoria, due to a disordered optic nerve, or possibly even to a disordered condition of the brain. There is also another well understood danger, viz.: If that which the percipient sees is real, it is upon a plane with which he is unfamiliar, and he may be unable to understand its real significance. His difficulty in giving a correct interpretation to the things seen would be far greater than would attend the efforts of a savage who had never seen or heard of any of the common and familiar appliances of modern civilization, to understand, without assistance or explanation, the phonograph, the telephone, the trolley car, the automobile, or the electric light.

Beyond this I will venture no other suggestion.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE.

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A FLOWERY PATH TO HEAVEN

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS declared that a pagan who had not heard of Christianity, if he had nevertheless lived up to the full measure of his understanding of righteousness, would be baptised by an angel specially sent from Heaven for the purpose, provided the man's eternal salvation needed the rite for its security. The declaration is a recognition of the essential unity of all righteous effort. It inspires one to attempt a restatement of spiritual laws in secular terms. The vocabulary of religion is worn, and has been so often misused, that it revolts many individuals. Some of those individuals, revolted by the old phraseology, look upon themselves as godless, though they are aspiring very earnestly toward an ideal which may be part of a Master's own view. If spiritual laws can be stated in secular terms, then like Aquinas' hypothetic pagan, such persons may find themselves in Heaven without ever encountering the hedge of thorns that is commonly reputed to bristle along Heaven's highway.

Let us take three common stages of the spiritual life and apply them to secular pursuits and interests. The three stages are (1) rebellion against God, (2) love of God for the benefits He confers (3) love of God for His own sake without respect to His gifts and benefits. Those three stages may be called (1) Hell (2) Purgatory and (3) Paradise. Everyone would grant perhaps that no man can by his own act pass from the first stages to the second—the passage from hatred to love, from Hell to Purgatory can be effected only through help from outside—outside removal of barring causes. But on the other hand, progress from the second stage to the third, from imperfect to perfect love, from Purgatory to Paradise, would seem to be not so much a matter of conversion as of a new birth. The length of the journey will vary with the intensity of a man's desire.

In every day parlance let us say that ignorance of any subject or thing and indifference to it correspond with stage one;* that the moment a human being has an interest in some special study or thing, the interest may be regarded as a Master's gift, as the Master present within the personality, and that stage two has been reached. Now whatever the interest may be—music, biology, dogs or business—it is for the individual his pathway to Heaven. In the truest sense it is "that state unto which" it has pleased God to call him. The man's task then is to develop his interest, the thing he cares most for—to work away from mild concern and casual attention until he arrives at complete knowledge and perfect

* Aristotle regarded ignorance as sin. Dante makes ignorance one of the three characteristics of Satan.

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love. With knowledge and love would come power—the three characteristics of Deity.

In order to avoid abstractions and generalities, let us take such a widespread taste as love of flowers and endeavor to study how the love might make of a man a disciple. Fortunately through friendship with several ardent lovers of flowers I am able to write down facts—not speculations. Let us begin with a man whose garden is a wonder of loveliness—its profusion and perfection and delicacy and poetry drawing the word "wizardry" from neighbors and friends. Many years of neighborliness and effort on my part to imitate his achievement have brought me into his confidence. This wizard neighbor of mine does not look upon his love of flowers as an acquired taste (as I do). He cannot remember a period of his earliest childhood when he did not hanker for the blossoms that were then forbidden fruit. (May we not regard such inborn love and taste as the Master's gift from a previous life—the Master brought over with us, if we may so speak? The passage from indifference to interest, from Hell to Purgatory need not necessarily be remembered. Through past merit one may be born into Purgatory.) Observation and inquiry revealed a reverse side to my neighbor's love of flowers—a willingness to sacrifice himself for the sake of the love. Thus as a very young boy of nine and ten he would hoard the infrequent pennies that fell to him until he had a total equivalent to a flower. He told me that not till he had grown to manhood did he understand his little self denials as sacrifices—he was not conscious of any sacrifice. He wanted one thing, a flower. He did not want (except in much less degree) candy. He merely left to one side the thing he did not want in order to get the thing he wanted. He felt no more of a sacrifice than if, when offered pie *or* bread, he had passed over the bread and chosen the pie. His feeling was not that he had renounced candy but that he had gained a flower—the thing he really wanted. A few years later at fifteen, when pennies were still infrequent, he would hoard lunch money for the sake of some plant that had caught his eye. He would walk for hours in the big flower market, going the rounds over and over again, in the hope of wearing out the florists or of finding a "nice" one who would give up the coveted plant for the insufficient sum in his pocket. He was rarely successful in obtaining the plant he wanted. For though he was steeled against candy he was unable, in his longing for some special prize, to resist the appeal of humbler flowers, and thus while aiming at *japonica* would actually draw *lantana*. Years passed. He planted and digged and delved. Experience brought power. It brought him also the consciousness that for the sake of flowers he would give himself (and others) much discomfort. But he never felt the discomfort because his attention was not given to it. He was contemplating his end—wonderful blooms. In early spring, he would get out of bed after midnight without hesitation to rescue from sudden rain a box of seedlings that had been sufficiently watered. In hot midsummer he

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burned a foul kerosene stove half a day in his bedroom to dry out some "slips" the prolonged dampness was threatening to rot. His plants seemed conscious of his love, his care, his pain, his taste. They responded to his desire.

One day while visiting him in his garden, I found him eagerly uprooting a lot of tulip bulbs. He had found a softer shade of rose in tulips and was enthusiastic over his discovery. "And where shall you put the former plants?" I inquired. "On the compost heap," he replied, with perceptible disdain at the stupidity behind my question. "The moment I find a finer flower," he continued, "I care nothing at all for the old one; I want to get rid of it as soon as possible."

His words amazed me. They belied the opinion I had for years been forming. I had always thought and spoken of him as an eager lover of flowers. But where was love in the make up of a man who with utter unconcern could toss away for the manure heap plant creatures that had done their best to please him? Was not my neighbor's whole interest in his garden a thoroughly selfish interest? Was not any small sacrifice that had been made, or discomfort incurred, made for himself? Did not my neighbor care for flowers because they gave him pleasure? Was not this feeling merely an extension or projection of self-love? Was it not merely a cultivated refinement of the glutton's interest in food? I can imagine that my friend through a long past had indulged his tastes and desires until the need for variety which such indulgence entails brought him to the world of flowers. He sought and found satisfaction there, but, to maintain his satisfaction, was driven to a more and more fastidious choice of colour and form and perfume. Of course he had succeeded in thoroughly deceiving himself in this process. He looked upon his taste and interest as very disinterested and unworldly. He contrasted the wonderful beauty created by his hobby with boresome shelves of cups, trophies of golf and other games. He even used the word "spiritual" occasionally of his æstheticism when he wished to impress himself or others with its wonderful superiority—though had he been pressed to explain the word he could have gone little beyond "refined."

This neighbor seems to me a type of the mid-region Purgatory. The potentiality of love is in him but not love itself. He has made a definite choice between God and the Devil. He has quit the works of darkness, malice, unrighteousness, and has put himself on creation's side. He has made this choice because of the gifts and benefits that he sees proceed to him from God. He has escaped from the self-destruction of hell and cares now for self preservation. But he has yet to learn a higher love of self.

My friend will incur one grave danger when he awakes to consciousness of his real selfish attitude toward his garden. He will be annoyed. He will be ashamed. He will also be honestly sorry for his mistake. His danger will be that he may attribute to the flowers

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some of the error and mistake that is wholly in himself. Realisation of his own selfish feeling would probably come from perceiving in another a feeling higher and deeper than his own. The contrast would show him the meanness of his own position. Now as no revelation of true love or beauty can be made apart from the Master through whom they exist, his perception of another's true love for flowers will probably be accompanied by some intuition of the spiritual world. The aspiration that in a perverted form marked his whole life will spur him with desire to dwell in the spiritual world—to come himself to knowledge of the Master. He will make an effort to turn his back upon past error. But in his mental confusion and blindness, instead of turning on his own axis away from the pole of self, he will very probably rigidly maintain his former attitude, and merely turn from the external thing upon which he has wreaked the wrong inherent in himself; he will choose another road, which he thinks is surer, to the Master. His "first fervour" will lead him to choose something quite different from his former interests. He will ban those—shut them out as from the devil, and will plunge forward in the new road.

All this is error. And if it is continued the man will find his image of the Master so unattractive as to repel instead of inciting. The Master was in his first interest. It is the Master's loveliness and grace that the man unknowingly admired in the many flowers. And the man will find the Master by learning to know the flowers as they really are, by loving them for themselves, because they are so sweet, and lovely and wonderfully coloured. He must come to respect and reverence them as creatures, and conduct himself toward them with the courtesy and gentleness and affection due to children of the Great King.

Unfortunately records do not abound that will enable me to make this point clear. But legends and poems will aid somewhat. Fairy tales speak of flowers as sentient and conscious. Perhaps we have regarded such tales as mere fancy. The poets speak of flowers as containing the secret of life hidden within them. Wordsworth gained not only happiness from a daisy, but intimations of hidden wisdom;

> And all day long I number yet,
> All seasons through another debt,
> Which I, wherever thou art met,
> To thee am owing;
> An instinct call it, a blind sense;
> A happy, genial influence,
> Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
> Nor whither going.

Browning thought a fancy suggested by a flower bell sufficient to stir up endless questions on life, death and immortality. Mr. Noyes has built up a long symbolic poem on Tennyson's line, "Flower in the crannied wall." With the vision of ultimate truth which poets from time to

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time are granted, Mr. Noyes sees that all Heaven and all souls are contained within the compass of the smallest flower:

> Within the Temple's holiest heart,
> We came upon a blinding light,
> Suddenly, and a burning throne
> Of pinnacled glory, wild and white;
> We could not see Who reigned thereon,
> For, all at once, as a wood-bird sings,
> The aisles were full of great white wings
> Row above mystic burning row;
> And through the splendour and the glow
> We saw four angels, great and sweet,
> With outspread wings and folded feet,
> Come gliding down from a heaven within
> The golden heart of Paradise;
> And in their hands, with laughing eyes
> Lay little brother Peterkin
> And all around the Temple of the Smallest of the Flowers
> The glory of the angels made a star for little Peterkin.

Wordsworth said he believed every flower enjoys the air it breathes. We may have thought that a pretty sentiment. Let my neighbor begin by asserting to himself his conviction of its truth, and by acting as if the conviction had really permeated his being. He must change his ruthless selfishness. He must no longer rudely and coldly toss away a rose the moment its brilliance dims and its form loses perfection. Without any sentimental sadness, let him endeavor to feel beneath the body of the rose its spirit. Let him treat the rose somewhat the way he would an ageing friend whose mellowing soul he feels is assimilating the experiences of an incarnation at the very time that the vehicle of incarnation is disintegrating. Is it not the shallowest materialism to believe that the rose life is contained in its petals? As a point of the Master's Beauty—a tiny cell of the Logos, shall we not expect a rose to share His immortality? What an enlargement it would be, what breadth, what power and knowledge, thus to come through sympathy with the rose creature into rapport with its consciousness. Consciousness cannot be limited to human grades. Just as we admire and enjoy individual human beings whose mentality varies from *o* to *n*, so may we not aspire in time to enjoy creature consciousnesses that are no less individual than human, though of a different order. Legends have told us of the language of flowers. Let us put aside our scornful scepticism. If we have a selfish interest in these lovely creatures, finding a selfish diversion in their tones and fragrance and lines, let us make a hearty effort to learn and love them as they are. That achievement will require a putting aside of self. In the effort lies a path of discipleship. When the man has removed his barrier of self, and really sees and loves the flowers

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for their own sake, he is loving the Master and has found Him. He has learned how to love.

Conclusions drawn from observations in a neighbour's garden are applicable, if they be true at all, to other conditions and vocations. Most artists, perhaps, musicians, painters, sculptors, regard their own ideals and efforts as something foreign to religion and immeasurably superior to the religious aims and practices with which they are familiar. They feel that religion interposes a sifting lens between the world and the retina which permits only drab rays to filter through. Like Browning's madcap monk, they thrust the lens aside, and for their own satisfaction, look at the world as it is,

> The beauty and the wonder and the power,
> The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
> changes, surprises.

Artists usually spare themselves no pains as they strive to express through colour, form or sound the beauty they have glimpsed. By reason of this self-sacrifice the artist is pointed out in *Light on the Path,* as an example for emulation. "The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the occultist, who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life." A close scrutiny of motives under the surface might, however, reveal that few artists reach the degree of purity suggested in *Light on the Path.* They sacrifice themselves, as my neighbour did when he left his bed at night to go out into pouring rain. But self-pleasure is, ultimately, the end of all their sacrifices. They do not really sacrifice at all. They choose between two pleasures, reject the slight one and accept the vivid. New and harmonious arrangements of colour on canvas bring keener enjoyment to an artist than comfortable living in a fashionable neighbourhood. Therefore he accepts the discomforts of attic or stable for the sake of his canvas.

What would be the effect upon an artist's work of a new birth into recognition of the spiritual world? Would it not bring rivers where before there were only streamlets of beauty? Love of Art for the pleasure it gives had produced wonders of beauty under his skillful touch. But suppose the artist should apprehend Beauty itself in its Source, the Master, instead of the broken rays reflected from the clouds of matter. Might not miracles be wrought through his tremulous fingers? He would have passed from toys and self-amusement to Reality and self-devotion. He would find the small thing that he had cherished in a slight way magnificent in grandeur—and enveloped with the charm of personality, that last and final sweetness which gilds the gold dust of the stars.

C. Alvin.

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WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

IN telling why I joined The Theosophical Society, as I purpose doing in this communication to the QUARTERLY, I can describe no state of mental unrest or spiritual dissatisfaction impelling me to quarrel with or to question the theological views held in the home and the neighborhood of my childhood and youth. I was subjected to no torture of soul involved in the doctrines of Calvin; indeed was scarcely aware of such harrowing teachings until I had reached years of discretion and could heartily concur with Dr. Holmes' assertion, If a man really believed in such dogmas, as he believes fire will burn, he would be in an insane asylum in six months. Reared in the atmosphere of New England Liberalism I was content with the reasonableness of its theology. Not scourged to revolt against the influences of my environment, I have, as already intimated, no wrestlings with inherited opinions to chronicle, but merely a simple account of how the theosophical philosophy fitted in with and supplemented visions of life—mortal and immortal—already mistily entertained. Such a story will be to members of the Society more than a twice-told tale. But I am constrained by a long-unkept promise to tell my simple experience—having no other to relate. I combat my reluctance to keep it, with a tale of so little significance, by the thought that it may chance to meet the eye of some one unfamiliar with theosophical doctrines who may thereby be lead to an examination of them.

The earliest knowledge I had of Mme. Blavatsky and her message was presented to me in a theosophical leaflet which came into my hands by accident. The little treatise told in three small pages of the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma. Brief as it was, it was the first clear and sensible teaching of rebirth I had ever met. I was well acquainted with Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia;* had been greatly interested by the story of Prince Siddartha and by the Buddhistic teachings of the poem. I knew also of the ancient doctrine of metempsychosis, but these conceptions, coupled with their fantastic fables, made no impression on me. The simple theosophical account of the soul incarnating in repeated earth lives, until it has acquired the experience and spiritual development requisite to fit it for a higher plane of existence, was a wide departure from the idea of men being reborn as animals and insects, and it arrested my attention at once. This saner teaching appealed to me as something not altogether new and strange. It may have been "the reminiscent knowledge of a prior existence" which

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prepared me to accept the doctrine of rebirth "in advance of Evidence." However that may be, I received it unhesitatingly as logically satisfactory; and, taken together with the correlative doctrine of Karma, as adequately explanatory of many of the mysteries of existence. In particular it afforded, to my mind, an absolute reconciliation of the astounding paradox of the cruel irregularities of life persisting in a universe created and controlled by Infinite Power and Infinite Love. Believe every one's condition in the present life to be the natural and inherent inheritance of one's own individual prior existence—and all becomes just and fair. Moreover I had felt for some time that the theory of the birth of the soul with the body was irrational and untenable. Apart from the manifest corollary that if the soul be without ending it must be without beginning, I had begun to doubt that the Creator would leave the consummation of the superlatively-greatest of His creations, an immortal soul, to man's contingent co-operation. I think the first hint of this doubt came to me not from a theological, or metaphysical, or mystical source, but from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' whimsical poem describing the courtship of his great-grandmother, wherein he asks, What if she had said "No," Should I have been I? Is it conceivable that the *soul* of the benignant Autocrat depended on that answer? Thus Reincarnation required no special pleading to win my assent. With its complementary tenet of Karma, emphasizing in unthought of ways and making clear the compelling teaching of the Master of Nazareth, I welcomed the message of the East,—was glad *to listen.*

With the introduction by the little leaflet to these novel but arresting ideas I read A. P. Sinnett's *Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism* and Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy,* in the order named, and was fully launched on a systematic study of all the authorities I could reach. And at the beginning of this study I was greatly impressed by the lofty standard inculcated by the Masters—the spiritual elevation implied in the insistence on the absolute negation of self in any seeking for the Kingdom of Heaven. (I well remember hearing a revered Unitarian teacher—the Rev. James Freeman Clark—tell his people that a man who was selfishly and absorbingly concerned in saving his own soul hadn't a soul worth saving; and a greater Teacher has said, He who seeks to save his life shall lose it.)

The authority of personal and intimate knowledge with which these startling philosophies were expounded, even the assumption of absolute knowledge of the Hereafter did not deter me from giving ear to them. I had accepted as "gospel truth" Huxley's postulate that in the limitless past of Creation there must of necessity have been evolved beings as superior to man as man is to a black beetle; and I recognized the theory of the evolution of the soul as the necessary complement of Darwin's *Evolution of Man,* since such evolution is but a

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half-truth without it. Therefore it was not difficult for me to believe in the source of the Eastern Teachings, nor difficult to accept the revelations regarding man's origin and destiny as based upon specific knowledge acquired by the Brotherhood of Masters through the long lapse of the eternal ages. Accept Darwin's and Huxley's theses—and who questions them?—and belief in the Masters, and in what they disclose of the past and of the future, comes easy. Believing from earlier than I knew in Jesus of Nazareth as The Master, reverentially so called by His Disciples—not the Deity, but the Son, as He called Himself—I could naturally believe in other Masters, other Sons—advanced beings such as Huxley predicates *"of necessity."* Nor is it unreasonable that they should be living on earth today. Not in the crowded haunts of men, but in this physical existence like ourselves, and devoting their, to us, marvellous powers to influencing the world in ways and by means beyond our dreaming; and that "they know whereof they speak," even of that which lies beyond the Veil.

And finally the light the Eastern Teachings shed upon Him who came to bring Immortality to light seems unmistakably corroborative of the identity of Source from which have come the Christian Gospels and the Eastern Wisdom. Each supplements the other, leaving, to my intelligence, no room for doubt of the external verity of both. Accepting thus the teachings of Theosophy as in strict consonance with the present conception of the true meaning of the message of Christ, I was instinctively drawn to the fellowship of the Society which is publishing and studying the literature of the Eastern Sages.

A.

"It is not what the best men do, but what they are, that constitutes their benediction to their fellow men."

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

German Members and the War

"THE problem that confronts the German members of the Theosophical Society is how to help Germany. But to help Germany they must understand her, and it is notorious that to understand that of which one is a part is supremely difficult. To understand oneself we need and must have the help of others. So of necessity, if the German members are to serve Germany as they wish, they should be willing to give unbiased and impersonal consideration to the opinions of those whose friendliness for them, as fellow-members of the Society, it would really be ridiculous to question."

It was the Philosopher who spoke. He met with instant response from the others present, for they also had been thinking things over and had come to a similar conclusion.

"I do not think we have been sufficiently explicit so far," said the Student. "In my opinion the time has come to be quite frank, quite simple, and the *Screen* provides as good a medium as any other.

"The German members have not understood our attitude, and, irrespective even of the motive which the Philosopher has advanced, we owe it to them to make that attitude as clear as daylight.

The Theosophical Society

"Complete understanding, mutual and sympathetic, should always be the aim of members of the Theosophical Society. That we should agree is not in the least degree necessary. In fact, the Theosophical Society is not supposed to be made up of people who think alike, but, on the contrary, of people who, thinking differently, recognize that Truth is one and indivisible, and who are willing always to credit their fellow-members with the same whole-hearted desire to discover the Truth which they themselves have made the ruling desire of their lives. . . . Suppose, therefore, that instead of half saying what we think, for fear of wounding or offending others, we proceed on the supposition that we can trust them not to be offended, but to recognize both our honesty and our unqualified affection for them personally."

"Good," replied the Philosopher. "You have approached the subject from a slightly different angle, but you arrive where I do. We shall have to begin at the beginning, which means, in this case, we shall have to define our terms.

The Study of Nations

"First, however, there are three things I should like to make very clear. One is that we do not regard America as perfect, and that we

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shall always be grateful for any light that German or other European members can throw on our national characteristics. I doubt if they could say anything which we would not immediately accept. It has been our effort for so many years, not only to understand ourselves, but to understand others, in order to help them—to understand both individuals and nations—that it would be strange if we could not see the lamentable defects in the American national character. As a group we have had many unusual opportunities to see nations as they really are. One or more of us has actually lived in Germany, in France, in England, in India, in Australia. As a group I doubt if there is a continent in which we have not passed considerable periods of time—Africa, north and south; Asia, America, Europe, Australasia, including New Zealand. So our opinion ought to be worth something—even of America itself! And if German members could realize the agony of shame which we have experienced during the past fourteen months, because of things which the United States has done or has left undone, it seems to me that they would be more open to receive, without prejudice, the light on Germany which we offer them.

The Power of Thought

"The second thing I want to make clear," continued the Philosopher, "is the vast importance of understanding *per se*. For one member of a community thoroughly to understand that community; to recognize its wrong-doing for what it is, and to deplore it as Daniel deplored the sins of Israel ("And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes. And I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my confession, and said, O Lord, the great and dreadful God . . . *we* have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments"); for one member of a community to see and to act as Daniel acted, carries light and repentance to others as nothing else can. It does not follow, of necessity, that a word need be said. To see is to enable others to see; to repent is to bring others to repentance. Nothing in the world is so contagious as right thought.

Sin and Its Remedy

"This brings me to my third point. If an individual has done wrong, the most fatal and most foolish next step is to try to brazen it out. God is not mocked. Even our neighbors are not deceived for long. There is but one sane thing to do, and that is at once to confess, at once to repent, at once to atone, at once to do generous penance. And it is the same with a nation. If a nation has committed some great wrong, she will go from bad to worse and from disaster to disaster, unless she has the courage openly to confess her wrong and promptly to try to atone for it. Otherwise, whether for the individual or for the nation, there is only one salvation, and that is to be beaten to her

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knees. It is because the divine powers love us—not because they hate us—that they fight always to bring us to our knees, first by trying to work on us interiorly, through our conscience, and then, if that fail, by aiding life itself, and the just law, to force upon us from the outside that which we have been unwilling to do on our own initiative.

"Consequently, if Germany has behaved as we believe, every German who sees it and who repents for and with his country, lightens the blows of national Karma to that extent, even if the force of his repentance be not great enough to carry his nation with him.

Responsibility and Opportunity

"The responsibility of a member of the Theosophical Society is far more serious than that of others, because his opportunity to see the truth is greater, and because his connection with the Lodge gives him influence for good or for evil such as no others can possibly possess.

"In the nature of things, the divine powers want to save all that is best in Germany. They cannot save her except by bringing her to her knees. She is resisting that with all her will. She resists it, in most cases, to the point of persuading herself that she has not sinned at all; to the point of justifying all that she has done; to the point of considering herself harshly and unjustly judged by others. It is what every weak man does when he has sinned: he sees himself as misunderstood, as a martyr, and then either hardens himself against criticism, or bellows his complaints, or accuses his friends of lying.

"This, I am confident, could never be the wish of our German members for their fatherland. Their wish would be to know the truth, about the war as about all other things that concern them; and then, fearlessly facing the truth, their one thought will be to do what is right in the light of it."

The War Not a Political Question

"We should begin, I think," said the Student, "by clearing up this misconception about politics. In that admirable letter from our Brother Raatz, which will appear in the current issue of the Quarterly—it is the only one of the two letters I have seen—he urges that to discuss the war is to discuss politics. That is a mistake, and I wish that German members could see why. Perhaps comparison with the recent Frank case will help them.

"For their benefit, let me state briefly the facts of that case as I recall them. A young girl of Irish descent was foully murdered in the State of Georgia. A man named Frank, of Jewish descent, was accused of the crime. He was tried several times, and was condemned to death. The Governor of the State did not think the evidence conclusive and commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Local feeling had run very high. It was announced beforehand that Frank would, in any case, be killed. Finally he was taken by force from prison and was hung by masked lynchers.

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"I did not follow the case in detail. I do not know and I do not care whether the Governor was a Republican or a Democrat. I have heard that a Populist writer has been held responsible by some people for the intensity of the local feeling. But that, again, has nothing to do with the issue. Surely our German members will agree that mob violence, that lynching, that defiance of legally constituted authority, are wrong *per se*, and that such things should be condemned by every member of the Theosophical Society, not because they were done in Georgia; not because the girl was Irish and the man Jewish; not because either Republicans or Democrats were or were not involved,—but solely because such conduct is wicked, and because wickedness stands out above political and personal considerations.

Another Illustration

"The same principle applies to the murder of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife. That was a murder. It was a crime. For a Serbian member of the Theosophical Society to have defended that, or to have insisted that it was a question of politics and should not be discussed or referred to in the Quarterly, would have condemned him as blind to the real issue.

"That crime ought to have been punished, and if Austria had reason to believe that the Serbian Government would prove unable or unwilling to bring the murderers to justice, Austria ought to have used every effort to enlist the co-operation of Russia, Italy, France, England, Germany, to compel Serbia to do her duty. Incidentally, as no effort of that kind was made—Austria from the first taking the law into her own hands—it is a fair inference that the punishment of crime was not Austria's real motive, but that she used the crime as an excuse to further her other ends.

"That, however, is not the point. The point is that a crime is a crime, and must be seen as such regardless of possible political associations.

"So far, would our German members agree or not? I think they would.

Nations Must Be Judged

"It is daylight clear to my mind, and to practically all educated Americans, that Germany, since the beginning of the war, has been guilty of many crimes, and that unfortunately her Government, which is not hostile to the sentiment of her people, is in every sense responsible for what amounts to wholesale murder and to wholesale treachery. In other words, the responsibility for what Germany has done cannot be laid upon a group of irresponsible individuals. Every nation contains cowards and scoundrels. It would be grossly unfair to condemn Germany for the isolated acts of some of her soldiers. We do not do that. We simply recognize the fact that the German Government,

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which is said to be supported by the German people, has proved itself dishonorable, barbarous, and guilty of monstrous murder.

"If our members in the State of Georgia are blind to the fact that the lynching of Frank was a crime, quite regardless of whether he had or had not murdered Mary Phagan; if, because we say what we think about it, they accuse us of 'anti-Georgian prejudice' or nonsense of that sort—one can merely hope and pray that later on, when their passions have subsided, they will recognize, not only our impartial sincerity, but that it was our duty, for their sakes, and for the sake of civilization and of Theosophy, to give them the opportunity now to hear the Truth as we see it, and to proclaim that Truth to all who are willing to listen."

"Now for the facts——"

If Another Had Done It

"Pardon me," broke in the Gael; "but before you recite the facts, I should like this question to be considered: suppose that France, while bound by treaty to observe and to protect Swiss neutrality, were to demand tomorrow of Switzerland the right to march troops through her territory and to occupy it temporarily, in order to attack Germany on her flank. Suppose that Switzerland were to refuse, and that French armies were then at once sent to 'hack a way' through to Germany. Suppose that France were to do this on the ground that the present German lines are too difficult to pierce and that therefore 'military necessity' compelled her to violate Swiss neutrality. Suppose that the Swiss were to resist to the utmost, and that, as punishment for this unexpected and irritating resistance, France were to burn cities and villages; were to blackmail, with threats, other cities, levying vast sums as the price of immunity; and were to put to death many hundreds of women and children and non-combatants.

"Suppose that, a year later, to defend herself against the whole world's execration, France were to assert that since she did this, and as a result of her occupation, she had discovered among the Swiss archives the report of a conversation between a Germany military attaché and a member of the Swiss General Staff, concerning what would happen and what could be done in the event of a French invasion of Swiss territory; and suppose that France tried to twist this conversation into evidence of conspiracy and were to point to it as a sort of *post mortem* justification of her conduct.

"What would our German members think and say? Would they protest and condemn merely because they are German and because Germany had been exposed to attack; or would they see a crime as a crime, and would they protest and condemn in the name of God, of justice, and of humanity?

"Yet, in view of what their own nation has done,—*could* they protest, until they have admitted, in sackcloth and ashes, that Germany had sinned the same hideous sin?"

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"You have stated my first fact for me," said the Student, "although it will be well to add certain evidence while we are about it. Thus, as to Germany's original motive and original excuse for violating Belgian neutrality, it will be best to let the German authorities speak for themselves.

Germany's Motive

"On the outbreak of the war, the German Foreign Secretary explained that Germany must go through Belgium to attack France because she could not afford the time to do otherwise. This is what Herr von Jagow said:

"'The Imperial Government had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with the operations and endeavor to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death with them, as, if they had gone by the more southern route, they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of roads and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition, entailing great loss of time. This loss of time would have meant time gained by the Russians for bringing up their troops to the German frontier. Rapidity of action was the great German asset, while that of Russia was an inexhaustible supply of troops.'

"In the Reichstag, too, on the 4th of August, 1914, the German Chancellor stated in referring to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg:

"'The wrong—I speak openly—the wrong we thereby commit we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained.'

"The violation of Belgian neutrality, therefore, was deliberate, although Germany had actually guaranteed that neutrality; and surely there has been nothing more despicably mean than to attempt to justify it *ex post facto* by bringing against the innocent, inoffensive Belgian Government and people the totally false charge of having plotted against Germany.

"In view of such statements, there can be no possible question as to Germany's original motive. Furthermore, the step she took was not decided upon hastily, in a moment of crisis. It had been premeditated for years. Avowedly, the military strategy of Germany has been and is offensive, not defensive. It was impossible to conceal the construction by Germany of strategical branch railway lines leading direct to the frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg—lines which were completed several years before the war. . . . No, as I said, there can be no question as to the motive, the intention, the predetermination.

Germany's Pretext

"Yet, in view of the outcry against her which her action raised,

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Germany later did her utmost to reinforce her one original pretext,* namely that France was intending to do what she herself had done. It is an absurd pretext. France was most anxious to secure the moral and, if possible, the material support of Great Britain. France was asked specifically by Great Britain if she intended 'to respect and maintain the neutrality of Belgium' in the event of war. France responded by telegraph received on August 1, 1914, saying that she was 'resolved to respect the neutrality of Belgium.' In reply to the same question addressed to Germany, Great Britain, through her Ambassador in Berlin, was informed: 'I have seen the Secretary of State, who informs me that he must consult the Emperor and the Chancellor before he could possibly answer.' Pressed for something less evasive, Herr von Jagow expressed doubt as to whether he could respond further, 'for any response on his part would not fail, in case of war, to have the regrettable effect of divulging a part of the German plan of campaign'!

An After-Thought

"The charge that Great Britain had plotted to violate Belgian neutrality was not advanced until the Autumn of 1914. It was based upon a Belgian record of a conversation with the British Military Attaché. This conversation was so unofficial and unimportant that it was never reported either to the British Foreign Office or to the British War Office. On the face of it, as given in German publications, the conversation referred only to the contingency of Belgium being attacked; it showed that the entry of the British into Belgium could take place only after violation of Belgian territory by some other power, and it showed also that no convention or agreement existed between the British and Belgian governments.

"Not only was there no convention; there was positive and official assurance by Great Britain that British troops would not be landed in Belgium except in the case of violation of its territory by another power. Germany, as late as September, 1915, had not permitted the reproduction of the document which proves this, and which proves that her own accusation is untrue. It is a dispatch from Sir Edward Grey to the British Minister to Belgium, dated April 7, 1913, in which Sir Edward states:

"'In speaking to the Belgian Minister today, I said, speaking unofficially, that it had been brought to my knowledge that there was apprehension in Belgium lest we should be the first to violate Belgium's neutrality. I did not think that apprehension could have come from a British source. The Belgian Minister informed me that there had been

* The original pretext is given in a Proclamation dated August 4th, 1914, signed by Von Emmich as the General commanding the army of the Meuse, and addressed "Au Peuple belge." The German troops, it says, are compelled to cross the frontier of Belgium. "Elles agissent sous la contrainte d'une nécessité inévitable," "the neutrality of Belgium having already been violated by French officers who, *in disguise* (the italics are mine), have crossed Belgian territory in an automobile in order to penetrate into Germany." Could anything be more absurd!

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talk from a British source which he could not name, of the landing of troops in Belgium by Great Britain, in order to anticipate a possible despatch of German troops through Belgium to France. I said that I was sure that this Government would not be the first to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and I did not believe that any British Government would be the first to do so, nor would public opinion here ever approve of it. What we had to consider—and it was a somewhat embarrassing question—was what it would be desirable and necessary for us, as one of the guarantors of Belgium's neutrality, to do, if Belgian neutrality was violated by any Power. For us to be the first to violate it and to send troops into Belgium would be to give Germany, for instance, justification for sending troops into Belgium also. What we desired in the case of Belgium, as in that of other neutral countries, was that their neutrality should be respected, and as long as it was not violated by any other Power we would certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory.'

"As a Belgian is reported to have said:

" 'The Chancellor bases his accusations against Belgium of having violated her neutrality on the fact that the military attachés mentioned the possibility of military operations in case Germany attacked Belgium. With equal justice a murderer could plead that his victim was justly put to death because friends of his had been heard talking to him of coming to his help in case he was assaulted.'

"It would perhaps be well to add," said the Newcomer, "that so particular were both France and England to keep their part of the contract, that even after German troops admittedly had entered Belgium, it was not until the Belgian Government, on August 4th, had asked for French aid, that French air-craft, on August 5th, were authorized to do scouting service in Belgium. Not until the 6th were orders given to a corps of French cavalry to assist the Belgian army, and not until the 8th did the Belgian Government issue instructions that the Belgian railways were to be placed at the disposal of the French military authorities. France did not move in any particular until Belgium had requested her to do so. Neither did Great Britain—though her action came so much later that, in this respect, it has less significance."

The Essence of It

"Your facts are interesting, and I agree with every word you have said"—this was from the member whom we call the Ancient—"but any facts, no matter how well authenticated, are open to dispute, and Germans I have met, have so rooted a conception as to what took place at that time, that I doubt if you will find one of them prepared really to sift the evidence. Further, I do not think that the facts are essential. Let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that both France and England did everything that any German can allege against them; that they violated Belgian neutrality before Germany did so, and that they had plotted with Belgium against Germany (how any German can make such an allegation while his Government is trying so hard to prove that Belgian

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Ambassadors were afraid of French aggression, is of course a mystery, but is one that need not be solved). Let us accept all these allegations as true. It follows, says our German, that his country was justified in doing what she did.

"What does this imply? It implies that if my neighbour steals from me, I am justified in stealing from him. It implies that Germany had and has no code of honour, but merely reflects her neighbours at their lowest level. Otherwise, no matter what England or France had done, Germany would have said, *'Noblesse oblige.* "Because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." I have promised and I must keep my promise.' She would have gone to the rescue of Belgium when asked by the Belgian Government to do so. Until then, she would have respected the neutrality of Belgium because she was pledged to respect it. Honour is honour, and a promise is a promise. Germany, on the face of it, does not think so; accepting all her claims and allegations, she does not think that honour comes first. There is no possible escape from that conclusion. The facts, one way or the other, do not affect it. And that is why Germany is universally condemned; that is why her wrong-doing is proved out of her own mouth, quite regardless of substantiating evidence. . . . But this is an interjection, and you, my friend the Student, can continue your own line of thought as if I had not spoken."

So the Student continued:

Moral Blindness

"Germany, then, violated her own guarantee, treating it as a mere 'scrap of paper.' She was treacherous, cowardly, dishonorable. And although it is true that her Chancellor publicly described what she was doing as 'a wrong,' he added in the next breath that 'necessity knows no law,' thus seeking to justify the wrong on the ground of expediency, and showing that he had no conception of any law, either human or divine, whether of honour or of principle, except his own notion of what would make for German military aggrandizement. He stood for the doctrine that 'might is right'; he was, so far as we know, supported by the whole German nation, or by an overwhelming majority of that nation, and he proved, in a sentence, that Germany is not to be counted among the civilized states of the world.

"The most appalling fact of all is that the vast majority of Germans would not understand what I am talking about. Even if they were to accept my statement of the facts, they would ask with hair-lifting self-satisfaction, 'Well, what of it?' They would resent the word 'uncivilized.' They would resent being told that their conduct might have been expected from certain Indian tribes of North America, or from some of the former Amirs of Afghanistan. But they would fail utterly to see the connection between the facts and the verdict,—the truth being that the worst penalty of sin is the blindness which sin

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induces, and that Germany as a nation holds fast to the creed of her Emperor—'There is only one law, and that is my law'—and for many years past has acted upon it."

No New Thing

"Pardon me," interrupted the Gael at this point. "You say 'for many years past.' I think that is a grave and also a very common mistake. Sir Oliver Lodge, in his recent treatise on the war, speaks of the Germans as having been 'an incurably idealistic and mystical people,' and then, without seeming to see the incongruity, he quotes from characteristic German sources:

" 'It is reserved for us [Germans] to assume in thought that creative rôle in religion which the whole Teutonic race abandoned fourteen centuries ago. . . . Germany and the whole Teutonic people in the fifth century made a great error; they conquered Rome, but, dazzled by Rome's authority, they adopted the religion and the culture of the vanquished. . . . For more than thirty generations Germany has struggled and wrestled to see with eyes that were not her eyes, to worship a God that was not her God, to live with a world-vision that was not her vision, and to strive for a heaven that was not hers.'

"The point is that Germany was never really converted from barbarism; that she still believes in barbarism; that her adaptations of Christianity are barbaric, and that while there has been much talk about Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi, you need go no further afield than Mommsen to realize that his history of Rome is in reality nothing but a glorification of force and a defence of the German spirit. Even Lord Cromer writes of the 'collapse of the moral forces of Germany which has taken place during the last forty or fifty years.' There has been no such collapse. So long as the Germans were suppressed—and there have been periods in history when they were; so long as they lacked self-confidence, they tried hard to imitate and to adopt the customs and beliefs of their civilized neighbors. Hegel and Fichte and others labored industriously to persuade themselves that there was something in Christian idealism—tried hard to reduce Christianity to a formula that would conform to German mental processes; but they would never have done this if imitation at that time had not been fashionable. As soon as self-confidence was recovered—completely only after 1870—the entire nation turned with a sigh of relief to its natural paganism.

What German Members Have Confronted

"Do you mean to tell me that German members of the Society can fail to recognize the devils they have been fighting in Germany ever since the Society had a footing there; that they can fail to recognize, 'There is only one law, and that is my law,' as the real creed of their nation—working out, with ever-increasing ruthlessness. with the most vulgar self-assertion and the most brutal egotism, into all departments

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of life—into the relations of men and women, parents and children, into art and science and commerce? Have they forgotten the poster which advertised broadcast the Cologne Exhibition of 1914—the naked Hun, with flaming torch, on horse-back? It has been said that that flamboyant poster was part of the German Emperor's deliberate campaign to advertise Germany to the Germans. and to impress upon the German people their characteristics and their destiny as he proudly saw them. But there is no need to bring the Emperor into it. The advertisement tells its own story. . . . Truly the German members ought to understand. They have had their hands full enough. Like St. Paul, they have had 'to fight with beasts at Ephesus.'"

German Discipline

"How do you reconcile so anarchistical a creed as you have cited, with the German genius for order and discipline?" It was the Objector who raised the question.

"There is no contradiction," answered the Gael. "German Imperialism and Socialism are twins. That was demonstrated years ago. M. Demolins merely repeated unanswerable arguments. It is a fact we have often discussed and which has often been referred to in the *Screen*. And when an entire nation shares a creed and is set on its realization, not only personally but nationally; when, as in the legions of Satan, the individual sees that his own ends can be gained only by concerted action, then discipline becomes Satanically perfect and organization is used for selfish and evil purposes. Such discipline contains elements of violent disruption, but, if one may judge by the Black Lodge, these elements may be suppressed for an astonishing length of time."

Inhumanity

"Do not let us side-track our discussion," said the Student. "We have considered Germany's most obvious offence in this war—the violation of Belgian neutrality. I should like to know whether the German members have read the 'Report of the Committee on Alleged German Outrages' in Belgium and France, and if they have read the reply of their own Government to that Report. The Committee, as probably they know, was presided over by Viscount Bryce. It reported that after a lengthy and detailed examination of all the available testimony, including the personal diaries of many of the German dead, it is proved—

"'(i) That there were in many parts of Belgium, deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population, accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages.'

"'(ii) That in the conduct of the war generally, innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women violated, and children murdered.'

"'(iii) That looting, house burning, and the wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German

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Army; that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of the war, and that the burnings and destruction were frequent where no military necessity could be alleged, being indeed part of a system of general terrorization.'

"'(iv) That the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire, to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag.'

"That report was signed by Lord Bryce, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Sir Edward Clarke, among others; and the old-fashioned conservatism of Sir Edward Clarke's statements are famous. The Report consists of 61 pages. The Appendix consists of 196 pages of carefully considered evidence."

Some Particulars

It should be understood that the evidence from Belgian and English sources merely corroborated and amplified the testimony contained in German letters and diaries. One or two extracts from these will serve to show their nature. This, for instance, is from the field notebook of an officer in the 178th Regiment, XIIth (Saxon) Corps:

"August 23rd. . . . Every house in the whole village (Bouvines) was destroyed. We dragged the villagers one after another out of the most unlikely corners. The men were shot as well as the women and children who were in the convent, since shots had been fired from the convent windows; and we burnt it afterwards.

"August 26th.—We marched to Nismes. After passing Merlemont we came to Villers-en-Fagne. The inhabitants had warned the French [very properly] of the arrival of our troops by a signal from the church tower. The enemy's guns opened on us [the invaders] and killed and wounded quite a few. So in the evening we set fire to the village; the priest and some of the inhabitants were shot. . . . The pretty little village of Gue d'Ossus, however, was apparently set on fire without cause. A cyclist fell off his machine and his rifle went off. He immediately said he had been shot at. *All the inhabitants were burnt in the houses.* . . ."

Or this, from the diary of a German soldier named Eitel Anders:

"We then arrived at the town of Wandre. . . . Everything was examined. . . . In one house a whole collection of weapons was found. The inhabitants without exception (samt und sonders) were brought out and shot."

Belgian Testimony

"There was a Belgian official report on these atrocities, equally convincing. The French Government also has investigated, and has published the result, covering a wider field because including an account of the horrors perpetrated in France. But perhaps it will be claimed that committees appointed by hostile governments can bring in only one verdict—an unjust supposition in these cases, considering the personnel, and

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yet an imaginable objection. Let us therefore include the testimony of a man like Emile Verhaeren, who probably, before the war, had more friends in Germany than in Belgium itself, and who was at least as highly regarded by intelligent Germans as he was by the literati of his own nation.

"In Verhaeren's recent book, translated under the title *Belgium's Agony*, he recalls that within two hours of Germany's ultimatum she was breathing forth the purity of her intentions toward Belgium. He continues:

"'She could have dared to offer open battle, but she preferred a treacherous ambuscade. And by this deed she has created against herself in the hearts of Belgians a hatred so passionate and so universal that it will go down from this generation to a depth that no man can foretell. * * * The Germans have waged no real war against us, they have been ravagers, thieves, pillagers, assassins. Courageous enough in actual battle, after each fight they have behaved like brutal cowards.

"'They have not been satisfied with the devastation caused by their armies; they have deliberately created a famine in Southern Belgium. Now, in the full twentieth century and in Europe, there are cries of a people dying of hunger. Help pours in from all sides. America is splendid. But how far will these gifts go to satisfy the hunger of whole provinces? It is an unvarying rule that conquered territories must be provisioned by their conquerors. But the Germans recognize no duties in warfare. They are glad that those whom they have not been able to slaughter should die a death even more horrible.'

"As an instance of wholesale pillage, Verhaeren tells how the station at Malines was blocked with 700 pianos taken from the homes in that town. He recites acts of savagery inflicted on men and women. He tells of a merchant who decided to stay in his country house near Antwerp with his two daughters, 17 and 20 years old. Five German officers took up their quarters in the house and were treated as hospitably as possible. An abundant dinner was prepared for them, but before sitting down to it the oldest of the officers ordered the father to be confined in his own cellar. . . . When he was released the next morning his daughters had been given over to the common soldiers, and one of them was insane. The other has since killed herself. The facts are vouched for by the French Minister of War.

Making Bad Worse

"The German answer to all these charges, including those contained in the Bryce Report, is simply a general denial, with the extraordinary reservation that because the men, women and children of Belgium fought to defend their homes; because they used every possible weapon, including boiling water, for that purpose,—therefore whatever was done in retaliation was justified; yes, the rape of women and the maiming of children, like the violation of Belgian neutrality,—justified

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on the ground of military necessity! I do not mean that any single case of outrage was admitted by the German Government; but the sum and substance of its reply was—'Whatever truth there may be in any of these charges is easily understood for the reason that the women and children did so-and-so'!

"Now here again is an absolute parting of the ways between civilization and barbarism. There *can* be no justification for such outrages. The German Government, and presumably the German people, or most of them, think otherwise.

"What salvation can there be for Germany until the elect of her people see it, deplore it, and, for the whole nation, confess it to God with heart-broken remorse? And that would be but a beginning, for the nation itself must repent, must be converted, must be brought to its knees not only outwardly but in its heart, if, as a nation, it is to escape destruction.

"That is why so much depends upon the German members of the Theosophical Society. Do they realize the extent to which the fate of their country is in their hands? If pride and racial prejudice were to blind them, I should regard Germany as irretrievably lost."

The United States and the War

"Before we adjourn," said the Orientalist, "I really think that the Philosopher ought to explain what he meant when referring, earlier in the conversation, to the agony of shame which we have experienced during the past fourteen months, because of things which the United States has done or has left undone. I know, of course, what you meant" (turning to him), "but I should not like others to misunderstand."

The Verdict of History

"When history comes to be written," answered the Philosopher, "I think it will be recognized that to mind one's own business means to mind it, not to shirk minding it; and if I, having children, live on a street where another family of children is unmannerly and rough to the point of throwing stones at neighbors, it becomes part of my business to protest by every means in my power against such misconduct. New York and Paris are closer today than were Paris and Berlin in the time of George Washington. In fact, all nations now live on the same street.

Neutrality

"It may be that those of us who have travelled a great deal in Europe, and who hope to travel there again, feel our present situation more keenly than others. I can imagine myself in France, in England. I am from New York. 'Oh, an American!' It would be entirely polite. The contempt would be of the heart; not of manner or voice. On the international 'street,' I should have come from a house which had kept up 'cordial and friendly relations' with the house which had violated every

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canon of decency, every code of honor, every principle of neighborly behaviour; which had attacked and injured other people on the street, so that nearly every house that counted, except my house, had risen in protest, had risen in arms—for the sake of the street as well as for its own sake. My house had remained 'neutral.'

"Neutral—'not yet ascended into Hell.' It is where Dante placed them. Heaven and Hell alike reject them—Heaven, to keep itself free from stain; Hell, 'lest the damned should gain some glory from them.' Naked; stung by hornets and wasps so that their faces streamed with blood, in perpetual pursuit of a flying banner 'unworthy of all pause'; crushed with the misery of their utter worthlessness—souls that refused to judge, that never gave themselves to anyone or anything, that feared the risk of failure, that neither a good cause nor a bad could ever force into the open! Neutral, as Pilate was neutral! The bitter shame of it!

A More Hopeful View

The Gael half laughed, half groaned. But he is optimistic. "Remember," he said, "what a French officer said recently to Rudyard Kipling: that Germany is saving the world by showing us what evil is. Even we may learn to hate it—and may learn thereby to love righteousness more than we love ourselves."

From an Occult Diary

That was the end of our talk. . . . And now for what may seem to some people like a violent change of subject, but which actually is the same subject—the one subject: 'Thy Kingdom come;' the everlasting struggle between good and evil, right and wrong, God and Satan.

The Recorder has come across an old entry in one of the diaries of Mrs. S., whose inner experience was made the subject of several *Screens* a year or two ago.

"I was feeling dreadfully dry and unresponsive," her entry begins. "In fact, my mind was thoroughly tired, and I had to use my will to read even St. Teresa—an unusual experience for me. What I read was a reminder of the Master's supreme power. So I turned to him, saying in my heart: 'Yes, what she says is true, and it follows that thou couldst give me all that I ask, all that I desire. My desire is to love thee passionately and completely, and to love others with the same love, because of thee and in union with thee. I ask thee, therefore, to take my heart and to make it wholly thine.'

"Actually I did not say as much as that, and before I had finished it seemed that the Master hurried to reply—almost impatiently, but perhaps that impression was due to his desire to use instantly, and before my mind wandered to some other topic, the opening I had given him. His words I do not clearly remember, but this is the sense of them: 'My child, what else do I want? For what else am I laboring? Do I not long to give you what you ask? Yet you know that I cannot over-

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rule your free will. It is by small acts of self-denial that you must give me the material—the clay—with which to work. Then I can do all things.'

"At once I said to him: 'Thy grace is sufficient, dear Master.'

" 'But if thou wert not to use the grace I gave thee, what injury to thee! And I would be compelled to recover it, for what I give is my life, and I am answerable and must not lose it' (He said this in about ten words, in place of my forty).

"There was no answer to that, so I changed my tactics. I told him how tired my mind was, and how difficult I found it to galvanize my will to the point of making these small yet constant acts of self-surrender, which I well knew, as he said, were necessary if he were to do for me what he wanted and what I, in my real self, also most fervently desired. How could I galvanize my will?

"Now, I had been dreaming dreams of work elsewhere of other and more stimulating kinds, and the Master, smiling but not unreproachful, brought those dreams back to my mind. Then, without words, he made a sort of picture of a man grinding corn—and so tired of it; so deadly sick of it! The man would enlist—would do anything, rather than forever grind and grind that corn. And the Master asked me what I would say to that man? I knew! How foolish that man! Would it be weeks or months before he grew as tired of his drill or of his marches as he now was of his grinding?

" 'He is tired of himself and of working for himself: and he need not and should not do either. He could grind God's enemies to powder; he could provide me with endless force for the victory of God on earth; he could support armies; could uphold the hands of their leaders—just by grinding with that *intention,* selflessly and for love's sake. Are you capable of less? Realize that those small acts of self-surrender are all contained in one,—the surrender of this foolish thought that they are small.'

"That is what I want, O Master: to think no longer of my happiness but of thy happiness; to think no longer of my comfort but of thy comfort; no longer of my fate but of thy fate; no longer of my interests but of thy interests; no longer of my pains but of thy pains. I want so to be filled with love of thee that there is no room in me for love of myself. To know thee is to love thee; to think constantly of thee and about thee leads to knowledge of thee and so to love of thee. Therefore give me thy grace that, whatever I do or see or hear, I may act as for thy hands, may see as with thine eyes, may hear as with thine ears."

T.

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ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

VIII

Standards of Conduct

THE subject of self-will is so important that I want to give some illustrations of its more subtle ramifications, and in particular of the part which it plays in our connection with the Religious Life.

People may be divided, roughly, into three classes: the immense majority who are frankly materialistic in their aims and desires. Most of them know of religion. They may even observe its outer forms and attend its ceremonies. But when the teaching of religion runs counter to their desires, which it does at once and completely, in nearly every direction, they thrust its appeal aside, preferring not to think of the rather unpleasant subject at all; or at the best, they make an unstable and uneasy compromise between what it demands and what they are willing to give. When circumstances arise which call for sacrifice or self-abnegation, it is an instinctive code of what is proper that influences them, rather than a conscious religious appeal. The world, as a whole, inherits from its own past a certain standard of conduct, which has little or nothing directly to do with religion. People are expected to maintain this standard, and anyone who falls short of it conspicuously is likely to be conspicuously blamed. A man who saves his life in a public accident when women and children perish is looked at askance unless he has a satisfactory explanation forthcoming.

Of course, the world's standard of conduct varies according to peoples and classes. We do not expect an African negro to act in all circumstances as we would expect a peasant to act; and the world demands a much higher level of performance from a gentleman than from a peasant. The point is that people do, as a very general rule, act according to their world standard. We expect and usually get a definite type of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation from the savages. If not, we are genuinely surprised. We expect and usually get a higher and less ignoble standard from the European peasant. If not, we are surprised and shocked. We expect the gentleman of any race to react in definite ways to circumstances, and if he does not we are very properly grieved and disgusted.

It is sufficiently obvious that this overwhelming majority of the

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earth's inhabitants, who react to an instinctive world standard of conduct, have as yet very little to do with religion. Religion holds but a small place in one corner of the code of the best of them, and has no place at all in the lives of the rest. One can safely say that self-will is completely triumphant in this whole class.

It must also, I think, be obvious that this class includes a large number of "Church-goers," and of those who, from the standpoint of the statistician, rank as "religious." But there is another class, very, very much smaller, which emerges gradually out of the higher ranks of the first, and which does not in its lower levels differ essentially from the first. It is the class of people who really make some effort to shape their conduct by the ideals and precepts of religion as well as by the world's instinctive code. One might be inclined at first glance to believe them to be more numerous than they are. But this is an error, for the ordinary good person, even if he attend church service and listen to sermons, follows the world's code on six days in the week and finds that sufficiently difficult and onerous. He has to suppress his self-will many, many times a day to comply with that code, and the higher and greater demands of religion he regards as quite impracticable for business and the ordinary activities of every-day life.

There is, however, this second class of people. They recognize the higher standard and make tentative, repeated, sometimes almost vigorous efforts to live up to it. In moments of enthusiasm, when under some strong external stimulus, such as a revival meeting, they become, for a short time, quite fervent. For days they may maintain a distinctly higher level of attainment. But the impulse wears out, and the life settles back to ordinary levels and ordinary standards, until the smothering soul makes another desperate effort to rouse the will; or until the circumstances of life, usually in the form of pain or misery, spur the flagging energies to renewed effort.

Such lives are a perpetual oscillation, and such people are almost invariably unhappy. I shall come back to them, for this is the class which includes many readers of the QUARTERLY; but first I want to touch briefly on the third class—those fervent souls who have earned the privilege of loving, of feeling, and who, through love, through the intensity of their interest, no longer compromise with life, but, like St. Paul, keep the natural man in subjection, and press toward the mark of their high calling. They may still be full of faults, but they never waver in their effort to conquer them. They may still stumble and fall, but no matter how bruised or bleeding, they never hesitate to continue climbing. Fatigue does not daunt them; discouragement no longer shackles them; self-indulgence no longer ensnares them. All the common pitfalls of the struggling soul yawn fruitlessly in the face of the ardour of their love, which, burning always at white heat, carries them over every obstacle and past every obstruction. Oh! for some of their white fire to invigorate the flickering flame which is the best we can

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show to the Master's longing gaze. Read the lives of the great Saints and disciples and you will find that they all have this common possession, so great a love for their Master that, no matter what the sacrifice, the effort, the degree of self-abnegation, nothing is too great to give and to give freely and completely for the goal towards which they strain. And they were happy, with an obvious and an increasing joy, which is a complete mystery to those who have had nothing of their vision. They do not see how anyone could be happy while giving up all those so very desirable things which the Saints obviously had to relinquish, and obviously (though strangely!) no longer cared for. Is it not just those things which redeem this rather soggy life from complete vacuity? Eliminate those and what is left? So reasons the secular and inexperienced reader.

Wherein does the joy of the Saint consist? It is a mystery to all but the Saints, but a mystery which they have explained again and again. They say their joy comes from love, from ability to feel. That this mystery of love is an inextinguishable fountain of happiness; that sacrifice ceases to be sacrifice when made for love's sake; that pain ceases to be pain and becomes rapture when borne for love's sake; that poverty, deprivation, all that the world dreads and turns from with a shudder of horror, are but badges of honour when worn in the service of love. As they have accomplished it, we must believe it, even though we may not understand.

How, then, can we of the second class, the oscillating neophytes, gain this great gift of love, that makes possible the doing of all those things which we find so impossibly difficult? That is the supreme question for our consideration. We can compose Rules of Life endlessly, but what is the use of them if we lack the will-power and energy to carry them out? How are we to go about acquiring the power to love, so that, for love's sake, we shall have the energy and will to mount the difficult steps that lead to Heaven? How many, many would-be disciples have asked this same question! What reply do the books make? They answer first of all in a paradox, a triangular paradox: to love the Master, we must know him; to know him, we must obey him; to obey him, we must love him. In other words, if I may be permitted an interpretation, I believe that the process is one of simultaneous and rounded growth. We try, and the reward of effort is the ability to try harder; we sacrifice, and the reward is the ability to sacrifice further; we deny ourselves, and the reward is increased self-control; we struggle, and the reward is a stronger will; we press forward against the grain, and the reward is a lessening of the disinclination; we try to love adequately, and the reward is ability to love better. In still other words, it is all a question of action. We must do something about it. Heaven is gained, not by reading, not by wishing, not by theorizing, not by teaching, or preaching, or by any other thing whatsoever, but by being and doing. We must act, not balk; do, not resolve. Reading is good if it be followed

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by action; wishing is better, if it be dynamic. Teaching and preaching are admirable, if they be done for the love of the Master, as he and not as we want to do them. To paraphrase the Bhagavad Gita, which says that he who is perfected in devotion will find knowledge springing up spontaneously within, cannot we say that he who conquers his self-will and follows the will of the Master, who suppresses his lower nature, who keeps his Rule of Life faithfully, who sacrifices his inclinations and performs every least duty with conscientious thoroughness, will be rewarded—not all at once, but by degrees, as he remains steadfast—with that greatest of all gifts which makes everything so easy: a God-given capacity to love, fervently, ceaselessly, mightily.

C. A. G.

"Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all."

La Rochfoucauld.

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REVIEWS

Ruysbroeck, by Evelyn Underhill, is the only thorough study in English of one of the world's greatest mystics. This Flemish Saint, for Saint indeed he was, has recently become known through the single French work of Mr. Maeterlink, *L'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles,* a translation of one of Ruysbroeck's most complete and popularly intelligible treatises, and to which there is prefaced a "beautiful but unreliable introduction." In English there have so far appeared only the first sixteen chapters of Ruysbroeck's *The Book of the Twelve Béguines,* and a few extracts quoted in books on mysticism. According to Miss Underhill, by far the choicest and most original contributions of Ruysbroeck to mystical literature lie buried in old and almost inaccessable Latin and Flemish manuscripts. Certainly her quotations are drawn largely from his other chief works, *The Book of the Kingdom of God's Lovers, The Seven Degrees of the Ladder of Love, The Book of the Sparkling Stone,* and *The Mirror of Eternal Salvation.* It is, therefore, a matter for special congratulation that Miss Underhill's indefatigable labors have introduced this leading Christian teacher to the English-reading public. Let us hope that a full translation of Ruysbroeck's works will speedily follow.

John Ruysbroeck was borne in 1293 and lived to be eighty-eight. At eleven he ran from home to his uncle in nearby Brussels, where he was taken in and surrounded by ideal conditions for the development of a religious vocation. For this uncle had but recently been converted "from the comfortable and easy-going life of a prosperous ecclesiastic to the austere quest of spiritual perfection." A Canon of the Cathedral of St. Gudule, he brought the young Ruysbroeck into an atmosphere of self-denial, charity, and prayer; to the example of lives governed by love for the church, humility, and zeal in labour for Christ. So we find Ruysbroeck "deeply impressed by the sacramental side of Catholicism," and for those who find the Sacramental ideal a stumbling-block in their conception of the Church, no more illuminating interpreter can be found. Two of his works, the *Spiritual Tabernacle,* and *The Mirror of Eternal Salvation or Book of the Blessed Sacrament* deal directly with this subject.

For twenty-six years, till he was fifty, Ruysbroeck lived the hard-working life of a secular priest in Brussels. During all this time he was steadily advancing in the mystic way, acquiring that degree of meditation which is called "continuous," and learning to serve and reach the Master through daily occupations and labours. Finally, in 1343, he retired to the hermitage of Groenendall in the not far distant forest of Soignes. At first a recluse, his popularity soon forced him to adopt the Augustinian habit, and in 1348 the famous Priory was founded. Here Ruysbroeck lived and ruled till he died.

Miss Underhill's book devotes but one long chapter to Ruysbroeck's life: the remainder is a sympathetic and masterly study of his mystical teaching. Any such attempt suffers by comparison with the writing of the mystic himself, and Miss Underhill's understanding seems to fall short of grasping certain seemingly simple spiritual ideas. For instance, Ruysbroeck's intimate conversations with the Master are explained away as "the intellectual framework in which

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his sublime intuitions were expressed,"—as springing from the ingrained traditions and theology of the Catholic Church. We meet, also, such startling phrases as "impact of Reality," and "deeper and closer correspondence with Reality" to describe these communions; while further on we read that this Reality (always with a capital R) is the " 'simple' or synthetic unity" of God, the "Absolute Sphere," "Wholeness," or just "the Absolute." Such a conception of the spiritual world, or such phrases to describe its super-intellectual realities, reveal a lack of understanding not only of mystics but of a vital truth fundamental to all the higher spiritual states of consciousness. Miss Underhill seems to ignore and exclude all personality and individuality from the spiritual world other than the personality of the particular mystic of which she is then writing; forgetting, seemingly, not only the existence of the "Communion of Saints," but of the potent fact that personality can only become conscious at all through contact with another or other personalities on whatever plane they may be conscious. Personality cannot have intimate communings of mind, heart, and soul with impersonality. To limit spiritual "Reality" to an impersonal Absolute is to deny at once its Absoluteness and Wholeness. Miss Underhill's intellectual position is half-way between Western misconceptions of Nirvana, i. e. total loss of identity in an universal spiritual solvent, and the intensely human union of a disciple's whole consciousness and being with that of a divine Master. Consistency itself demands that as the upward process of mystical development is a refining and intensifying of the individual consciousness, so at the culmination and fruition, there should meet the soul in its new plane of achievement a consciousness real and vivid to a degree hardly imaginable by thought-bound minds.

Ruysbroeck, together with every saint who has attained this degree of mystical experience, testifies to this meeting with the Master; and with his disciples of all ages. Jesus Himself prayed "That they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Yet Miss Underhill would credit Catholic tradition and theology with inventing such a, to her, unphilosophic conception.

Aside from this drawback, which runs through all that Miss Underhill has written, her interpretation and elucidation of Ruysbroeck's system,—her carefully analysed and brilliantly detailed vision of the steps in the "Seven Degrees of the Ladder of Love" to the final goal of "glory" in the life "beyond the Trinity Itself . . . where all lines find their end"—is made so admirably lucid that the struggling phrases of the mystic take on a new clearness and richness of meaning. No writer from the outside could arouse a greater respect and sympathy for the spiritual life than does Miss Underhill.

Above all she has caught the peculiar charm and individuality of Ruysbroeck himself. He becomes a real, sentient human being, akin to us even if immeasurably greater and more noble. We learn to like him, and to understand the devotion of his many pupils and followers. And reading of the joy he gave and himself experienced, we are inspired to live as he lived and achieve what he achieved.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

The War and After, by Sir Oliver Lodge. This is a modest little book of some 230 odd pages, sold in London for a shilling, and addressed, not to experts, but the English voter, whose time for reading is so short, whose responsibility is so great. There are three main divisions, The Past; The Present; The Future. The chapters on The Future are of least interest; the issues of the conflict are yet too uncertain to make speculation in futures convincing, however necessary it may have been to meet the demands of the author's local audience. There is much to challenge attention in the rest of the book.

Those of us who are continually asking ourselves—*Does* England understand, as this country so pitifully does *not*, the real issues of this war?—may

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find reassurance. It is evident that the class of Englishmen whom the author represents *do* see; and his short, terse terms make clear the spiritual significance of the conflict, and its imperative demands.

Perhaps of most interest to readers of the QUARTERLY will be that section of his book in which Professor Lodge handles the problems that confront many Christians whose limited understanding of the Master's mission and teaching has now a wonderful opportunity to broaden and to clear itself—as His will and way are again objectized before the world. What the author says of "Non-resistance and Defensive War"; of "Christianity and Pacifism," has the clear vision and sound interpretation that characterize Mr. Johnston's 'Christianity and War" (a pamphlet published in August by "The Quarterly Book Department"). The reviewer, who is admittedly smarting with shame over the attitude of this country, could wish that these chapters and that pamphlet might be put before every individual in the United States, who, caring more for right and righteousness than for ease and riches, still has "an ear to hear what the Spirit saith." No summary of these chapters can do them justice, but a few sentences taken from them may show their trend.

"It must be remembered . . . that bodily violence in face of wrong was in the Master's case unnecessary; denunciation was sufficient, since his denunciations, unlike ours, were effective . . . There was not a trace of pacifist non-resistance on his part, save in respect of personal injuries. He was not one to wash his hands and excuse himself from intervention when the innocent was unjustly accused, or when confronted with the power of Satan. No, the typical pacifist was Pilate! But, by Christ, the Devil and all his works were resisted to the death."

"It is the divine attributes of Deity that we have to learn, not their merely human aspect only; and some of those attributes are fierce and inexorable. With all the powers of the Universe at His command He can stand by while inhuman tortures are inflicted, and interfere no more than He did at the scourging and the crucifixion.

"Great pain can evidently be tolerated by One who sees both before and after, with far-reaching vision. Death and bodily pain are not the worst of evils; and slaughter—even wholesale slaughter—is from time to time permitted, if thereby evils can be eradicated from humanity which otherwise would remain dormant."

"God acts in accordance with law and order; if evil is to be exterminated, it is exterminated by means, and by appropriate and available means. When there was a revolt in heaven, orthodox people are given to understand that it was put down by suitable means, by contest and violence; in other words by war. It was not tolerated nor treated leniently."

"The privilege has been granted to us to be not slaves but sons; . . . and not only for individuals but for the whole human race on this planet, if it chooses, there remains a magnificent era. The will of God shall yet be done on earth, some day, when it has become the human will likewise. In no other way can it be done; and this present distress is moving us all nearer to the time . . . when all shall serve Him from the least to the greatest and when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." P.

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Readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are invited to send questions to be answered in this Department, or to submit other answers to questions already printed where their point of view differs from or supplements the answers that have been given.

QUESTION 188.—*I am associated in business with a man of whom I am sincerely fond. He has certain obvious faults, which necessarily must stand between himself and spiritual progress. Ought I to call his attention to those faults?*

ANSWER.—Is he trying to make spiritual progress? Has he asked you to call attention to his faults? Do his faults interfere with the success of business in which you and he are mutually interested? My answer to your question must depend upon your answers to my questions. If, in his desire for spiritual progress, he has asked you to call his attention to his faults, you, at great personal sacrifice, would perhaps be willing to grant his request. But I say with intention, "at great personal sacrifice," because no such thing can be done either with safety to yourself, or with benefit to him, unless it be against your inclination and to your own discomfort. If you find the least enjoyment or satisfaction in correcting him, you may be certain (until you become a full disciple) that your motive is wrong and that you had better remain silent.

If your friend's faults interfere with the success of business in which both of you are mutually interested, then, with many apologies for what otherwise would be an unpardonable impertinence, it may be necessary for you to speak to him about them.

But what I wish to emphasize is that those who are old and experienced in the spiritual life are the least inclined to undertake the reformation of other people. It is the novice who suffers from "Reformer's itch"—a terrible disease, which accounts for quite a large part of the world's unpleasantness and of the world's discontent. "Save us from our friends," is a cry heard even more frequently in Heaven (I suspect), than on earth. The angels are notoriously conservative. At most epochs of history, they are positively reactionary. At least, "thus have I heard." And, strange as it may seem, if you see a fault in your friend—the seeing of which is often inevitable and in no sense wrong—what happens is that your sudden and perhaps unusual illumination attracts the attention of the angels to *you*. Think of that! For they see all sorts of things—faults included; and many of those faults as yet unrecognized—certainly unconquered. And because the angels are one-ideaed, they do not see the other man at all, and cannot work with you on him but only (so sad is life!) with you on yourself.

When it is your duty to attempt to reform others, it will be a perpetual crucifixion, for which you will be glad and grateful as best you can—because it is crucifixion, and because, occasionally, though very infrequently, you will see

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in those you have tried so hard to help, some promise of the resurrection which crucifixion alone makes possible.

But beware, meanwhile, of Reformer's itch. Do not, of course, be indifferent. Desire, pray, sacrifice. But of all sacrifices let that of words come first. Learn to keep silent.

The Beatitudes were given to disciples. There are others, more elementary. One of them is: "Blessed are those who mind their own business."

E. T. H.

QUESTION 189.—*Why are our moments of inspiration only momentary—why do barriers immediately arise? Is it because we lack will-power to hold fast to what we have experienced or is the cause outside of ourselves?*

ANSWER.—The answer would seem to be that the cause is Karma; or, to say the same thing in other words, the cause is the condition of the psychic body. In our Karma, or in the psychic body, there are accumulated impulses, tendencies, desires, impurities, from "unnumbered tens of millions of past births," as Shankaracharya quaintly says. When, through our aspiration, which is the answer of our wills to the spiritual Power impressing us from above, the psychic clouds break for a moment, the ray of light comes through. Then, in the light of that inspiration, we set about the long and arduous task of purification, turning self-will into divine will. As a result of that effort, and of the spiritual Power above, which ceaselessly helps and urges us, the clouds break again and more light comes. More effort, more light: that is the rule. The time will come for unbroken sunshine, when, in the words of Ecclesiastes, "nor the clouds return after the rain."

It is without doubt *possible* for the will to be so full of fiery strength, that the effort is practically continuous and unbroken; but it is also supremely difficult. On the one hand, we must not court discouragement by assuming tasks which are practically beyond our power; on the other, we must not be limp and lazy, telling ourselves that such efforts are too hard. There is a golden mean. Practically, we never do as well as we could, if we tried—therefore, let us *try harder!*

C. J.

QUESTION 190.—*For some time I fought against "spiritual contagion," regarding it as a form of hypnosis; my question then was, to what extent is the element of hypnotism found in so-called spiritual contagion?*

ANSWER.—It would seem to be true that all "contagion," whether physical, lower-psychic, higher-psychic, or spiritual, depends on the unity of all life, on the primordial Oneness. Unless there were unity of natural life between cattle and men, vaccination would be impossible, just as the use of cow's milk for food would be impossible. So with the lower-psychic, such as mob-feeling. There must be a great deal in common among the members of the mob, in order that "mob-consciousness" may be evoked. There was a basis of truth in the contention of the old lady who refused to weep at a moving sermon because "she didn't belong to that parish." So that any and every form of "contagion" is simply the setting in motion of a part of one's nature, by the same nature, already in motion, in someone else. The voice of someone who speaks to me, sets in motion the air, and then the nerves in my ear, and I hear his words. So we are ceaselessly impressed from outside, just as Saint Paul says, "No man liveth to himself alone, or dieth to himself alone." The practical question, therefore, is: What kind of impressions am I receiving from outside? Are they such as arouse better sides of my nature, or worse sides? Do they raise me or lower me? Strengthen or weaken me? If they arouse and strengthen my spiritual nature in such a way as to *bring forth fruit,* then without doubt they are good, and to be welcomed.

C. J.

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QUESTION 191.—*In the "Bhagavad Gita," the Master says, "Among sacrifices, I am the sacrifice of unuttered (interior) prayer." Does this mean that interior prayer is the most excellent sacrifice? Why?* ("*Bhagavad Gita*," 10, 25.)

ANSWER.—Perhaps because, in interior prayer, one offers one's heart, one's aspiration, one's love. The contrast is with the sacrifices of the temples, "the blood of bulls and of goats." We may compare with this, another protest against an external sacrificial system:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? said the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. . . . Wash ye, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well. . . . (Isaiah, 2, 11, 16.)

Or this:

"For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (Psalms, 51, 16-17.)

Or this:

"Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. . . . Is it such a fast that I have chosen? . . . Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free?" (Isaiah 5,8 4-7.) C. J.

QUESTION 192.—*How and when are disciples initiated?*

ANSWER—The following from *The Path* for September, 1889, page 187, seems to answer the question:

"WHAT IS THE DAILY INITIATION?"

"It is supposed by some that initiation is always and in every case a set and solemn occasion for which the candidate is prepared and notified of in advance. While there are some initiations surrounded by such solemnities as these, the daily one, without success in which no aspirant will ever have the chance to try for those that are higher, comes to the disciples with almost each moment. It is met in our relations with our fellows; and in the effects upon us of all the circumstances of life. And if we fail in these, we never get to the point where greater ones are offered. If we cannot bear momentary defeat, or if a chance word that strikes our self-love finds us unprepared, or if we give way to the desire to judge others harshly, or if we remain in ignorance of some of our most apparent faults, we do not build up that knowledge and strength imperatively demanded from whoever is to be master of nature.

It is in the life of every one to have a moment of choice, but that moment is not set for any particular day. It is the sum total of all days; and it may be put off until the day of death, and then it is beyond our power, for the choice has then been fixed by all the acts and thoughts of the lifetime. We are self-doomed at that hour to just the sort of life, body, environment, and tendencies which will best carry out our karma. This is a thing solemn enough, and one that makes the "daily meditation" of the very greatest importance to each earnest student. But all of this has been said before, and it is a pity that students persist in ignoring the good advice they receive.

Do you think that if a Master accepted you He would put you to some strange test? No, he would not; but simply permitting the small events of your life to have their course, the result would determine your standing. *It may be a child's school, but it takes a man to go through it.*

HADJI ERINN."

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T·S·ACTIVITIES

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editorial Board publishes the following letters from Germany, reference to which will be found in "The Screen of Time" in this issue of the QUARTERLY. "The Screen of Time" in the July issue also dealt with this subject, referring particularly to those provisions of the Constitution of The Theosophical Society which have any bearing on this discussion.

BERLIN, July 31, 1915.

To the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society.

DEAR MR. JOHNSTON—The Secretary of the Theosophical Society has probably informed you that we (at least the Berlin members) have not received a copy of the January number of the QUARTERLY. It reached, however, an Austrian member, and he had the kindness to send it to me. On reading "Screen of Time" I was pained to learn that our magazine had become involved in political matters.

By-Law 35 of our Constitution contains the following: "No member shall in any way attempt to involve the Society in political disputes." In conformity with this I ask you to kindly request the editors of the QUARTERLY to refrain hereafter from publishing political articles in the organ of the Theosophical Society. There exist good reasons for inserting this By-Law in our Constitution, and a member, although he has a right to his personal opinions, can involve the Society in political disputes by writing articles of a political character in the organ of the Society. It is true that every writer is himself responsible for what he writes, but the editorial department should take precautions that no article whatever is published which is contrary to the spirit and principles of the Theosophical Society. Political articles, however, violate this spirit, because they show partiality for one nation or individual to the detriment of another. They awake opposition and disputes, thus undermining the chief object of the Society: 'to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood."

I wish purposely to make no reference to the contents of "Screen of Time," as it would be doing that against which we are protesting. It is our opinion that no information about the events of this war with its complicated political background is or can be at present authentic and complete. When relied upon it will only lead to groundless condemnation on hearsay, which is surely a sin for every earnest Theosophist. Is it not better to let the Great Law and the Masters, who can look deeper into the true causes of the present war, pronounce judgment? Is it not better, instead of inciting one nation against another, to endeavor to point to that which is above nationality? Is it not better to compare the weakness of a nation with our own weaknesses and to remember that we ourselves, in reality, are a part of every nation? How often have we been told that we can achieve nothing through criticism, because it is negative! We have been told to seek the good in others and so strengthen the positive and bring it nearer the ideal of Unity, thus realizing the chief aim of the Theosophical Society.

This is the reason why H. P. B. so firmly insisted on the prohibition of politics

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in the Theosophical Society. In an official article signed by H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott are found the following words:

"The tenacious observance by the Founders of our Society of the principle of absolute neutrality, on its behalf, in all questions which lie outside the limits of its declared 'objects,' ought to have obviated the necessity to say that there is a natural and perpetual divorce between Theosophy and Politics. . . . So convinced am I that the perpetuity of our Society—at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary Governments—depends upon our keeping closely to our legitimate province, and leaving Politics 'severely alone,' I shall use the full power permitted me as President-Founder to suspend or expel every member or even discipline or discharter any Branch which shall, by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world."

I am positive that all earnest members of the Theosophical Society sincerely believe that this is just as true now and must be as strictly obeyed to-day as in those days when H. P. B. was alive.

Very sincerely and fraternally,
PAUL RAATZ,
"Sekretär der Vereinigung deutscher Zweige der Theosophichen Gesellschaft."

DRESDEN, May 20, 1915.

The January QUARTERLY (1915) came to hand only a few days ago and so it is only now that we can take cognizance of the article under "On the Screen of Time."

We protest primarily against the appearance at all of such a political article in the QUARTERLY, as in our opinion, it is a violation of Art. II of the Constitution of the T. S. as also of No. 34 of the By-Laws.

We further protest against the acceptance of an article having a certain political tendency, because such an article is likely to create discord among the theosophists of the different nations. The QUARTERLY is—and shall be—the organ of the *original* international T. S.; as such it is our organ too—even if, in spite of the international character of the Society, it appears only in one language for the present, instead of, as more correctly, in two or three. Which it must in future, if it is to be at all possible "to reach *more souls* with the message that goes out through the QUARTERLY," as the Secretary of the T. S. wrote us only recently. This only incidentally.

We further protest against giving out statements in our (German) name before having received our consent. In our opinion it is more correct to wait, until the German theosophists shall themselves define their position to this question. For without prejudicing the right of every member of the T. S. to express his opinion, we truly believe, that only a native born German theosophist can speak on this subject;—one to whom it was given to live through and experience the truly great and incomparable Time here, body and soul.

We protest emphatically against the manner in which our national government, our Emperor and our German Fatherland is assailed, as if they were implements of the Black Lodge. On the contrary, we are inclined to seek the tools of the Black Lodge there, where the lines for judgment, laid down in the words of the Master of Nazareth, "By their fruits ye shall know them," compel us to find them.

We further protest against "such articles" appearing in the organ of our international T. S., for they do *not* serve the theosophical ideas so often propounded and clearly explained by our esteemed members: Prof. Mitchell and Ch. Johnston: "to emphasize that which unites us."

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No, the spirit of such an article tends towards discord, separation and doubt and contains the bacillus of decay.

Particularly we members of the "Dresden" Branch—and probably the other German branches too—have always supposed all the branches of our international T. S. to be, midst all this turmoil since outbreak of the War, the only unmoved Poles within the nations' rush (varying Schiller's words: "die einzig ruhenden Pole in der Erscheinung Flucht.") Instead of this we must experience in our own organ something so *incredible* and to us *incomprehensible*. What has become of the practice of the chief purpose of our T. S.: "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, nation . . . ?"

We further protest against drawing our great teacher, H. P. B., and in this way, into the discussion; for it was she who said again and again: "Theospohy must be made a living power in our lives." But where is there any trace of her spirit in this article? On the contrary we believe, that were H. P. B. still in the body, she would have expressed an opinion, which would probably have called forth less of the author's admiration of her defence of truth, law and order.

Furthermore it is our opinion that only he can truly judge the situation and events here, who himself has experienced them, but *not* someone who, though calling himself philosopher (*i. e.,* friend of wisdom), declares that his sympathy is with the Allies (English, French and Russians). Consequently not Wisdom's friend, but friend of English, French and Russians. Unnecessary to say more. *Sapienti sat.*

It is also unnecessary to discuss the one-sided remarks about the happenings in and about Belgium, as so much has been cleared up, and History has spoken through its records of subsequent events. We can only say, that with us almost every child going to school is better informed (and not one-sidedly) than the author of this article, in spite of his pretended study of the German White Book. Our government does not need to lie to us and the world—it always endeavors to disseminate the truth, *"intra et extra muros."* It leaves keeping its people deficiently and insufficiently informed, and lying to them to the governments of those nations, who are destined for it by Karma.

As for the rest, we must declare that there is to-day no "official" and "unofficial" Germany. There is only *one*. And our Emperor's words: "Ich kenne keine Parteien, ich kenne nur Deutsche" (I know no parties, I know only Germans) gave expression to a *fact* and were not merely the expression of his wish. Only he who is living here in Germany at this time, can judge of this—only he who has experienced the unanimity of the German people realizes of what immense value this epoch is for Germany and what undreamt of progress the German nation has made in its evolution. Only he who has experienced the workings of charity, the willingness to help, the "one for all and all for one" spirit, can realize that all this can only be the action of the Soul and never the deed of Lower Nature, of Egotism, of the dark side of humanity as the author would have it.

But just because these are all facts that need not shun the "Light of Truth," and just because, as the author says, H. P. B.'s slogan was (and we trust still is!) "Truth," we consider it our duty to join with our great teacher in this call for truth here in our QUARTERLY—and to enlighten erroneous and misinformed interpretation.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, "DRESDEN" BRANCH (GERMANY).

In reply to an earlier letter from Mr. Raatz, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society, wrote as follows:

BERGENFIELD, N. J., April 16, 1915.

Mr. Paul Raatz, Berlin, Germany.

DEAR BROTHER RAATZ—I have received your letter of the 20th of March, pro-

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testing against what you deem the untheosophical attitude of certain recent articles in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

I confess to being not a little amazed at this protest from you, for though it was, perhaps, to have been expected that you should not now agree with these articles, you have been for so long an earnest member of the Theosophical Society that such a complete misunderstanding of its ideals as your letter reflects ought not to have been possible. However much your present vision may be darkened by the Karmic ties that unite you to your nation, and by the half-knowledge on which alone your judgment of its actions can now be based, this obscuration should not extend to the ideals and principles of the Theosophical Movement. Let me try to go straight to the heart of the matter.

I. You are wrong in thinking it is any part of the Theosophical idea to refrain from taking a decided stand upon great moral issues. The exact opposite is the truth. It is the duty of every Theosophist to attack wrong and evil wherever he may see them: first of all in himself, for there he may see and attack them most directly, but also wherever he may find them. A brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked, an unsparing condemnation of crime and corrupt systems of every description, and an endless combat against cant, hypocrisy and injustice of every kind, have been again and again set forth as the duty of all who would call themselves Theosophists. Our love and service of the good mean nothing, and become but an empty pretence and sham, if they do not lead us to hate and attack evil.

II. From the foundation of the Theosophical Society the unsparing condemnation of evil has marked the policy and attitude of all those periodicals that could in any way claim to represent its spirit. There has been no change such as you have imagined in the attitude of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. If you will turn back, for example, to its articles on Socialism you will see that its policy has been the same throughout. And if you will go still further back to the long series of articles and editorials by Madame Blavatsky, published in *Lucifer* and *The Theosophist*, you will see, in their scathing denunciations, her own steadfast adherence to the duty she so constantly enunciated.

III. It should be needless, in the light of the forty years through which this principle has been illustrated, to point out that it is a requisite of true brotherhood and not a violation of it. It is not a condemnation of individuals but of evil,—of the evil that may take possession of an individual or a community and be made manifest in acts to their own undoing. Confusion upon this point should be impossible to one who has grasped the essentials of Theosophy or who has even read which Madame Blavatsky has written,—as for example, in the article "Is Denunciation a Duty?", *Lucifer*, Vol. III, pages 266-7.

> "We may be told, perhaps, that we ourselves are the first to break the ethical law we are upholding. That our theosophical periodicals are full of 'denunciations,' and Lucifer lowers his torch to throw light on every evil, to the best of his ability. We reply—this is quite another thing. We denounce indignantly systems and organizations, evils, social and religious,—cant above all: we abstain from denouncing persons. The latter are the children of their century, the victims of their environment and of the Spirit of the Age. To condemn and dishonour a man instead of pitying and trying to help him, because being born in a community of lepers, he is a leper himself, is like cursing a room because it is dark, instead of quietly lighting a candle to disperse the gloom. 'Ill deeds are doubled with an evil world'; nor can a general evil be avoided or removed by doing evil oneself and choosing a scapegoat for the atonement of the sins of a whole community. *Hence we denounce these communities*, not their units; we point out the rottenness of our boasted civilization, indicate the pernicious systems of education which lead to it, and show the fatal effects of these on the masses."

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IV. One contributing element to your confusion is your mistaken assumption that the questions discussed in the articles to which you take exception are purely political. They constitute, on the contrary, the most grave moral issues that confront the world. Before such issues, neutrality or silence is cowardice and treachery to all for which Theosophy stands. It may be that you cannot see this now, blinded as you are by the Karma of your nationality and by the official suppression and distortion of the truth that keep your countrymen in ignorance. But this is the more and not the less reason why others, not so blinded, and far more fully informed, should state their convictions with all the clearness and force that they can command. To do otherwise would be to betray the very brotherhood we profess, and the time will come when you are no longer blinded and will see this gratefully.

This is the heart of the matter, and I have tried to put it as simply and directly as I could. There are, however, two other points in your letter which it may be well to make clear.

The January issue of the QUARTERLY was not sent to any member in Germany. The reason for this was purely one of consideration for them. It was feared that, in view of the strict German censorship and official suspicion, it might be embarrassing to you and your fellows to receive a magazine through the mails containing a condemnation of your country's attitude and acts. It was this and this alone that caused the magazine to be withheld.

Technically, no more than morally, is there any basis for your protest. By-Law 35, which you quote, "No member shall in any way attempt to involve the Society in political disputes," is on an exact parity with By-Law 38, "No member of the Theosophical Society shall promulgate or maintain any doctrine as being that advanced or advocated by the Society." In the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, even more prominently than in your own magazine *Theosophisches Leben,* there is displayed the statement: "The Theosophical Society as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document." "On the Screen of Time" is not, and does not purport to be, an official document, so that even were the opinions expressed in it political and not moral, it could in no remotest way be considered as an attempt to involve the Society. As Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society, therefore, I should have no more ground for requesting the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY "to publish no political article in the future" than I should have for requesting him to publish no expression of opinion upon any doctrine whatsoever. Nor is there any ground for your protest against the editorial policy of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY that would not be equally valid as the basis of a protest from our English members against the attitude of the *Theosophisches Leben.* No such protest has been made by our English members,—nor would one be heeded, if made, upon any such grounds as these. The fundamental principle of our Society and of its free platform is that each should be free to uphold the truth and the right as he sees it, and that each should "accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own." This is your privilege as the editor of *Theosophisches Leben,* and it is also the privilege of the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

Your decision as to the rights and wrongs of the great struggle itself is, of course, a personal matter to be decided by yourself alone, you alone being responsible for your decision. We shall respect it as you should respect ours.

Believe me, as always,

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

(Signed) CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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To the Editor of the QUARTERLY.

SIR—Among other achievements of the war I should like to point to the revival in the QUARTERLY of something of H. P. B.'s old-time spirit. We were becoming too mealy-mouthed. We were forgetting that the hard hitting of evil is just as important as enthusiasm for what is good. Madame Blavatsky was absolutely uncompromising. Her editorials in *Lucifer* were sledge-hammer blows for justice, for righteousness, for truth, and she flayed hypocrisy, dogmatism and brutality wherever and whenever she found them. She stirred us out of our sleep, she compelled us to take sides, she loathed the people who were neither hot nor cold. When other means failed, she pounded heat into them by tempestuous abuse. We were needing more of the same spirit. The war has worked it.

Yours truly,

AN OLD TIMER (T. S. 1886).

BOOK NOTES

FRAGMENTS, VOLUME II, by Cavé. The publication date is now set for December 1st; but we still hope that it may be possible to mail the book, before that date, to those who have sent in advance orders. In size and style, Volume II will be uniform with the original volume; the price is also the same, 60 cents.

To those who know Volume I, we would like to suggest that the new volume makes an ideal Christmas book. (We will send it out appropriately wrapped when so ordered.) There were never so many people to whom such a book could be sent, with the assurance that it would be enjoyed and appreciated. The great world conflict is bringing realities home to many who had not time for them before. Now struggle and heroism and pain are freeing many hearts; teaching many to harken for echoes from the inner world.

THE SONG OF LIFE, by Charles Johnston. This little book, long out of print, is so eagerly sought that we are bringing out a new edition, to be ready about December 1st. Price, heavy paper binding, 30 cents.

The new edition of Patanjali's YOGA SUTRAS, with commentary by Mr. Johnston, has suffered some delay because of Mr. Johnston's desire to review the text most thoroughly and to make some additions before there is another printing.

Just published. A pamphlet by Charles Johnston, entitled "Christianity and War." Price, 10 cents. To-day many young men who have been accustomed to consider religion as the special province of their mothers and sisters are asking pointed questions—Did Christ approve of war? What did He say about fighting? Can a man be a good soldier and a good Christian? What was the mission of the Prince of Peace? To these questions and many more heart-searching ones, the author gives clear and convincing statements of the truth as he sees it. Another class of men to whom it will prove of immense interest is that section of the clergy who are familiar with the words of the Master, but doubtful how they should be applied. Single copies will be mailed, postpaid, at ten cents. Customers who wish to do so may send us with their remittance lists of names to which they would like the pamphlet sent; cards will be inserted if they accompany the order.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. The reprint of this article from "The Theosophist" has been unobtainable, for many years. We learned that the indefatigable Secretary T. S. had for some time been sending out typewritten copies of it. That meant too much work. So we have decided to issue it in pamphlet form.

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT.

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JUST PUBLISHED: CHRISTIANITY AND WAR, BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, 10 CENTS

STANDARD BOOKS

The classification of these books, as Devotional, Introductory, and Philosophical is for the convenience of those who may wish some guide in making selections; it is only an approximation. Books are bound in cloth unless otherwise indicated.

DEVOTIONAL

Blavatsky, H. P.	Voice of the Silence.	cloth $.50; leather, $.75
Cavé.	Fragments, Volume I.	boards, .60
	Volume II.	boards, .60
	Dream of Ravan.	1.00
Johnston, Charles.	Bhagavad Gita.	Translated, annotated; cloth, 1.00
		limp leather, India paper, 1.50
	From the Upanishads.	paper, .30; leather, .75
	Parables of the Kingdom, The.	paper, .20
	Pantanjali's Yoga Sutras.	Translated, annotated, 1.25
	Song of Life, The.	limp boards, .30
	Theosophy of the Upanishads.	1.25
Judge, William Q.	Bhagavad Gita.	Edited; leather, .75
	Letters that Have Helped Me, Volume I.	.50
	Volume II.	.60
	Light on the Path.	cloth, .50; leather, .75
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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W., England.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

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JANUARY, 1916

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The Karma of Nations

IF we hold to the view put forward in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for October, 1915, concerning the war: that it is in reality a gigantic, hidden battle waged between the White Lodge and the Black, the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness; and if we ponder over this, we shall see that, inevitably, the spirit of every nation involved in the war must be tried to the uttermost; that hidden virtues, as well as hidden sins, will be brought unfailingly to light; that, for long spaces of time to come, the nations will have to abide by their showing in this war. Their own delusions concerning themselves will count for nothing. What the Great Lodge sees them to be, that they are; and they must stand to that and reap the consequences. This is one reason why the war perhaps will be long, longer than any of us may at present expect. It is necessary that the process of fermentation, of melting, shall be complete. The High Gods, having set the piece, will see that it is played out to the end.

It will follow, too, that if a nation or a group of nations have given themselves up, to be the agents of the Black Lodge in this momentous struggle—if they have deliberately chosen cruelty and foulness, treachery and lying—then no more terrible Karma could well be conceived. What it implies in the long run, we may, perhaps, show by a similitude: There is, in a certain corner of the world, a region, the people of which, after attaining a very high degree of material and political civilization, did that very thing: surrendered themselves as a nation to the terrible powers of evil. As a nation, they were swept away. Their very name is forgotten. But the region they inhabited, once a very paradise on earth, is now a rank and ghastly desert, where grow only poisonous plants and evil growths set with thorns, while the life of it, what life there is,

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consists of scorpions, noxious insects, poisonous creeping things. Nature has cursed the place, so that no benign life can find a place there. And thus it must remain, until the time of purification be fulfilled.

So, too, all those who give themselves up to the Black Lodge, whether by direct participation or by countenancing that which they know to be evil, must go through long periods of woe, until, as the result of their suffering, comes realization of the wrong they have done, and then repentance and restitution, followed by rehabilitation, slow and arduous, climbing three steps for every step they took downward.

For the nation or nations, then, that have opened wide their doors to the powers of evil—and not one man or woman is numbered among those nations, save by his or her Karma, his or her free and deliberate choice in some moral crisis—the punishment will and must be dire. They have sinned against humanity, for they have ranged themselves on the side of the ruthless, devilish foes of humanity, who, without these treasons in the human ranks, would have small power to harm; they have sinned against themselves; for the choice they have made, involves the worst self-prostitution; they have sinned against the White Lodge; for, in the last analysis, it is the effort and suffering of the White Lodge that checks the onrush of their sin.

And in the compassion of the White Lodge lies their only hope. Let them never ask for justice. Justice, for them, would mean damnation. Let them ask for mercy. Let them throw themselves on the pity of the Holy Powers. That is their one door of salvation.

Of necessity, then, there must be in store for these nations such punishment as shall make them cry to Heaven for mercy. Only thus can the divine law be fulfilled. And as it can scarcely be hoped that the present war will go deep enough to wring their hearts to repentance through the ultimate misery, we must face the grim fact that yet other wars may come, with the same antagonists, until the measure of the Gods shall be fulfilled. Future generations, if their punishment be inadequate now, will treacherously follow the same evil hopes. Future generations of those who oppose them now, will, if faithful, once more oppose them, and bring them chastisement. Only if that chastisement be drastic and convincing, convicting them to themselves of evil, is there any possibility, under the divine law, that these recreant nations may survive as nations, and escape complete disintegration.

But it is of vital importance to remember this: the fiery melting heat of this great Karmic hour will bring forth to the daylight whatever lies hidden in other nations also, whether of good or evil; whether these nations be combatants or neutrals. And the nations that have, to their

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own thinking, "done nothing," holding aloof, whether from sheer cowardice or through some of the self-deceptions of vanity, may find that, on the contrary, they have done much—towards their own degradation. It is written: Inaction in a deed of mercy is action in a deadly sin; and there are nations that, falling under the pall of sanctimonious cowardice, have been deaf to the appeal of suffering and sorrow, standing aloof, washing their hands with the great historic "neutral."

So of the belligerents; that which was hidden, shall be revealed. What was told in secret shall be cried aloud from the housetops. Such terrible searching power has the dread Karmic law. Let us try, then, to view the Karma of certain of the nations, as the fires of trial are already revealing it.

Take the case of the British Empire. First, the unity of that Empire, of its constituent parts, India, the Dominions beyond the sea, the recently organized Union of South Africa, has shown itself immensely stronger, more firmly rooted, deeper, than its enemies hoped and believed. That unity fundamentally rests on a tremendous moral principle: on reverence for law, on obedience to law, and, in a lesser degree, on the worship of a freedom founded upon law. It was, in the last analysis, to uphold the law of righteousness among nations, the supreme law of honour so grossly violated, that the British Empire went to war; and it was precisely because they profoundly and reverently recognize this, that the Dominions beyond the sea have risen so finely to the occasion absolutely tearing to shreds the delusion of discord, so greedily, so foolishly believed and propagated by their enemies.

Take the case of India, the land for which all lovers of the Sacred Science feel so deep a reverence, the home-country of so many of the Great Ones. All India must know, from the premier Prince of the Empire, ruling a kingdom equal to any in the west, to the humblest ryot, the peasant wading knee-deep in his rice fields—what they owe to the English genius for conservation. Nations, peoples, tribes, customs, religions, all has been preserved, as a sacred trust, by the English Governors of India; and when the day dawns for India to take up once again her sacred birthright, as a great spiritual power, it will be acknowledged that to England she owes the continued possession of her national genius.

Take the great Dominions, Canada, South Africa, Australia, each of which owes its Constitution, its organic law, to the lawmaking power and genius of England. These great Dominions—the nations of coming centuries—know with entire lucidity what they owe to the Empire, and

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to their share in the great destiny of the Empire. Therefore with deliberate, conscious choice they have set themselves on the side of the Powers of Righteousness; for reverence for law, for the obligation and bond of honour, is a fundamental principle of the Great White Lodge.

But the fiery, penetrating Karma of the war, the "melting heat of trial," has brought to the surface great weakness as well as wonderful strength. There has been the imperial sense, underlying everything, and able to rise to a vast opportunity; but there has been deplorable bickering under fire; there have been shameful campaigns of self-advertisement, under the guise of higher patriotism; there has been,—and this is, perhaps, the worst element brought to light in England,—an entirely base and unworthy attitude, gross selfishness and coarse self-seeking, in those very classes which recent legislation has sedulously sought to favour. Socialistic legislation has brought the Nemesis which always dogs the footsteps of that materialistic, self-seeking movement; those to whom the hand was given, have greedily tried to seize the whole arm; in this showing the inspiration and motive-power of him for whom that proverb was first made.

Another grave weakness which the war has brought to light in England: a seeming inability really to appreciate, really to meet, the great strategic problems of the war, a lack of the spiritual imagination without which there has never been a great soldier. If we are right in our conjecture that this is, in the deepest sense, the Lodge's war, then the English fighting generals stand accused of a failure to grasp the plans of the Lodge, of a certain blindness and obtuseness to direct and insistent spiritual leadings. Is not the explanation this: that, through lazy, overfed generations, these men, with all their reverence for law, with all their genuine reverence for honour, have been very incurious concerning spiritual life and the spiritual world; and therefore have, in a certain degree, deadened and dulled their inner eyes, their power to perceive clearly the things of the Spirit?

Yet even here their fate, their standing in the sight of Karmic law, is infinitely happier than that of those who did diligently seek the laws of invisible things—in order to prostitute them to evil uses, just as they pored, in a kind of demoniac devotion, over the mysteries of science, of mechanics, of psychology—in order to discover new poisons, new instruments of cruelty, new and fiendish terrorisms. Compared with this alert mood of evil, the sleepy nonchalance of the too fortunate Englishman is something to be envied.

It is impossible to pass from considering Britain, without a word, at least, concerning the sister island which, in a very remote past, had

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certain high elements of spiritual greatness, long obscured by an effervescent, treacherous vanity. There has been a good showing there, far more loyalty, far more effective courage, than the prophets of evil hoped; but much, very much, is yet lacking, before one can say that the national life there is well and firmly laid. There has been good promise, hardly more.

To come next to that nation among the friends of law and honour which holds an Empire almost rivalling that of England in its vast expanses, and which is the home of the largest, and in some ways, the most homogeneous, of all the white nations. Here, great weaknesses, and very brilliant gifts, have been brought to light in almost equal measure. We shall put our fingers on the worst, the most dangerous of the weaknesses, when we speak of that failure of personal honour, that blindness to the obligation of personal honesty, which manifests itself in wholesale bribe-seeking, in the foul and deeply corrupt habit of seeking a dishonourable personal profit in the needs and exigencies of the nation. One must say that, in part because the nation is still so young, so undeveloped, so elemental, in part because there was lacking in its history the epoch of chivalry, which laid such splendid stress upon personal honour, upon disinterested service of an ideal, upon clean hands in every obligation, the individual consciousness of this great nation has not yet been aroused and attuned to the demands of spiritual law. There are not yet men enough among its millions, who can be trusted to handle large responsibilities in the pure spirit of duty.

But, on the other hand, there has been, throughout the whole of that great nation, a high religious fervor, which has perfectly interpreted the vast spiritual issues of this war; which has seen the Light, and has preferred the Light to the Darkness. And, if these have been far too few among its administrators and their agents who have put in practice a high ideal of personal rectitude, there have, on the other hand, been millions among the simple manhood of the nation, who have given up their lives cheerfully, gallantly, with fine forgetfulness of self, knowing that they have given their lives for the same cause as did the Master whom, as a nation, they fervently worship. And, just because of this strong devotion, they have had put upon them the national trial,—outwardly the direct cause of which was inpreparedness and slipshodness in the purchase of munitions of war—seeing their armies beaten in the field, their fortresses beaten down, their territories occupied. It will be well if this great object-lesson be taken to heart, and the very serious weakness which causes it, courageously rooted out.

But, even in this there have not been present the elements of evil vanity, of treacherous envy, of cruelty and tyrannous terrorism, the

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deep sins against God and man which give such ready access to the Dark Powers: those Dark Powers whose only purpose is, to kill every vestige of the spiritual life of humanity, since every spark of spirituality in mankind is the threat of their own inexorable extinction.

There are smaller nations in the war, which have, nevertheless, been great in suffering, great also in that unconquerable valour which is dear to the Masters' hearts. According to their suffering will be the measure of their purification, and therefore the measure of their reward. And even if their manhood be more than decimated, even if only a remnant be left, we must remember that those who have passed through the purifying fires of valiant and valorous death, because of a fiery love of their nation and a fierce resentment of brutal and ruthless bullying, will be held in the magnetic aura of their country, every ounce of their gallant patriotism counting in the struggle, and they themselves enabled with the supreme advantage of that purification, to finish the work that they have so gallantly begun.

There is one region of the war-zone which has, from Karmic causes, a special significance: that region which belongs, or belonged very recently, to the Turkish Empire, from Egypt, through Palestine, to Constantinople and Macedonia. For ages, this region has been what one may call a colonial territory of the Egyptian Lodge. The Egyptian Initiates told some of its older secrets to Solon, from whom they were passed on to Plato, and recorded by him in his story of Atlantis. Then, in the period which closed with Plato himself, very much was accomplished, very much more was attempted, through the earlier spiritual life of Greece. Then again, four centuries after Plato, came the Western Avatar, once more closely connected with the Egyptian Lodge, and, so to say, seeking to reincarnate, in the field of the Roman Empire, the substantive life of the Egyptian Lodge.

As a part of that effort, the apostle Paul, an agent of the Egyptian Lodge, worked over very much of this southeastern battle-zone; Neapolis, where he landed in answer to the Macedonian cry, is the port of Kavala on the Ægean; Philippi, where he sat by the river-bank, speaking of the mysteries that burned in his heart, was on the river now called, in Turkish, Kara-Su, the Black Water; Philippi, which served him so loyally in the days of his bondage, and to which he wrote a letter that is immortal:

"Now ye men of Philippi know also, that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving, but ye only. For even in Thessalonica ye sent once and again unto my necessity . . . Rejoice in the

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Master always: and again I say, Rejoice. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Two milleniums do not exhaust the potency of a blessing such as that, uttered by Paul with authority, in his hieratic character.

The Thessalonica of which Paul speaks is, of course, the Saloniki or Salonica where the armies of the western nations are even now seeking their entrance into Macedonia; and to the disciples there, Paul wrote, not one letter but two: "Thessalonians, ye were ensamples to all that believe in Macedonja and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad. . . . Now the Master of Peace himself give you peace always by all means. The Lord be with you all. The salutation of Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle: so I write. . . . "

Of Athens, much the same thing may be said now, that was said and thought by Paul himself. Yet the whole of this region is, as we have expressed it, colonial territory of the Egyptian Lodge. That is a Karma which does not readily exhaust itself, and there are always possibilities of resurrection. But we can see at once that this must mean, first, a very thorough tilling and harrowing of the soil, and the burning up of many weeds and growths, coarse and rank. Among the group of little nations there, are treacheries, vanities, evil ambitions, cruelties. Each must bring its Karmic punishment, and, if the soil is indeed to be prepared for new effort of the Lodge, as may be the case, then the purification will have to be as drastic as the trials of discipleship; as drastic as the trials which Paul the disciple suffered, in these very cities: "And the multitudes rose up together against them; and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them. And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison. . . ."

Therefore we may perhaps expect to see the tide of war, and of suffering, ebb and flow there for some considerable time to come. And, as to the issue, we may bethink ourselves that there are few sins the Lodge punishes so unsparingly as treachery. For that sin is of the very essence of the Powers of Evil.

We come now, at the last, to the one power that, from the burning, fiery furnace of trial, has come forth resplendent; the power whose superb spiritual qualities,—even now being manifested to all the world, and, to the world's lasting credit, being largely recognized,—point to its being the world's dominant nation for long epochs to come. Of that power, one can at last speak with enthusiastic admiration and gratitude, as being the well-tempered and tested and splendidly effective sword in the Master's hand. No praise is too great; no promise for the future

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so high, that such a land cannot realize it; nay, surpass it; for France is but on the threshold of her superb regeneration. There, in her heart and in her shining and resplendent soul, lies the hope of humanity, in the days to come.

It may be possible for a nation to go through a deep, interior change, without the world at large being conscious of it. But the noteworthy thing about France is the suddenness and completeness with which all who have seen her soldiers have awakened to the same profoundly enthusiastic admiration for them, and, what is even more significant, have seen the tremendous spiritual impulse that is revealing the real heart of France. Even the most neutral nation—with no high inspiration of valour of its own—has chosen just this time to unveil a statue, in its greatest city, of the Maid of France; and Rudyard Kipling, never inclined to admire foreigners, has declared that he felt inclined to kneel before the common soldiers of the army of France.

But a more striking testimony, because going deeper and piercing more to the root of things, is that of Edith Wharton, who has just published a noteworthy book concerning the war. Mrs. Wharton tells us that, on the eve of the first attack by the enemy the universal French attitude was indicated in the words, "We don't want war—mais il faut que cela finisse!" "This eternal menace has got to stop!" With that determination the French went to their task, and it has been the backbone of their calm valour ever since. But the "tone of France," as Mrs. Wharton calls it, has come through several phases. The first days of the war were full of a kind of unrealizing confidence; not boastful or fatuous, yet very different from the clear-headed tenacity into which it had developed a few months later. Self-restraint was the most notable characteristic of the people. The crowd that stood looking at the first captured German flag was silent, as if already realizing what it would cost to keep it and add others to it.

"After six months of fighting, the French soldiers in the trenches, even the youngest, impressed the author as having a look of quiet authority. All their little oddities, meannesses, and vulgarities had been burnt away in a great flame of self-dedication.

"One of the most striking of Mrs. Wharton's observations is, that, even in these few months, the very faces of Frenchmen are changed. She was impressed by this all along the Western front; it forced itself upon her mind again in the Vosges mountains. Not only were all artificial barriers between men of different social classes broken down, but their mental and moral fraternity was complete. 'They were all fairly young, and their faces had the look that war has given to French

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faces—a look of sharpened intelligence, strengthened will, and sobered judgment, as if every faculty, trebly vivified, were so bent on the one end that personal problems had been pushed back to the vanishing point of the great perspective. . . . In the dusk of the forest that look followed us down the mountain, and as we skirted the edge of the ravine between the armies, we felt that on the far side of that dividing line were the men who had made the war, and on the near side the men who had been made by it.'"

This searching and heart-stirring testimony is the more worthy of careful consideration, because Mrs. Wharton is, by nature, of a somewhat dry and sceptical spirit; and because she has already written admirably of France, as France appeared before her great initiation. What that initiation has accomplished, Mrs. Wharton wonderfully expresses: As the slow months have dragged by, bringing a calamity unheard of in human annals, the white glow of dedication throughout France has not waned, but has gradually deepened into exaltation, energy, the hot resolve to dominate the disaster. Mrs. Wharton does not deny that there have been faltering notes, mothers and widows for whom a single grave has turned the conflict into an idiot's tale. But there have not been enough of these to change the national tone. The vast majority hide their despair and seem to say of the great national effort: "Though it slay me, yet will I trust in it." This, says the author, is the finest triumph of France; that its myriad fiery currents flow from so many hearts made insensible by suffering, that so many dead hands feed its undying lamp.

It is again noteworthy that even to write of France has deepened and transformed the spirit of this recorder, pouring new spiritual life into her veins. A like transformation has been wrought in many Frenchmen, who, in past years, have done much, in their writings, to obscure the genuine spirit of France. Among these, none has written better than Commander Viaud ("Pierre Loti"), the somewhat over-ripe sentimentality of whose books has been turned into a pure spiritual flame. Within the last few weeks, Pierre Loti wrote the paragraphs with which we shall close these Notes and Comments:

"When we meet, on the station platforms where men are entraining for the front, some young woman keeping back the tears in eyes full of anguish and of courage, with a little child in her arms, come to give a last greeting to a soldier in the dress of the trenches, let us say: he whose return will be so longed for—the enemy's grapeshot doubtless awaits him to-morrow, to cast him nameless, among thousands of others, in one of those charnel-heaps that are the delight of the enemy, and which that enemy only longs to fill once more!

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"Especially when we see passing, in their brand-new blue uniforms, our 'younger classes,' our beloved sons, who go forth so magnificently, with proud joy in their young eyes and with bouquets of roses in the muzzles of their guns, oh! let us plan our holy vengeance against those who are lying in wait for them, over there,—and against the great accursed one, *who has night for a soul!* . . .

"From this vaulted redoubt, where we are at this moment, and where, in order to look out, we must raise up steel periscopes, we still see the avenue with its green grass, the avenue so quiet in the waning light of evening; we no longer hear the barbarians, they no longer talk, or move, or breathe, and we keep only the unquiet sadness, I would almost say, the discouraged sadness of feeling them so near.

"But, to regain hope and joyous confidence, it is enough to retrace our steps along these underground corridors, where the evening meal of the soldiers is nearly over, in the lovely twilight. There, as soon as we are far enough from the enemy, so that our soldiers can chat freely and laugh freely, we are all at once bathed in holy gaiety, and in consoling, absolute certitude. There is the true reservoir of our irresistible power; there are steeped and steeped again all the wonderful mainsprings of our dashing attacks, of our final victory. What first strikes one, around these tables, is the admirable good understanding, the sort of affectionate familiarity, between the officers and the men. For a long time now, we have made a practice of this in the navy, where long exiles and dangers shared in our narrow shells bring us forcibly close to each other; but I believe that my comrades of the land army will bear no grudge against me, if I say that this familiarity, so compatible with discipline, is a shade newer for them than for us. It is one of the benefits reserved for them by the war of the trenches, that they are obliged to live closer to their soldiers, and to make themselves more loved by them. Already they know almost all their comrades with cloth stripes, call them by their names, chat with them like friends. Thus, when the solemn hours of assault come, when, instead of driving them on from behind with blows of whips, as happens among the savages on the other side, they go on ahead in the French fashion, they have small need to turn back to see if all are following them. They are well assured, besides, that if they fall, these humble companions will not fail to hurry up to them, at every risk, to defend them and carry them tenderly away.

"Therefore it is to this superhuman war, and especially to this life in common in the trenches, that we owe this union which makes us great, that we owe these mutual devotions so sublime that we feel drawn to kneel before them. Is it not also to this life in the trenches, and to these long and intimate conversations between officers and men, that

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we owe to some degree these flashes of beauty which have come to penetrate all intellects, even the least open and the rudest? They know now, these soldiers of ours, to the last man among them, that our French has never been so worthy of admiration, and that her glory illumines them all; they know that a race whose hearts are thus awakened, is indestructible, and that neutral lands, even those that seem to have the heaviest scales upon their eyes, will end some day by seeing clearly, and by giving us the noble name of liberators.

"Oh! let us call down a benediction upon them, these trenches of ours, in which all social classes are mingled, in which friendships have been formed, that would have seemed impossible yesterday, where 'men of society' have learned that the soul of the peasant, the workman, the mechanic, may be as fine and noble as that of a very elegant gentleman, and even more interesting, because more original, more transparent, with less packing about it. Trenches, underground corridors, dark little labyrinths, little underground nooks of suffering and abnegation, in them will be held our best and purest school of social unity. But by this word, too often profaned, I mean, as may well be understood, the true social unity: that which is the synonym of tolerance and brotherhood, that, in a word, of which Christ came to give us the clear formula which, in its adorable simplicity, sums up all formulas: 'Love one another!'"

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TWO LOYAL FRIENDS

IN the last few weeks The Theosophical Society has lost through death two of its most faithful, loyal and effective workers: Mrs. Archibald Keightley ("Jasper Niemand"), on Oct. 9th, and Miss Katherine Hillard, on Nov. 3d. Or, to speak more truly, since that which has genuine spiritual life can never be lost, these two splendid Theosophical workers have joined that large and increasing assemblage of our friends and brothers who, with the serene eyes of immortals, watch us and wait to welcome us in the quiet temple of everlasting day.

The Theosophical Society was founded in America, in New York. And here, in America, in New York, all its greatest trials have been faced, all its most signal and enduring victories have been won. In its stormy and momentous life, two of the earlier epochs are of especial significance; the first years of the initiation of our work, when Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, toiling with superb energy and devotion, helped by the love and understanding sympathy of W. Q. Judge, and reinforced by the then vigorous co-operation of Colonel H. S. Olcott, was laying the foundation for the whole future life of the Theosophical Society; then, after an interval of stillness, came the period opened by the magnificent work of W. Q. Judge, a loyal understanding of whose mission was destined to prove the touchstone of genuine Theosophical life in later years.

It is to the epoch of Mr. Judge's work that both Mrs. Keightley and Miss Hillard especially belonged; not that they ever ceased, or ever will cease their devoted labour; but that, by force of circumstances, their work at the beginning had a peculiar and incomparable value. The story has more than once been told, how Mr. Judge guarded the spark of spiritual fire committed to his charge, and, with the breath of his matchless devotion, fanned it into a flame that was to warm many hearts to spiritual life.

It is to these days when, after the first complete loneliness and isolation, Mr. Judge found friends and co-workers gradually gathering round him, that Miss Hillard and Mrs. Keightley belong, as to their most distinctive work. Miss Hillard, a very distinguished Dante scholar, had been working in her author's own Italy. Returning through London, she visited Mme. Blavatsky at 17 Lansdowne Road, not many months after Mme. Blavatsky's coming to England, in the spring of 1887. Then, on coming back to the United States, Miss Hillard volunteered for regular service with Mr. Judge. To-day, after years that have been almost silent in comparison with the loud notoriety of our earlier years, it is difficult for newcomers to realize what a difficult and serious sacrifice that kind of work then meant. It is not too much to say that, especially in the days

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immediately following the attacks on Mme. Blavatsky, made first in India, and afterwards repeated in London, when so many of the former friends of that indomitable martyr to our Cause fell away from her, a cloud of obloquy rested on the Theosophical Society and on every one actively connected with it. They incurred the charge almost of lunacy; it was not "respectable" to be a Theosophist; it was especially perilous for anyone depending on intellectual work, and on the reputation that is needed for successful intellectual work. This was Miss Hillard's position. As a successful writer, she had won a reputation for careful research, for sound judgment, for trustworthy craftsmanship. Also, and this was, in a way, even more delicate ground, she had a singularly warm and close and highly valued circle of relationships and family ties. All this, reputation and intimacies, she knowingly and most willingly risked —and to some degree lost—by her determination to work openly and methodically with Mr. Judge, a resolution which she courageously carried out, reading valuable papers before the Aryan Theosophical Society, of which Mr. Judge was President; and contributing to his magazine *The Path,* articles generally signed in full; sometimes initialed only. Work of this kind gradually developed, and, with changing needs, took changing forms; but, so long as she was able, under the burden of gathering years, Miss Hillard continued to work. And, when external work became impossible for her, she gave of the treasurers of her heart.

To the same period, the most distinctive part of Mrs. Keightley's work also belongs; most distinctive for the same reason: because in those days loyal and effective workers were so few. Coming of a family distinguished on both sides by gifts of a high order, herself very successful as an essayist, dramatist, and translater of verse; the brilliant centre of a very brilliant social life, Mrs. Keightley practically gave up all these valuable privileges and prizes and devoted herself wholly to the work which Mr. Judge then had in hand, and especially to *The Path.* Under the pen-name of Jasper Niemand, and in response to the instruction she had received from Mr. Judge—much of which was published later in the form of *Letters that have Helped me*—Mrs. Keightley wrote a series of wonderful articles, of which it may fairly be said that, for the first time in the history of the Theosophical Society, they sounded some of the depths of the inner, spiritual life. For many, her articles were the first impulse in the present life awaking dormant intuitions of the soul's august mysteries.

But Mrs. Keightley's work was greatly varied. She wrote in *The Path* not under one pen-name, but under many, editing departments, completing articles, and, what was less known but equally vital, giving invaluable help in proof-reading and the technical part of getting out the little magazine, a task for which her own wide literary experience well fitted her. From the collaboration of these early days came a magazine which, for inspiration, for immediate response to the thought of the celestials, has not been surpassed in the history of our movement.

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As Mr. Judge's work and his personal mission became more clea Mrs. Keightley became more and more closely identified with that wo and mission. By her life, she kept up the living tradition of the mira ulous soul; by her knowledge and understanding of Mr. Judge, s imparted understanding and sympathy to others; and, in the critical da when the Theosophical Society was on trial, both in this country a in England her wise influence steadied many who otherwise might ha gone astray. Of this side of her work it is more difficult to spea but there are many who know and understand how effective that wo has been—a work only suspended by her death a few weeks ago.

So, while we lose two of our most valued and beloved workers, add to our honorable roll of those who have died fighting in our rank who have been faithful unto death.

FACES OF FRIENDS*

Among the "Friends" whose faces *The Path* has been presenti to its readers few, if any, have a greater claim to a prominent place th "Jasper Niemand." To most an unknown but dear friend, dear becau of the heart-touching help and light which for many has come from t writings bearing this signature—a *nom-de-plume* as all must have know The personality thus veiled hitherto is that of one personality very de to many an earnest worker in the T. S.: that of Mrs. Archiba Keightley, more widely known perhaps in the ranks of the T. S. und the name of Mrs. J. Campbell VerPlanck.

Her maiden name in full was Julia Wharton Lewis Campbe daughter of the Hon. James H. Campbell, a prominent Pennsylvan lawyer. Her father's was a highly distinguished career. He command his regiment during the war; served as a member of the U. S. Congre for several terms; held two diplomatic commissions under Preside Lincoln as U. S. Minister to Sweden and Norway, and subsequent to Bogota in South America. Her mother was Juliet Lewis, daught of Chief Justice Ellis Lewis of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writer of verse possessing great poetical charm and value.

Mrs. Keightley's childhood was chiefly passed among the Pennsy vania mountains, and later on the continent of Europe, where she w educated and entered the society of foreign courts at the early age sixteen. Even then she had already developed the literary talent f which the members of both branches of her family had been noted, a had displayed for generations in the occupations of their leisure hou Her early writings consisted of transactions from the poems of t present and late Kings of Sweden, in original verse, tales and descriptio published in *Harper's Magazine*, the *Galaxy*, and other periodica

* Reprinted from *The Path*, Vol. IX, No. 1.

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under her own name as well as the *nom-de-plume* of "Esperance." That the work itself was of fine quality is shown by the fact that full market rates were always gladly paid for it; while the deeper tendencies in the writer's nature are seen in the fact that the spur of exertion lay in the desire to give for the helping of others somewhat she had herself *earned,* and not merely the superfluity of that wealth which the accident of birth—or Karma?—had placed at her command. The child is truly the father of the man—or woman; and how happy must she have been when feeling so early that she could already, by her own efforts, do something to lessen the misery of others?

Miss Julia W. L. Campbell (as she then was) married in 1871 Mr. Philip W. VerPlanck of New York; and six years later, in the course of a single year, she lost her husband and both sons suddenly by a most dramatic series of reverses—including dangers and losses of many kinds Long and terrible illness followed these sudden blows.

During her recovery Mrs. VerPlanck wrote her two successful plays, "The Puritan Maid" and "Sealed Instructions," the latter having had a marked success during two seasons at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, as well as throughout the country.

To turn from the outer to the inner life. By long established family custom, Mrs. VerPlanck belonged to the Episcopal Church—"The Church of England"—but she found no spiritual life there. Indeed, she had ceased to seek for any such life, content apparently with the ideals of literature and art, in a happy domestic and social circle where leisure and refined conditions permitted the cultivation of personal gifts. Yet an interior want now and then made itself felt.

One day, however, quite by chance as it were, when lunching with her close friend, Mrs. Anna Lynch Botta, the name of Madame Blavatsky was mentioned, and mentioned as that of an exposed fraud. From thence to Theosophy was but a step; Mrs. VerPlanck had never heard of either, and Mrs. Botta, whose circle comprised almost every distinguished member of society at home and abroad (that well-known circle unique in American life), invited her friend to accompany her to hear Mrs. Arthur Gebhard speak on Theosophy to Mrs. Ole Bull, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, and others in the drawing room of a friend. The impression made upon Mrs. VerPlanck was so deep that she joined the T. S. within two weeks, and thenceforward began her unceasing work for Theosophy.

Living with her parents at a distance from New York she wrote for *The Path* under the names of "Julius," "August Waldensee," "J," and later on as "Jasper Niemand," as well as unsigned articles, and also corresponded with T. S. enquirers. In those days writers were so few in the Society that they had to take several names, and often one would write up the notes or finish the articles of another.

In answer to some enquirers as to the "Jasper Niemand" writings, Mrs. Keightley writes: "When I began to write articles along these

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lines, H. P. B. sent me a pen which I always used. The articles were and are always written in full objective consciousness, but at these times there is a feeling of inspiration, of greater mental freedom. The *Letters that have helped me* were received at my Pennsylvania home. They were written for me and for Dr. Keightley—and for the use of others later on—by Mr. W. Q. Judge, at the express wish of H. P. Blavatsky. The letter which is the source of this request, and which conveys assurance of Mr. Judge's qualifications for the office of instructor, purported to be written *through* Madame Blavatsky (it begins 'Says Master'), and is one of those so ably described by Col. H. S. Olcott in the *Theosophist* for July, 1893, where he says that communications from high occult sources received through H. P. B. always resembled her handwriting."

This modification of H. P. B.'s handwriting is decidedly interesting in the above-mentioned letter, whose data amply justify the manner in which "Z" is spoken of in Niemand's preface. Moreover, H. P. B. spoke of her friend Mr. Judge as the "exile," and Annie Besant wrote later on, "You are indeed fortunate in having W. Q. J. as Chief. Now that H. P. B. has gone, it is the Americans who have as immediate leader the greatest of the exiles." (The technical meaning of these titles, "Greatest of the Exiles" and "Friend of all Creatures," as employed in the East, is totally unknown in the West; the latter being a phrase that has more than once been applied, half in jest, to W. Q. J. by his intimates on account of his often enforced doctrine of "accepting all men and all things"—providing they *work* for Theosophy.—B. K.)

It is to be hoped that the Editor of *The Path*, a journal so indissolubly connected with the Theosophical writings of the subject of this sketch, will not from personal hesitation exclude from its pages information which is really a moderate statement on behalf of "Jasper Niemand" in reply to questions coming from all parts of the world. The statement would have been made earlier, were it not for a wish, on Jasper Niemand's part, to continue helpful private correspondence carried on with many persons who addressed under the protection of her impersonality.

After the departure of H. P. B., Mrs. VerPlanck now and again joined the New York staff of workers as a reinforcement during Mr. Judge's prolonged absences.

Mrs. VerPlanck continued to live with her parents in Pennsylvania until the autumn of 1891, when she married Dr. Archibald Keightley of Old Hall, Westmoreland. After a year's residence in New York they were called to England by the ill-health of Dr. Keightley's mother.

And here this sketch ends for the present. It is not for me to say more, nor to dwell upon the respect and affection which its subject has gained in her new sphere of duty. But I know that I voice the earnest wish of all in expressing the hope that many years of equally fruitful and valuable work for our beloved Cause still lie before her.

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FRAGMENTS

SORROW and pain come to all in this world, which is a place of discipline, not of rest. Accept your position bravely and patiently; out of this will grow peace. Have a more living faith in the inner meaning and purpose of your life, and live unfalteringly in accordance with that faith. You must not tangle the inner and the outer. You know what trouble and real grief you have whenever this occurs.

These are heavy times . . . never mind. The end is not yet, but will be; and we must go on, through the darkness as through the light, immovable, serene. Live *inside:* there is your place, there, where the outer turmoil comes not, nor blindness, nor obscuration. Aspiration and effort bring you there, and an *insistance* of faith makes it living instead of dead. Hold yourself still, in meditation; dwell constantly on the inner life, not the outer; and see in all about you symbols merely, pointing the way of reality and truth.

Your lighted torch must be kept unflickering: no easy task this in the turmoil of these days. But *try* it: if you try hard enough you can do it. Do not be deceived by any outer thing. Your heart is your guide and monitor,—there where I reside;—listen to it. At the darkest hour it will whisper, "All is well," and you will find quiet and strength where you thought a battle raging. Do not be discouraged. Never despair. The hour of fierce conflict must show your mettle, prove the force and purity of your inner life. . . .

Patience and silence. Shut no one out of your heart. Emotion and sentiment pass away, principles remain; and impersonality will enable you to judge others with a wider charity, because it gives the necessary perspective. Never allow yourself to be carried away by any feeling either for or against. Hold the scales evenly in your hands, and weigh your own heart and your own judgment as impartially as you do another's. So striving you will grow toward the true justice, practically unknown in this world of blind passion and ignorance; often least understood by those who think they understand the most, and who sometimes should.

The old Jewish commandment, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me," is applicable to every department of life, if one considers the *me* to be Krishna, the Higher Self. You are learning lessons of profound value out of these things; what more do you want? Life is for training, not for diversion and distraction. Accept it so and half your questions are answered.

CAVÉ.

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EMILE VERHAEREN

A NEW literary epoch began in France with the publication 1904 of *Jean-Christophe*. One characteristic of the new epoc is its religion—it is intensely Christian. The Christianity c the new period is not of a secular type—the minimum effo required to keep one on the right side of the fence; it is Christianity a practised by the saints—the maximum that loving fervour and devotio can inspire. A result of the fervent practice of religion is intimac The spiritual world, the Angels, the Master Himself—these become vivi real, close; they are no longer vague and distant abstractions, intang bilities. They are warm and human. They respond to appeals fro men—even talk with men. One will recall Christophe's impassione conversation with Christ, recorded toward the end of *Le Buisson Arden* No small part of Péguy's three volumes of Mystères is taken up wit the conversation of God Himself—conversation of a very human kind- humorous, ironical, gay. It is Paul Claudel who definitely points ou the contrast between the new epoch and what preceded it. In his *Cin Grandes Odes* Claudel writes:

Soyez béni, mon Dieu, qui m'avez délivré des idoles,
Et qui faites que je n'adore que Vous seul et non point Isis et Osiris,
Ou la Justice, ou le Progrès, ou la Vérité, ou la Divinité, ou l'Humanit
ou les Lois de la Nature, ou l'Art, ou la Beauté.
Seigneur, Vous m'avez delivré des livres et des Idées, des Idoles et d
leur prêtres.
Seigneur, je Vous ai trouvé.
Je crois sans y changer un seul point ce que mes pères ont cru avant mo
Confessant le Sauveur des hommes et Jésus qui est mort sur la croix.

Claudel does not leave in any doubt what he means by the religio of his fathers: Deliver France, he exclaims, from "les Voltaire, le Renan, les Michelet, les Hugo, et tous les autres infâmes." The religio of Claudel, Rolland, Péguy and others is not some attenuated or alle gorised Christianity; it is the faith of the ages, of the Fathers an Martyrs, of St. Geneviève and Jeanne d'Arc.

The change from levity and mockery to ardent faith is so grea and so recent as to amaze us. It is the more difficult to accept as credibl on account of its suddenness. It seems to have come in the night, with out being prepared for. We had grown used to *les Renan*. Whateve soul France might have, we had thought, must surely be a compoun of scepticism and dilettantism. True there are points and individua that since the death of Renan and Verlaine (1892 and 1897) stand out i protest against the degradation of French ideals, in life as in literatur

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Bourget is one, Brunetière another. We can see the sympathy between their efforts and those of *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. But the two distinguished men of letters seem detached individuals—quite insufficient to bridge the distance between the France of 1890 and the France of today. To find the true work of preparation, the effort that has made possible the miracle of a revival of faith in France we must turn outside her own boundaries to Belgium. Emile Verhaeren, Belgian, is the transition from the old to the new in France. Since 1870 he has done for French literature a service like that his country did for France in 1914. Belgium threw herself into a gap, checked destructive forces, gave France opportunity for getting herself together, and thus saved France from disintegration. Verhaeren, a man of Titanic force, threw himself into the chasm of disintegrating individualism in literature—"l'etrange vanité d'être seul à s'admirer ou à se comprendre lui-même." He was a magnetic nucleus around which younger men clustered. But Verhaeren did not advance into the Promised Land of faith in which Claudel and Péguy found themselves at home. He is in strict sense a poet of an age of transition. He wanders between two worlds. His service to France was like Belgium's. And he shares the fate of his country today, though on a more acute plane. In the spiritual sense, he is homeless and foodless.

His first volume was published in 1883—*Les Flamands*—ten years after Verlaine's *Paysages Belges*. Verlaine, a French dilettante, saw Belgium of the debâcle as *motifs* for aquarelles in *rose et verdâtre* with sufficient *brume* to make studied contrasts:

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut dans la ville.

Verhaeren, a robust compatriot of Rubens, saw Belgium through Flemish eyes. His verse in the first volume is like Flemish painting—huge bulwarks of ruddy flesh with arteries and veins so full that the purple blood almost spurts through the skin. Excess, a tendency to be gross, is characteristic of many artists of the first rank,—Tintoretto, for example, or Michelangelo; it is not a fault found in minor artists. Great artists get it under control and it becomes magnificence, grandeur. Verhaeren was long in dominating his tendency to excess, and worked it off partly on the physical plane. For several years he gave himself up to debauchery that brought him to the very border line of madness. Born in 1855 of an orthodox Catholic family, he was destined for the priesthood. But after completing his academic training at Louvain, he prepared for law examinations at Brussels, and threw overboard the moral and religious principles that won his admiration as an adolescent. There followed a period of riotous excess that brought with it physical disease, melancholia and mental disintegration. Through this period of disease and decay he continued an artist, studying his own moods and sensations, and recording them with apt symbols. The titles of the volumes written at this time of dissipation and disease are indicative of their

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contents—*Les Soirs, La Débâcle, Les Flambeaux Noirs.* His imagery is that of Dante's *Inferno,* blackness, smoke, fog, mud, ice. The world is hung around as with a dark curtain, and its gloom is intensified by the black torches which flame against it. Warmth, life and sunlight have disappeared from the earth. Everything is locked in an eternal winter.

La neige tombe, indiscontinûment,
Comme une lente et longue et pauvre laine,
Parmi la morne et longue et pauvre plaine,
Froide d'amour, chaude de haine.

Ainsi tombe la neige au loin,
En chaque sente, en chaque coin,
Tonjours la neige et son suaire,
La neige pâle et mortuaire,
La neige pâle et inféconde,
En folles loques vagabondes
Par à travers l'hiver illimité du monde*

Of actual landscapes, he finds the dreary desolateness of an English winter most consonant with his mood, and he speaks of "ce Londres qui est mon âme.

Et ces marches et ces gestes de femmes soûles;
Et ces alcools de lettres d'or jusques aux toits;
Et tout à coup la mort, parmi ces foules;
O mon âme du soir, ce Londres noir qui traîne en toi!

These volumes describe conditions that are morbid and that often seem insane. Yet, they will hold a place among similar morbid verse by reason of the artistic form in which Verhaeren has expressed his gloomy musings.

Verhaeren watched his approach to madness, and wrung a forlorn comfort from his despair in the thought that complete madness would put an end to the painful alternations of sanity. He was saved, however, from the débâcle he contemplated. The secret prayer of his soul for deliverance was heard—perhaps something in his early religious training had penetrated below the layer of his mind. He was "converted." From the fog and soot of his spiritual London he was led into air and sunshine by St. George. The splendid, ringing, martial poem which describes that conversion, remains after many years and many volumes, his best.

* Cf. also the poem "La Pluie":

La pluie,
La longue pluie, avec ses longs fils gris,
Avec ses cheveux d'eau, avec ses rides,
La longue pluie
Des vieux pays,
Eternelle et torpide!

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Ouverte en large éclair, parmi les brumes,
Une avenue;
Et Saint Georges, cuirassé d'or,
Avec des plumes et des écumes,
Au poitrail blanc de son cheval, sans mors,
Descend.
Il m'a rempli de son essor
Et tendrement d'un effroi doux;
Devant sa vision altière,
J'ai mis, en sa pâle main fière,
Les fleurs tristes de ma douleur;
Et lui, s'en est allé, m'imposant la vaillance
Et sur le front, la marque en croix d'or de sa lance,
Droit vers son Dieu, avec mon cœur.

Verhaeren's conversion removed scales from his eyes and he looked out upon a new world filled with beauty. It is at this point that the tangent of futurism shoots off from his work, though he is no more responsible for that heresy in art than are many others who, through conversion, have been awaked to a beauty that radiates through the world. Self-indulgence had clouded his retina, until he could see in the universe only the projection of his own foul and morbid moods. Conversion changed his polarity from self and enabled him to see the world as it really is. In his reaction from his state of black despair it was natural that he should go to an extreme of joy. The man who with jaundiced eye can see nothing in snowflakes but a relentless storm of soot, may, in his ecstasy over recovery, so spread his own rosy happiness over the face of things as to take a cloud of soot for drifting snow. The changed appearance that conversion brought into the face of nature for Verhaeren is not an isolated phenomenon. Something of that kind happens whenever a man is converted from the self-indulgence of sin to positive efforts at right living. Traherne and Jonathan Edwards are cases parallel with Verhaeren's. Traherne relates what Eden-like splendour shone from trees and grass and stones at the beginning of his life.[1] There followed an eclipse of that celestial light, and all

[1] "All appeared new, and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger, which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was Divine. . . . The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling Angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared; which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The city seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine."

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became dark. Then came his conversion which restored earth to more than her pristine splendour.[3]

Edwards' experience shows a close parallel. His inward change wrought so powerfully on outward nature that violent thunderstorms became his delight. They had formerly terrified. Verhaeren's experience is as normal as these others. He had been restored by St. George from death to life. He is in ecstasy over life. The very ills that modify life's exuberant course can delight him inasmuch as they testify to the presence of life. One can quite easily understand such enthusiasm. A boy's face swollen out with mumps is scarcely an artistic subject; but compared with a corpse the boy is to be congratulated—mumps could not exist in death, it is an incident common in the course of life, and because thus associated with life it acquires by transfer some of the worth of life itself. It is thus that Verhaeren rejoices over all the incidents and accidents of life—trivial or vulgar. Even the casualties of somnambulism would come in for admiration and honour. Can we not see that an unfortunate lady* precipitated down a staircase would receive on every step convincing evidence of the vitality of her nerve centers? Let us remember that every man of force collects around him like a magnet a crowd of followers. The followers often catch only a superficial mannerism. Verhaeren must not be held responsible for the vagaries of the futurist school.

Warmth of color and backgrounds of gold (over and over he uses *gold* in the plural, *les ors,* gold in many shades banked up like sunset vapours) replace the rain and ice of his Inferno. In *Les Flamands,* he paints as Rubens and Teniers. In verse like the *St. Georges,* his color is Memling's or Van Eycks'. But there is a fervour, a rush of aspiration that is not Memling's or Van Eycks', that one finds in the great Italians, in Titian's Assumption, and in Tintoretto.

Verhaeren's production is not uniform. The morbid verse of personal despair came to an end. But along with the most exquisite and winged poems such as are found in *Les Heures Claires,* there occur volumes that are raucous, brutal and mad. A reader is puzzled by the violent and repulsive contrast. Verhaeren's dual production will be understood if certain facts that occur outside the usual sphere of literature be considered with attention. Those who have been privileged to gain experience in rescue mission work such as that described by Mr. Harold Begbie in *Twice Born Men* know that the conversion of drunk-

[3] "He thought within himself that this world was far better than Paradise had men eyes to see its glory, and their advantages. For the very miseries and sins and offences that are in it are the materials of his joy and triumph and glory. So that he is to learn a diviner art that will now be happy and that is like a royal chemist to reign among poisons, to turn scorpions into fishes, weeds into flowers, bruises into ornaments, poisons into cordials. And he that cannot learn this art, of extracting good out of evil, is to be accounted nothing. Heretofore, to enjoy beauties, and be grateful for benefits was all the art that was required to felicity, but now a man must, like a God, bring Light out of Darkness, and order out of confusion. Which we are taught to do by His wisdom, that ruleth in the midst of storm and tempests."

* "Portrait d'une Nue descendant un escalier."

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other vicious men is a thing of degrees. A few men, cured of
olish self-will by the "hard luck" that follows prolonged self-
ce, will finally make a surrender of themselves, and in humility
ew life. Their conversion though progressive is thorough going.
though making only a partial surrender of self-will, will never-
get rid of alcoholic intemperance. The new freedom brings
on. In time they come to look upon this freedom as accom-
by their own will-power rather than by Divine Grace, and
ds become full of conceited notions. The last state of such men
worse than their first. True they may not return to hard drink.
elf-indulgence nevertheless takes a less obvious outlet. They
t emptied themselves of the selfishness which manifested itself
us alcoholism; they have merely stopped up the lowest hole in
head. The contents, all undrained, will now leak out through
le higher up on the side. Self-indulgence has not been ended—
ken a subtle and more dangerous form. Such "converts" often
tyrants in their families or Bible class. If we may compare the
grades of life with the lowest, Verhaeren's experience would
ore like that of the false convert than of the true. He was
d by St. George from common madness—madness on the physio-
lane. But he did not yield himself wholly to the divine influence
George. The interior spiritual disorder which was manifesting
the physical plane as insanity, was checked only in its place
festation, and came to expression again in Verhaeren, subtly, as
hical madness.

e metaphysical madness that pervades much of Verhaeren's writ-
ne familiar system of Nietsche; we need delay for no comment
It is the detestable idea of brute force as righteousness—a dis-
of morality, honour and the restraints that decency and civiliza-
ose upon selfishness.

many critics have spoken of Verhaeren as a Belgian Walt
n that the resemblance ought to be made clear or disproved. In
ere is no essential likeness between the two poets, though a hasty
night be misled by a superficial trait. After all prejudices and
ncies are overcome, and all subtractions made for grossness and
ness, the real Whitman remains a prophet of spiritual living.
at and characteristic strain is a call to spiritual warfare.

nder'd in silence,
ng upon my poems, considering, lingering long,
tom arose before me with distrustful aspect,
in beauty, age, and power,
nius of poets of old lands,
ne directing like flame its eyes,
nger pointing to many immortal songs,
enacing voice, What singest thou? it said,

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Know'st thou not there is but one theme for ever-enduring bards?
And that is the theme of War, the fortune of battles,
The making of perfect soldiers.
Be it so, then I answer'd.
I too haughty Shade also sing war, and a longer and greater one than any,
Waged in my book with varying fortune, with flight, advance and retreat,
victory deferr'd and wavering,
(Yet methinks certain, or as good as certain, at the last,) the field the world,
For life and death, for the Body and for the eternal Soul,
Lo, I too am come, chanting the chant of battles,
I above all promote brave soldiers.

It is not slander or disparagement to say that Whitman did not maintain the high level of that poem—it is in the nature of a poet to be unequal. There are strata of poetic consciousness that, for all their impalpability, are similar to the solid layers of geology. The individual poet rises and falls through those strata as mercury does in a thermometric tube. The highest strata are the domain of those unutterably sweet melodies of which Keats dreamed

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter.

It is a realm where harmony of sound and line and color become harmonies of act, real existences in the spiritual plane, that filter down through denser strata as musical and poetic magic. Whitman rose to that high stratum, and caught his vision of a supramundane world in which the distractions and discords of earth are resolved into harmonies. He saw brotherhood as the law of the "communion of the saints"—a brotherhood of the heart, not a brotherhood distorted by the intellect into socialism and democracy. But as Whitman's mercuric consciousness dropped from that lofty plane to the lower levels of his personal life, his mind began to interpret what it remembered of his soul's experience in terms of its own personal limitations. That mental interpretation is necessarily a distortion and a limitation of the original truth perceived. In Whitman's case, the joy he felt over conditions in the spiritual realm became crude, gross and blatant satisfaction with material progress. It is on this downward point that Whitman and Verhaeren for a moment touch. When the first fervours of his conversion had cooled, Verhaeren's delight in all that his eye could see became easily gross acceptance of unideal conditions—a blatant content with material evolution.

Whitman, however, was something of an inspiration to Péguy, who in spiritual wisdom far outdistances his older friend, the Belgian poet. Yet it would not be correct to give the impression that Whitman is responsible for the new and virile note in French poetry—that inspiration is a thing passing thus from man to man. To believe the latter

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statement would be an assumption that the universe is a man-managed place instead of a creation divinely guided. I am tempted to go outside the field of literature in order to look for evidence of the divine guidance which endeavours constantly to lead men to better things. In my search I turn to the religious orders, and from many contemporary records, I select the autobiography of a Carmelite nun, Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux, whose brief life covers the period from 1873-1897. The autobiography was written in obedience to a direction from the Superior of the convent who wished a record of Soeur Thérèse's progress for the benefit of other nuns in the Order. What Thérèse writes herself, as well as what is written and narrated of her by other nuns, is marked by the qualities that characterise Péguy's verse—gayety, humour, and a human intimacy with divine things and beings. Here is the narrative of a nun who explains the circumstances that brought her a wonderful and charming letter from Thérèse. May we not think that the letter was truly inspired by the Divine Master whose name Thérèse signed to it?

"Being somewhat of a child in my ways, the Holy Child—to help me in the practice of virtue—inspired me with the thought of amusing myself with Him, and I chose the game of ninepins. I imagined them of all sizes and colours, representing the souls I wished to reach. The ball was—*love*.

"In December, 1896, the novices received, for the benefit of the Foreign Missions, various trifles towards a Christmas tree, and at the bottom of the box containing them was a *top*—a rare thing in a Carmelite convent. My companions remarked: 'What an ugly thing!—of what use will it be?' But I, who knew the game, caught hold of it, exclaiming: 'Nay, what fun! it will spin a whole day without stopping if it be well whipped'; and thereupon I spun it round to their great surprise.

"Soeur Thérèse was quietly watching us, and on Christmas night, after midnight Mass, I found in our cell the famous top, with a delightful letter addressed as follows:

To My Beloved Little Spouse

Player of Ninepins on the Mountain of Carmel

Christmas night, 1896.

"My Beloved Little Spouse—I am well pleased with thee! All the year round thou hast amused Me by playing at *ninepins*. I was so overjoyed that the whole court of Angels was surprised and charmed. Several little cherubs have asked Me why I did not make them children. Others wanted to know if the melody of their instruments were not more pleasing to Me than thy joyous laugh when a ninepin fell at the stroke of thy love-ball. My answer to them was, that they must not regret they are not children, since one day they would play with thee in the meadows of Heaven. I told them also that thy smiles were cer-

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tainly more sweet to Me than their harmonies, because these smiles were purchased by suffering and forgetfulness of self.

"And now, my cherished Spouse, it is my turn to ask something of thee. Thou wilt not refuse Me—thou lovest Me too much. Let us change the game. Ninepins amuse me greatly, but at present I should like to play at spinning a top, and, if thou dost consent, thou shalt be the top. I give thee one as a model. Thou seest that it is ugly to look at, and would be kicked aside by whosoever did not know the game. But at the sight of it a child would leap for joy and shout: 'What fun! it will spin a whole day without stopping'!

"Although thou too art not attractive, I—the little Jesus—love thee, and beg of thee to keep always spinning to amuse Me. True, it needs a whip to make a top spin. Then let thy sisters supply the whip, and be thou most grateful to those who shall make thee turn fastest. When I shall have had plenty of fun, I will bring thee to join Me here, and our games shall be full of unalloyed delight. Thy little Brother,

JESUS."

A second testimony from another nun shows no less good sense and good-humour.

"I had the habit of constantly crying about the merest trifles, and this was a source of great pain to Soeur Thérèse. One day a bright idea occurred to her: taking a mussel-shell from her painting table, and, holding my hands lest I should prevent her, she gathered my tears in the shell, and soon they were turned into merry laughter.

" 'There', she said, 'from this onwards I permit you to cry as much as you like on condition that it is into the shell!'

"A week, however, before her death, I spent a whole evening in tears at the thought of her fast-approaching end. She knew it, and said: 'You have been crying. Was it into the shell?' I was unable to tell an untruth, and my answer grieved her. 'I am going to die,' she continued, 'and I shall not be at rest about you unless you promise to follow faithfully my advice. I consider it of the utmost importance for the good of your soul.'

"I promised what she asked, begging leave, however, as a favour, to be allowed to cry at her death. 'But,' she answered, 'why cry at my death? Those tears will certainly be useless. You will be bewailing my happiness! Still I have pity on your weakness, and for the first few days you have leave to cry, though afterwards you must again take up the shell.'

"It has cost me some heroic efforts, but I have been faithful. I have kept the shell at hand, and each time the wish to cry overcame me, I laid hold of the pitiless thing. However urgent the tears, the trouble of passing it from one eye to the other so distracted my thoughts, that before very long this ingenious method entirely cured me of my sensibility."

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view of such a life as that of Soeur Thérèse, may we not think
vine Powers working above and behind the visible scheme of
and imparting their wisdom and force to those who can pass
o others? Whitman in America would seem to be one of many
itters. Those Divine Powers seem to have touched responsive
in France also, and to have revealed much of themselves through
and Soeur Thérèse. They touched Verhaeren's heart too, and
d him sufficiently to make of him a great poet, though he is not
aithful servitor. At a period in French literary life when scepti-
nd dilettantism held the reins, Verhaeren's genuine religious experi-
nd his immense vitality, served as example and encouragement for
nger set of writers who were to dethrone usurping Disbelief.
eren's philosophical verse—poems that deal with material evolution
slight value. His lyrics—even those of morbid moods, but above
love poems—will rank him high. In *Les Heures Claires,* he has
to his wife verse that takes one back to Michelangelo's for
a Colonna. It is love poetry equal to Rossetti's at Rossetti's best,
t the fleshly suggestion that sometimes taints the sonnets of *The*
of Life. It is by *Les Heures Claires* and *Les Heures d'après*
hat Verhaeren will win many ardent admirers.

Chaque heure, où je songe à ta bonté
Si simplement profonde,
Je me confonds en prières vers toi.

Je suis venu si tard
Vers la douceur de ton regard,
Et de si loin vers tes deux mains tendues,
Tranquillement, par à travers les étendues!

J'avais en moi tant de rouille tenace
Qui me rongeait, à dents rapaces,
La confiance.

J'étais si lourd, j'étais si las,
J'étais si vieux de méfiance,
J'ètais si lourd, j'étais si las
Du vain chemin de tous mes pas.

Je méritais si peu la merveilleuse joie
De voir tes pieds illuminer ma voie,
ue j'en reste tremblant encore et presque en pleurs
humble, à tout jamais, en face du bonheur.

CLARENCE C. CLARK.

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AN UNATTRACTIVE HEAVEN*

I DOUBT whether many readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are looking for proof of the immortality of the soul. To those who are doing so the literature of spiritualism must prove the more disappointing the more thoughtfully it is examined. The most recent addition to this literature that has come under our notice—*Letters from a Living Dead Man*, written down by Elsa Barker—is no exception to the general rule, for between evidence and proof there is a world of difference.

Indeed I do not know how one ever could *prove* the survival of consciousness, for I do not know how its present existence may be proved. My own consciousness is certainly more fundamental to me than any proof could be; and, having to be taken for granted in all proofs, becomes a premise which cannot be made a conclusion. I am certain of it not by proof, but by experience. And as I cannot prove it to myself, I must suppose I should have great difficulty in proving it to anybody else. If they chose to regard my words as the productions of their own minds, my appearance as an optical illusion, my movement of their arms and bodies, if I were to shake them in my exasperation, as a new kind of St. Vitus's dance, what on earth could I do about it? I have never really been confronted with this problem, as my friends and acquaintances have so far been good enough to indulge the assumptions of my existence and consciousness. But I am appalled at the contemplation of its difficulties should they ever see fit to change their minds about me. Again and again I have had to retire, baffled and beaten, before their mere challenge that I should prove my reasonableness; and to prove oneself reasonable is simple child's play to proving oneself existent and conscious. This may seem like a contradiction, for one instinctively feels that one could not be reasonable without being conscious. But when you look back over the course of many lengthy, hard fought arguments, you are compelled to observe with what facility your own reasonableness—once proved—is claimed as the reasonableness of your opponent. You either have not proved your reasonableness, or else you have convinced him that it is his own just as much as yours. So if he should persist in his prejudice against your existence, this presentation of reasonableness—and all the labour you expended upon it—must go for nothing. It is his own reasonableness, and you may continue a myth for all of it.

I am prepared to make a free gift of this argument to our spiritualistic friends, to help them to fill their long felt need of some excuse for the general trivial imbecility of the mediumistic communications which they consider they receive from the spirit world. No one of us is as

* *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, written down by Elsa Barker, Mitchell Kennerley, New York, 1915.

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prone to claim imbecility as wisdom, and what we disclaim for ourselves runs a fair chance of being attributed to some one else—and so of convincing us of some one else's existence. I do not regard this as a very good argument. But the advantage of any argument, as Bertrand Russell says of a proof, is that "it instils a modicum of doubt as to the validity of the result," and it is highly desirable that the immortality of the type of consciousness, reflected in the ordinary spiritualistic seance, should be doubted as energetically as possible. Were these doubts to fail us, existence would be indeed a horror.

These *Letters from a Living Dead Man* cannot, however, be ranked with the usual productions of spiritualistic experimentation. They are as far removed as possible from imbecility. On the contrary, they are marked throughout with an excess of mentality that is almost equally repellant. They furnish no *proof* of the continued existence of individual consciousness beyond the death of the body; but they do take their place in that great mass of evidence, trivial and weighty, trustworthy and untrustworthy, attractive and repulsive, which points to this conclusion, and which in its totality is overwhelmingly convincing.

On the paper wrapper of Mrs. Barker's volume is the facsimile of a letter written by her to the publisher, Mr. Kennerley, giving him her personal assurance "unqualified by any reservations whatever, that the experiences recorded in this book occurred precisely as I have explained in the Introduction." Indeed the inherent evidence of the "Letters" themselves bears out what is said of the way in which they were written, and perhaps we cannot do better than to give this in Mrs. Barker's own words.

"One night last year in Paris I was strongly impelled to take up a pencil and write, though what I was to write about I had no idea. Yielding to the impulse, my hand was seized as if from the outside, and a remarkable message of a personal nature came, followed by the signature 'X.'

"The purport of the message was clear, but the signature puzzled me.

"The following day I showed this writing to a friend, asking her if she had any idea who 'X' was.

"'Why,' she replied, 'don't you know that that is what we always call Mr. ——?'

"I did not know.

"Now, Mr. —— was six thousand miles from Paris, and, as we supposed, in the land of the living. But a day or two later a letter came to me from America, stating that Mr. —— had died in the western part of the United States, a few days before I received in Paris the automatic message signed 'X.'

"So far as I know, I was the first person in Europe to be informed of his death, and I immediately called on my friend to tell her that 'X' had passed out. She did not seem surprised, and told me that she had felt certain of it some days before when I had shown her the 'X' letter, though she had not said so at the time.

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"Naturally I was impressed by this extraordinary incident.

"'X' was not a spiritualist. I am not myself, and never have been a spiritualist, and, so far as I can remember, only two other supposedly disembodied entities had ever before written automatically through my hand. This had happened when I was in the presence of a mediumistic person; but the messages were brief and I had not attached any great importance to the phenomena."

Certain earlier incidents are then given which show that Mrs. Barker had long been subject to psychic or "hypnagogic" visions and had dabbled more or less with mediumistic and psychic phenomena. "But to the whole subject of communication between the two worlds I had felt an ususual degree of indifference. Spiritualism had always left me cold, and I had not even read the standard works on the subject."

It was to please her friend that she consented to let "X" write again —"if he could." A letter came through her hand with the usual "breaks and pauses between the sentences, with large and badly formed letters, but quite automatically, as in the first instance."

From that time on, the letters continued to come: "sometimes several times a week; again nearly a month would elapse without my feeling his presence. I never called him, nor did I think much about him between his visits. During most of the time my pen and thoughts were occupied with other matters. . . . .

"While writing these letters I was generally in a state of semi-consciousness, so that, until I read the message over afterwards, I had only a vague idea of what it contained. In a few instances I was so nearly unconscious that as I laid down the pencil I had not the remotest idea of what I had written; but this did not often happen."

These are, of course, the usual characteristics and concomitants of mediumistic productions. Of the various hypotheses upon which such writings are explained, the first—that of deliberate deceit—constitutes a charge which few who read the book will be likely to bring. That they are "the lucubrations of my own subconscious mind" is quite possible, but that theory "does not explain the first letter signed 'X' that came before I knew my friend was dead," unless we assume a very far reaching and extraordinary knowledge on the part of the subconscious self—and assume also that it would "set out upon a long and laborious deception of me on a premise which had not been suggested to it by my own objective mind or that of any other person." Therefore, Mrs. Barker says, "If anyone asks the question, What do I myself think as to whether these letters are genuine communications from the invisible world, I should answer that I believe they are. In the personal and suppressed portions reference was often made to past events and to possessions of which I had no knowledge, and these references were verified. This leaves untouched the favorite telepathic theory of the psychologists. But if these letters were telepathed to me, by whom were they telepathed? Not by my friend who was present at the writing of many of them, for their contents were as much a surprise to her as to me. I wish, however, to

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state that I make no scientific claims about this book, for science demands tests and proofs. . . . As evidence of a soul's survival after bodily death, it must be accepted or rejected by each individual according to his or her temperament, experience and inner conviction as to the truth of its contents."

My own temperament and experience—I should like it to be observed that I do not say my "inner conviction as to the truth of its contents"—are such as to lead me to give ready assent to this conclusion of Mrs. Barker's, and I am quite willing to deal with these letters as "genuine communications from the invisible world." The precise meaning to be given to the word "genuine," when thus applied to automatic writings, may well be questioned; but, even if we allow it to retain its fullest significance, there are certain things which we must note—things that are universally true of all letters, automatic or not. No matter what may be the subject of a letter, its primary revelation is of the mind and nature of its author. The American tourist, writing home to some little country village a description of Paris and its customs, is actually describing not Paris but himself. If any support were necessary for the truth of this statement it could be found in all the present talk about a "new" Paris and a "new" France. France is not new—but the oldest of European nations, and its traditions and its character have continued unbroken for over a thousand years. Today, in the great light of war,—the searcher of the soul's of nations as of men—her soul stands forth as it has always stood in danger or in crisis, and we gaze in awe upon it as a new creation. And why? Because the life of that soul is and has ever been so deep and strong and rich that it has offered to every man whatsoever thing he himself sought of it. To one it has been the great treasure house of art. To another it has been the ancient mistress of all learning, forever renewing her youth in the tireless, unremitting labour of her savants. To others it has meant the rue de la Paix and the avenue de l' Opera, the milliner's shops, and source of bargains and of fashions; while to still others it has appeared only as the cafés of the Boulevards, of Montmatre or the Quartier Latin. He who writes of Paris writes always of himself.

If this be true of any effort to describe an earthly city—if each man finds there that which his own taste and temperament led him to seek and have taught him to see—it is inconceivable that it should not be true in still greater measure of any effort to describe the Kingdom of the Heavens. He who writes of it must also and always be writing of himself; and the most "genuine" account of after-death states must be subject to precisely the same limitations as would be the equally "genuine" account by a Mexican cowboy of the contents of the Bibliotéque Nationale. It would take a master of life to describe the one, as it would exhaust the resources of human sympathy and learning to describe the other. Nor must we assume—as for some unknown reason most of our generation seem to assume—that the Kingdom of the Heavens and the world of after-death consciousness are synonymous. The more

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one reads of such writings as these letters—though I confess at once that my own curiosity in regard to such has not been extensive—the more convinced one is that if heaven exists so also does hell: and that what is felt and described as heaven by one would constitute a very complete hell for another. Let us, therefore, not make the gross error of regarding these *Letters from a Living Dead Man* as descriptive of either heaven or hell or of "the invisible world" that includes them both. They are descriptive of the after-death consciousness of Mr. ——, as he was able to write of it through the hand of Mrs. Barker.

Of Mr. ——, beyond the fact that he was not a spiritualist, Mrs. Barker only tells us: "'X' was not an ordinary person. He was a well known lawyer nearly seventy years of age, a profound student of philosophy, a writer of books, a man whose pure ideals and enthusiasms were an inspiration to everyone who knew him." She does not add—what the letters themselves make apparent—that the dominant note of his life was intellectual curiosity, which, he naively assumes to be the purest and highest of motives; and that he was ignorant alike of any great love and of the meaning of devotion—whether to a cause or to God or to man. It is, in consequence, his curiosity that holds his consciousness at the hour of death, that moulds the forms of its later states, and whose gratification constitutes the major portion of his heaven. He is not, however, devoid of kindliness or without ambition to do good to his fellows. To this latter ambition he himself ascribes his desire to record his experiences (p. 149).

"My object in writing these letters is primarily to convince a few persons—to strengthen their certainty in the fact of immortality, or the survival of the soul after the bodily change which is called death. Many think they believe who are not certain whether they believe or not. If I can make my presence as a living and vital entity felt in these letters, it will have the effect of strengthening the belief in certain persons in the doctrine of immortality.

"This is a materialistic age. A large percentage of men and women have no real interest in the life beyond the grave. But they will all have to come out here sooner or later, and perhaps a few will find the change easier, the journey less formidable, by reason of what I shall have taught them. Is it not worth while? Is it not worth a little effort on your part as well as on mine?

"Any person approaching the great change who shall seriously study these letters and lay their principles to heart, and who shall will to remember them after passing out, need not fear anything."

In an earlier communication he explains his reasons for writing, more or less fragmentary and desultory letters, rather than attempting to dictate a more imposing work (p. 118).

"If I had set out to write a scientific treatise of the life on this side, I should have begun in quite a different way from this. In the first place, I should have postponed the labour about ten years, until

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all my facts were pigeon-holed and docketed; then I should have begun at the beginning and dictated a book so dull that you would have fallen asleep over it, and I should have had to nudge you from time to time to pick up the pencil fallen from your somnolent hand.

"Instead, I began to write soon after coming out, and these letters are really the letters of a traveller in a strange country. They record his impressions, often his mistakes, sometimes perhaps his provincial prejudices; but at best they are not a rehash of what somebody else has said."

It is these mistakes, ignorances and prejudices—revealed on every page in entire unconsciousness by the writer—that have done more than anything else to make the book interesting and provocative of thought to the student of Theosophy. One will search in vain through its pages for any coherent doctrine that has not been far more clearly and fully expounded in the literature of the Theosophical Society. The whole philosophic and intellectual background of the book is, in the narrow and popular meaning of the word, theosophical. Reincarnation, karma, above all, the fact that man determines for himself the nature of the world in which he lives, are taken for granted and illustrated in letter after letter. But though "X" states this latter fact with the utmost clearness, as perhaps the basic law of the afterdeath states, and though he sees and relates its working—often very amusingly—in the case of those with whom he meets and talks, he is apparently blissfully unconscious that all that he himself sees and relates must be self-coloured and self-determined in precisely the same way.

He writes, for example (p. 59): "Those people who think of their departed friends as being all-wise, how disappointed they would be if they could know that the life on this side is only an extension of the life on earth! If the thoughts and desires there have been only for material pleasures, the thoughts and desires here are likely to be the same. I have met veritable saints since coming out; but they have been men and women who held in earth life the saintly ideal, and who now are free to live it.

"Life can be so free here! There is none of the machinery of living which makes people on earth life such slaves. In our world a man is held only by his thoughts. If they are free, he is free.

"Few, though, are of my philosophic spirit. There are more saints here than philosophers, as the highest ideal of most persons, when intensely active, has been towards the religious rather than the philosophic life."

And again (p. 94) he writes: "Do you not understand that what you believe you are going to be out here is largely determinative of what you will be." This theme is illustrated by many stories of people whom he meets: the story of the woman who was still finding fault with her food—poor soul, it was her only enjoyment while on earth; the story of the materialist who had set his mind and will stubbornly against the possibility of any consciousness after death, and who, in consequence,

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is sunk in a profound unconsciousness deeper than any sleep, till "X" obtains his awakening at the hands of his "Teacher."

This "Teacher," "X" regards as an adept or Master; yet as we read what is said of and by him we are not reminded of the Masters of whom Theosophy teaches, but rather of a phrase of X's own: "The average college professor is not a being of supreme wisdom, whether here or there."

It is to those who are perfected in devotion that the promise of spiritual knowledge is made. "X" finds what he seeks. When he was about to die, he determined, he tells us, to carry with him memory, philosophy and reason. In their enjoyment he spends—as he had wished—his devachanic period; wandering through purgatory, heaven and hell, content to observe and study. But because at no point can he bring the light of love to bear on what he sees, because no greater will than his own ever moves him, because to nothing has he even the beginning of devotion, he forever misses the heart of what he looks upon; and the sentimental vision of his "Beautiful Being" is the travesty his temperament works upon what should be the communion of love. Such travesties do not make pleasant reading; and the self-complacent patronage of his attitude to all about him—to things sacred as well as profane—is so much more than unpleasant that it can only be described as revolting in its sacrilege. Yet we have to remember that this self-complacent conceit of his intellect must have been fostered through long years here on earth, and that suddenly to have stripped him of it would have been, indeed, to have plunged him into what would have been for him a hell. We must ardently desire to be rid of our faults, before either life or death can suddenly free us from them. There is no evidence that "X" ever wished to learn the lessons of humility. We have also to remember that what is sacred cannot be made less sacred because ignorance and conceit may travesty it. Only he is injured who accepts this travesty as truth, and few readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are likely to make such an error.

To many readers the book may do far more harm than good, as it contains much that is true, and as half truths are more misleading than falsehood. To read it for these truths, for what it may show us of the laws of life or death, would be sheer waste of time for anyone who has made any study of Theosophy. But if we come to it as a study in psychology, seeking the causes for the blindness and the errors which it reveals, it can aid us in an undertaking that may be wholly beneficial. The causes of blindness, the roots of error, are in us as in "X." Day by day, in the desires we foster or let live unchecked, we are creating the forces that will mould our after-death state, determining our own heaven or hell. That which we desire we shall be given. The secret longing of the heart will be enacted openly. This is the eternal law; and we, who know it to be the law, have need to pause and judge our hearts before we are judged by them. What future are we making for ourselves?

H. B. M.

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PAUL THE DISCIPLE

II.

At the Feet of Gamaliel

AM a Jew, born in Tarsus of Cilicia, but brought up in this city, at the feet of Gamaliel, instructed according to the strict manner of the law of our fathers."

Paul, as he spoke, was standing on the steps of the Roman guard- e which overlooked the great courtyard of the temple. Under the ow of the holy shrine on Mount Moriah, made sacred by the Master's teps, he told the story of his life, inspired by this splendid back- nd for his oration, as, five or six years earlier, he had stood under hadow of the Acropolis of Athens, and, looking up to the pillared y of the Parthenon, had repeated the verse of the great Hymn to , "For we are also His offspring!" It was the first day of his age, the first day of many years when he wore the chains upon rists, the chains that clank and rattle through all the epistles of his age: "Paul the prisoner, Paul in chains."

And now, speaking in the contemporary dialect of Hebrew, the cur- speech of Aram, and for that reason called Aramaic; standing in of an audience pre-eminently Hebrew, Paul went back in memory e days, some thirty years before, the great days of his studentship, , at the feet of Gamaliel, his heart was fired and enkindled by the did epic of Israel, the grand story of God's way with the Nation centered about this temple on Moriah, about the citadel of Zion, David made his capital, after the kingdom had passed away from 's prototype, Saul the son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin.

We see the Jerusalem of Paul's youth, of the years, let us say, from 30, through the terrible clouds of the great tragedy, that darkness rested there from the sixth hour to the ninth, when the earth bled, and the veil of the great shrine on Moriah was rent from top ttom; we rightly see, in the utter destruction that came, in the year pon the City of the King, the punishment, the righteous Nemesis he black deed of Golgotha, when the whole nation cried out, ing their inevitable doom, "His blood be upon our heads and on hildren's!" And we think, perhaps, that in the Jerusalem of Paul's nt days, there was nothing but the bitter wrath, the iron bigotry, crucified the Master. Without doubt these were already latent , but they had not come forth from their lurking-place in passionate, rous hearts; and there was much that was full of aspiration, of er, gentler spirit; something of the inspiration that breathes in the beautiful of the psalms: "Yea, though I walk through the valley e shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy nd thy staff, they comfort me."

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There was such a period of expansion and aspiration, jus
the Master began openly to teach. It is foreshadowed in the sce
own boyhood in the temple; we catch the echo of it in his pa
heart-breaking outcry of infinite regret: "O Jerusalem, Jerusal
often would I have gathered thy children together, even a
gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Th
aspiration; but the age-long tragedy is, that there was not a
enough. There was a deep passionate interest in the things of
that kept these men about the Master, hanging on his words; b
was the terrible darkness and hardness of heart beneath it, tha
the impulse of religion into passionate hatred.

Of the sunnier years, of which the Master had said, "if I
come, ye had not had sin," Gamaliel is still remembered as the
light; the revered doctor, the man of supreme culture, who ga
to the thought of the age, and incarnated it in himself. He n
been one of those doctors with whom the boy Jesus talked in th
both hearing them and asking them questions. As a Pharisee,
the belief in the resurrection, in the constant ministry of angel
contrasted with the legalist materialism of the official Saddu
one speech of his that is recorded, is full of the spirit of a
gentle tolerance: "But there stood up one in the council, a
named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in honour of all th
and commanded to put the men forth a little while. And he s
them, 'Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves as touching th
what ye are about to do . . . I say unto you, Refrain from th
and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of me
be overthrown: but if it be of God, ye will not be able to o
them; lest haply ye be found to be fighting against God.'"

One wonders what would have been the difference in the h
the world, if this wise, honoured doctor, who thus manfully and
defended Peter and the other apostles, had come forward as cou
a few months earlier, when their Master was on trial in the sa
There was a chance for a man to change all history. He mi
held a place in the Creed, not, like Pilate, a place of eternal sh
of high honour and renown.

Be this as it may, it was at the feet of this wise, gentl
honoured doctor that Paul passed his student years, his minc
full of Greek culture, of the orations of the famous Greek
and Stoics of Tarsus; of the Tarsian memories of Alexander t
of Julius Cæsar, of Antony and Cleopatra and her splendid
upon the river Cydnus. Paul's mind, thus aroused and enkind
swung from Hellas to Israel; and during the months and yea
studentship under Gamaliel, he filled his heart and soul, his im
and his memory, with the splendid passages of his national s
the expounding of which made the substance of Gamaliel's
as of all the doctors of the law.

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During these formative years of Paul's life, the great genius among the Jews was Philo of Alexandria, who, with the soul of a mystic and a Platonist, re-read the Hebrew scriptures as a magnificent allegory, the revelation of the Logos, the "Mind of God." It is certain that Philo enjoyed an unrivaled authority throughout the whole Jewish world, which extended from Babylon to Rome, from the shores of the Black Sea to Egypt, and it is impossible that Philo's works and Philo's thoughts should not have been known at Jerusalem, during the years when Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, which were also the years of the ministry of Jesus. Since the writings of Paul are full of the ideas of Philo, while, at the same time he practically never uses the words and phrases that are most characteristic of Philo, though both are writing Greek, it would seem certain that he came to Philo's ideas, not directly, not by his own reading, but indirectly, through some intermediary; and one may hazard the guess that this intermediary was no other than Paul's master and instructor, Gamaliel, whose spirit, so far as we are able to judge it, is thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of Philo. It is probable that, lecturing at Jerusalem, under the shadow of the great temple, Gamaliel would use the Hebraic dialect which is called Aramaic; that, in quoting Philo in his lectures, if our hypothesis be correct, he would translate his thoughts and phrases from Alexandrian Greek to Aramaic; and that Paul, thus receiving Philo's ideas in Aramaic, later retranslated them for himself into Greek, often choosing other words than those Philo had used, though following Philo's ideas very faithfully.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Paul did study the Law and the Prophets under Gamaliel, and that, in his interpretation of the Law and the Prophets, he follows in Philo's footsteps, besides accepting the whole Platonic background of Philo's thought. But it is not so much with this aspect of Paul's work and thought that I wish just now to deal, but rather with the impression made on his mind by the grandiose Hebrew scriptures. If we take pains, we can almost follow the working of Paul's mind, as he listened to Gamaliel's lectures, almost reproduce the emotions which were awakened in his heart by this or the other famous passage from the Book of the Law.

I have already written very fully of Paul's understanding of the first great story in the Hebrew Scriptures: the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, of the Serpent's temptation, and of the Fall of Man. It is enough, at present, to say that Paul understood the whole story as an allegory, exactly as Philo did; and that the part which Adam and the Fall have been made to play in dogmatic theology largely rests on a misunderstanding and on the persistent mistranslation of Paul's words: "As in the Adam all die, even so in the Christ shall all be made alive." The Adam and the Christ mean here the natural and the spiritual man, the latter vivified by, and blended with the very life of the ever-living Christ, the Master.

The next great story in the Books of the Law, which made a

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profound and indelible impression on the mind and imagination
the student, is the story of the covenant with Abraham, as to
fifteenth chapter of Genesis:

After these things the word of the Lord came unto Ab
vision, saying, Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy
great reward. And Abram said, Lord God, what wilt thou
seeing I go childless? And Abram said, Behold, to me thou h
no seed: and, lo, one born in my house is my heir. And be
word of the Lord came unto him, saying, This shall not be th
but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be t
And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now towar
and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said
So shall thy seed be. And he believed in the Lord: and he c
to him for righteousness. . . .

It is a passage of wonderful beauty, and one may boldly
no passage in the whole compass of the Scriptures meant so
Paul, or so greatly swayed his heart and mind. In the first
was because of his profound and passionate belief in the m
destiny and mission of the seed of Abraham, thus promise
under the glowing stars of the Arabian desert, that Paul, c
this destiny to be in some sense menaced by the mission of Je
the Master's unsparing condemnation of the Jews, thought it
to destroy the work of the disciples, the task he had in hand
Damascus road. And, in the second place, after Paul, through
contact with the Master, beginning on the road to Damascus, ha
the splendid truth that precisely in and through the work of th
was the promise to Abraham spiritually fulfilled, this passage
for him a new and more majestic meaning: he saw a first
merged in a second covenant; an old testament transformed and
in a new testament, and it is precisely through Paul's vision and
tion of this splendid metaphor, that the books concerning J
Master are called the books of the New Testament, unto this

It was at that very same period of Abraham's life that he c
contact with the great, mysterious figure of Melchizedek King
and to the study of that meeting, we owe the superb passag
Epistle to the Hebrews, in which Jesus is magnificently called
Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.

We may say, therefore, that this period in the life of Abra
meeting with Melchizedek, the vision under the starry sky,
whole background of Paul's mind; and that through Paul's love
story, it has become of the first significance in the spiritual h
two thousand years, deeply colouring all subsequent thought c
the work of Jesus, as the fulfilment of the promise, and the
of Jesus as the great High Priest. No other passage, therefor
whole of scripture, made such an overwhelming impression
mind and heart of Paul.

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In the story of the Exodus, Paul's mind held and brooded over the miraculous manna, which fell from heaven, to feed the Children of Israel in the wilderness; and, with the tendency to see allegory everywhere, which was the essence of the school of Philo, he later turned the story of the manna to a new and unexpected use: The disciples in the regions of northern Greece were well supplied with the good things of the world; the saints at Jerusalem, the first and central group of disciples, were miserably poor; therefore Paul gathered of the abundance of Macedonia, and gave it to the older group of disciples, thus bringing about an equality: As it is written he says, He that had gathered much had nothing over: and he that had gathered little had no lack.

But the central element of the Exodus, for Paul, as for all subsequent time, was the giving of the Commandments, the majority of which Paul quotes, not once but many times, citing, indeed, all those which most closely define personal conduct. The whole majestic narrative of the law-giving on Mount Sinai was vivid and living in Paul's memory, and he made constant use of it in writing to his disciples.

From Leviticus and Numbers, Paul quotes such phrases as these: Ye shall therefore keep my statutes, and my judgments: which if a man do, he shall live in them. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . I will set my tabernacle among you: and my soul shall not abhor you. And I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people. . . . The Lord will show who are his. . . . Depart from the tents of these wicked men. . . .

From the Book of Deuteronomy, Paul quotes more at length. There are detached sentences like these: . . . at the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established. . . . For he that is hanged is accursed of God. . . . Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn. . . . Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them. . . . Yet the Lord hath not given you an heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear, unto this day. . . .

But the most beautiful passage in Deuteronomy cited by Paul is that in the thirtieth chapter, which he adapts to his own purpose in writing to the Romans:

For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil. . . .

This eloquent passage, Paul uses thus:

For Christ is the end of the Law for righteousness to every one

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that believeth. For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the Law, That the man which doeth those things shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead). But what saith it? The word is nigh unto thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach.

This is a very fair example of the way in which Paul turns to his own uses the texts of the Old Testament, following the spirit, not the letter. It is in entire harmony with the method of Philo, the method which Philo himself calls Allegory; in entire harmony, indeed, with the whole Rabbinical method of exegesis at that time, for which a text meant anything that it could possibly be made to mean, either by a strained literalism or by the most liberal use of allegorical interpretation.

There is another passage in the book of Deuteronomy, which was peculiarly dear to Paul, and indeed to all the devout men of his time and nation: the passage which is beautifully suggested by the author of the Apocalypse, And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.

The song of Moses comes at the very end of the five Books of the Law, introduced by these words, And Moses spake in the ears of all the congregation of Israel the words of this song, until they were ended:

Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth. My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass: because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, his work is perfect: for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he. . . . Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee. When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him. . . .

From this beautiful song Paul quotes not once but many times; he has a perfect ear for the most eloquent and poetical phrases, images, histories.

This practically completes the list of Paul's quotations from the five books which we know as the Pentateuch, but which Paul thought of as the Torah, the Books of the Law. As we saw, three great passages

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out in his memory, as being of supreme significance: The story
am, which he regarded as an allegory; the covenant which the
made with Abraham, and which he re-interprets in terms of the
ovenant of Christ; and the life of Moses, from the tremendous
n Sinai, with the giving of the law, to the swan-song that closed
eat Prophet's ministry. Of the three, the promise to Abraham
out in brightest colours; it was so deeply engraven on his heart
hrough his love of it, through the constant return of his mind to
have come to think of that promise as the first covenant, rather
he old traditional first covenant, which God made with man when
od abated, setting the rainbow to it as his seal.

rom the book of Joshua, Paul quotes the story of Achan and the
ed thing, the wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, which he
y took from among the spoils; using it to underline the secret sin
of the disciples at Corinth.

we are to attribute to Paul the great letter to the Hebrews, as
convinced that we should, then in a single verse we have summed
ul's readings in the book of Judges:

nd what shall I say more? for the time would fail me to tell of
, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also,
muel, and of the prophets: who through faith subdued kingdoms,
nt righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions,
ed the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weak-
were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the
of the aliens. . . .

here is here, of course, a summary of the whole later history of
and Judah, from the days of the Exodus to the days of Daniel,
quenched the violence" of the burning fiery furnace. But from
torical books Paul quotes with peculiar love two passages, God's
e to David, and the splendid protest of Elijah. The former is
ced thus:

nd it came to pass that night that the word of the Lord came unto
, saying, Go and tell my servant David, Thus saith the Lord,
hou build me a house for me to dwell in? . . . I took thee from
eepcote, from following the sheep, to be ruler over my people,
srael: . . . and when thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep
y fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee, and I will establish his
m. He shall build a house for my name, and I will establish the
of his kingdom for ever. I will be his father, and he shall be
. . . .

he latter passage, the appeal of Elijah, Paul quotes to confirm him-
the hope that, in spite of their putting Jesus to death, a remnant
el might be saved. The appeal runs thus:

nd he (Elijah) said, I have been very jealous for the Lord of
because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant,
down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and

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I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus: and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria: and Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel: and Elisha shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room. . . . Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him. . . .

May we not believe that Paul saw in the majestic, lonely figure of Elijah, whom the people sought to slay, a likeness to his own fate, a prophet in daily danger? And did he not remember, as he pondered over the sending of Elijah to the wilderness of Damascus, his own momentous days in that same wilderness, after the decisive meeting with the Master, on the high road to the city; the days he thus describes: When it pleased God to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood: neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus. . . .

From the poetical books, Psalms, Proverbs and Job, Paul quotes so abundantly that, to assemble all the passages he cites, would mean, to transcribe many pages; above all, he chooses those passages which, at that time, were held to be prophecies of the Messiah, for whose coming all Israel looked. Very many quotations from the Psalms are in the epistle to the Hebrews. One cannot lay the same stress on these, as illustrating Paul's mind, until it is more generally admitted that he is the author of that epistle.

Among the Prophets, Paul quotes from Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Hosea, but much more abundantly from Isaiah, and almost always passages of the Messianic hope, in which he loves to find foretellings of the Christ. The most notable of these passages are the following:

Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. And he shall be for a sanctuary; but for a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence . . . and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem. And many among them shall stumble and fall, and be broken . . . I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him. Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and wonders in Israel. . . .

For though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, yet a remnant of them shall return. . . .

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, a branch shall grow out of his roots: and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears: but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with

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the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and his rest shall be glorious. . . .

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! . . .

He hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors. . . .

Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord; and I will heal him. . . .

And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord. As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord: My Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever. . . .

From the remaining books of the Prophets, Paul quotes a sentence from Ezekiel: My tabernacle also shall be with them; yea, I will be their God, and they shall be my people;—and a sentence from Hosea: I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God. . . .

Though there be, as has been said, much difference of opinion as to the authorship of the epistle to the Hebrews, we may, on the supposition that it was written by Paul, conclude our citations with a passage from that epistle, which, in a way, sums up the entire Old Testament, as it came to be understood by the writers and followers of the New:

By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure.

By faith Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau concerning things to come. By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon his staff. By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel; and gave commandment concerning his bones.

By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child; and they were not

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afraid of the king's commandment. By faith Moses, when he
to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter
rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to
pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Chr
riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect unto
pense of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing
of the king: for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible.
faith he kept the passover, and the sprinkling of blood, le
destroyed the firstborn should touch them. By faith they pass
the Red Sea as by dry land: which the Egyptians assaying
drowned. By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after
compassed about seven days. By faith the harlot Rahab pe
with them that believed not, when she had received the spies

And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me
Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of I
and Samuel, and of the prophets. . . .

Here, we have cited the Books of the Law, the His
Prophets; and, without doubt, in the verses that follow,
summary of the later national wars, which are detailed in
we call Apocrypha.

Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh; ar
confidently hold that this wonderful knowledge of the whol
the Hebrew scriptures, which Paul so continually shows, w
by him in those student days which he has himself outlin
when he studied the Law at the feet of Gamaliel.

In this way, from Paul's own letters, we can glean the
of his mind and memory, perceiving the very impress mad
heart by the great writings of the holy dead. And always it i
beautiful and significant passage or sentence, the fairest
noblest phrase that we find him quoting. He shows himse
poet in these, his borrowings from the old Hebrew writers,
what he took from Philo, the Platonic background of his t
shows himself a profound philosopher.

When we thus trace the debt of Paul to Gamaliel, who f
footsteps through these devious ways, we cannot but feel
with a renewed poignance of regret, the profound tragedy tha
who spoke so bravely on behalf of Peter and John, could not h
as wisely, as courageously, for their Master, when he was
trial only a few months before. To his intercession, Peter
owed it, that their lives were spared. Peter lived thereafter
and thirty years; John, nearly twice as long, each of them
of world-wide import, writing words that have proven immort
then, might Gamaliel have accomplished, had he won, by
eloquence, the conservation of that far greater life; if the
cut short by death, had been continued; the divine, compassi
unfinished work?

CHARLES JOHN

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LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XVI

DEAR FRIEND:

YOU are asking of yourself that which the Master does not ask of you, and are striving to solve problems that are not now yours and that may never be yours. If you can see the one next step ahead, if you have the will and strength to take that step, you have all that is needful. The past is past. The future is not yet. The present alone is yours to make or mar: to prove you man or weakling, faithful or recreant. And yet you let its golden moments pass—the golden moments that turn into the leaden days because they are not seized—while you stand mourning for the opportunities that are no more, and fearful of the future that may never be. We are not meant to bear this triple burden. Our present strength is for our present need, and is sufficient for that need. Let the dead past bury its dead; and for the future: "Take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost."

Try to understand this. You will come to understand it if you meditate upon it and act upon it. Meditation will bring the light and faith to make action possible, but only as you act will you really know; for knowledge comes from experience, and experience from action. This is the basic fact of consciousness, the central thread of obedience that is the essence of discipleship,—the instant, moment by moment, obedience in action to the inner movement of the Holy Ghost. That obedience is all that concerns you or any man. Its demand is never abstract or theoretical, never of the past or of the future, but always concrete and definite, always of the present. And with the demand comes the strength to fulfil it; for both demand and strength are but the movement of the greater life that supports our own. We fail only as we ourselves divide what is given us as one,—as we apply to other purposes the full cash payment that accompanies every order which life sends us.

See what it is that you are doing, and upon what you are spending the strength that is given you. These long hours of painful introspection, of weakening doubts and self-distrust and self-created fears—what part have these in the life of the Holy Spirit? Surely you cannot think the Master asks them of you, or that the life you draw moment by moment from the full heart of Being was meant to be so dissipated. And if you do so squander your gift of time and power of brooding thought, can you wonder that you have scant energy or courage left with which to meet the demands that are really made upon you?

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Yes, you say, that is just it. But how can I help these doubts How dare I trust myself, and even assume to meet such obligation as must rest on those who would follow Him? My heart turns in a thousand ways to earth, and not to heaven. I have not mastered on of the rules of discipleship. Nor can I even find the honest will t master them. I do not wish to outwear pleasure and pain: to hav my eyes incapable of tears, my ears without sensitiveness, my will an life without ambition. There is no lust of the flesh or of the worl that is not mine—that does not seem to me to have a rightful place i life, with gifts to give for which life is the richer, not the poore Because men use them evilly are they evil in themselves? And I— want them all. I want them rightly, I tell myself; not wrongly. Bu want them I do. And in my heart they lie, their good and evil so inex tricably intertwined and blended that I can neither take nor leave them How can I help but doubt? How can I follow when I cannot move act when I cannot even will? And if I do not follow, if I do not wil and act, there is no peace or rest or shred of honour left me. Fo through it all there is a call that will not cease, an inner urging fro the depths of me,—a loyalty that is crucified in each instant's hesitation and whose death would be the death of my own soul.

Do you think I do not know this ancient battle ground of truth and falsehood, cowardice and courage, self and loyalty? Do you think yourself the first that has shrunk from the combat? Turn to the firs chapter of the Bhagavad Gita and read again the dialogue of Krishna and Arjuna. You cannot escape the battle once the call to it has sounded To refuse to fight, to be but driven by the press of those who do figh or fly, is to prove yourself a coward, false to all to which you ow allegiance,—false to all that makes a man.

But the battle is not what you now think it. You do not have t meet at one and the same time, single handed and alone, all these force that you see ranged hostilely against you. Neither do you now hav to strike blindly in the dark, ignorant of whether your blow will fal on friend or enemy (though there come times when so it seems to you) All that you are asked is to follow where your Master leads you; an only that is your foe which stands between you and your obedience.

Can you not see this? It would be as you think it if we wer masterless men; if we were ourselves, our personal selves, the captain of our own souls. Then, indeed, we should have cause for fears an doubts, and need to do what we know we cannot do: sift all the goo and evil in us into separate camps and choose between them. Bu strong and fine as that phrase sounds, it is mercifully a lie. No ma is "captain of his soul." Were he such he would be not man but devil The soul itself is captain; and it is for us to recognize its captaincy to follow faithfully its leadership, knowing that it, too, is "one unde authority," moving in obedience to its Master's will. It is the Maste who plans. We have but to obey.

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I think that it is the very simplicity of discipleship that makes it so difficult for men to understand and to accept it. What is that inner urging that you feel ceaselessly pressing upon you? Is it not the simple call "Follow me"? It is possible that to other and stronger souls it may come in different terms; but to us, to you and to me, who are but babes in the spiritual life, it is the simple call of the father to his child. Why must we make such a to-do about leaving the toys with which we are playing? From whose hand did we receive them if not from his; and does not the Father know the things of which we have need? Can we not trust him? We have been using far too grown-up similes in our talk about battle-fields and enemies. We are babes, and must be fed upon the milk for babes; and nine-tenths of these fine heart-searchings of ours is but our unwillingness to take our pudgy toes from our own mouths that we may be given suck of life. We are convinced that, if once we let go, we shall be toe-less and empty-mouthed forever.

But enough of similes. Let us try to look at the situation as directly and simply as possible. You find a very tangled skein of desires in your own heart, good and evil lying side by side and so hopelessly knotted together that you cannot separate them even in thought. You do not have to separate them. That is the marvel and the inestimable value of discipleship. You have only to follow where the Master calls. As you follow, the knots one by one are untied; the good and evil separated, the issue made clear cut. Then, and then only, have you need to choose, and need to fight. If you choose rightly, and gain victory for the good over the evil, you are led on till the next knot is untied and the issue again made plain. The thread of good is always in the Master's hands. As we follow, it is freed for us from the evil to which we ourselves attach it; and being thus freed becomes our own,—something that we can take with us wheresoever we may go.

The secret of it all is thus obedience. Is this a difficult concept? Do we not know what we mean when we speak of following the Master? We hear his voice in two ways very clearly. First, and most unmistakably, in our outer duties. If we are honest there can be little doubt of these; and if, in any given time or circumstance there is an honest doubt, it need trouble us little if we are faithful where no doubt exists. We are too prone to excuse our neglect of the duties that we know by talking to ourselves of possible duties that we do not know; and to do this is to turn away from our path. The second way is in the inner voice of conscience. It is not so clear as is the voice of duty. For we have corrupted it, and let our minds explain it away so often that now we cannot always tell just why it is sore and troubled. But here also, if we will be obedient to what is unmistakable we need not fear that we shall be left to go far wrong in silence or in blindness. If we listen to these two voices—to the voice of duty and the voice of conscience—obeying them *as the Master's* voice; and because of our will to follow

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him, we *do* follow him; and, following, are his disciples. It is as simple as this.

The question that confronts you, therefore, is whether you have this will. You are not concerned at all to disentangle the good and evil that may lie in the "lusts of the world and the flesh," in personal ambition, or in the extraordinary caricature your fancy has painted of what the disciple should be. All that concerns you is whether your desires and fears are stronger than your will to be faithful to your duty and true to the unquestioned standards that you know within your own heart. Will you take pleasure at the expense of duty or of conscience? If so, discipleship is not for you. Nor should you sully it with such a thought. But if not, if the good that may lie in the things of the world be not for you a greater good than your soul's loyalty, then the path is open to you; and though you stand now at its very portal, ignorant as yet of all it has to teach, there is no height to which it may not lead you. The test does not lie where you cannot distinguish good from evil. It lies where the issue is open and clear cut.

Do you see this now? I wish so earnestly that I could help you to see it. It is your own truth that you must be true to—what the Master asks of you as you are, and asks now. The law for angels is not the law for man, until he shares the light by which the angels' hearts are lit. Do not think that I am lowering your standards. You will not think so if for one hour you try to live by what I have said. But it is only by living that you can learn.

Let me try to take a case that is not yours—so that you can see it in truer perspective. Let us imagine a man, dominated, as you are not, by love of personal comfort. He might read, as you have read, that line in *Light on the Path* that bids us kill out our desire for comfort; and it might seem to him that comfort was a good, a thing that rested him and gave him strength for his work and made his life richer and not poorer. Perhaps it is hard for you to imagine him getting all worked up about this, and picturing a comfortless existence, and asking himself whether such were really his ideal, and whether he could really sacrifice all comfort for ever and ever, and whether, loving comfort, he could really be a disciple, or even dare to try. Such a procedure would seem to you very childish and hysterical and preeminently silly. You would wish to say to him: "Man, it does not matter a rap whether comfort is in itself a good or not. It is not half so interesting and vital as the things you are missing while you cling to it. You know perfectly well that no matter how comfortable you are in your arm chair by the fire, you would get up without a thought if something you were really interested in called you out. All this talk of sacrifice is moonshine. You would not even know you were making a sacrifice once your interest was roused. You are just being a sissy."

It would be quite clear to you that it was not comfort which was the evil but the way in which his desire for it impoverished his life

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and interfered with all his other desires. You would see the significance of the wording of the rule: "Kill out *desire* for comfort." You would see, too, that if he were really a man and really saw his own condition, he would attack that inordinate softness of his by deliberately denying it: by choosing the uncomfortable instead of the comfortable chair, etc., etc. In other words, as far as this weakness of his was concerned, he would follow Mr. Judge's advice of never doing anything which the lower self desired for itself alone. This is what he would do if he were strong and could see. And by doing it he would gain the power to be comfortable—really to enjoy comfort—without impoverishing his life and sacrificing to his weakness those about him.

But if he were not strong, if he were nothing but a child unable to see and so unwilling to will, you would urge him at least not to let his imaginary fears of a comfortless existence, his metaphysical speculations and doubts as to the good or evil of his desire, keep him from pursuing the unquestioned good his life offered him. You would know that if he did pursue any real aim with all his heart, so that he was willing to sacrifice his comfort concretely for it, even though he were unwilling to do it abstractly, that then little by little these repeated concrete surrenders of his comfort would wear away its hold upon him.

It is this—and far more than this—which life itself does for us once we give its direction into the Master's hands. We can leave aside our abstract doubts and fears and metaphysical questionings. Resolved moment by moment to do the duty of that moment as perfectly as in us lies, to seize in each instant the highest good that instant offers, we cut through all these abstractions by the sword of definite obedience. We follow Him—our greatest good—careless of whether that which we leave behind be good or evil, knowing that all our good comes to us from Him and is safe only when held by Him.

Let me be quite frank. Though I said above that you must choose, you have in fact no choice. One does not choose one's duty. One either fulfils it or is false to it. You do not choose the Master. He has chosen you. And you are either loyal or disloyal—a man or a weakling. You have denied your manhood long enough. It is time you woke and willed, lest you bear in your soul that most scathing of all condemnations: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ISLAMIC IDEA

TO present in any detail the development of the Islamic idea after the death of its founder is the work of the Oriental historian. In the present space it is possible to give only the salient points, showing in a general way the trend which the faith has taken, and making clear the reason why Mohammedanism is often referred to as a scourge of the world. Some historians as they relate the facts of the great uprising just after the death of the Prophet,—a disturbance in which many of the tribes, taking advantage of the absence of strong authority, renounced their allegiance to return to their old rites and customs,—state that the faith was then seriously in jeopardy and that, except for the career of conquest already proposed, all would have been at an end. Of the desert tribes, many of whom were brought to allegiance originally by force of arms, this statement may be true; the greatness of Islam might have been immeasurably impaired. But to imply that all Islam was stirred by this motive, that the mighty empire which rose with such miraculous swiftness, rested on no firmer foundation than love of conquest, mere bloodthirstiness and desire for plunder, is doing a gross injustice to the true Moslems who were imbued with the spirit of the Prophet and devoted to the perpetuation of his work.

The first of these Companions to occupy the position of Caliph or Successor, was Abubeker, the father-in-law and closest friend of Mahomet, elected to the office on the day of the Prophet's death. Abubeker reigned but two years (A. D. 632-634), during which time he successfully put down the revolt of the disaffected and then turned the energies of the Saracen armies to the conquest of Syria, starting that mighty tide so soon to break over the tottering empires of Rome and Persia. His death occurred just as Damascus, the ancient city of Syria, fell into the hands of the Moslems, and by his appointment Omar, another of the early converts, succeeded to the Caliphate. The new Commander of the Faithful not only continued, but greatly extended his predecessor's policy of conquest. During his rule, Syria was completely subdued; large parts of Persia were subjugated, all of Egypt, and a part of Africa to the west. Already in a little over ten years from the death of the Prophet, a powerful empire had been built up.

The detailed story of this conquest as given in Ockley's *History of the Saracens* is interesting in the extreme,—a tale of the rapid fall of city after city in what had been, so short a time before, the most powerful empires of the world. But with individual battles we have to do here not so much as with the spirit in which they were fought, and

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above all with the spirit of the commanders on whom rested the responsibility for the work. Of these leaders four men stand out in especial prominence: at home, Abubeker and Omar, the first two Caliphs, and in the field, Abu Obeidah and Kaled, two great generals.

The last named was so valiant and so zealous for the faith as to win the title of the Sword of God; fanatical from one point of view, to be sure, but a man of impetuous bravery and splendid courage, a warrior through and through. Many tales are told of his personal bravery, his good generalship, and his care and consideration of his men; one in particular, coming as it does from the despotic east, is interesting to note: a subordinate, aggrieved at being excluded from an important expedition, berated his general soundly, but Kaled "gave him very gentle and modest answers—for he was admirable in this respect that he knew no less how to govern his passions than to command an army, though to most great generals the latter frequently proves the easier task of the two."* On another occasion, though deposed from his generalship through favoritism, he continued, as a subordinate, to act with all his former vehemence and zeal, declaring that whosoever had the standard, he was resolved to fight under it for the propagation of religion. Abu Obeidah, his associate in the field, was as cautious and temperate, as pious and meek, as Kaled was impetuous and warlike, but the two generals were united in the intensity of their zeal. One instance after another is given of the sincerity with which they lived their religion, applying to daily life the teachings of the Prophet.

And still more fully was this the case in the lives of Abubeker and Omar, both men exemplary in their neglect of worldly things. Even after the victorious Saracens had made theirs the fabulous wealth of the Chosroes, Abubeker and Omar continued to live in the same simplicity which the Prophet had observed (so opposed were they to a departure from this standard that, by Omar's command, certain of the soldiers who ventured to dress in the silks they had captured, were dragged face downward in the dust). Abubeker is said never to have taken from the public treasury, in return for all his services, more than three drachmas (a gold piece in use at the time), for his personal needs, and Omar, on receiving from a foreign ruler the gift of a priceless jewel, sold it and placed the money in the treasury, with the remark that it would be more than he could answer for to the public. In contrast to the pomp and ceremony of later caliphs we find an interesting picture in the simple lives of these first successors of the Prophet, sitting on the steps of the Mosque, surrounded by beggars and friends alike, reading aloud the latest news from the field of battle, joining in the general thanksgiving for victories vouchsafed, and conferring with the people on matters of state. When his victorious generals sent word that Jerusalem had fallen but would submit only on condition that the articles of security be given by the Caliph in person, Omar with his customary

* Ockley: *History of the Saracens.*

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lack of pretension, set out on the long journey at once with
camel and two bags of provisions. And a signal instance of
faith is shown in his refusal to pray in any Christian Church
salem, lest later followers make that an excuse to seize the
for their own worship, thereby violating the terms of the tr

The true spirit which actuated these men is best seen, p
the exhortation of Abubeker to one of his newly appointed
the latter was bidden "to take care to live religiously, and to
enjoyment of the presence of God and a future state the end
of all his undertakings, to look upon himself as a dying man,
have regard to the end of things; remembering that we must
time all die, and rise again and be called to an account. He
to be inquisitive about men's private concerns, but take care
men were diligent in reading the Koran," etc.* On a simila
when the Caliph, this time Omar, had finished speaking, the gen
and received permission to advise his ruler in return. "'I bid
(he proceeded) fear God more than men, and not the cont
love all the Mussulmans as yourself and your family, as wel
a distance as those near you. And command that which is prai
and forbid that which is otherwise.' Omar, all the while
stood looking steadfastly upon the ground, leaning his foreh
his staff. Then he lifted up his head, and the tears ran down h
and he said, 'Who is able to do this without the divine assista

Such was the spirit that brought victory to the Saracens
acceptance of the teachings of their Prophet, implicit faith in t
"Allah Akbar," God is great, was the cry on every field of bat
fought for religion as an act of obedience to God; they fought
assurance that the gates of paradise were open to none but
of the cause; they accepted reverses as sent by God that th
of martyrdom might be granted to the fallen. Utter fanaticism
call it, but against the power engendered by such faith what a
hope to stand. Other causes, it is true, aided in the conquest; th
against which they fought were too vast to be manageable; ma
enemy, in the most responsible places were false to their
treachery added its weakening effect; the terms offered by the
were such as to appeal strongly to a people who had little t
a change of rule. But even had these facts been otherwise, th
armies were invincible and as Freeman in his *History and Co*
the Saracens says, "It was no sort of disgrace to the arm
of Rome or of Persia to have been discomfited by enemies
The ordinary and natural inducements of the soldier, average
average patriotism, average professional honor, could not pos
him up to a conflict with men whose whole spirit and motive
of the extraordinary and supernatural."

By the hand of a malcontent from a subjugated tribe, O
assasinated and with his death came a change in the spirit

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Othman, his successor, was a man of considerable piety but possessed little talent for governing. He made the mistake, at the start, of removing various officials in the conquered territories and appointing in their places, his own friends and relatives. Through these and other impolitic acts he alienated his subjects; every means was employed by those opposed to him, to stir up sedition in the provinces, and after a stormy reign of twelve years he was besieged in his home by an army of his enemies and finally put to death.

With the ensuing election of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, began a period of far greater internal strife. Many people regarded Ali as the rightful successor at the death of Mahomet, many people regard him so to the present day, and the discord resulting therefrom has rent the Mohammedan world, again and again. To ignore entirely the struggles of the various factions each claiming the rightful succession to the caliphate (a struggle finally dividing the empire into three rival caliphates) would be to pass over the greater portion of Moslem history; but for the present purpose it is here sufficient to state that Moawiyah, the natural successor of Othman, accomplished the downfall of Ali, wrested from the latter's son the right to rule, and began a succession of fourteen caliphs of the Ommiade dynasty covering the years 661 to 750 A. D.

The characteristic of this rule were little different from those of any other oriental monarchy; we are told that the Ommiades were masters of slaves rather than leaders of free men. It is a period of tyranny on the one hand and rebellion on the other, yet, for the empire as a whole, a period of ever-increasing power, reaching its highest point at the close of the seventh and beginning of the eighth centuries, in the caliphates of Abdalmelik and Walid. Omar, less than a century before had made his chief fare barley-bread and water; knowing almost nothing of books, he had ordered the destruction of the Alexandrian library, with the remark, "What is contained in these books is either agreeable to what is written in the book of God (meaning the Koran) or it is not; if it be, then the Koran is sufficient without them; if otherwise, it is fit they should be destroyed"; knowing even less of navigation, he first inquired of one of his generals what the ocean looked like, and then forbade all maritime expeditions on the part of the Saracens. In Abdalmelik and Walid the caliphs had reached the opposite extreme; they were men of luxurious habits and elegant tastes, living in the greatest magnificence. They gave their attention to architecture, and splendid edifices, richly adorned, were multiplied as monuments to their memory; they turned their attention to letters, and their literary favorites were overwhelmed with honors and riches; they extended their conquests by sea as well as by land, and everywhere the name of the Saracens became an object of terror. "While Walid was living in luxury at Damascus and gratifying his artistic tastes, his generals were fighting for his empire in Asia Minor, in Korassan, in Africa, and making his authority every-

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where felt. They ravaged Cappadocia, Armenia, Pontus, and Galatia and brought to Damascus the usual crowds of captives bearing rich spoils They crossed the Oxus, drove before them the hordes of Turkestan, and captured the city of Bokhara; they went again to Samarkand and, after a siege, obliged it to pay a great tribute annually in gold and to contribute three thousand human beings every year to the slavemarts of Damascus and they undermined the religion of the Magians; they overran Scinde and penetrated in that direction as far as the great river of India."*

By 710, they had reached almost to the borders of China on the east, and on the west the first expedition across the straits of Gibraltar was undertaken. In Spain where the Goths had been ruling for some three hundred years, power lay now in the hands of Roderick, a recent usurper of the throne. The son of the previous ruler had retired to the African shore of the straits and regarding Musa, the general of the caliph, as a useful ally, negotiated a joint invasion of Spain. At first only a small party was sent, but so great was their success, so rich their offering of spoils and captives that a large army soon followed. With remarkable rapidity, the country was subdued: Roderick was killed Elvira, Cordova, Toledo fell into the hands of the Saracens; even to the shores of the Bay of Biscay, the conquering armies advanced. Musa filled with the assurance of victory, planned to return to Damascus by way of Constantinople, subduing the nations north of the Mediterranean and completing the conquest of the entire ancient world. At this point however, he was suddenly recalled and arrived at Damascus with rich trains of booty, just at the death of the caliph.

The new government, in Spain, proved more moderate and liberal and apparently more acceptable than the old. According to the treaties the Christians were to remain undisturbed in their religion and were to enjoy entire security both for themselves and their property, providing only that they upheld the government and paid the tribute agreed upon The Saracens continued their military expeditions, advancing over the Pyrenees into France, overrunning the Loire region, and the valley of the Rhone, and even going so far as the Rhine. But this time, it appears little attempt was made at lasting conquest; their leaders were continually changing and the main object of their warfare was to sack, to pillage and to destroy. The year 732 brought a climax in the memorable battle of Tours,—one of the decisive battles of the world,—between the Saracens on the one hand and, on the other, the forces of Charles of Austrasia who there won his title of Charles Martel or Charles the Hammer. By the decisive victory of that day, the northward advance of the Saracens was effectually terminated and Charles Martel was left free to build up the power which later he bequeathed to his illustrious grandson, Charlemagne.

That the Saracen army made no further attempts on Frankish territory was due partly to difficulties arising at home, which necessitated it

* Gilman: *The Saracens.*

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withdrawal from the western field. For with the death of Walid, the glory of the house declined. His successors, it is true, made an attempt against Constantinople during which, according to at least one historian, Christianity and civilization were in greater peril than ever before. But this attack proved unsuccessful and no subsequent monarchs of the line possessed more than moderate power or ability. To add to the difficulties of the situation there had been growing rapidly and in secret, a new faction, the Abassides, which claimed the right to the throne for the descendants of Abbas, an uncle of Mahomet. This party as well as the Alyites, had been preaching the coming of a new caliph, a true descendant of the Prophet, and exerting every effort to rouse hatred of the reigning dynasty. In 749 a great battle was fought between the two factions and Abu Abbas, the victorious leader of the Abassides, undertook the extermination of the entire house of the Ommiades, accomplishing his purpose with the exception of one man, who escaped into Africa and later, in the reign of Charlemagne, became head of the rival caliphate at Cordova.

The Abasside dynasty extended its rule over a period of five hundred years and in wealth and magnificence surpassed by far anything the Saracens had previously known. In the reign of their third Caliph, Mehdi, the ruler, on pilgrimage to Mecca, takes with him tents to protect him from the sun, camels laden with snow to cool the air, millions of gold coins to throw among the people, every possible contrivance to make the journey an easy one. And with the life of luxury came the inevitable sapping of strength, lessening of courage, weakening of moral fibre. This was a time of outward magnificence but of inward decay, and it is not surprising to learn that, far from continuing the former policy of conquest, "the armies of the caliphate were hardly sufficient to perform police duty at home." Even now, though, one army carried terror into the Roman world, besieged Constantinople, then under Empress Irene, and withdrew only after exacting tremendous tribute. This expedition was under the Caliph Mehdi, and but a few months after the death of the latter, there came to the throne the great Haroun al Rashid, famous in the *Arabian Nights,* "under whose rule Bagdad became magnificent almost beyond the power of words to express, to readers accustomed to the comparative simplicity of nineteenth century magnificence." Of the period of his rule, a few lines from Gilman's history give a most graphic description:

"It is a land of dreams to most of the world, but it was far otherwise to the citizens of Bagdad then. To them Haroun was a flesh-and-blood monarch; his scimetar was no fantasm of a dream; his caprices were not the entertaining story of a fascinating Persian genius; the brilliant Oriental imagination had not yet wrought out its rich pages of adventure and despotic marvels; the people of Bagdad did not smile at the erratic deeds of their chief ruler: to them he was one whose words made every subject tremble, lest the fate of the Barmecides,

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perchance, might be theirs; lest the whirling scimetar of the executioner should cut through their own necks. The people—in that day did not enjoy the charms of the scenes they were surrounded by so much as we may now; for every step they took was dogged by fear—fear that was based upon ghastly experience of the tyranny and peremptory savagery of the 'good' Haroun al Rashid, of which poetry so gayly speaks to us today."

The first part of this rule was given over to luxury and ease and devoted to the cultivation of arts and letters. Later in life the Caliph undertook an expedition against Constantinople, but with what contrast to the wars of the first Saracens. They fought to gain glory in a future state, and to win realms for Allah and his Prophet; the wars of Haroun are said to be the plundering expeditions of a mere slave hunter. They were brought to an end by revolts and uprisings at home.

The reign of Haroun saw the passing of the glory of the Saracens. From this time on, there was steady and rapid decay not only political but religious as well. For years, there had been many religious sects holding to heresies of all sorts, creating dissension of greater or less importance, but never meeting with any general recognition or acceptance. But soon the Faithful were to see the strange sight of a caliph himself permitting the official declaration that the Koran was no longer decreed an eternal and uncreated book; of his accepting and promulgating the teaching that reason, not revelation is the only source of religion; even of his refusing to admit the prophetical claim of Mahomet, and threatening those who opposed his ideas. Thus was begun a process "by which that implicit faith which had been at once the foundation and the inspiration of Islam, which had nerved its warriors in their terrible warfare, and had brought the nation out of its former obscurity to the foremost position among the peoples of the world, was to be taken from them." From this time on, murder, dissimulation and intrigue reigned in the palace, anarchy and rebellion in the empire. The country was torn by the uprisings of religious sects, governors of provinces revolted and established independent principalities, robber chiefs fought their way to power and established themselves without hindrance, and continually the caliph became weaker, more and more of a figurehead, less and less able to right his government. Early in the ninth century, the caliph surrounded himself with a body guard of men taken prisoners in Turkestan. This guard gained power with ominous rapidity: a subsequent ruler admitted them to the privy council, still another increased their number to seventy thousand and their power proportionately. In a short time all power was in their hands; a descendant of the Saracens still sat on the throne of the caliphs, it is true, and this continued for a considerable time, but he was a mere puppet made or unmade at the will of his so-called servants. The rule of the Turk had come.

In view of the tremendous difference between this last period and

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the spirit of the first believers, it may seem strange that the greatness of the Saracens could have endured even as it did. The heart of the empire had been dead long since to be sure, but for years the spirit of the early Saracens had continued to animate the frontiers, where each new conquest awakened new enthusiasm and frequently communicated itself to the conquered peoples. For the final downfall of Saracenic greatness, historians give four reasons: 1st, the division of the caliphate (during the reign of the Abassides in the East, the Ommiades set up their rival house in Spain, and still a third claimant, the Fatimites or descendants of Fatima, established themselves in Egypt); 2nd, the growth and dissensions of religious sects; 3rd, the withdrawal of remote provinces from the empire as a whole; 4th, the usurpation of power by the Turkish mercenaries. In these four elements we see the direct and external causes, but behind these what causes were at work? In viewing the history of Islam in its entirety, do we not become convinced, to a greater or less degree, of the truth of the following statement, made by Freeman: "A man, himself sincere and righteous, the greatest of reformers and benefactors to his own people, a preacher and legislator of truth and civilization, has eventually done more than any other mortal man to hinder the progress alike of truth and of civilization. The temporary and partial reform effected by Islam has proved the surest obstacle to a fuller and more permanent reform. A Mahometan nation accepts a certain amount of truth, receives a certain amount of civilization, practises a certain amount of toleration. But all these are so many obstacles to the acceptance of truth, civilization and toleration in their perfect shape." Admitting this statement to be true, we find at once a more vital reason for the check to Saracenic greatness. Accepting even partially the fact that a Moslem world-power would have been subversive to human progress, have we not the inner and real reason for its fall.

JULIA CHICKERING.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The Editors of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY believe the following correspondence will be of interest, as giving the point of view of a modern Mohammedan.]

LONDON, 27th August, 1915.

MADAM:

It was with greatly mixed feelings that I read your article in this month's THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and it struck me as being a weird mixture of Truth and Ignorance not untinged with Egotism.

It was not until I was half way down the second page that I discovered to my surprise that you were against and not for Islam and when I turned back and reread the words "from the extreme of the Moslem writers to whom every tradition about their great Teacher is

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sacred and is therefore to be accepted without question," etc., etc., and then reading further "his lack of genuinely spiritual qualities" . . . "numerous occasions on which vanity and self deception led to the distortion of his message . . ." I could not help feeling sorry that you should have been led to think so wrong about the great Prophet of Arabia (Peace and blessings be upon him).

As a true Moslem, and on behalf of my religion, I feel compelled to make a defence for Islam. I presume that hitherto you have read the Holy Koran as a Christian, with your mind already prejudiced against it, and, coming upon what you think to be faults (but which are really sentences distorted by yourself) you take them each as a weapon to strike against Islam, the whilst you belong to a Society whose aims are, I understand, to bring all religions together with the idea of searching after "Truth."

What, might I ask, do *you* consider as "genuinely spiritual qualities?" And might I also ask, do *you* consider the Holy Prophet Muhammad (upon whom peace) as a lying, treacherous impostor, (Allah forbid)! or as a mad fanatic, or what? This is not sufficiently clear from the various conflicting points of your article. If the former, do you think it possible for any living man with such a terrible hypocrisy and deception weighing upon his soul to live the pure, holy, stainless life that He did? Do you think that it is or was possible for such a man to die the death that Muhammad (upon whom peace) did, calm, peaceful, and serene till the last? *No!* a thousand times No! Such a man would have writhed in a terrible agony of torment at having done such a thing, were it an imposture, especially after having thundered against the unbelievers the terrible torments of Hell. No, such a thing is utterly impossible. Nay, it is absurd.

And if the second, do you think that any madman could have controlled the fierce, intractable spirits of the wild Arabs with the firm unswerving power that he did? Do you think it possible for any madman to have lead the wild, savage, or, semi-savage tribes of the desert into battle with the cool courage and heroism that he did? No! such a thing is utterly impossible and ridiculous.

Again, do you think it was all mere human power that upheld the brave Arabs and their Holy Prophet through their trials and the tortures placed upon them by the *Christians, Jews* and the more barbarous heathens? Was it mere human power that helped the poor linen-clad ill-armed Arabs when they hurled themselves against the splendid, firmly-formed, well-armed and bronze-covered Legions of Cæsar? It must have been like the breakers upon a rock-bound shore, and yet they hurled themselves upon it, time after time until the mighty legions of the Romans were scattered like chaff. What power do you think it was that urged them on? Certainly no human power.

And again, do you think for one moment it would have been possible for a poor camel driver as Muhammad (on whom peace) was,

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to have *invented* such a glorious book as Koran? The Koran, as you probably know, is and always has been, the standard work of the Orientals for eloquence and poetry. No man living has ever been able to compose any other work that can hold a candle to Koran. Why! *because Koran is not a human work.* Muhammad (on whom peace), was not the founder of Islam, Islam is the name for the religion of the Moslems, but it is also the name for the Jewish, Christian, and Moslem religions combined, Islam does not date from the year of the Hegira, but from the time of *Adam*, Islam has been the religion of the world since the creation, not since the time when the voice of the Prophet (on whom peace) was first heard in the desert. What struck me also was the words "borrowed no doubt from one of the Syrian sects" . . . Borrowed! Borrowed! how can that be when Allah is the one Deity of the universe?

In that case, looking at the subject from an atheistic point of view, Christ (on whom peace) borrowed the Christian religion from the old Testament, the Torah, and Moses (on whom peace) borrowed the Hebrew religion from the older Hebrews, who borrowed it from—whence?

Pardon me, but you are quite wrong, Islam, or call it Judaism if you like, was the religion from the Creation, either of the world, or of Adam, down to the time of Moses, and from thence till the time of Christ, then from that time down till the time of Muhammad and will be until Christ comes again, and after, when He sleeps beside Muhammad in the Sacred tomb at Mecca, on, on until the day of the Resurrection. Allah-u-Akbar.

Then, with regard to the words which Muhammad (on whom peace) spoke concerning the heathen Goddesses Allat and Allozza, (curses upon their names), doubtless all these idols which the heathens worship have some power, the power of the devils they represent, ambassadors of Satan, and the Holy Prophet Muhammad (on whom peace) was after all only human, and might have been taken by these devils (curses upon them) unawares. That he did not fall into their power is fully shown by the words following, spoken by the Angel Gabriel, when, as you say, he upbraided the Prophet (on whom peace) for following other paths than the true one, even as Solomon "Went astray after false gods."

But the greatest surprise I received when I read the back of the book and found that the Theosophical Society is formed for the purpose of uniting all religions. Surely this is not the way to go about it, trying to find faults in each others religion; were I a member of the Society, I would be one not one day longer after having read your article. Although, pardon me for saying so, the way in which you argue shows that you fully understand your subject, and have read well thereupon, though I, for one, am together with many other Moslems, strongly against Muir for not having a better opinion of Islam than he had, especially after having studied the religion so deeply. Margoliouth,

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also was recently exposed concerning a chapter in one of his books, the chapter was entitled "Islam as a secret Society," and a more childish work I never read. I think Irving is the best, or perhaps a book entitled *The Story of the Saracens* is the best. I forget the author.

I sincerely trust you will pardon me for writing to you, but I feel that on behalf of myself, my fellow Moslems and my religion, I could not pass a blow such as you have struck, you seem to be apologizing for Islam as though it was a bad egg, or something like that.

Trusting you will pardon me, and think somewhat better of Islam in the future, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. W. PEAECH.

MISS JULIA CHICKERING,
New York.

New York, Sept. 11, 1915.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter in regard to my article on Mahomet in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY was of very great interest to me,—the more so as I had not realized that what I had written could appear so unfavorable to Islam. I am by no means prejudiced against the faith as you think and was glad to have the subject presented from your point of view. At present I am reading the *History of the Saracens* (Ockley's, I suppose you meant) and shall get Irving's book on my return to New York.

In reading the QUARTERLY you evidently did not notice that the Society as a whole is not responsible for the opinions of any contributor to the magazine,—otherwise you would doubtless not have written, as you did, that you would not remain a member of the Society a day after reading my article. Articles in the QUARTERLY may quite frequently contain opinions contrary to those held by many members of the Society, but it is part of being a member to try to maintain a tolerant attitude toward the views and beliefs of others. For this reason the articles are given a hearing, with the fact in mind that they are by no means necessarily representative of Theosophy itself.

I have shown your letter to the editor of the QUARTERLY and he has requested me to ask your permission to publish it in the next number of the magazine, to be issued within the next few weeks. I hope you will give this permission, and will you let me know also whether or not you are willing to have your name used with it?

Yours very truly,

JULIA CHICKERING.

To J. W. PEAECH,
London.

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25th Septr., 1915.

DEAR MADAM:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 11th inst, which I read with great interest; it showed that, as you say, you are certainly not so prejudiced against Islam as I first thought, and indeed, any Moslem would quite naturally have thought. Pardon me, but if this is so, why, may I ask, did you use the word "impostures"? That is a terrible word, one that should always be used with care and never without certainty to back it.

I willingly give you full permission to make whatever use you like both with my letter and my name. You may also, if you think fit, use this letter also. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to protect the Holy Prophet (on Whom peace) and His name to the best of my ability against any argument.

You are perfectly correct, I did not notice that the Society is not responsible for any opinions of any contributor to the Magazine. This considerably surprises me.

Seeing that you are not prejudiced against Islam, I cannot understand how you came to use that spiteful word "impostures" against the Prophet (on Whom peace); did you read what I said in my letter about His death? Think, when Death was drawing near and all the past rose up before Him as it always does with the dying, do you think He could have died with the calm fortitude that He did? Do you think that an impostor could, ere Death took him, raise himself upon his elbow with his last fast-failing strength, and cry in the faint, yet firm and confident voice of one who is sure: "Allah! My work is done, I come to Thee, Oh Allah"! and then fall back with a peaceful happy smile upon His lips and—Die?

I ask you, *Is* that *the death of an impostor?*

If you are a Christian (and I presume you are) you believe that Christ (on whom peace) died upon a cross at Calvary, and you also believe that he was the Son of God, and was sent to redeem the world, Why then was it that he cried (or the man upon the cross did) "My God, My God, Why hast thou forsaken me"?

Does that sound like the words of a Son calling to his Father? "Why hast thou forsaken me"? *Forsaken.* Even when I was a Christian I could not understand this, looking at it in the light of a Christian Truth, but now, looking at it from a Moslem point of view, it is by far the more incomprehensible. It is an open insult and a reproach to Almighty God. And you say that Christ was sent to redeem the world, he must have known his ultimate end long before it arrived, and yet you say that he reproached his "Father" when it did arrive! I presume you are acquainted with the Moslem view of the Crucifixion. How the likeness of another man was placed upon Christ and vice versa, and how the man was crucified in the *place* of

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Christ. That also explains the curious conduct of Judas, casting the silver talents at the feet of the Judges and saying that it was the price of the blood of an innocent man, so it would be, Christ was accused of being a defamer, etc., and was therefore guilty in the eyes of the Jews; but the man was not, Judas discovered the mistake and declared that it was the price of the blood of an innocent man. So it was. That also explains the words of Christ (or rather the mistaken man) before Pilate when he was asked if he was the Son of God. As you know the answer was "Thou sayest." So he did. The man accused of so being did not admit and he did not deny. Do you think that if it was really Christ (on whom peace) he would have answered so; do you not think that he would have admitted it and began preaching. He would have had a sufficiently needy audience.

Islam is a religion that can adapt itself to all races, classes and localities. It is free and open-minded. Moslems have been accused of being an arrogant, proud people, and their religion a religion of the Sword. The former is false with regard to the *True* Moslems. For does not the Koran say:—"Whoever is humble for Allah's sake may exalt his eminence," and "Mankind are all the sons of Adam, and he was from dust." With regard to the latter it is not altogether untrue; only you must take into consideration the great necessity for the use of cold steel. Does not the Koran instruct Moslems not to attack; but, if attacked, fight; and not only to fight, but to follow it up; and the first Moslems, being the fierce warlike Arabs of the Desert, quite naturally did not hesitate to carry this out to the full. Mohammed (on whom peace) finding not only his own life, but the lives of his brave followers in danger, was compelled to take to the sword. But, did he not say to the great Meccan host before the walls of Medina, "Verily, if the sword of Islam is unsheathed, never, until my purpose is accomplished, shall it be again sheathed"; and well the sinful world has known it.

Do you not think that the world at that time needed something higher, purer, and better than the corrupted Christianity and Idolatry of the period? Those calling themselves Christians then worshipped God, Christ, Mary, Peter, Paul and many of the other saints, and those who were not Christians were either a kind of Paganistic-Jews or pure —or rather impure—idolaters and heathens. Do you not think that Islam came as a blessing upon the world at that time and ever since? Do you not think that Islam came as a gleaming light of Hope and Salvation in the dark evil days of pagan Arabia, the days of tyranny and strife? Terrible reports come down to us of those far off days amid which Mohammed (on whom peace) was born and grew up in the pure, stainless life he did. Brothers, Sisters and Children were killed with impunity, or sold into slavery; drunkenness and vice were rampant; some few records—which seem incredible, and I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement—tell how even Mothers were taken to wife and Fathers married even their own daughters! Murder and

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theft were the common things of the day and what little law and order there was did not even attempt to stay this, or even hold it in check. Do you not think then that the world has benefited by the coming of the Holy Prophet (on whom peace); coming amidst all this Vice, Sin and Strife, and struggling for Mastery; at last sweeping it all aside and trampling it all underfoot; founding the mighty Empire of the Saracens, a nation of purity and freedom? And yet you call him an "impostor."

More than once I have had the question put to me "Look at what Christianity has done for us, built up this vast Empire, is this not enough proof of the truth of Christianity?"

I answer, "No," decidedly, "No." An Empire such as England, America, France, or any of the other great Empires of the world could have been built up just as well upon Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, or any other sensible religion. A religion does not make an earthly Empire. Who, then, I ask, built up ancient Egypt. Did Ammon, the King of the Gods of the Egyptians, build up the Empire? Did Ra, Osiris, Horus, Set, Menthu, or any of the two thousand odd gods or goddesses build it? (Personally I think that beneath the grotesque cloak of idolatry of the Egyptians there was hidden the truth of the One God, but that is not the subject). Who built up Babylon? Did Nimrod? Did Baal? Did Astarte, or Astoreth? Or any other of the infamous deities of this people build up the vast Empire of Babylon? Who built up Assyria? that fierce race of warriors who came from the Babylonians? Who built up Rome, Greece, Phœnicia, Carthage? Could not England have been raised up out of the sea in the same manner as these dead nations have been raised up? Could not France, etc., etc., etc.?

Did not God say:—"Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but my words shall remain?"

I have written at some length, and, I fear, taken up a great deal of your time; not however, I hope in vain; and, if you have not already consigned this letter to the flames, I trust you will pardon me for writing so fully, but you can readily understand how your article stung me. Who, since I became a convert to Islam some years ago, have learned to love and reverence, with a love that only Moslems can feel, the Holy, Pure, Noble-minded, and High-souled Prophet of Arabia, Mahommed (Peace and blessings be forever upon His name) the Saviour of the World. The Prophet who, knowing what it was to be the faithful husband, the loving father, and the resolute General, stepped forth amid the whirl of Darkness, Sin, and Strife, and, with firm step and undaunted courage, thundered against the Sinners the tidings of the Vengeance of Almighty God; exhorting them with fiery words to come unto the Light of Islam. The Prophet whose divine words shattered the Idols in the Kaaba, and softened the flinty hearts of the wild, untamed, desert rangers. The mighty General whose ill-armed warriors flung back the united power of Rome and Palestine, and swept

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on to Victory thundering forth the Moslem hymn of Triumj
echoed down the arched domes of the ages, the glorious song
that has lead the Moslems into battle and to Death and thr
unto Life, aye, and shall echo round the world from pole to p
"the stars shall be scattered and the earth shall be cleft asu
everlasting unto everlasting.

I should esteem it a honour if you will let me have y
on the books and also on Islam in general.

Trusting you will think better of Islam in future, I rema
your reply, Yours very sincerely,

MISS JULIA CHICKERING, J. W. F
New York.

P. S.—Perhaps soon I shall be able to let you have son
the *Islamic Review*, but I understand owing to the war it is n
that any periodical be sent out. J.

November 25

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR:—

As I read these letters over, there seems to be little ne
ment on my part. On receiving them I was considerably s
learn that my article was regarded as so strongly inimical t
I had felt no such prejudice as is ascribed to me but had rath
admiration for the many truly great qualities which his li
The writer says it is not sufficiently clear from the various
points of my article, whether I consider Mahomet "as a lying
impostor or as a mad fanatic." As I was endeavoring, not
others to my way of thinking, but merely to present facts
considered it necessary to make clear my personal opinion
a man. As a conservative, reasonable and, (from a Christi
view) unbiased expression of opinion on this point, howeve
accept that of E. A. Freeman, in his *History and Conqu*
Saracens:

"In everything we see at once how great was the immed
effected by Mahomet in his own land, and how utterly ina
system was to effect a permanent reform in other lands.
of such immediate scholars" (the first Saracens) "could no
the 'wicked impostor' depicted by Dean Prideaux; but th
such ultimate results must surely have mistaken his callin
announced himself as the Prophet of the whole world."

Yours truly,

JULIA CHIC

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THE HOLY SPIRIT

IV

IT is evident from that which has preceded that Paul had himself a very clear idea of what the Spirit in man was, what it meant as a "fact of supernature," and what new and personal responsibilities its possession involved. Further, this conception was so fundamental to everything that Paul believed and taught, and was so knit into the texture of his daily thought and life, that it occupies *the* pre-eminent place in his doctrines, whether these be ethical, or purely spiritual, in character.

Once this idea is fully grasped the whole of Paul's discipline reveals itself as united about one main endeavour:—to bring to realization in the consciousness of his disciples the new life awaiting them in the Spirit, together with an understanding of the laws that govern its existence. Baptism, with the laying on of hands and accompanied frequently by the occurrence of genuinely spiritual and not merely psychic phenomena, marked the birth into the new life. The virtues of this genesis to the disciple's own consciousness was the Spirit itself, the gift of the Master Christ. By and through it he *"knew,"* he "discerned spiritual things," he became aware of the presence of the Master Himself.

Because of its setting in the *New Testament,* and because of the traditional mould into which our thought is so often directed by habit, this experience, common in St. Paul's day, is regarded more as historically interesting than as a current fact in the upward path of the soul. It is true that St. Paul's circle was relatively very small when the world's population is considered, and that therefore these people to whom he was writing were to a certain degree in advance of their generation in that they were capable of any response at all to his appeal. But too much can be made of this argument, because it supplies a ready excuse for our present-day lack of virility and for an inertia that selfishly considers every step before venturing the unknown. The fact remains that Paul's disciples were sinners and often crude sinners; so that comparison shows that it only rests with us how much power the Master can use both to establish us on the disciple's path, and to reveal those "mysteries of the kingdom" about which Paul is hinting.

Moreover, judging by effects, the experience of these early Christians is by no means unknown throughout the Christian era, and even right up to our own day. Lives of the saints, however discredited by those who have not studied them, contain autobiographical material that resemble these *New Testament* experiences to a remarkable extent; and well-known books such as James' *Varieties of Religious Experience,*

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or Harold Begbie's *Twice-Born Men,* or any of the rescue mission Reports, contain a mass of testimony to the reality of the Spirit in men, and to the immediate power of Christ. So that no longer do the links connecting us with the past seem so lacking as at first sight they appear to be, and as our traditional attitude toward *New Testament* events leads us unthinkingly to maintain.

So far, then, St. Paul in his teaching of the Spirit has not outstripped to any great degree the actual experience of many whose lives are more or less at one with our own. His vision of the Spirit is more precise than ours; he emphasises certain features that are not the common property of every religious man; and religious experiences that to us have had no special meaning, he designates as specific evidence of the Spirit in us. When, however, in *I. Corinthians,* xii, he takes up the subject of "spiritual gifts," we approach a new and higher conception of the function of the Spirit in us, and one having great significance because throwing light on Paul's own conception of the Church as a spiritual fact. This in turn links itself with what was said in the July QUARTERLY about the future possibilities of a trained and united human will; the attainment of which, it was suggested, was the perfectly explicit object of all religious teaching.

Undoubtedly the physical contact of man with man has taught him to be a social creature; he has learned to unite against a common enemy, to enforce a minimum standard of moral conduct, and to relinquish a few personal desires for the good of the whole. But the essence of the social contract is a compromise between selfishness and the fear of consequences; there is the barest existence of anything that may properly be called selflessness. As a man raises himself above this world-standard by the development of a pure love that will off-set his animal self-love, he escapes from the self-centeredness of his personal existence, and begins really to enter into and share the life of his fellow-man. Friendship, true marriage, the parental ties, are first steps in the new direction; and the essence of these experiences is no longer governed by the rational and selfish judgments of the mind, but is a free expression of all that is best and most altruistic in each individual human heart. The advantages, often mutual, of physical relationships; the interests of the material personality; all those human activities which pertain to the animal nature and to our lower desires, emotions, and impulses—these things are of a different order from that inner life or force or will which is called love, and is of the Spirit. For it is this love or spiritual energy which lies at the bottom of friendship, marriage, or whole-hearted devotion to any cause, and which makes them what they are.

The simple tendency of human evolution, therefore, may be expressed in terms of degrees of love. First self-love; then unselfishness,—that degree where self is deliberately renounced for the sake of another; and finally that degree of selflessness where there is no longer any restrictions from selfish or self-pointed desires, and where it may be said that

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the will or service of one's fellow-man becomes the sole motive for action. When this stage is reached a new order of consciousness is entered upon, new powers appear, and life is lived with consciousness of the whole at its center, rather than with that of the fragmentary individual personality.

At present mankind is a mixture of all three stages; no one of us is wholly free from selfish, animal desires; and few indeed have any consciousness at all of the highest degree.

But St. Paul, following the example of his Master, lived just such a life of selflessness, and that, too, in the face of specially critical and trying circumstances. His teaching conforms to the motive of his life. And the point of interest for us lies in the fact that these simple and understandable human qualities of our practical, daily living, when synthesized and brought under the immediate influence of Christ, become elements of this new spiritual order. Here we begin to discern the connection between our familiar material and psychic worlds, and that world of spirit which we are told is so near, and which seems so remote and undiscoverable.

If life, moreover, be not only an evolution, but an exfoliation of spiritual force as well, the steps in the evolutionary process must in some way express the tendency of the spiritual impulse behind them. And if, as was outlined in the earlier parts of this article, a double evolutionary task confronts the free-will of humanity, we should expect to find St. Paul's vision, and his special efforts with more advanced disciples, directed toward a comprehension of, and preparation for, this twofold achievement. For with every advance along the great pathway of life, the leaders and pioneers would be expected to find vital and personal for themselves those larger problems which do not as yet effect the majority of mankind.

Turning for confirmation of this to St. Paul, we find that his whole endeavour seems to be to make us feel not only the nearness and reality of the spiritual world, but to make us feel it in terms most familiar to us by extracting out of our daily consciousness those elements that are of the Spirit, and then building upon these. So that even if we look from below up, we can gain the assurance that at least there *is* a world of Spirit. If we can see in terms of evolution that the individual perfection is measured by will, and that the perfection of the race depends upon the capacity for co-operation of each individual with the will of the whole, we at once find a point of contact with St. Paul's conception of charity or love as the great acting-power of the Christian life. So also his Church becomes the outer representation of an inner fact, the fact of a spiritual oneness of mind, heart, and will in Christ; just as in evolutionary psychology we can speak of a national spirit, the united consciousness of members of one nation.

But Paul goes much beyond this. Once having established the reality of a world of will, of love, of Spirit, he proceeds to tell us about

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this world. He shows us by analogies with our mental and psychic worlds; by pointing out the effects of Spirit when it is born in us; and by direct teaching, as far as we are able to understand it. Those qualities in us which we recognize as highest, he shows to exist not feebly as with us, but as magnificent powers and capacities. Will and love, self-control and selflessness, these are not only ties that bind us to the spiritual world; they become after the new birth the mainspring of our lives. They are the substance of spiritual existence. And the lives of his disciples, lived consciously on this plane, and knit together in one fellowship, drawing on the spiritual flood of Christ's power, formed the Church, the "body of Christ." The Church, then, in this conception, far from being the man-made organization familiar to us in history, becomes instead the actual life of the Spirit in the world.

To these two achievements—that of the individual and that of the Church—Paul devotes all his writings, all his teaching, all his life and example; and it is with these that we have to deal in our effort to interpret the remainder of his works.

V

Perhaps the most noticeable, because the most striking, effect of the new birth and the accomplished possession of a Spirit in the disciple, was his power to perform "miracles." In the natural order this first struck outsiders with wonderment; and it seems also that those beholding such powers in themselves mistrusted or did not fully understand them. In chapter XII of *I. Corinthians* Paul takes up this subject. "Now concerning the things of the Spirit, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." We have not translated *περὶ τῶν πνευματικῶν* "spiritual gifts," as is done in both Versions, because it seems that Paul is treating not only of *χαρισμάτα*, that is, powers to perform miracles through the operations of divine grace, but rather of the diverse activities of the Spirit in man on all planes and in all ways. We must remember that Paul is teaching disciples, men who already possess phenomenal powers, whose instruction has passed beyond the simple and literal early stages; and we must be on our guard against limiting this instruction to the merely phenomenal side, forgetting that back of all expressions of spiritual power is the life of the Spirit itself. So, then, taking up the things of the Spirit, Paul says, "Wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking in the Spirit of God saith, Jesus is anathema; and no man can say, Jesus is Master, but in the Holy Spirit." Manifestly this must apply to something more than a superficial lip-service; and Paul must be referring to a spiritual perception and knowledge of Christ. Not until the chela has advanced far on the Path can he say *of his own knowledge* that Jesus is Master. And such an one who *has* attained so far cannot speak ill of the Master and remain a disciple.

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"Now there are diversities of gifts (*χαρισμάτων*), but the same Spirit." Here the key-note is again struck. We are dealing with the background of the Christian life. "Diversities of gifts—diversities of ministrations—diversities of workings"—but behind all, within all, is the Father, perceived by and through His supreme gift of a Spirit, essentially one and inseparable from His creations. "But to each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal." There follows a list of gifts, given, not as we might say, *from* or *by* the Spirit, but *through* the Spirit, that Spirit in each established disciple:—the gifts themselves coming from the Father. These gifts include "the word of wisdom," knowledge, faith, "gifts of healing," prophecy, "workings of miracles" (powers), discerning Spirits, and "*divers kinds* of tongues," as it is translated. All but this last gift are fairly well recognized as universal faculties of the Spirit; the final one has been a source of controversy from the early Church Fathers to the present day. And the reason seems to be quite simply that all the commentators knew so little of the realities of the Spirit as to miss the hint contained in the text; the issue being further befogged by mistranslation and unenlightened copyings of the texts.

The words supplied in both Versions, i. e., "*divers kinds*" of tongues, have no parallel in the Greek, and are inserted to make the passage conform more closely to Acts II, 4ff., which passage Madame Blavatsky tells us has been so far tampered with, added to, and falsified as to be practically beyond reconstruction. In *I. Corinthians* the Greek reads *ἑρμηνεία γλοσσῶν*, which means "interpretative tongues," or "interpreting tongues." Plato uses the very word *ἑρμηνεία* in a strikingly similar connection in Bk. VII, Chap. VII, Section 524B of the *Republic*, where he is discussing the "interpretations which the soul receives" of the *ideas* of hard and soft, light and heavy. In St. Paul we have a reversal in that it is the Spirit in the disciples which interprets the mysteries to other lesser disciples and even to outsiders. Every great poet, every mystic, every religious teacher has been endowed with this interpretative gift, without which their teaching is lost in abstruse metaphysics or obscure symbolism. It is the ability both to discern another's need and then to "speak to his condition," as Fox put it. We are also reminded of the third aphorism of *Light on the Path:* "Before the voice can speak in the presence of the Masters it must have lost the power to wound." If we again remember that Paul is writing to disciples and is speaking of and to the Spirit in each one of them, it will be less difficult to believe that these several gifts are no impossible achievement.

Paul now turns to that new spiritual effort and outgrowth of accomplished discipleship, the Church. The Church is the link, or first step, that leads us from our isolation as individuals to the body-corporate of disciples. Above the Church, above the disciples, stand the Master and the Lodge; and there can be no reasonable objection, since Paul was himself an Initiate, to seeing in the early Church the most direct

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thoroughfare from the world to the Lodge. Certainly Paul gives us every evidence for believing this. So that the Church, regarded in its primitive, that is to say, Pauline sense, becomes not a man-made, man-directed organization pointed heavenward, but rather a Lodge instrument thrust down into the world, with Christ at its head; and properly governed by initiates and disciples. The sequence of Paul's thought, and the fact, which so often escapes us in reading him, that he is really speaking to *disciples,* will prove that this is so.

Putting together Paul's testimony on this point, we find him saying: "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ." This is the spiritual Christ, the Master, standing at the focus whither ascend all those "chains" spoken of in Letter XII in the *Letters That Have Helped Me.* "For in *one* Spirit were we all baptized into *one body,* whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free; and were all made to drink of one Spirit," (compare the symbolic rite of drinking the Soma juice in the Hindu initiations). The italics are mine; they emphasize this aspect of unity brought out by Paul as the characteristic of this new spiritual relation of the disciples. There follows a closely reasoned analogy between the physical body, with its separate parts and functions, and this corporate spiritual body. The passage closes with the sentences—"Now ye are the body of Christ, and severally members thereof [or members each in his part]. And God hath set some in the Church, first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers, then powers [moral or spiritual], then gifts of healings, ministers to the sick, administrators, divers kinds of tongues." But, Paul asks, are these signs of the Spirit essential? Are all in the Church endowed with gifts such as these? "Rather desire earnestly the greater gifts. And a still more excellent way show I unto you."

What follows is perhaps the high-watermark of Paul's utterance. Its significance for us lies in two directions. On the one hand Paul has brought will and love, volition and the highest feeling, together. He has shown that actions without right motive have no more immortality than a noise; and that mere existence, the bare living of life, does not profit anything in the scale of spiritual values and realities. Will, and all the forces in us of desire and instinct that are governed by the will, must be brought under the control of love. On the other hand Paul is teaching a group of Christian disciples; charity or love is the "greater gift" compared with "the gift of prophecy," or possession of "all mysteries and all knowledge" and "all faith"; so that charity or love must be the key-note of the Spirit of the Church.

This ideal of charity as the mainspring of action is, like the Sermon on the Mount, addressed to disciples; and, therefore, while having value as an ideal for all men, is to be taken as a practical, immediate factor in the disciple's life and consciousness. Indeed the life of the disciple as

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a disciple and not merely as a man in and of the world, is seen to depend on how clearly and repeatedly this ideal actually does enter into his daily thoughts and actions. So also with the Church, the body of Christ, a spiritual body of a spiritual Master. Love is its fundamental principle: without love between members the Church would cease to exist, whatever outer organization might remain among the minds and bodies of its former members.

These two chapters of *I. Corinthians,* the thirteenth and fourteenth, are so packed full of suggestions that only a few can be selected for special comment. But once this idea of the spiritual import of Paul's words be fully grasped, once the Church is identified in our minds not with ritual or with creed, but rather with Christ, the Master, a living reality of the spiritual world, then much that is obscure, or that seems beyond our present knowledge, can be related and in part at least, appreciated. Thus we get a hint in the long discussion about the relative value of speaking in a tongue and of prophesying. Paul says of tongues: "For he that speaketh in a tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God; for no man heareth; but in the spirit he speaketh mysteries. . . . He that speaketh in a tongue buildeth up himself. . . . But now, brethren, if I come unto you speaking with tongues what shall I profit you, unless I speak to you either by way of revelation, or of knowledge, or of prophesying, or of teaching? . . . So also ye, unless ye utter by the tongue speech easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye will be speaking in air. . . . For if I pray in a tongue, my Spirit prayeth, but my mind is unfruitful. What is it, then? I will pray with the Spirit, and I will pray with the mind also: I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the mind also. Else if thou bless with the Spirit, how shall he that filleth the place of the unlearned say the Amen at the giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest?" Surely the relation of this with what has gone before—with the saying, "Now the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them because they are spiritually discerned,"—and with this whole conception of a spiritual order, transcending mind, which is open only to those brought to birth as a Spirit in this world;—surely this can now be seen to bear directly on the life and functions proper to Spirit.

The same passage, scrutinized from another angle, yields another point worthy of notice. Prophesying is of all the gifts the one singled out by Paul as most to be desired and sought. The reason is simple: the gift of tongues "buildeth up" the disciple himself; "but he that prophesieth buildeth up the Church. Now I would have you all speak with tongues"—that is, Paul would have each individual attain—"but *more* that ye should prophesy; and greater is he that prophesieth than he that speaketh with tongues, unless he interpret, that the Church may receive edifying,"—that is, the disciple must consider more the needs of the Church, of his fellow-disciples, than his own development, thereby

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giving practical application to the principle of love. We are reminded that the Master Himself came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; and that He said, "whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all" (Mk. X, 44, 45.) And so Paul himself,—"I thank God I speak with tongues more than you all: howbeit in the Church I had rather speak five words with my mind, that I might instruct others also, than ten thousand words in a tongue."

Perhaps the putting of a few of these passages together, and in the setting that seems properly to belong to them, has showed Paul's teaching to us not, on the one hand, as something divorced utterly from the natural development of man's consciousness in the evolutionary process, nor, on the other, as entirely beyond the capacities of our everyday knowledge and experience. If the spiritual world be anything, it must be a synthesis of all that we see as separate and often uncorrelated in the lower worlds of mind and matter. To approach from below requires the treading of innumerable mental paths, else the mind is not satisfied. But if once we can see by any one approach that there is a synthesis possible, and that the spiritual world does exist, we can then turn around and, by working from the center outward, see how all the outer circumference is connected by radii with the center.

In Paul we find both methods. His earlier exhortations and appeals build up arguments and testimony to establish the fact of the spiritual world. Then he tells us of birth and growth in this world, the birth and growth of a Spirit in each one of us. Finally, he reveals to us the Church, coterminous with the birth of Spirit in us, because with this birth we became an integral part of the body of Christ. And his teaching is now directed toward an elucidation of the life, activities, and function essential to the Church, and to the disciples as members of the Church, all united as one in the "mystical body" of the Master.

The relation of Paul's further teachings with Christ's own words on this subject, together with some commentaries in Theosophical literature upon them, will have to be left to another section.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*To be continued.*)

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THE war takes precedence," said the Recorder, wishing to avoid preliminaries. "You agree with me, do you not?" turning to the Philosopher.

"Certainly I do," the latter replied. "The war is still serving as the Great Sifter. It has come 'that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.' Every one of us is tested daily as we act and react because of it. The opinion and feeling of the humblest among us is important, not only for each one's own sake, but as a world factor. 'Thoughts are things.' Clear-cut thinking affects and consolidates the vague cogitations of a nation. And when that clear-cut thinking is right thinking, which means when it is in harmony with the thinking of Masters, it amounts to an externalization, at least on the plane of thought, of the spiritual world, of the 'Kingdom,' and therefore has unlimited power back of it. No member of the Society, it seems to me, should for one moment allow himself to forget this. He is just as responsible for his thoughts as for his deeds, and he should strive earnestly and constantly to think rightly about matters which, though they may not seem to concern him personally, must on the face of it be of vital interest to the Masters. The future of the race is being fought out objectively."

"Would it not be well to remind ourselves more frequently," asked the Disciple, "that the test of our love for Masters and for their Movement is the extent to which we make their interests our own? Is not that always the supreme test of love, of sympathy? We cease to care for things or aims unless we can share them with those whom we love, while their interests, perhaps at first quite foreign to us, we adopt automatically as our own as soon as we hear of them.

"But besides right thinking about the war and its causes, and the questions of ethics and honour and principle which it ceaselessly raises, let us also draw as many lessons from it as we can of a practical and personal kind. The war, after all, is merely a manifestation, on a large scale, of the eternal struggle between good and evil taking place within ourselves. Let us note, for instance, the advantage Germany has gained by taking and keeping the initiative. It is what the powers of evil always try to do against us; but it is our own fault if we let them. The Allies ought to have taken the initiative in the Balkans. They did not. We ought always to take the initiative against the evil, the sin, the weaknesses that threaten us. We should strike and should strike hard on the side of right, by proper mortification of our appetites, and by deliberate, methodical efforts to exercise the virtues of which our faults and failings are the perversions, the deflections. To conquer self, we must deny self; and there is no better way to deny self than to make it

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say a kindly word when it does not want to; or to make it write a letter when it wants to read a newspaper; or to make it get out of bed when it wants 'just five minutes more' of dozing. Method, system, are essential to success. But the point is that without over-taxing our strength, we should take the aggressive and should keep it. Otherwise we risk surprise; we enable the enemy to attack us at our most vulnerable point; we fight on ground of his, instead of our own choice."

"What a warning for all of us also," said the Philosopher, "in the misconduct of such politicians as Carson and Churchill in England. They did not mean to be disloyal. They may have been right in many of their criticisms of the Government they were leaving. But right or wrong, their avowed motive in speaking as they did was *self-justification*. What a motive! The result of course was to weaken their own cause and to encourage the enemy. They risked that—and it is impossible to acquit them of running that risk knowingly—they risked that because they put self before their Cause. Oh yes,—I know that Churchill at once went to the front and that, theoretically at least, he now risks his life. But this merely means that he values his life less than he values the good opinion of his fellows. He has not surrendered *all* to his Cause. He has surrendered part, and only part. The question is,—are we doing likewise? What are we holding back, unsurrendered, while we flatter ourselves that we are devoted heart and soul to the work of Masters in the world?

"It is true that the world itself did not condemn those two men for their self-assertion. The New York *Times* remarked: 'It will be said, of course, that a patriot in civil life should bear the loss of reputation as heroically as the patriot in the field of battle faces death, and that Mr. Churchill, in defending himself by blaming others, may have increased the difficulties of the Government by shaking the public confidence in some of its leaders. *But this is to take a very lofty view of human nature, to judge the retiring minister by the altruistic ideal.*'

"From one of the best of the New York papers, such a comment shows how low our own political standards are. The ideal I have suggested, obviously cannot be described as 'altruistic.' It is by no means so exalted. The question is one of honour, of self-respect, of loyalty. Nor does my opinion hinge on some lofty view of human nature. I would grant that there exists in everyone of us a tendency to justify ourselves on the slightest provocation. But that is not the point. The question is, what are we going to do with our tendency? Satisfy it, or deny it? Feed self or sacrifice it? Which would we prefer to do? We might prove utterly unworthy of our own ideals if tempted as Churchill was tempted; but for Heaven's sake do not let us lower our ideals because of our self-distrust. Let us use our fear as an incentive to greater effort. Let us recognize the ideal all the more clearly by reason of that other's failure. We dare not condemn the man; we know we cannot judge him. But we can and must condemn his action."

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"Yes," mused the Student; "it is not merely that we have to think of this life, and of how we should like to act in an emergency as loyal members of the T. S. There is the next life also to be considered. Suppose we were reborn in a nation which it were possible to love whole-heartedly, and that we were to occupy prominent and responsible positions in its Government or in its army; how dreadful it would be if self were to blind us to honour, to patriotism, to duty! Truly it is wise to take time by the forelock and to sharpen one's perceptions now, so that ideals and obligations may be stamped indelibly on our hearts and wills for ever."

"Do you aspire to rank and responsibility?" asked the Objector.

"You expect me, perhaps, to say No," the Student answered. "But I could not truthfully say No. As I am today, my ideal is to feel responsible for every word I say, for every thought I think, for every expression of my face or of my eyes, for every movement I make. I do not see that rank or position makes any difference, except that rank may give greater opportunity for service."

"Well," remarked the Philosopher, "if you are ticketed for high position, I do not envy you. But I suggest you take your own medicine and learn what you can from present plentiful and awful warnings of how not to do it!"

"It is curious," the Student replied. "There is England, trying to run the war by committee of the whole: a debating society, trying, by analogy, to captain a football team during a championship game! Then there are the pro-Ally newspapers in this country insisting that the struggle is between democratic and autocratic principles, while the success of France has been made possible by the voluntary surrender of democratic principles and the adoption of methods as nearly as possible autocratic!"

"But that is not all," said the Philosopher. "If it comes to lessons in leadership, beware of following when you are supposed to lead; beware of deluding yourself with the idea that your first duty is to be the servant of the national will. The nation will not thank you in the end. It will despise you.

"A nation is like an individual. This country, in particular, loves its comfort; it is slow to respond to higher motives, and when honour calls it away from comfort, it often grumbles and, for a time, even turns a deaf ear to the appeal. None the less, if a woman—a wife or mother—in similar circumstances supports the lower instead of the higher impulses in a man, while he may be grateful at the moment, he will resent it later and will blame her for his own failure. In other words, as between a man and a woman, the woman can keep her hold on the man's allegiance only at the price of encouraging the best of which he is capable. If she does otherwise, in the end she will lose him.

"Exactly the same law governs the relations of a choir and a choirmaster; a baseball team and its trainer; of any group and its leader.

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You must expect and demand the best or the group will desert you; you must interpret that group, or nation, to itself, in terms of its higher capabilities, ignoring its sloath and insisting upon the reality and vitality of its submerged ideals: otherwise, long before your failure breaks through into the understanding of your 'followers,' they will instinctively feel you to be a fraud, and for leadership will turn elsewhere. Even if, at this juncture, you try to recover the ground you have lost by responding to and following the better impulses which have come to the fore in your people, though you may pacify them for a time, they will shelve you at the second if not at the first opportunity."

"Why is that, do you suppose?" asked the Visitor.

"Is it not because the soul is more real than the lower nature, than the animal self? But my answer suggests the need to qualify what I said before, because that was based upon the supposition that the individual or the nation will react from its own baser tendencies. There are cases, of course, in which the compliance of the woman or of the leader results in the prolonged degradation of those whom they should inspire."

"Do you expect, then, that this country will revolt from its present leaders?" the Visitor inquired.

"I do," answered the Philosopher, "unless they have the courage to admit their earlier mistakes. The conscience of the nation is stirring. We are beginning to see that our conduct has been weak, timid—even cowardly. We have been actuated by fear of discomfort, and no good thing ever came out of fear. You cannot fool all of the people all the time, and the people know that the judgment of the whole world is unlikely to be radically wrong. Now the whole world despises this country, for one reason or another, with all its soul: in any case it despises our Government. The actions and the utterances of many citizens, in flagrant opposition to the attitude and recommendations of our Government, have done much to mitigate the severity of the world's contempt. The work, for instance, of the American Ambulance in France: that has done wonders, because Americans daily have risked their lives for justice, for honour, for love of all that France fights for."

"Do you not think that our large gifts of money must have impressed Europe with our sympathy, and in that sense have counteracted the impression of selfish aloofness, of willingness to profit by the other man's misfortune, which our Government has created?"

"No," answered the Philosopher, "I do not think so. We have tried to salve our conscience by means of money,—again placing money first. But just because Europe has not placed money first, she sees through our motive, as you or I see through the motive of the rich man who sends a cheque to the United Charities in order to feel comfortable when rejecting personal appeals. What would you say of a man who, having been party to a murder, makes a large donation to some Church in the hope of bribing God! God is not mocked. Neither is Europe deceived."

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"You spoke a moment or two ago of Americans risking their lives for love of all that France fights for. It seems to me that France is fighting for herself, and in that sense is doing exactly what we have done." This was from the Objector.

"I should like to answer that," said the Gael, whose silence recently has been noticeable. "I can tell you for what France is fighting. She is fighting for the world's immortal beauty; for the love of women and for the souls of little children and the sacredness of homes. She is fighting for the invisible against naked horror; against the yells of murderers that she may hear the footsteps of Christ along her lanes and round her altars. She is fighting for the fruits of the spirit—for love and joy and peace and gentleness, for purity and for all things noble—against rapine and treachery and cold-blooded egotism and brutal bullying and all the other fruits of hell. She is fighting for the world's hopes and for human brotherhood and for the loveliness of the heart of God. And she knows why she fights—she and all her children, so that when they die they die in ecstasy, the angels, who cannot die, envying them their lot.

"That is why France fights. Is that why we refrain! And yet, deep in our hearts, in spite of selfishness and the grip of material comfort, we feel a divine nostalgia for heroism. Some day we may hear that Master's passionate cry—'Debout les morts!'—and, hearing, we, even we, may respond!"

"You had better explain your quotation," suggested the Recorder.

"Oh, you mean that story from the trenches? It was illustrated in the French and English weeklies. A company of French soldiers had been ordered to hold a trench to the last. Everyone of them had been killed or wounded. They were lying in heaps at the bottom of the trench. Suddenly one of them was wounded again. The pain of his new wound roused him. He opened his eyes to see that the enemy were on them. Grasping his musket he sprang to his feet and, lifted by his fervour into Paradise, he cried with a loud voice, 'Debout les morts!' —Arise ye dead! Those dying men heard him—Nay, they heard the Voice which his voice echoed. Galvanized into momentary and superhuman life, they hurled themselves at the enemy, driving them back and finally saving the day. This done, those men, with one exception, dropped where they stood, stone dead."

"It may interest you to know," said the Historian, "that the survivor was interviewed by Maurice Barrès, who tells the whole story in much greater detail in the *Echo de Paris* of November 18th. As a variety of religious experience, it will take lasting rank among the most remarkable."

"As I understand it, your idea is," said the Visitor addressing the Gael, "that the French soldier echoed an appeal that is being made to all of us, and that his ear caught it as his fervour lifted his consciousness and his senses to some inner, spiritual plane. But do you suggest that

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the spiritual powers are urging us to join in this war? Would that be the meaning, for us, of 'Debout les morts'?"

"An appeal to the highest and best in each of us," answered the Gael. "An appeal to forget our narrower, selfish interests, and to give whatever we have or are to the cause for which the spiritual powers fight. The outer is only a reflection of the inner warfare. Yet, so far as our limitations permit, whether as a nation or as individuals, we should do what we can on all planes, and with the weapons adapted for use on each plane, to overcome, with good, the unblushing evil let loose upon the world."

"The trouble is," commented the Student, "that the large majority of people in this country, and I suspect in England too, still fail to realize the extent of that evil. Things already done have been bad enough. But it is the principle even more than the things done which needs to be exposed and execrated. That principle is: Stop at nothing in order to win. Worse than that, in a most carefully censored press, newspaper writers, without rebuke, declare in the name of God and of humanity that that principle should govern. Not long ago, for instance, an article by Dr. Heinz Pothoff, leader of the Progressive party in the Rhine Province, was published in the *Deutsche Kriegschriften,* in which the author said: 'If Germany should ever be brought to the verge of actual starvation, it is certain that the General Staff will do anything rather than allow the victorious German armies to be called home from France, Russia and Belgium owing to the lack of food . . . If necessary, *we must kill hundreds of thousands of prisoners now consuming our supplies.* It would be frightful, but it is inevitable if there is no other way of holding out' (quoted in *The Evening Sun* of December 1st, 1915).

" 'Why not eat them too!' was the comment of one American writer. And the fact that he joked about it proves that he did not take the threat seriously. None the less, that threat, and even the joking inference from it, are the logical outcome of the principles which now govern Germany as a nation. We must make every allowance for exceptional individuals; even for many exceptions: but until the people repudiate their Government; until they revolt against this monstrous and hellish doctrine that the end justifies the means, they must be regarded as the enemies of God and the enemies of mankind."

"How do you reconcile that statement with your belief in universal brotherhood?" asked the Objector.

"I find in it, not a contradiction of brotherhood, but an overwhelming proof of it. Neutrality is a denial of brotherhood. Those of us who insist that in no sense are we separate from what is taking place in Europe, thereby affirm the truth of brotherhood. We are so far from being separate that if my own brother were to steal and murder, I do not think I could feel more outraged or more indignant than Germany has made me feel. I should want first to thrash him and then to lock him up for an indefinite period of time. And I should want

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to do this, not because I hate him but because I love him. If, in addition to his theft and to his murder, I saw him on the point of committing further murder or worse, and I had no other means of preventing him, I would shoot him without a moment's hesitation. My love of him and the honour of my family and my sense of justice—in other words, my duty to God, to my neighbour, and to myself—would all compel me to do so . . . So far from being separate, we are distressingly of a piece!"

"Have we not further proof of that interdependence in the good Karma that Germany is now making?" the Orientalist questioned. "Her very crimes have united the decency of the world against her; have, by contrast, appealed to all that is chivalrous and best in other nations capable of such response. She has helped us even when trying most to injure. The world, in that sense, is enormously in her debt. In the eternal justice of things, this must count finally in her favour. Her sons have not died in vain. The hairy back of Satan is being used once more, as by Dante, as a way of escape from Hell. The White Lodge uses the work of devils as we use stepping-stones to cross a river. By climbing over our sins the spiritual summits are gained. We were asleep, and Germany woke us. We were content with material progress, and Germany, by showing us how vile a thing material progress can be, turned our minds and hearts to spiritual values and to everlasting truths . . . It is why the powers of evil are foredoomed: their success will become their undoing. Satan himself must someday discover that the more active he is, the greater and more overwhelming must be God's triumph. Seeking to oppose, he and all his works are used by immortal powers for the accomplishment of immortal ends.

"Brotherhood, clearly therefore, is a law of life: not a sentiment, but a responsibility. Our sins may drag others down and often do. But they cannot leave others unaffected, and when the good in others is stronger than the evil in us, or vice versa, the sins committed, though invariably the cause of suffering, may, because of the suffering, turn a good woman into a saint, or a self-distrustful nation, such as France, into one that is conscious of its superhuman mission."

"The Gael has gone," said the Inquirer at this point. "I wanted to ask him what he meant by 'the foot-steps of Christ.' Was he speaking with poetic licence? Does he believe that Christ today is in some sense a real person?"

"Suppose we leave it to our Churchman to answer that question," the Recorder suggested. "He cannot speak for the Gael. But he can answer for himself, and we can criticize him if we disapprove!"

"I will try, gladly," responded our friend. "But I shall use my own terminology . . . The question, as I understand it, is:—In what sense can or should Christ be regarded today as living? Is it in the sense of a Spirit, infinitely remote; or all-pervading, endlessly diffused and therefore utterly impersonal? Or, if personal, did the Ascension into heaven mean departure from earth?

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"My answer is that Jesus of Nazareth is living in exac
sense as he impressed on Thomas who doubted. 'Then
Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands
hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not
believing." And Thomas answered and said unto him, "M
my God." Jesus saith unto him, "Thomas, because tho
me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not s
have believed." '

"He is alive today as he was when, after the walk to
tarried with Cleopas and the other disciple, and sat at mea
and was known to them at last by the breaking of bread.

"He is alive today as he was when, by the sea of Ti
is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his di
that he was risen from the dead'), he prepared a fire o
fish laid thereon, and bread, and gave the seven to eat.

" 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the w
a disembodied spirit, but substantial and human in an ill
glorified sense, never to be divided from the Godhead, b
fect for ever in his manhood, the Guide, the Friend, the S
who seek him.

"So he has revealed and proved himself, from that
as all his saints and children testify; for they have known
have known, too, that Heaven is not remote, but literally 'a
ing that in God 'we live and move and have our bein
wherever God is, there is Heaven. When, therefore, he a
Heaven, to the right hand of the Father; when a cloud
out of sight, he neither departed from the things of earth
himself of the power to show himself to whomsoever he w
as then, he says: 'He that loveth me shall be loved of
and I will love him, and *will manifest myself to him.*'

"St. Paul knew because he had seen, not once but
he not tell us that the Master stood by him (not figu
literally, as a tree stands) in times of crisis such as the riot
and when, as a prisoner, he was brought before Cæsar in
we not find, in every age of the Church, that the Master has
in his humanity and has many times appeared to those who
conditions—to those who have loved and who have obeyed
those who, by some supreme act of self-surrender, have lifte
momentarily above the blindness of the mind, to vision? Solc
and saints on their knees: but for the saints the intimacy is
the vision of frequent recurrence. Spiritual biography is
incidents. It would be more full than it is if, too ofte
among those who most earnestly strive to obey and whose
be questioned, there did not exist the thought, 'Impossible fo
sible today,' as an insuperable mental barrier.

"If I convince myself that I cannot walk, I cease to be
if I am sure I cannot see and cannot become able to see,

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remain blind. The opposite of child-like faith and trust is not enlightenment, as a misguided intellect might wish us to believe, but is self-hypnosis and the narrowing of the universe, which is infinitely rich and boundless in possibilities, to the microscopic limits of our own past experience.

" 'Impossible for me!' This is not humility. It is self-assertiveness of the mind. It is a rejection of divine authority, a denial of Christ's wisdom. Are not we also the children of God, and did not he, our Elder Brother, assure us that if we have faith as a grain of mustard seed, we may remove mountains? Nor is this a question of removing mountains: it is a matter of becoming conscious of that which *is*,—by the conquest, primarily, of our preconceptions and mental inhibitions.

" 'We are not saints,' it may be said, 'and only the saints and the very great saints have seen the Master.' The answer is that it is the duty of everyone who calls himself a Christian to strive to perfect himself 'in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.' Therefore we must assume—though some will reject the word 'saint' —that those who call themselves Christians are labouring to perfect themselves, as men and women, as wives, mothers, husbands, fathers, sons, daughters, in business, in some profession; and once this is granted, it remains only to extend our understanding of what perfection means in that particular calling, to include the utmost for which saints have striven.

"Very often, also, it is at the beginning of the way that the Master makes himself most strikingly objective. It was so with St. Paul. It was so with the original apostles after the resurrection. It has been so with many of the saints, to more than one of whom, after they had come to know him intimately, the Master has said in effect that it was now no longer necessary to deal with them on the exterior planes. It is with a purpose that he reveals himself, and presumably that purpose is to stimulate effort and to draw the disciple from dependence upon the visible to reliance upon the invisible,—consciousness of the invisible preceding vision in ever 'ascending' scale . . .

"Perhaps I am talking too much and for too long: but you have started me on that which, of all things in life, is closest to my heart. His own followers have exiled him from the world. He is near,—nearer than hands and feet—and they will insist that he is far away, or obtainable only by means of a priest and the Sacraments. 'Spiritual communion' they believe in and advocate; but those who practise it are inclined in most cases to limit the results by mental preconceptions which dreadfully limit him. He it is who should be called 'the greatest of the Exiles'—exiled from his own earth by his own children; and yet, exiled only in their thought; in fact, ever present; longing to make himself known; a beggar for our human love; appearing to blinded eyes and appealing to deafened ears—'last, loneliest, loveliest' of the sons of men —some day to be recognized as King."

Our friend was striding the room. "Make no mistake," he said.

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"Even as things are, he is the King! Results are in his hands. His human agents may blunder and devils may seem to win: but results are in his hands. He works for eternity and we work in time. We expect him to do things our way and he, knowing better, prefers his own which is his Father's. Therefore men, being fools and vain, say there is no God.

"But I am digressing. Your question was precise. 'Footsteps'; why not, even in the most literal sense? Poets sometimes speak more truly than they know, but I do not think the Gael is a poet of that kind. He gave me once a copy of a letter which he used to carry round with him. It was about an Order, not yet known to the world, but the most ancient of any in the West. This is an extract from that letter:

" 'Granted our unworthiness!—which one of us could ever doubt it?—yet his cry through all these ages has been, "My child, give me thy heart!" And through all this darkened world he wanders up and down, searching for us and distressed until he finds us,—as he has described himself in the parable of the Good Shepherd. What he asks of us is that we answer his call and follow; that we give him, oh! marvel of marvels, love for love.

" 'The complaint of many in the church today is that of Mary, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." What comfort to these souls to find that he has been translated to a distant heaven! But let *us* remember that it was only the body of him they had laid away, and that in the garden, in the grey morning light, Mary met the Master face to face, and he spoke to her. So may it be with us. For whether or no the Master be in heaven, this of a surety, that *he is on earth,* and walks among men as truly as he walked in those old days by the Lake of Galilee! The beginner's eyes are holden that they do not see, but he calls and we may follow and find him,—not in some allegorical fashion, but in fact and in truth.' "

"I remember that letter," said the Disciple. "It is of extraordinary value. But if quotation from it in the *Screen* be authorized, would it not be possible to include a paragraph which follows, about how to begin?"

"I did not read it," responded the Churchman, "because it is not connected directly with our immediate line of thought. But I agree with you none the less. The letter continues:

" 'Where to begin, they ask? Tell them here and now, wherever they are placed, with just those circumstances, conditions, people. Each one of us is always, at each moment, in just the place best for him to be. We it is who spoil our lives fretting and fussing that they are not different, and so missing our golden opportunities, which we would perceive by cheerful acceptance and by making the most of them. We can become disciples through any and all conditions. There are no bars to discipleship save of a man's own making, *deliberately,*—and the most serious of these are want of faith in his ability, or in the Master's willingness.' "

T.

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ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

IX

Faith

THE last section spoke of Love as the necessary driving power that will accomplish the immensely difficult task of self-conquest. Faith is another power, also necessary:—necessary to guide the dynamic power of Love. Indeed, it is necessary as a preliminary, to give direction to Love itself. We cannot love our Master until we believe we have a Master to love, and it is by Faith that we travel along the pathway from disbelief or doubt, to certainty about his life.

St. Paul defines Faith as the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Another definition is that Faith is the reflection in the personal consciousness of the knowledge of the Soul. The Soul knows the Master and loves him with an endless love. But we, who as yet only partake of the Soul's consciousness through the workings of our conscience and our intuitions, have but such scraps of its knowledge as we have acquired by our previous efforts towards purification and self-control. Of course it should be our object to increase our Faith, or, to put it the other way round, it should be our constant endeavor to bring about a more and more complete *rapprochement* between our personal consciousness and the consciousness of the Soul. As we do, we shall enter further and further into the life and consciousness and knowledge of the Soul. This, however, will require elucidation, for it involves the whole question of the progress and development of man.

The eternal and divine spark of life in man, at the beginning of this cycle of evolution, had acquired many great qualities as the result of previous cycles of evolution. For instance, it had acquired free-will. It also had acquired consciousness, but it did not have personal consciousness, or self-consciousness. The purpose of this cycle of evolution is said to be the acquirement of self-consciousness. In order to gain this self-consciousness, the Soul descended into matter, that is, it created in the physical world of manifestation, a simulacrum of itself, endowed with its own life and powers, in which it could see itself reflected, and so gain self-consciousness. Another way of putting the same thing is to say that it wanted to acquire personal consciousness, therefore it created a personality, this same simulacrum of itself.

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Then trouble began. Having endowed its "double" in physical life with its powers, its life, its consciousness, its *free-will*, the double took the bit in its teeth, and began to violate spiritual law. It—the double—invented self-will,—and Evil and its attendant, Pain, came into being.

Readers who remember the earlier articles in this series, will see how we have travelled around a circle, and are now back at those fundamental statements about life with which we began this series, but we now have a further explanation of why those statements were true, and *how* they were true. I said then that in the process of becoming self-conscious through the exercise of free-will, we broke many of the laws of God. This made barriers and limitations which clouded our vision. But these barriers and limitations contain within themselves their own antidote, which is Pain; Pain,—the friction caused by rubbing our wills against the Divine Will,—the whip used by Life to drive us back upon the Path.

All of these great processes of evolution can be expressed in many ways. It is perhaps obvious that in the earlier articles an effort was made to explain them from the standpoint of the personality. The first part of this article endeavors to express the matter from the standpoint of the Soul. I shall try to elaborate this point of view.

Let us imagine a Soul, or a reincarnating Ego, or a spiritual Monad, or whatever name we may wish to give a unit of Divine Life, at the beginning of evolution, acting under the impulse of universal law. It has consciousness, but no self-consciousness—no personality, which it is its destiny to acquire during the coming period of outer activity or manifestation. To acquire self-consciousness, or personality, it was necessary to create for its own use, and by its own power, out of a portion of itself, as it were, a human being, a center of activity on the outer plane of manifestation, the physical world. This it endowed with its own life and power and gifts. It was, in a sense, itself. Or, from the point of view of the human-being, it is, in a sense, the Soul. But only in a sense; for, although created by the Soul, out of a portion of itself, it is not and could not be a complete embodiment of the Soul, for the Soul can only be completely embodied in a very different kind of personality, one that is the product of millenniums of evolution. Jesus of Nazareth was a completely embodied Soul, and there have been a few others. The Saints were fairly complete embodiments of Souls, and every would-be disciple is a partial embodiment of a Soul, more or less, according to the stage of progress reached.

Going back, however, to the beginning, it is obvious that each Soul, while only partially incarnated in its personality, is still wholly responsible for that personality, responsible to the universe for its good and bad deeds, for its every act and thought. It is the creator of the personality, and it is responsible for its creation. It is the Soul's life and force which give the personality its opportunity to exist, and the Soul is held to strict accountability for the use made of its powers by the personality. Moreover, it is a ray of the consciousness of the Soul,

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incarnating in the personality, which unites it with Divinity, and which gives it the opportunity for immortality. Above all, it is the free-will of the Soul, incarnated in the personality, which gives the latter power of choice between good and evil, and which leads to all subsequent complications and trouble. It was not necessary for the personality to sin. It could have accomplished its purpose, and enabled the Soul to acquire self-consciousness, personality, without sinning. But having free-will, as it had to have in order to be a perfect mirror of its parent, the Soul—having the right of choice; having the ability to act, the personality chose to disobey the law of the spiritual world, and so sin, evil and pain were born.

Thenceforth, the original purpose of enabling the Soul to gain self-consciousness necessitated the purifying of the defiled and sinful personality from its sins. To these two accomplishments all the powers of the Soul, all the powers of the Universe, have since been devoted. Progress is slow, for the personalities still have the ability to sin, still have the power of choice between good and evil, and still too often choose evil. The sins of the past have created barriers and limitations which make the task more difficult. As a Soul, at each new incarnation, must send forth from itself, something of its own life and consciousness and power, to vivify and inform the new personality, so it must gather together and mould into the coming man, all the threads and effects of all its past incarnations. Fortunately it is also able to endow the new birth with what has been gained from the struggles and efforts of the past. It does not use raw material. It uses the material, good and bad, as it has been shaped and moulded by the past.

Filled with an intense desire for self-conscious reunion with the Center of Divine Life, it broods tenderly, yet firmly and sternly, over the new-born product of its own past. It guides, directs, controls, in so far as it is able. How far it is able to do this is measured by the closeness between the nature of the personality and its own nature. It is the whole purpose of evolution to make that likeness complete.

Is it not obvious that as the personality becomes more and more like the soul in its nature, that more and more of the Soul can express itself in the personality, that as they grow alike, they grow indistinguishable, for after all we must not forget that the life and consciousness and power of the personality are portions of the life and consciousness and power of the Soul, and as the body and other parts of the personality become more and more fitting instruments for the use of this life and consciousness and power, more and more of them can be incarnated.

As the personality purifies its body and its psychic nature, more life and power can safely be entrusted to it; as it purifies and disciplines its will, more will can be given to it; as it raises its habitual consciousness, it reaches nearer and nearer to the point where its consciousness and the consciousness of the Soul become one. There is, in a word, a gradual merging of the two entities, until the two become identical. Long before

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the process has been completed, the man has entered upon the path of discipleship, and when the process is completed he has become more than man.

The Soul, with its inexorable purpose to acquire self-consciousness, by merging its full life with the life of its personality, knows that it can do this only when it succeeds in purifying and perfecting its personality to a point where it partakes of its own divine nature. It knows that its personality is full of impurity, full of evil, and that these must be eradicated. So before birth it plans each life for the purpose of training the personality. It places it in incarnation in an environment that, inevitably and naturally, will throw its weak places into relief and compel the exercise of corresponding virtues. It disciplins, directs, guides, encourages, stimulates, admonishes, punishes, as the case may be and as circumstances warrant. It is *itself* that it is training, from one point of view, from *its* point of view. The point of view of the personality is often very different! It usually thinks that it is having a beastly hard time of it, and that some perverse Fate is busy making it miserable. But the Soul knows that its goal, and the future life and happiness of the personality, lie along the same path; and that even if the road lies uphill throughout all the way, even to the very end, yet that there can be only one end, and this end justifies the means used for its accomplishment. The merging of the consciousness of the Soul and the personality is the only true immortality, and immortality is worth fighting for, worth suffering for, even when the suffering is dumb and the effort is not consciously directed. So the Soul takes small account of the likes and dislikes, the prejudices and opinions and preferences of the personality. It *knows* what is good for both and it pursues its purpose with that serene inflexibility which is a quality of the spiritual world.

By a rather round-about path, we have come back again to Faith, which we defined as the reflection, in the personality, of the knowledge possessed by the Soul. We can see now what an important part Faith must play in the evolution of a Soul, or a personality, if you prefer. The personality has to do things to itself, has to do violence to many of its tendencies and preferences and desires, before it can raise its consciousness to the point where it can be merged into and be reunited with the consciousness of its parent, the Soul. Its Will to do these difficult things, the driving power back of its efforts, may be fear, may be hope of reward, may be love of the Master, but, whatever the reason, it must have *Faith* in the thing itself, in its future, in the possibility of attainment, before it can make the effort that is required. Old Thomas à Kempis, when moralizing upon the evils and annoyances of existence said, "I do perceive, O Lord, that patience is a very necessary thing." Cannot we who have made this rapid survey of the evolutionary process also end our article by saying that we do perceive that Faith is a great and very necessary quality, without which the personality has small hope of reaching its reward?

C. A. G.

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REVIEWS

Two recent books, both by eminent men whose opinion carries well-earned authority, give a new insight into the literature and thought of ancient Egypt. Such strides have been made in the last decade by modern research and scholarship that our age-long ignorance of Egyptian civilization bids fair to be replaced by so realistic and accurate an historical reconstruction as will be without parallel in any other field. The peculiar climatic conditions have preserved records as in no other known part of the world; and the deciphering of these records is rapidly becoming possible, checked by comparisons with anthropological and archeological discoveries. Some definite conclusions and historical tendencies are now emerging from the mass of facts collected from these many sources; and attempts are therefore being made to establish with greater exactness the whole course of the life of this great, mysterious people.

The Literature of the Ancient Egyptians, by E. A. Wallis Budge of the British Museum gives one aspect of their activity; while the *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt,* by Professor James Henry Breasted, is a carefully worked out analysis of the documents presented in the other work. Mr. Budge's book should therefore be read first, especially as it contains an excellent summary of the sources and descriptions of the texts and actual records, which knowledge is taken for granted by Professor Breasted. There are about two hundred and fifty pages of actual translations and interpretations, comprising the body of Egyptian literary remains. Mr. Budge offers but little comment, leaving the stories and poems to speak for themselves. Some are purely literary in form, and are obviously intended for the reading public. The rest are purely religious, and bear the same relation to literature *per se* as do our canons of the mass and other liturgical rituals. Both are dull reading except to the student of comparative religion; and we doubt if Egyptian gentlemen had only these few fragments of true literary works to enliven their leisure hours. What little we have, however, is so full of human interest, humour, and a high degree of artistic perception and appreciation of beauty, that one is compelled to remember that there is "nothing new under the sun," and that Wordsworth is by no means the last word in Nature poetry. It takes a little effort to become accustomed to a strange phraseology, but once done, the flavour of Egyptian thought and feeling can gradually be assimilated, affording a novel and pleasant experience, and the glimpse of a completely new intellectual vista.

Professor Breasted has attempted something much more ambitious and difficult. He has not merely placed before us a large body of collected texts (fully one-half his book is direct quotation from original sources, selected and ably combined), but he has attempted to penetrate to the essence of Egyptian thought and religious feeling; and has also given us the first consecutive sketch of the development of a religion believed in and lived, by his reckoning, at least three times as long as Christianity, and practically ending some hundreds of years before Christianity began.

In the nature of things Professor Breasted could not be expected really to interpret the Wisdom literature of Ancient Egypt, some of whose Mystery-rites

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he has before him; but he has at least directed the attention of the thinking world to the fact that vital religious ideas and teaching lie within and behind the sometimes crude symbology and mythology of the available texts. To the Theosophist there is much that is suggestive in the passages cited from some very ancient sources bearing on the "Ka" of a man; as a comparison, for example, with the *Voice Of The Silence,* will show. For this ka, created in the beginning by the God, is a "second figure, identical in external appearance" with the individual; corporeal though of finer substance; and acting as guiding genius and interpreter to the personality of those things pertaining to life after death and the future needs. In some way it was counted as an achievement to "reach" or be with one's ka, and it is often said of great souls that they are "going to" their ka. Originally a tradition that only princes had kas—derived perhaps from the days of initiate kings—the belief extended, with the increase of a democratic ideal, to all the people, and everybody was supposed in some way to be possessed of them; until finally the name became stereotyped for that of the resurrection body. These changes are traced by Professor Breasted, the ka representing in his interpretation the "inner man" of the individual, his heart, soul and highest thoughts; —"the heart of man is his own god" as one Pyramid text puts it.

Whatever else students of the subject may be able to find, this book has at least given us the threads of what has been discovered of the recorded Egyptian beliefs and also what seem to be their initiation-rites, so that a comparison of these with the spirit and rites of other religions may well enable us to bind up the loose ends into one coherent whole.

One amendation of Professor Breasted's work suggests itself. If we correctly understand Madame Blavatsky's chronology, texts here assigned to the Pyramid Age, or about 2800 B. C., should really be pushed back an additional eight or nine thousand years; and similarly texts dated at 3500 or 4000 B. C. should be correspondingly and proportionately still more ancient.

Of the positive work accomplished much could be said. *The Book of the Dead,* hitherto barely translateable and little understood because so much reconstructing of the symbology had to be mere guesswork, has now become almost a new work. With a range of newly translated and edited texts covering thousands of years preceding the *Book of the Dead,* it falls naturally into place; and in Professor Breasted's opinion contains but a fragment of real Egyptian teaching, and that of the later, degenerate, and by no means most vital or interesting part.

Another point of interest is the change that the Egyptian religion underwent before the later days of its degeneration. With the importation of Osiris from outside, which succeeded because of his popularity with the common people, we get the period of greatest simplicity and at the same time, traditionally, of glory and splendour that Egypt ever had. The whole scheme of life both here and hereafter became "Osirianized," and the change can be clearly traced. Whatever connection this may have with the immigration of Atlanteans when their home commenced to sink before 12000 B. C. remains as yet unestablished; but the astonishing achievements of archeology may yet unravel this problem when more about Atlantis has been discovered.

One feature of Professor Breasted's book deserves special mention, and that is his openmindedness and freedom from prejudice. He is genuinely seeking the truth, and any conclusions are not impossible provided they fit the facts. This spirit will do more to recover the lost history of Egypt and her glory than any amount of scientific investigation along the older and more dogmatic lines.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

The Land of Suspense: a Story of the Seen and the Unseen. Elsewhere in this issue we have given a review of *Letters from a Living Dead Man,* under the title of "An Unattractive Heaven." *The Land of Suspense* deals with the same

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theme, the after-death experiences of an "average" man, who was not bad, but who had done many things he should not have done, and which he knew he should not have done. He does not go to hell; he is not bad enough for that; but he does experience a state of consciousness which he does not enjoy, and in which he remains until he realizes fully the mistakes and sins of his past, and is sincerely sorry for them.

The spirit of the two books is entirely different. There is not a ray of spiritual feeling in *Letters from a Living Dead Man.* It is brutally materialistic, in spite of its occasional approximations to the truth. *The Land of Suspense,* on the other hand, while not perhaps any closer to the facts, does at least deal with the situation with feeling and, for want of a better term, we might say, in a spiritual way. It is not offensive and does not violate our instinctive canons of good taste. That is saying a good deal of books on this subject. It is worth reading and is published by Edwin S. Gorham, New York. C. A. G.

*A Little Pilgrim** is another book dealing with the after-death states, and quite the best of the three which are reviewed in this number of the QUARTERLY. It is religious, and that is saying a good deal. The pictures it gives are, to be sure, as unattractive and unappealing as even the orthodox streets-paved-with-gold Heaven; but at any rate, they are not offensive or repulsive.

Why is it that no one as yet has been able to imagine and describe a Heaven that a sensible person would want to go to? Next to the Utopias of earth, the celestial Utopias are the most impossible places; they would bore us to death in a few years. Is it, perchance, because our minds and imaginations are so fearfully unlike the minds and imaginations of the denizens of Heaven that we are unable to imagine a Heaven that we should like? What is our idea of Heaven? What would you, dear reader, like the after-death state to be? Have you ever thought about it and tried to construct a picture that would satisfy you? Try it, for it is a self-revealing process.

Mahomet faced this issue squarely and frankly by making Paradise a place of sensuous delights. He thought of everything an Arab of the desert liked, and promised them the quintessence of that; gardens, flowers, plenty of fruit and other food, and above all, an unlimited supply of houris, each more beautiful than the last. It might do for awhile, but, after say, a few hundred years, one would get tired of eating and drinking, even in the company of lovely houris. What then?

The *Little Pilgrim's* Heaven is not open to this type of objection. It is not coarse, she is described as being happy. Happiness and joy are said to be the conditions of the place, but she spends much of her time in tears, and most of the people she meets have secret sorrows. They also weep and are waiting for something they want; some friend who has not yet joined them; some comrade who is in Hell, for there is a Hell and it is a very horrid place indeed.

As a matter of fact, while this reviewer does not pretend to know what Heaven is like,—he humbly suggests that it will differ for every human being—it may not be too bold to express the opinion that in certain important particulars the Little Pilgrim's Heaven is true to fact. The inhabitants are not unqualifiedly happy. Why should they be? Is any one entitled to unqualified happiness who is not unqualifiedly good? Secondly, the inhabitants have things to do, have work assigned them. It is difficult to conceive of any Heaven that would not include the doing of work, useful work, and I trust it is not profane if one finds playing a harp outside of this category. They do not play harps in the Little Pilgrim's Heaven but they do things almost as banal. Particularly unsatisfying is the second part of the book, describing the City of Delight. It is less enticing and distinctly cruder and more material than the earlier states.

* *A Little Pilgrim.* Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

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But it is the account of Hell that is really interesting and which shows the most highly developed imagination. There is no doubt that the place would be very unpleasant indeed. I wonder why we can picture a variety of hells which we would hate to go to, but cannot imagine a Heaven we should like. Is there any special significance in this? If so my intuition tells me that it is not a flattering one!

What is Heaven, anyhow? What do we mean by it. In simple terms, I think we use the word to describe the after-death state of very good people. What do we know about it?

Common sense would suggest that we go to the records of very good people and consider what would make them happy and what their after-death experiences are likely to be. If we do this,—if we consult the biographies and autobiographies of the Saints, we find a remarkable unanimity of opinion as to what constitutes final happiness. It is love, such a depth and intensity of love, that it becomes ecstasy, that one loses one's sense of self.

Have we not a clue here as to why we cannot imagine a satisfactory Heaven? It is because we do not as yet know how to love with sufficient intensity, and not being able to imagine or realize the actual experience of those in Heaven, we fail, very naturally, to picture a condition that we would find satisfactory. Heaven is the apotheosis of love—and Hell is its absence. C. A. G.

Dharma. The arrival of this magazine, published quarterly by the Branch of the Theosophical Society in Venezuela, is always a welcome reminder that the flame lit by Mr. Judge, more than a quarter of a century ago, is still burning clearly and brightly. Throughout the magazine there is the spirit of loyalty to Mr. Judge and with it a true understanding of the principles on which the Theosophical Society is founded. The constantly increasing number of the standard theosophical books that are being made available through translations into Spanish is in itself a testimony to the growth and strength of the movement in South America.

The current number of *Dharma,* attractively printed on excellent paper, contains eighty pages of original articles and carefully selected translations from the works of Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, Mr. Johnston and the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. As with the QUARTERLY the articles cover a wide range and appeal to many different types of mind. They include parts of Mr. Johnston's translation of the *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali,* and Mr. Judge's *Letters That Have Helped Me,* a selection from Cavé, the marvellous article, "War seen from within," by Men-Tek-Nis, a full report of the convention of the T. S. in New York last April, as well as a number of interesting original articles.

A reading of the magazine leaves a member of the New York Branch with a strong desire to make the acquaintance of his brothers in Venezuela.

J. F. B. M.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION 193.—*Can Theosophists consistently say the Apostles' creed?*

ANSWER.—I think so. As in all things one has one's own understanding of the meaning of what one says. A. F.

ANSWER.—The Theosophic method, as I understand it, is founded on the fact that no mind can contain the whole of Truth and, conversely, that in every opinion sincerely held there is something of truth. Spiritual Truth transcends the mind and can not be expressed in mental terms without some distortion and error as a result of trying to impose the limitations of the finite mind on the Infinite. On the other hand a formula that for centuries has expressed the faith of countless thousands must contain within itself much truth, much Divine Wisdom. A theosophist is interested in finding the truth, not the errors, and in the tenets of every religion should see more truth, not less than is seen by its untrained adherents. Was it not Mr. Judge who said that a theosophist should put his circle of vision around the ordinary man's, containing and expanding it?

The more of a theosophist a man is, the more at home he should be in every religion and the better able to say, for instance, the Apostles' Creed. And this does not mean that his broader vision makes his faith less clear-cut and definite but more so. It means that he has gained the power to recognize, behind its many forms, Truth in its essential unity. J. M.

ANSWER.—One is tempted to answer this, Yankee-fashion, with a question: "Can any one other than a student of Theosophy use the Apostles' Creed?" and this is advanced seriously. So long as my thought was held within the narrow bonds of separatist dogma I could not use the Creed with conviction. Since I joined the T. S., and especially since I became a regular reader of THE QUARTERLY, I have not only used the Creed but accept it with a simple literalness that the Church alone never succeeded in giving me, so long as its teaching seemed apart from the soul and its efforts to become self-conscious, and, especially, apart from our Lord as a living Master. G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—As the answer to this question must depend on what meaning the different clauses of the Creed has to him that says it, the proper answer can only be given by the man himself. It is evident that if there is a clause in the Creed which a student of Theosophy does not agree with, then he cannot partake in the saying of it. But to another student the same clause may hold a different meaning, which to him stands for something very deep and holy. The ministering clergyman, and many of the congregation may interpret the clause in quite a different way, but this does not interfere with the student's saying of it any more than the many ecclesiastical mistakes and misinterpretations of the teachings of Christ and St. Paul interfere with his attitude towards the Church as a whole.

T. H. K.

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ANSWER.—It seems to me that this question is one that everyone must answer for himself. Perhaps it is not impossible to give the words a meaning that a "Theosophist" can agree with, but I am afraid no "Theosophist" can consistently say the Apostles' Creed with the meaning our Church gives it. HJ. J.

ANSWER.—Why not? I do; and I try to be a Theosophist. And, strange as it may seem, being a Theosophist enables one the more consistently to say the Apostles' Creed. I see nothing in the Apostles' Creed inconsistent with the life and thought of a Theosophist,—worthy the name. Is there anything in the creed against Toleration in Religion? "The principal aim and object of the Theosophical Society is to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color." "In essence the Society is intellectually an attitude; practically, a method; ethically, a spirit; religiously, a life." (*The T. S. and Theosophy*, H. B. Mitchell, p. 9.) L. C.

ANSWER.—I do not see why Theosophists cannot say it consistently. If you ask whether a Theosophist will utter the words with the same meaning as a boy who has just been "confirmed," the matter is different. A professing Christian may believe in the resurrection of this mortal body: the Theosophist does not. But the words do not define what body is to resurrect: and it is at least open to the Theosophist to utter the words while reserving to himself what he conscientiously regards as their inner meaning. And as with this, so with other passages. A. K.

ANSWER.—I have been told that theological text books (Protestant and Catholic) call the Creed *symbolum fidei*, a symbol of faith. May it not be possible that consistent Theosophists find the Creed a satisfactory symbol of the faith that is in them? T. A.

ANSWER.—There are two ways of approaching any creed or statement of belief, each being represented by Churches within the Christian fold. The first, represented by the Roman Catholics, have pushed a concise and definite interpretation of each word and phrase of the creed to its utmost limit. They have made a science of dogmatic expression; and have established through centuries of intellectual labor a school and tradition that attempts to be absolutely rigid in its conclusions. Only a proficient in this school, trained in this particular way, believing that the Church and Christianity are one, could hope safely to state *his* orthodoxy of belief. This Church is content to require, therefore, of the lay majority no more than a verbal assent to the results achieved by other minds, by this professional school of interpreters. The layman says "yes" to any question asked demanding an assent, and he is admitted as a member of that Church. In addition to this the majority of Catholics are trained from children to make this assent, quite aware that the intricacies of theologic debate are beyond their attainment: they are relieved of responsibility.

The other method, represented in varying degrees by the many Protestant Churches, is in essence still comprehensive. The effort is made to maintain some authority, to limit the freedom of belief to at least certain essentials (so-called), and yet to avoid that rigidity of formulation which excludes evolution or growth. The result of this has been too much in the direction of license of belief—that is—no real belief at all; but that a proper balance is now rapidly becoming possible is due to the fact that each method has been tried, and found wanting. Here is the opportunity for a new ideal, a clearer and truer vision of the truth, a return, in fact, to the method and vision given us by the Master Christ.

Theosophy stands for an absolutely open platform of belief, no dogma, no creed, no formula. But this does not mean that Theosophy stands for nothing,

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has no belief at all. It means that the Theosophist is in reality bound, not by a man-made formula, but by the searching test and standard of all Truth, of the great White Light that floods all the world of science, art and religion itself. If he humbly but boldly dares to measure himself up to this standard, he will not fail of belief; nor of action also. And among other acts he will see the necessity for the first of the subsidiary objects of the Society—"The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies, and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study."

If he should turn to a study of the Creeds, their origin and interpretations, he will find an essential *oneness* in them. The Roman Schoolmen were, after all, mystics at heart, as a study of Thomas Aquinas at first hand will reveal. These schoolmen were only endeavoring to express the great truths of the Christian religion in theologic terms; and they did this better and more accurately than most of us could do if we attempted a statement of our beliefs. Both the Roman and the Protestant Churches state that the Creed is an "ecclesiastical symbol," and that there is a "relative *difference* between the ecclesiastical and the Christian, between the letter of the symbols and their spirit, between form and idea." Martensen, who is a Lutheran, but whose work is the text-book assigned for priests in their preparation for ordination into the Protestant Episcopal Church, states very clearly, in his *Christian Dogmtaics,* that any symbol (he specifically treats with the Apostles' Creed) is an inadequate formula of belief. There must be more than mere assent to a formula. "We intend to hold that *type* of sound doctrine which is therein contained. . . . By the *type* of Lutherism we mean its ground form, its inextinguishable, fundamental, and distinctive features. . . . Therefore, while dogmatic science on the one hand holds to the Church creeds a relation of dependence, it must, on the other hand, in this relation be free to pass critical judgments on the formulæ of the symbols, and also to exhibit the fundamental ideas contained in these symbols in a fresh form, corresponding to the present stage of the development of the Church and of theology." We "must regard orthodoxy as something which not merely is, but is yet to be, attained," and we must by "a constant spiritual return to Christ" acquire "the gift of being able to try spirits" (cf. I John IV: 1).

There is nothing in this to which a true seeker after Divine Wisdom cannot assent. He is given almost complete freedom in his interpretation of the Creed,—but a freedom subject to Christ himself. The Creeds no longer stand as barriers; they become, rather, channels which direct and sustain our thought as it seeks the Master. Members of the Society would do well not to condemn the Churches unheard, and because they are ignorant of the facts. They *can* say the Creed "consistently" if they have honestly gone to Christ for its truth, and have not merely accepted off-hand the loose, popular, traditional explanations.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

QUESTION 194.—*What is the real meaning of "Opportunity" in relation to Karma in our lives, both in the world and as would-be Theosophists?*

ANSWER.—One who would be a Theosophist must take all circumstances and events in life as opportunities. The work of Karma is also, I believe, to give us opportunities to learn. HJ. J.

ANSWER.—As Karma is the law of cause and effect, and acts on all planes, "opportunity," in relation to Karma in our lives in this world, would mean a chance to balance accounts for previous misdeeds. By doing something right and fair and true, we might compensate for some wrong we had done, perhaps in a previous life. In doing the wrong of long ago we caused as a effect in this life, conditions or ties which hold us until we have made compensation. Our

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opportunity would be the chance to pay our debt, and thus free ourselves from the debtor's bond, the undesirable conditions in which we had imprisoned ourselves and others.

As Theosophists our work, or use of opportunity, would be on the spiritual plane which we know to be the plane of causation. There we should not so much balance effects as create new causes, which would occasion desirable, helpful results for others, as well as for ourselves later on. A. F.

ANSWER.—"Opportunity" may mean "Light on the Path,"—in the world and for would-be Theosophists.

Opportunity in relation to Karma may be a "stepping-stone to higher things." It may be a "stepping-stone of one of our 'dead selves.'" Opportunity may mean the payment of a debt (not necessarily financial), incurred in some previous existence. "Because things are unpleasant, that is no reason to be unjust to God." —VICTOR HUGO.

To a would-be Theosophist, opportunity, whether in the guise of pleasure or of pain, is Karma. "When we reach that state wherein the adjustment of the finite in us to the infinite is made perfect, then pain itself becomes a valuable asset. It becomes a measuring rod with which to gauge the true value of our joy." (*Sadhana,* Tagore, p. 63.) L. C.

ANSWER.—Opportunity may be a possibility brought around by law—a possibility of working off and getting rid of evil tendencies started long ago. A soul of undisciplined will may incarnate in an environment that gives frequent exercise to violent temper. That environment is the soul's opportunity. Violence of temper is an outward symbol of an undisciplined inner state. By accepting this fact the soul may work off its Karma—get control of itself. G. E.

ANSWER.—Our lives both in the world and as would-be Theosophists should merge and gradually become the same. In the process—a long one, perhaps—we learn how to time our acts and thoughts in accord with the principles of Theosophy and the Rules of the life of the Soul. All our energies are then so manifested. In the process, come the moments of choice. We can act and think in accord with those principles and Rules or we neglect to do so. We can continuously centre our attention on them or we do not do so. Such moments of choice are, I think, our opportunities in relation to Karma. A. K.

ANSWER.—Opportunity seems to be a point where we have the chance, if strong enough, to obtain a clearer vision of the Master's own vision or plan for us, and hence for a more direct course of life in pursuance of this plan. Karma and the Master work together to guide us, direct and pilot us through the maze of our wilful, stupid, and also blindly virtuous actions, until we reach a place where we are able to see for ourselves some hint of the direction which our lives ought to take, and so begin to co-operate. The Lords of Karma are masters of detail, and it would be a mistake for us to think that opportunity only comes at most a few times in a life. On the contrary, each moment, each instant of thought and feeling is an opportunity. And until we learn to avail ourselves of these little opportunities, and to choose rightly in them, the larger opportunities cannot in reality exist for us, because our evil habit has doomed us to failure. Increased activity means increased responsibility, which means greater opportunity. But this also means opportunity for greater failure as well as for greater achievement. So we must safeguard our lives by "eternal vigilance," piling up the good forming habits which can carry us safely through some crisis of action. Would-be Theosophists have a double responsibility, not only as related to their own development, but as inheritors of a trust given but once a century to our fellow men. They should above all others not *wait* for an opportunity, but *make* each and every moment an opportunity. JOHN BLAKE, JR.

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T·S·ACTIVITIES

NEW YORK BRANCH OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

PROGRAM FOR 1915-1916.

The following topics will be considered in the order in which they are printed, but as the discussion of a subject may occupy more than one evening no definite assignment of topics to dates has been made in advance. At the close of each meeting the topic for the next meeting will be announced.

TOPICS.

Zeno, one of the ancient Greek philosophers, made a three-fold classification. First, things that are good; such as Courage, Justice, Temperance. Second, things that are bad; Cowardice, Folly, Injustice. Third, things that might be good or bad according to the use made of them. This third class of variables included certain pairs of opposites, such as,

Health,	Disease,
Wealth,	Poverty,
Pleasure,	Pain,
Noble Birth,	Low Birth,
Life,	Death.

This classification will be the subject of discussion in the meetings of the New York Branch this season. The following questions suggests points for consideration.

I. What light do Reincarnation, Karma, the Seven Principles of Man, and the Occult World throw on this classification?

II. Is health ever injurious? Is disease ever beneficial? How so? How can the benefit be extracted from obscure mental and nervous cases (a) for the invalid; (b) for his family and friends? Is Christian Science (or Mental Science, or Divine Science) a manifestation of religious aspiration or the reverse?

III. Is poverty always an evil? Is unequal distribution of wealth an injustice? Are there any legislative remedies? Is great wealth an evil? Is it wrong to live on inherited wealth which one has had no share in acquiring?

IV. How can life and death be of variable benefit? Are war and peace variables also? Is taking the life of a fellow man ever justifiable?

V. What is loyalty? Why should there be loyalty to a nation? What is a nation? Do such political divisions militate against the Brotherhood of Man? What gives to courage, justice and honour their high value? To what extent is our conception of them merely the "social" or "class" instinct? What are conventions?

VI. If life and death, as Zeno implies, are merely tools, what is it that uses them? To what end? How far ought one to go in attempting to arouse another

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to the meaning and purpose of life? In our own experience what has been used to arouse us?

VII. Is evolution the unfolding of a spiritual purpose? If so, what are we to do about it? To what extent can a man change his character and temperament?

VIII. Is there a spiritual world? If so, are we conscious of it? What are

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

NEAR THE TRENCHES, FRANCE.
NOVEMBER 6, 1915.

The Theosophical Society, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SECRETARY T. S.:—Thank you so much for my October copy of the T. S. QUARTERLY, which arrived a few days ago, being forwarded from England. It is a splendid issue, and amid all this noise and strife, brings back the true meaning of one's mission in life. Tho' I am a staunch American, I felt it was my duty to actively support the Allies against the "Enemies of the Light." I could not be neutral, and bitterly deplore that my country has not put herself on record as positively opposed to such methods and ideals as Germany represents today. The love of ease and money has, I fear, taken the place of our national honor, so dear to us in the past.

As I am in the artillery I have to witness often terrible slaughter and destruction, but the words of Krishna to Arjuna always comes to me, and I then feel that I am only an instrument of the absolute, and must play my part in this tremendous drama as such.

When the war is over I hope to return to New York, and be an active member in the Society.

With very best wishes to yourself and the T. S., I remain,

H—— B——.

P. S.—We can be a Theosophist even during the stress of a battle—it is not merely an "arm-chair philosophy," thus proving its tremendous value in any crisis of life.

NOTICE

The division of work in the Secretary's Office, referred to in the Secretary's Report, requires some changes in the handling of the mail, to ensure prompt attention. Members and subscribers are requested to take note.

(1) All correspondence about books or about the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, should be addressed to,

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TREASURER T. S.,
P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York City.

(3) General T. S. Correspondence, and applications for membership should be addressed,

SECRETARY T. S.,
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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JUST PUBLISHED: CHRISTIANITY AND WAR, BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, 10 CENTS

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to
Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W., England.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1916

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The Soldier as Mystic

ONE of the most noteworthy outgrowths of the new spirit in France, the spirit of splendid sacrifice engendered by the great war, is the preface, by Paul Bourget, to a story by Ernest Psichari, which is called *The Journey of the Centurion.* That Bourget writes with the highest literary beauty, that his spiritual analysis is both deep and true, goes without saying, but there is the genuine breath of new inspiration in certain of his appreciations of life, and notably of the life of the soldier, that could never have been reached but for the spiritual ordeal of the war. So valuable are Bourget's words, that we think it wise to quote them almost without omission. He begins his preface thus:

"This is a very beautiful book, and one which will double, among men of letters, the grief which was caused them fifteen months ago by the premature death of its author, Lieutenant Ernest Psichari, who fell heroically in Belgium at the time of the retreat from Charleroi. His first story, *The Call to Arms,* had produced, it will be remembered, a very vivid impression. Two reasons contributed to this. Ernest Psichari was the grandson of Ernest Renan, and the contrast of his thought with the thought of his great ancestor could not fail to cause wonder. But above all, it was the revelation of a talent already of the highest order, and of a singular freshness, in which the gift of keen expression, the sustained natural magic of the visionary artist, was associated with an incomparable subtlety of psychological analysis.

"*The Call to Arms* related to us the simple story of an officer, Nangès, who cured a young soldier of the worst anarchist and pacifist delusions by the sheer suggestion of his personality. Few events, a uniform—I

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had almost said an 'earth to earth' narrative, and the portrait was complete, in such high relief that Nangès even now remains for me as living as if I had known him in the flesh. In that story, among other things, there was a conversation between comrades in garrison on the soldier's profession, equal in tone, and superior in reach, to Vigny's celebrated passage in the second chapter of *Servitude and Greatness* which begins: 'The army is a nation within a nation . . . ' Vigny adds: 'It is a vice of the times.' For Nangès, on the contrary, the avowed spokesman of the author, the most precious task of the soldier is, to constitute, within the nation, a type apart. He and he alone represents a principle of obedience, of sacrifice and of danger, as necessary to the general tone of society as the secretions of one or another gland could be to the general energy of the organism. . . .

"This study of the true character of the soldier formed the theme of *The Call to Arms*. It is also that of this posthumous story, to which its author has given the enigmatical title: *The Journey of the Centurion*. The title is explained by two verses from the Gospel according to St. Matthew: . . . the centurion answered and said: 'Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.' You are at once informed that this new essay in military psychology is also an essay in religious psychology. The author claims the right to associate the gospel and the sword in virtue of a text which proves that there can be, that there must be, a Christian doctrine of war. Christ who said to the rich man: 'Leave thy riches,' does not say to the centurion: 'Leave thy service.' In listening to his words of discipline without reproof, he makes them his own. Nay, he admires him who pronounces them: 'And when Jesus heard it, he marvelled. . . .' He adds: 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'

"It is, then, the soldier who believes, that Ernest Psichari is going to depict for us. He does not intend merely to paint a picture of manners, although this picture is there and its lines have a realism which does not shrink from brutality. Being himself a soldier, the author loves the humble details of service, but he loves even more the spiritual meaning, or, better, he does not separate them; and it is this special quality which we must understand, if we would enter fully into the spirit of this narrative.

"Already in *The Call to Arms*, there was talk of the *mysticism* of the soldier's profession. This expression is not peculiar to Psichari. In his latest contributions to the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, Péguy employed it constantly, and *The Call to Arms* is dedicated to Péguy. This formula

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reveals a feeling which seems to have been that of a whole chosen class of the youth of France before 1914 and the terrible war. Actual experience can only accentuate it. . . . When Psichari makes Nangès say that the army has its morale and its mysticism, he intends to affirm that our activity, to be complete, must have a hidden sense and imply a faith. In every human action he distinguishes two elements: a positive application exterior to the man, and a secret significance which is interior to the man. The soldier makes war. This is the exterior application. He develops in himself secretly, he brings to the highest tension, certain virtues. He nourishes, he enriches his soul through his profession. This is the interior work.

"The life of the soul thus becomes the deep and ultimate reason of the effort, even of the most technical act. The act of faith is there in that affirmation that the spiritual world is not only a reality, but that it is the reality *par excellence*. Outside himself, the best adapted energy of the most intelligent man does not differ from the work of the spider spinning his web . . . this mechanization of being, a Péguy, a Psichari, recognize quite as much in the curiosity of the man of science, in the libertinism of the voluptuary, as in the slavery of the bureaucrat or the toiler. It is against this that they appeal to the higher, spiritual powers which are at once the highest and the deepest of our being.

"Open *The Journey of the Centurion*, and note the light in which the author introduces to you his hero, Maxentius, an officer of sharp-shooters, who is leading a column of Meharists in Mauritania: '. . . his father—the colonel who was a man of letters, a Voltairean and worse—had been deceived. Maxentius had a soul, made in the image of God, able to discern truth from falsehood, good from evil. . . . Yet this upright man followed a devious way, a doubtful path, and nothing warned him of it except the rapid beating of his heart, his restlessness. . . .' You lay down the book, and, if you are one of those who were twenty years old thirty years ago, you remember how your generation thought and felt.

"It oscillated between extreme intellectualism and the pursuit of success. We were scientific, Monist, then Nihilist, or simply brutally ambitious, like Rastignac and Julien Sorel. What a distance covered in a quarter of a century, and of what reactions the thought of a race remains capable! How these renewals of sap disconcert the best supported inductions, the most completely justified prophecies! Let us be very careful about relegating to the powers of the past the ideas and feelings by which our fathers lived. Is their force exhausted? We can never tell. . . . It is one of these unexpected returns that *The Journey of the Centurion* relates to us, the bubbling up anew, in an intellect and a feeling, of a spring which had seemed dried up. *The Call to Arms* had declared to us the military vocation, and shown us in what psychological

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mould, if one may so express it, this human type of so distinct a cast—the soldier—takes its shape. *The Journey of the Centurion* shows us the awakening of the believer in this soldier, shows us how the religion of duty leads this devotee of discipline to all disciplines. . . ."

So far Paul Bourget's wonderful preface. When we come to Ernest Psichari's story, we find it made of two different threads, not very closely plaited together. The first of these, the exterior element of the narrative, consists of very vivid, and often very beautiful, descriptions of the life of a young officer in command of native African troops, in the western-most part of France's great African domain, the fringe of the Sahara toward the sunset. It is the region immediately east and north of the African St. Louis, at the mouth of the river Senegal; a region, curiously enough, intimately associated with the two foremost soldiers of France today: General Gallieni, the Minister of War, and General Joffre, the Commander-in-Chief. Both served in the Senegal region; both have written of their service there, General Joffre, very meagerly, as becomes his epithet of "taciturn"; General Gallieni, in a series of narratives of travel and adventure, of great literary excellence and charm.

Ernest Psichari's descriptions of the Great Desert and its life, or rather its wide-extended atmosphere of death, have a high and penetrating beauty, a vividness of vision, of touch, of odor even, that make us understand Bourget's ascription to him of "a talent already of a high order." But the outer incidents are not very closely knit with the inner reveries; the events do not produce or induce the moods; rather, they run parallel to them, symbolizing, rather than in any sense causing, the movements of heart and mind, which are the main theme of the book. These movements one might describe as the history of a conversion; the return of a worn and weary spirit to the simple faith, the simple piety, of childhood. In one sense, Psichari's book might be called a religious treatise, a sermon, leading back to the realization of the personal Christ. The desert is used as a background for the spiritual life and growth of Maxentius, and its stillness, its vastness, its fatal serenity, are set over against the fret and fever of modern Western life; the ambitions, the passions, the scepticisms, the disbeliefs, among which Maxentius had grown up, and which so grievously burdened his soul.

It would be immensely interesting to follow out at length the parallelism between the moods of the desert and the moods of the soul. But it would take too long. We can quote only a few sentences: "Then begins for Maxentius a true life of solitude and silence. There, within a square of thirty yards, having no longer the hum of departures and arrivals, he really learned what solitude is, buried in the very breast of silent nature. For the Rule of Africa is silence. As the monk, in the cloister, keeps silence,—so the desert, in its white cowl, keeps silent.

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Immediately the young Frenchman conforms to the strict observance, he piously listens to the hours falling into the eternity which frames them, he dies to the world which has deceived him. During the crushing heat of day, while the natives were sleeping under their familiar sun, Maxentius generally remained under his fragile canvas shelter, and there, his knees drawn up to his chin, he simply waited; he awaited, not the evening, but something mysterious and great, he knew not what. Thus, in this dead land, where no human being had ever fixed his abode, he seemed to himself to surpass the ordinary bounds of life and to go forward, trembling with dizziness, to the verge of the highest heaven. . . ."

Very naturally, there are brought to his thought the contemplatives of the Moslem philosophic schools, sects somewhat like the Sufis, or the mystics of Arabia: "While Maxentius returned, preceded by the guide's floating robe, he thought: 'These large facilities of meditation which this spiritual land supplies to us, have been taken advantage of by the Moors, and they make admirable ornaments in this aridity. Why, transforming like forces to our own needs, and employing them for our own ends, should not we also try to grow rich, or rather to reconquer the riches we have lost? And once again he thought of those men of prayer, the old whitebeards whom he knew. They seek God and they are humble. Thus, in the same movement, they raise and abase themselves, and in measure as they raise themselves, in the same measure they abase themselves. See how prudent and cautious their advance is. It is because the way is full of serpents and unclean beasts. Therefore it is necessary to watch, to be on one's guard, to allow no distraction on this arid uphill road. . . ."

From vaguer philosophical reveries, Maxentius gradually draws closer to the mystical path of suffering and sorrow: "He knew also the terrors of the sleepless nights, when, turning and turning again on his mat, like a pancake on a stove, he uttered groans that did not even pass through the floating tent-wall which flapped in the night wind. For the wind was the real wall that separated him from his men who were there two paces away, rolled up in their camp cloaks, their heads on their knees. Thus, lost far from everything, on one of those circles that the geographer traces on the map, and no longer knowing even on what latitude he was, feeling all the derision of that African death in which he suffered, of that void from which grew only the lotus of sorrow, that void in which the soul is no longer stunned by the noise of the world and esteems itself at its true worth, crushed under the long patience of the night, he was close to great and salutary despair. . . ."

Again his dawning spiritual life comes into touch, into comparison, with that of the Moslem mystic: " 'What, in your view, is the true use of life?' he said one day to a young Moor, who had guided him among

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the ruins of Ksar. 'To copy the Koran diligently and meditate on the teachings, for it is written, "The ink of the learned is precious, and even more precious than the blood of the martyrs."' 'Is this fever of divine intelligence admirable?' Maxentius asked himself. His companion's saying was revolting to him. He touched the weak point, felt the blunting of the point. Was not all his life based on sacrifice, whose supernatural virtue, he was ignorant of, indeed, and which yet lit up all his actions with the reflections of its mysterious brightness? No matter how wretched he saw himself to be, he still saw that he was better than those who had preferred the writer's goose-quill to the martyr's palm. For in his extremest wretchedness he still bore the germ of life, while the others, in their greatness, bore the germ of death. . . ."

Then comes a beautiful summary of the Soul of France: "He has been sent there by a people who know well what the blood of the martyrs is worth. He well knows what it is to die for an idea. He has behind him twenty thousand Crusaders—a whole nation of those who have died with drawn swords, with prayers fixed on their lips. He is the child of that blood. It is not in vain that he suffered the first hours of exile, nor that the sun has burned him, nor that solitude has wrapt him under her great veils of silence. He is the child of pain. . . . 'Thou art not the first,' says a voice which he did not recognize—it is the voice of the motherland which he has railed against—'thou art not the first that I send to this infidel land. I have sent others before thee. For this land is mine, and I have given it to my sons, that they may suffer there, that they may there learn suffering. Others have died before thee. And they did not ask these slaves to teach them how to live. Look, my son, how they bore themselves in this great undertaking, in this great French adventure, which was the adventure of the pilgrimage of the Cross. . . .' The Moors have taught him how pure and health-giving is the Christian air which is breathed in France, in that France which he had railed against at the moment when he was leaving it, perhaps for ever. They have made him catch a glimpse of the hidden France which he had failed to recognize, and they have brought the filial action of thanksgiving to his lips, instead of shameful denial. He is happy as a lost child who finds its mother again. . . ."

We come to the fundamental idea of the story, the parallel between Maxentius and the centurion of the Gospel, who gives a name to the book: "But this difficult undertaking is possible only for soldiers, and it is there, far from the workshops and warehouses of merchants, that they will recognize themselves and that, recognizing themselves they will hymn the immense joy of deliverance. Then, in the crucified immobility of the earth, there are the virtues that they love; they see once more, and they bless simplicity, sheer ruggedness. A magnificent recognition! Far from progress and illusory change Maxentius finds himself once

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more a man of fidelity. He finds in himself nothing that is like revolt, but, closely tied to the great forces of the world, he loves rather these accustomed chains. He is in the gravitation of the moral system, and he submits to its law with no more trouble than the stars that follow the path traced out for them through the fields of heaven. Nothing seems beautiful to this true soldier, except fidelity. It alone is peace and consolation. It alone consoles him for that bitter draught, solitude. It alone is the highest. Fidelity is the sure protection. It is a thought full of sweetness offered to the traveller. It is the ineffable perfume, the perfume that the souls of soldiers breathe. Fidelity is like that wife who awaits her husband who has set out on a crusade: she never despairs, she never forgets. It never doubts the future nor the past. Fidelity is the little lamp with ever equal flame which the wife holds. . . ."

The same note is repeated, and repeated with a deeper meaning, a little later: "In the magnificent peace, charged with inner tumult, which wraps the elementary landscape, Maxentius, alone with himself, renews the memorable pact which binds him. He proclaims himself a soldier for eternity, and he promises that, in the common adventure in which all—dead or living—are taking part, he will be the bravest, the most ardent in the battle, the most unsparing of his body. With those whose spirits dwell here, and whose flesh has been consumed by the sun, he has one thought, one will. He solemnly repeats that he will be loyal and true, that he will abandon all, wealth, family, life even, for this task that has been entrusted to him, and to these shadows, fixed to this most secret fold of the earth, he at last shows his soul, all poor and naked, his soul which has already conquered the world. . . ."

But beneath this truth there is hidden a deeper truth: "In the midst of beauty, from the very breast of earthly felicity, is born a mortal disquiet. 'Without doubt,' says the restless soul, 'this duty, which guides my steps and orders my acts, is clearly traced. Yet it seems to me that my steps are hardly sure, and that my acts are acts in a dream. I am the fish which steers cleverly in the element of water, and which, nevertheless, will never know the sea, because it cannot view it from the shore. I should not falter, were I not haunted by the complete harmony, and did I not wish to dominate the element in which moves the body that I uphold. But I am a thinking as well as an acting being. The intelligence which wishes to know, arises, and the soldier's itinerary seems wretched. . . .'"

The story begins to take on a more definitely Catholic coloring, but it is the devout, mystical, profound Catholicism of France, with its marvellously rich spiritual consciousness: "Yes, through all the ages, the Church has bent over France, the Church has wept and rejoiced with her. Behold, then, how this people grows and appears among all faithful

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peoples. These are the men of thy right hand, O Lord, this is the development of the noblest history that the ages have written. The fairest kingdom in the world,—and it is also the kingdom of fidelity. The most glorious power in the world,—and it is also a power of Christianity. The bravest and proudest of Thy sons, O Lord, but they are the sons of just observance and they are the children of Thy love. Maxentius knows this wonderful history well, every page of which, even the darkest, bears the marks of greatness. . . ."

Purely mystical is this: "Unhappy they who have not known silence! Silence is a fragment of heaven, which comes down among men. It comes from so far that we do not know it, it comes from the wide interstellar spaces, from the motionless regions of the chilly moon. It comes from beyond Space, from the further side of Time,—from before the worlds were, from the region where the worlds no longer are. How beautiful silence is! . . . It is a great African expanse, where the keen wind whirls. It is the Indian Ocean, by night, beneath the stars. . . . Maxentius knew well these wide spaces like the shoreless streams of Paradise. And that great descent, along the thread of Time, when silence first closes the lips, and then penetrates even to the division of the soul, to the inaccessible regions where God rests in us. And when he came forth from that resting-place, like the hermit leaving his hut to admire the work of creation, it was already to say: 'All confirms Thee, O Heavenly Father. Not an hour but is the proof of Thee, not an hour, however dark, in which Thou art not present, there is no experience, that is not an experience of Thee. Should I die of thirst in this desert, even then, I should say that this day is blessed, for I have seen Thee present in Thy justice as I have seen Thee present in Thy mercy, and I am no longer concerned with such appearances as are thirst and hunger and weariness, I am concerned with Thee, who art reality. Oh, my God, help me to walk in the way on which Thou Thyself hast set me, remembering the word of Thy Son, who said: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you. . . ."'"

Though several pages intervene, we can carry on the thread of thought with the following passage: "To whom, then, is Maxentius speaking, in his great loneliness? He is speaking to his Father, to his God, whom he knows not, and he himself does not cease to be the contestant, who has his place marked for him in the fight. He speaks to his Father, but he knows what his arm can do. His place is not among the men of peace, but, on the contrary, he has the daring and all the masculine virtue of youth. He is one who will force the gate of heaven, he is the violent man who will take eternity by violence. He is one to whom all is allowed. Has he not stood eye to eye with death? Are not all his evenings, evenings of battle? . . . But he speaks to his Father,

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he knows that he has a Master, that this Master can do all things and that he himself can do nothing. Beautiful contradiction; This soul's effort is vain, unless there is submission, but what submission is that, which leaves no place for effort? Maxentius has a glimpse of the truth that the highest state of human consciousness is here, in this supreme accord of effort and submission, of liberty with servitude, and that this accord is reached nowhere save in Jesus Christ. . . . In Jesus Christ man desires to soar infinitely high, while knowing himself to be infinitely low. And this is true, because we are in liberty as well as in servitude. . . ."

Gradually the consciousness of Maxentius approaches the deepest mysteries: "At that hour Maxentius knew it: there is a hierarchy among souls. And first there are vile thoughts—for evil hearts. And then there are beautiful yet easy thoughts, there are poor miserable spiritual satisfactions for the hearts that are profoundly ignorant of evil, but which feed only on common virtues. But who are these who go forward, bearing their hearts before them like torches? They are the heroic souls, who hunger for virtue, who thirst for justice. They have kept themselves from coarser faults. But they hold that this is little. They long for that essential purity which is the entry into higher intelligence. For all is bound together in the inner system of man, and the profound light of that which is true will always be lacking to him who has not made his heart clear as crystal. And Maxentius himself, where is he? Alas, how far he feels himself from Wisdom! How far he feels himself from the heavenly guides of the single knowledge! How dry and desolate he finds the path of his exile and his suffering!"

The culmination of the spiritual renewal is expressed, perhaps, in these words: "Ah! yes, I have compassion on those who are abandoned, and who are sorrowful. . . . But we, what have we done, we, the blessed of the Father, we, the children of election? And what shall we answer when the Judge shall say to us: 'I had given to you the fairest of lands and ye have been my chosen ones. I had given you my well-beloved France and had made you heirs of my word. It was of you that I was thinking in the sweat of Gethsemane and it is you whom I called the first. There is nothing that I have not done for you, because there were none that I desired more than you. And it is you that I had chosen from amongst many. . . .' Alas! what have we done? What madness has taken possession of us? What leprosy has come to consume us? It is true, Lord, we have not been faithful to the promise, we did not watch with You, when You entered into the agony. But look: we are groaning in shame and contrition, and we come to You such as we are, full of tears and smirches. We have lost all, we have nothing, but all that remains, O my God, we give to you; all that remains, that is to say our broken and humiliated hearts. You are stronger than

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we, Lord, we surrender. We humbly pray to You as our fathers prayed to you. We in our great wretchedness beg you for your grace, because we cannot lay hold of You, save through You alone . . ."

And then the conclusion: "How lovely is the first prayer! How blessed and precious it is to the Lord! With what joy the angels of heaven hear it! Come, poor man, lift yourself up again! Jesus is not far from you, He will come and will not tarry! Already thou viewest with tranquillity the land of reconciliation, and the evening of thy consolation. Take thy way once more. Hope in the fullness of thy heart, and in the strength of thy new life-span—and the rest shall be given to thee in addition. . . . What! Lord, is it then so simple a thing, to love you?"

Here our quotations from this memorable book must cease. Suffice it that Maxentius found the way he sought, and found the Master on that way. Bourget tells us that the author left two versions of his work: one, from which we have quoted, in which he tells his story objectively, as concerning the soldier Maxentius; another, in which he relates the same experiences in the first person, as frankly of himself. There may be artistic reasons for preferring, as Bourget evidently does, the former; but, as a spiritual document, as an actual testimony concerning spiritual life, we should greatly desire the latter, the simple testimony at first hand.

Ernest Psichari, as we are told, fell fighting for the land he loved, for the cause he loved, in the retreat after Charleroi. How many ardent, devoted aspiring souls are there, burning with the same mystical light, in that long line of heroes, everyone of whom is dedicated, consecrated, having made the supreme sacrifice?

Resign every forbidden joy; restrain every wish that is not referred to His will; banish all eager desires, all anxiety. Desire only the will of God; seek Him alone, and you will find peace.—François de la Mothe Fénelon.

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FRAGMENTS

LONG, long ago, I read this ancient script of initiation, written on stone panels in the Hall of Learning. Even there it is only a fragment; later experience completes it: for in that Temple of Life we cannot read what we do not understand.

I read it there one beautiful day of spring, a day of opening blossoms and fresh-throated bird songs, when Nature promised life and happiness, and all one's youth reached eager and expectant hands to snatch the realization of that promise to its heart. Instead, there fell the sudden shadow of the Cross, and from its darkness the wailing cry of desolation. And yet the promise was there, in flower and bird and golden light; and the outstretched hands were not left empty, for the Cross was placed in them,—the means of realization offered instantly in answer to the longing of the soul.

Children, we cry for tinsel; but God will not mock us with tinsel: he gives pure gold. Slowly experience teaches us, slowly we learn trust. We ask for stones, God gives us bread; we ask for life, God gives us immortality; we ask for love, God gives us Paradise; we ask for knowledge, and God gives himself!

To whom is Easter more than a radiant vision who has not ascended Calvary?

The fragment runs:

"Give heed, O Lanoo, to these words, write them upon thy mind in gold, write them upon thy heart in flame.

"Ponder them deeply, that their stars may rise upon the darkness of thy comprehension, stars to sing together till the flush of dawn.

"Beaten with the thongs and stripes of life, wounded, bleeding, carrying a heavy cross toward Calvary: so lives the disciple in this world of sin and suffering unspeakable.

"Yet from the fiery furnace of his pain, the soul emerges pure and spotless; and though defenceless, clothed in the armour of a holy power.

"Rest thy heart, therefore, and endure, yea to the very end. For reckon wisely, do not be deceived: it is crucifixion that awaits thy soul."

CAVÉ.

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LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XVII

DEAR FRIEND:

AFTER I had read your letter last night I took down from its shelf above my table one of those small volumes, stored with spiritual wisdom and the fruit of profound insight into our common nature, that I have tried for so long to persuade you to consult for yourself. I know of no better way to answer your need—if not your actual words—than to quote the opening paragraph to which I turned.

"The spiritual life is made up of contradictions. This is only another way of saying that human nature is fallen. One of the greatest contradictions, and practically one of the most difficult to be managed, is that in spirituality it is very important we should know a great deal about ourselves, and at the same time equally important that we should think very little about ourselves; and it is not easy to reconcile these things. I mention this difficulty at the outset, inasmuch as we shall have in the course of this treatise to look very much into ourselves and consequently we run the risk at the same time of thinking very much of ourselves; and this last might do us more harm than the first would do us good."

This is the difficulty into which you have fallen. In endeavouring to know yourself you have come to think altogether too much about yourself; so that self is shutting you in more and more, and your horizons have become so narrowed that you lack all true perspective.

You yourself feel this—and suffer from it. But I do not think you understand either its cause or its cure. You have been discouraged when you were told not to think so much about yourself. It has seemed to you that you were being advised to abandon your efforts at self-conquest, and to turn back from the path along which your fellows were advancing. You have brooded on your sense of failure, and this brooding, envious discontent, and constant introspection, have inevitably strengthened your morbid self-centeredness.

Now the cause of all this, however difficult it may be to correct, is very easily stated. It is lack of humility. We have been told that humility is the virtue without which all other virtues are spurious. It is also that quality without which all introspection becomes positively injurious, all true self-knowledge definitely impossible. These definitions may sound like the Irish lad's definition of salt: "The thing that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any in." But in reality they go much further than that. Salt is not the basis of our food but only of its savour. Humility is the very substance of all spiritual nutriment, and the sole

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power by which that nutriment may be assimilated, or by which vision and knowledge may be turned into wisdom.

"Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness." These are laws of the spiritual life. We can never find the truth till we are humble: till we seek it for its own sake with a love for it that is greater than love of self; till our joy in it is greater than any sorrow for self. But because they are laws of spiritual life, and because man's will is a spiritual force, we have a certain measure of power to contravene them: to lay hold upon some portion of truth and draw it to ourselves even through the tortuous channels which our self love and vanity still leave partly open; to see dimly through the tears of self-pity; and to hear, even while crying out against what we hear. I am not now concerned to point out how misleading such partial truths must inevitably be, giving the ring of truth to the delusions of self which cling to them. What I want to make clear is that, to the extent to which you lack humility, not only these delusions but the truth itself becomes definitely injurious to you. It is as though you took into your body a foreign substance that you had no power to assimilate: for truth is assimilable only by humility.

If humility were a thing we could not cultivate, it would be of small service to tell you that the cause of all your suffering is its lack. But we can cultivate it, in a thousand different ways, and many of these ways are paths of unending delight. We have only to look out and not in: to turn our eyes and hearts away from self. So Marcus Aurelius bids us: "Look round at the courses of the stars, as if thou wert going along with them; and constantly consider the changes of the elements into one another, for such thoughts purge away the filth of the terrene life." Here is this great, wonderful, glorious universe all about you—full of all manner of marvels, "of cabbages and kings," and infinite beauty, ever new, ever young and immortal, calling to your heart to come forth from self and be at one with it. Here are nobility and self-sacrifice and courage. Here are men and women and children, and the communion of the saints and angels. Here are birth and death and love—and the sun of day and the stars of night. Here is the drama of the soul. Here is the Master. Why should you shut yourself in self; look only to self; love self alone; when all, all is open to you?

Is this turning away from the Path? Surely not. We are bidden to "live in the Eternal," and are told that the giant weed of self cannot flourish there, but is killed by the very atmosphere of eternal thought. That is the Path: not your morbid brooding on the weakness and faults that so hurt your vanity.

Try, for one moment, to put that vanity so far away from you that you can see it and your own need. You have sought to know yourself. However limited this knowledge, it has, at least, revealed self-centeredness. You have rebelled against this revelation. Stung and mortified by it, you have been unwilling to accept it; but have probed and probed

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again, and turned it over and around, hoping to find something more to your liking, less humiliating to your self-esteem—and so your very unwillingness to accept it, has fastened it more strongly upon you. This must be clear to you, surely; and it must be equally clear that the way to cure self-centeredness is to interest yourself in that which is outside of self, greater than self. Accept and forget yourself. Make your thought, your interest, your affections expand. Throw yourself into your work, rouse your sympathies, live in the lives of those about you, seek in them and in all things the beauty, the element of the Eternal, that they contain, and strive to love that beauty. Here is the beginning of the Path—the beginning of humility—in loving something more than we love self. Thus you will "grow as the flower grows, unconscious but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air."

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

XVIII.

DEAR FRIEND:

Tell me something. If I were to answer your appeal as you beg of me; if my answer were to cost me my life; and I, knowing this, still granted what you asked, and laid down my life that you might know the way to rise from your present misery to immortal gladness; would you believe I loved you? Would you sometimes think of me? Would you read what I had written at that cost? Would it seem to you that, having asked it of me, there was an obligation on your part at least to attempt the way I pointed out? Or would you leave my letter unread, the way untried, my memory forgotten?

You call yourself a Christian. Let me speak to you, therefore, in your own terms. Christ gave his life to answer the question you ask now of me—as, long ago, you and the world asked it of him in prayer. What are you doing with His answer, and with Him?

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

XIX

DEAR FRIEND:

I am delighted that my hope is realized and that you are as glad to receive and give house-room to the old "grandfather's" clock, as I am to have been able to send it you. And now I am going to tell you its story and why I wanted you to have it.

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I found it this summer in the kitchen of a farm house. It was not an old house, nor had it any of that simple dignity that farm houses so often have. On the contrary it was quite new and pretentious, and very ornate. Its owners had clearly prospered and had torn down and built again. The parlour furniture was gilt, the upholstery gaudy plush. There was a "cozy corner" with imitation Turkish hangings and rugs. I could not understand it at all, until later I saw the town, some miles away, where the farmer's daughter had attended school and from which she had drawn her standard and fashion. Then I did understand. The daughter had social ambition. Her home was to reflect her "culture."

The clock, I learned, had been one of her chief crosses. It was shabby and old and upright and would go with nothing. She had tried gilding its case and painting wreathes of roses over the gilt. But the gilt turned black and "the roses did not look right anyhow." So it was banished, gilt and roses and all, to the kitchen. But the kitchen was small—as kitchens in pretentious dwellings usually are—and the clock took up too much room. She was quite willing to let me have it. As you know, I scraped the roses and gilt away, and the old mahogany came out under polish as now you see it.

It is a very common story. Every collector will be able to do more than match it from his own experience. But it is precisely because it is not only so common but so universal that I hope you will remember it. For, one and all of us, in some way or another, to some degree or another, are like that farmer's daughter, and treat ourselves as she treated that clock. That which we are—in simple, honest fact—is always better than what we would pretend to be. Even our patent faults and sins are of greater worth than the imitation virtues in which we seek to cloak them, to ourselves and to others. There are dents in that old clock case. There is no denying that, yet they are not the disfigurement that the gilt and rose wreaths were. We are not to try to make ourselves into something other than ourselves. We are to cleanse and polish that which we are.

See what comes to you from daring to remain friends with one who loves you! It is a perilous venture—if we would cling to our pretences—to have anything to do with those who love us for what we really are. It is never this for which we love ourselves: and so self-love can never understand real love and must forever quarrel with it. It is a testimony to your genuine humility that you still bear with me. Yet also, Friend, you have your vanities.

Some day I want you to write me a whole ponderous volume—in your very best, powdery, philosophic style—on Honesty as the sole requisite for human salvation. I am convinced that every evil—every sin—contains within itself the germ of its ultimate cure: that life, real life, must, through whatever tragic way of pain and loss, forever lead us upward and bring us, in time, to all of which we have need. But if we cut ourselves off from life and reality, and choose instead to live in a world

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of pretence and deception, I do not see that there is, in such a world of our fancy, any curative or corrective principle whatsoever. Our sole hope there lies in the fact that our separation from reality can never be wholly complete, and that some hard fact that cannot be excluded—some great fact like death—will jar us from our lying dreams, and bring us back to what we are.

All this you could make clear; and you could show, too, what sometimes seems to me dishonesty's most tragic loss. What tempts us to pretence? Leave aside the fact that we are blind to our real worth—that we have no power to look beneath the stained and battered surface of our lives to the timber of which they are made. Leave aside the fact I have tried to make clear, that all imitation is cheap and shoddy and despicable compared to what is genuine and real. Let us assume that it were indeed possible—as we so often delude ourselves into believing—that what we can pretend to be could be better, more admirable and more lovable than what we are. What tempts us to pretend? Two things—and each defeats itself—first, desire for human esteem and love; and, second, the fear to lose these and to incur censure in their place. But he whose life is a pretence,—each one of us to the extent that his life is a pretence and that he is dishonest—puts himself beyond the reach of the very esteem and love he craves. He puts a mask before his face; he builds up and hides behind a false appearance of himself that is not himself. It is this false appearance he labours to have esteemed and loved; and if it be, then is he indeed desperate. For the love is given to a thing not himself—and being given to that thing does not and cannot reach him. He remains unreached behind it—starved, while it is fattened—isolated, lonely, miserable, in the midst of every appearance of his heart's desire. And with him always is the fear of loss—of losing even the appearance of the reality he never has, and never can have till he tear down all he has so carefully erected. He who would find his life must lose it. It is not easy to lose what one desires above all else. It is not made easier by the knowledge that what we lose we have never had. And so there are few more tragic needs than this, which ultimately all pretence entails, of destroying that which has drawn to itself—through our own folly—all that we ourselves have sought to win.

I am glad with all my heart that in our friendship no such need exists. It is a very transparent paint you have laid over your fine mahogany—and I think all must see to the beauty of its grain, as they cannot miss the dignity of its simple lines. But, Friend, why even transparent paint?

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

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WILLIAM LAW

Mystical Theologian and Evangelist

WILLIAM LAW is practically unknown to the modern world except as the author of a single devotional book, *The Serious Call*. By his contemporaries he was spoken of as "the mystic." The dozen or more writers who, since his death, have made Law the subject of a volume or treatise likewise refer to him as "the English mystic." A weight of humiliation is attached to that definite article, "the," with its function of narrowing and limiting. We are loath to admit the fact; Law is, nevertheless, almost solitary in the English Church since the Reformation. Other Anglican divines have won controversial renown by their efforts either against Rome or against many headed Dissent. Law alone turned from the narrow and barren sphere of religious politics to the breadth and depths of metaphysics. Pusey and some other Anglican divines are mystically inclined. But they are not mystics. They touch the mere edge of the fringe. Law realised with vividness a spiritual universe that casts earthly life as its shadow. Thanks to his metaphysical acumen he was able to set forth his knowledge lucidly and cogently.

He is an odd figure in his era—odd in many respects. His eccentricity and his piety match him with contemporaries, Johnson and Wesley. His spiritual sense sets him apart. In a generation of "ponderous well-fed masses of animated beef-steak" he is an ascetic. Among rational philosophers, moralists and politicians, such as Locke, Addison and Walpole, he exercised spiritual faculties. His contemporaries, on the whole, saw life through the flattening lens of the mind. Law's view was fourth dimensional. The premises and conclusions of his contemporaries led up to the hideous democracy of 1789 and the Terror. Law's model of perfect government was the angelic hierarchy of the eternal Kingdom. One considers his environment and wonders how he emerged from its flat immorality.

Law was born in 1686—the son of a tradesman in a provincial village. As he approached manhood the House of Hanover took possession of the English crown. Law was not an intriguer nor politician. He had no Catholic sympathies. He had no personal attachment to the Stuarts. But his conscience saw in the exiled family his true sovereign. He would not violate his conscience though obedience to its voice meant the apparent end of worldly success. He was living in Cambridge, the placid life of a don. He had entered the university as a charity student, had taken his degree, been ordained, and made Fellow. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to George I, and, in consequence, left Cambridge.

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For fourteen years after that protest, Law's personal history is obscure. He published three books, opposing, in turn, certain ecclesiastical, ethical and moral errors. He published also his first devotional book—*Christian Perfection*. In 1727 he became chaplain in a Tory family of some prominence—the Gibbon family. From that date till Law's death, 1761, the facts of his life are clearly recorded. He went back to Cambridge—to his own college, Emmanuel—in a private capacity, as tutor to his patron's son. That son was afterward the father of Edward Gibbon. There was no common interest between tutor and ward, and, when young Gibbon went on the Continent for the *grand tour*, Law returned to his patron's home as chaplain and friend. While at Cambridge, Law had published a second devotional book, *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*. The book attracted much attention among a certain class, and some of its readers began to seek out the author in his retirement. As in all cases where men or women are drawn by the power of a leader, some of Law's admirers were wise, and some very foolish. Unfortunately the admiring comment of the foolish sometimes makes the leader himself seem foolish. The best known of those who came to the Gibbon home seeking interviews with Law were the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley. Their period of intercourse was brief. The real work of the Wesleys had not begun. John was not yet converted. The High-Churchmanship and the sincerity of both men—Law and Wesley—brought them into brief contact. In his later life as evangelist, Wesley used Law's *Serious Call* as a fifth Gospel. But the Wesleys had no sympathy with the second phase of Law's development, the period of mysticism.

1733 was the critical year and turning point in his life. Among those who came to converse with him, attracted by his religious nature, was a London physician, Dr. George Cheyne, a man of sufficient local celebrity to be made *dramatis persona* by Thackeray in *Henry Esmond*. Dr. Cheyne had a taste for metaphysics as well as for medicine. He introduced to Law the works of Jacob Bœhme. Law was forty-seven years old. His life to this point seems narrow; his religion also, though genuine, is thin, with a tinge of the "evangelical." But it was unmistakably sincere. He had conscientiously lived up to his faintest glimmer of light; he was now to be flooded. He had striven faithfully "to do the will"; he was now to learn the "doctrine." His after life bears remarkable testimony to the results that follow right effort. In his forty-eighth year, Law began to study German in order that he might read Bœhme's philosophical interpretation of religion. From an evangelical High Churchman Law became a mystic. The metaphysical basis of Christianity finds expression in all of Law's subsequent writing. His ripest exposition of the old Wisdom is made in three books, *The Spirit of Prayer* (1749), *The Way to Divine Knowledge* (1752), and *The Spirit of Love* (1754).

Law's patron died in 1737. Mr. Gibbon's death made changes. For three years longer Law resided intermittently with the family. In 1740

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he went back to his native village, King's Cliffe (Northampton). His father had died leaving him a tiny house and garden. Law may have received a legacy from Mr. Gibbon. His life was ascetic. His very small means were not only ample for his own needs; they enabled him to do charitable work for destitute children of the village. In 1743, Mr. Hutcheson, a friend, died and commended Mrs. Hutcheson to Law's spiritual care. Miss Hester Gibbon, daughter of the elder Gibbon (a woman of fifty and over) also desired Law's pastoral direction. The two ladies had ample incomes. They decided to take a house at King's Cliffe, to assist Law in his charitable labor, and to profit by his teaching. The united income was three thousand pounds. It is said three hundred pounds covered the personal expenses of Law and his two friends. The rest was used for a children's school and for cottage homes for religious women who were very poor. Law's impulses are said to have been not always wise nor his charity discriminating. There is extant a letter from the village Rector and certain of his flock, protesting that Law's free giving had drawn all the vagabonds of the country to King's Cliffe. The letter may represent an actual condition, or (from an 18th century rector) it may indicate only envy and ill-will. Law published an edition of Bœhme's writings. (*The Way to Divine Knowledge* is really a prefatory essay of introduction to the edition). He died at King's Cliffe in 1761 without any mental decay or moral obscuration.

It is easy to point out the defects of the 18th century. Its errors culminated in a horrid Feast of Reason. But the golden mean of that deplorable extreme was a horror of the extravagant, a love of good sense, order and moderation. The adventure and romance of an earlier age had decayed into bombast. Men were surfeited with the extraordinary. They aimed at a new standard of unquestionable sanity, sobriety and urbanity. It was an age of prose. The polished verse of the period lent its exquisite form to satire not to aspiration. The triumph of a German Elector over a Stuart prince is another illustration of men's preference for a certain solid commonplaceness to high-flying instability.

Though he is aloof from his contemporaries Law shines with some of the admirable characteristics of that century. His reply to a letter from Wesley in 1738 is marked by the quality of moderation that was so highly prized. Wesley had returned from his futile High Church missionary tour among the crude settlers of Georgia. He had talked with his Moravian friend, and had experienced the inner change of conversion. It was not singular of Wesley eagerly to desire to share that experience with a host of others. Many have been guilty of indiscreet zeal when new light opens up truth. Perhaps it was more than indiscretion that led Wesley to impeach his elder's religious sincerity. Wesley wrote to Law, and, after describing his long unhappiness he continued: "a holy man to whom God has lately directed me answered my complaint at once by saying, 'Believe, and thou shalt be saved.' Now, Sir, suffer me to ask, how will you justify it to our common Lord that you never gave

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me this advice? Why did I scarcely ever hear you name the name of Christ?—never so as to ground anything upon faith in His blood? Consider deeply and impartially whether the true cause of your never pressing this upon me was this, that you had it not yourself." Law's reply to Wesley's charge shows his force—force clothed in urbanity. He wrote: "As you have written the letter in obedience to a Divine call, I assure you that, considering your letter in that view, I neither desire nor dare to make the smallest defence of myself." He mentioned Wesley's long study of *The Imitation of Christ,* and suggested that Wesley let him share with à Kempis the failure of not directing Wesley to Christ. He rebuked the indiscreet impulse of Wesley: "let me advise you not to be hasty in believing that because you change your language and expressions, you have changed your faith. The head can as easily amuse itself with a living and justifying faith in the blood of Jesus as with any other notion; and the heart, which you suppose to be a place of security, as being the seat of self-love, is more deceitful than the head." That correspondence ended the relation of the two men; it had always been superficial. Wesley called Law's mature writing unintelligible jargon, and said Law's teacher, Bœhme, was not a theosopher but a demonosopher.

Law conforms also to the admirable literary fashions of his century. His garb is the true prose style of the "Spectator"—a style so different from the lyrical, poetic prose to which a later century has accustomed us. The 18th century prose is unornamented; it is refined and polished so that no quality juts out conspicuous or salient. It is polite, well-bred, urbane, without stress and strain and undue urgency, very quiet, full of repose, with much reservation behind its easy restraint—it is indefinably natural; it suggests face to face conversation but is not marred by the vulgarity of the colloquial. Quite in the manner of the "Spectator" Law paints portraits; the faces are individual, yet a whole type is often represented by that single figure. The interpretative faculty that made such portraits possible is Law's sympathy—and humour. "Mundanus is a man of excellent parts, and clear apprehension. He is well advanced in age, and has made a great figure in business. Every part of trade and business that has fallen in his way has had some improvement from him; and he is always contriving to carry every method of doing anything well to its greatest height. Mundanus aims at the greatest perfection in everything. The soundness and strength of his mind, and his just way of thinking upon things, makes him intent upon removing all imperfections.

"He can tell you all the defects and errors in all the common methods, whether of trade, building, or improving land or manufactures. The clearness and strength of his understanding, which he is constantly improving by continual exercise in these matters, by often digesting his thoughts in writing, and trying everything every way, has rendered him a great master of most concerns in human life.

"Thus has Mundanus gone on, increasing his knowledge and judgment, as fast as his years came upon him.

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"The one only thing which has not fallen under his improvement, nor received any benefit from his judicious mind, is his devotion: this is just in the same poor state it was, when he was only six years of age, and the old man prays now in that little form of words which his mother used to hear him repeat night and morning." One ought not to leave Law's humorous men and women without a second example of his quiet, penetrating observation. "When Ouranius first entered into holy orders, he had a haughtiness in his temper, a great contempt and disregard for all foolish and unreasonable people; but he has prayed away this spirit.

"The rudeness, ill-nature, or perverse behaviour of any of his flock, used at first to betray him into impatience; but it now raises no other passion in him, than a desire of being upon his knees in prayer to God for them. Thus have his prayers for others altered and amended the state of his own heart.

"It would strangely delight you to see with what spirit he converses, with what tenderness he reproves, with what affection he exhorts, and with what vigour he preaches; and it is all owing to this, because he reproves, exhorts, and preaches to those for whom he first prays to God.

"This devotion softens his heart, enlightens his mind, sweetens his temper.

"At his first coming to his little village, it was as disagreeable to him as a prison, and every day seemed too tedious to be endured in so retired a place. He thought his parish was too full of poor and mean people, that were none of them fit for the conversation of a gentleman.

"This put him upon a close application to his studies. He kept much at home, writ notes upon Homer and Plautus, and sometimes thought it hard to be called to pray by any poor body, when he was just in the midst of one of Homer's battles.

"This was his polite, or I may rather say, poor, ignorant turn of mind, before devotion had got the government of his heart.

"But now his days are so far from being tedious, or his parish too great a retirement, that he now only wants more time to do that variety of good, which his soul thirsts after."

It is noticeable of men and women whose hearts are centers of spiritual force that while they accomplish their life-work through an organization that is in some degree sectarian and narrow, they themselves and their doctrines stand above sectarianism on a height of true catholicity. This is true of George Fox, of Loyola, of Emerson, of St. Paul—pre-eminently of Christ. That Master incarnated as a Jew and worked through the narrow Judaic beliefs. The sectarian limits did not cramp His true nature—a World Saviour. Law is another example of that general truth. He never felt any need (or desire) to change his outward condition—a priest of the Anglican Church. He worked hard to train the children of his charity school according to the doctrine of that

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Church.* Yet what fellowship he exhibits not only with other Christian sects, but also with nameless religious souls of pagandom. He looked with perplexity upon the sterile garden of his Anglican faith—*hortus siccus*, and then upon the laughing flowers nodding over the Roman wall.† Weaker men have leaped over the wall into the Roman enclosure. Law did not uproot his plant of life.

Law felt that he owed an immense debt of gratitude to Bœhme. He translated his works, he interpreted Scripture with reference to Bœhme. He usually mentions Bœhme as "the blessed Jacob." That manner of reference is ridiculous. It drew ridicule from Law's contemporaries, and prejudiced them. Yet Law's relation to Bœhme is in no other respect extravagant or servile. He never suggests Boswell or Eckermann or Christian Scientists or some Theosophists. He was by no means a man of one book. Bœhme was a key that opened for Law passage into a spacious hall. Law never forgot the gratitude due. But he entered the hall. He knew Bœhme's writings by heart, perhaps. But he knew also many, many other mystical writers, from Dionysius to Fénelon. His estimate of Bœhme is marked by that 18th century virtue of moderation. He admired Bœhme greatly. He admired him as an inspired man of religious genius but not as a demi-god.‡

Law owes to Bœhme an understanding of the metaphysical foundations that underlie practical Christianity. There is nothing metaphysical in the *Serious Call*, Law's early work. It is sincerely, practically, rigorously moral. The metaphysics of morality came afterward. Law splendidly illustrates an oft quoted truth: for forty-three years he was

* His accurate knowledge of human nature, gained from long actual contact with people is shown by certain provisions made for the school. He directed that sixpence be given to each boy or girl for learning Morning Prayer, a shilling for the Catechism, and a shilling for a New Testament chapter. How different is his practical wisdom from the foolishness of theorists who expect all children, little or grown-up, to act from the stoical motives of a Marcus Aurelius.

† "O my God, how shall I unlock this mystery of things? in the land of darkness, overrun with superstition, where Divine Worship seems to be all show and ceremony, there both among priests and people Thou hast those who are fired with the pure love of Thee, who renounce everything for Thee, who are devoted wholly and solely to Thee, who think of nothing, write of nothing, desire nothing but the Honour, and Praise, and Adoration that is due to Thee, and who call all the world to the maxims of the Gospel, the Holiness and Perfection of the Life of Christ. But in the regions where Light is sprung up, whence Superstition is fled, where all that is outward in Religion seems to be pruned, dressed and put in its true order, there a cleansed shell, a whited sepulchre, seems too generally to cover a dead Christianity."

‡ "He has no right to be placed among the inspired Pen-men of the New Testament; he was no messenger from God of anything new in Religion; but the mystery of all that was old and true both in Religion and Nature was *opened* in him. This is the particularity of his character, by which he stands fully distinguished from all Prophets, Apostles, and extraordinary Messengers of God. They were sent with occasional Messages, or to make such alterations in the economy of Religion as pleased God; but this man came on no particular Errand, he had nothing to alter, or add, either in the Form or Doctrine of Religion; he had no new Truths of Religion to propose to the World, but all that lay in Religion and Nature, as a Mystery unsearchable, was in its deepest Ground opened in this Instrument of God. And all his Works are nothing else but a deep manifestation of the Grounds and Reasons of that which is done, that which is doing, and is to be done, both in the kingdom of Nature and the kingdom of Grace, from the Beginning to the End of Time. His Works, therefore, though immediately from God, have not at all the Nature of the Holy Scriptures; they are not offered to the World, as necessary to be received, or as a Rule of Faith and Manners, and therefore no one has any Right to complain, either of the Depths of his Matter, or the Peculiarity of his Stile. They are just as they should be, for those that are fit for them; and he that likes them not, or finds himself unqualified for them, has no obligation to read them."

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unremitting in his efforts "to do the will"; strict attention to moral dictates brought him in mid-life knowledge of the doctrine.

Perhaps the most striking point in Law's later teaching is this: Christianity is a fact in Nature, is spiritual biology. Law had written of new birth, death to self, etc., as many other divines have written—more sincerely, surely, and as things to be seriously faced rather than evaded. In his later writing, Law made no *volte face*. He saw that he had been speaking more truly than he knew—that "new birth," "death," etc., instead of being similes borrowed from incidents of the physiological husk are actual facts of the soul, and that the physical events so named are the clumsy similes. The words, "new birth," and others like them must be taken, he insists, in a strictly literal sense.* New birth does not mean a formal outer thing like joining a Church or society. It means a spiritual, biological change through which an individual enters into the real world and begins his life. Until that event happens the individual has no existence. He is outside the cosmos of reality; he is a phantom in the penumbra of material darkness, a rotting corpse dead in trespasses and sin.

The adjective "new" does not in this phrase signify a birth that is recent as compared with the individual's physical birth. For to the physiology which is concerned with the states and conditions of the soul, a thing so temporary and feeble and gross as the human body is of inferior importance. "New" or "second" birth does not then express a metaphorical condition posterior to physical birth. It denotes attainment for a second time of spiritual consciousness—a sharing in that Life which was the soul's at its first birth. Born of God, the creature, man, lived in God's life, vitalised by His blood. Man lost his place in reality and "fell" into unreality, the shadow of death. When man passes from the shadow of death, and becomes a second time free, alive, and real, he has had his ***second*** birth into reality.

If this idea appears at all fantastic the fault is in the presentation. Law's thought and expression are as clear as Addison's upon mundane matters. Law reminds his readers of the Scriptural words that Adam died in the day of his sin. Quite clearly Adam's body did not die on that day. Real death, therefore, refers to the soul. So also does real birth.

Man's first birth into Divine Life was the work of Creation. His second birth into that Life is the work of Redemption. The "Fall" was a change of man's polarity. He dissevered his will from God's will and placed it in opposition. Man's will, wrenched from its function of coöper-

* "How pitiable therefore, or rather how hurtful is that *Learning*, which uses all its Art of Words, to avoid and lose the true Sense of our Saviour's Doctrine concerning the new Birth, which is necessary to fallen Man, by holding, that the Passages asserting the new Birth, are only a *figurative*, strong Form of Words concerning *something*, that is not *really* a Birth, or Growth of a new Nature, but may, according to the best Rules of *Criticism*, signify, either our *Entrance* into the Society of Christians, by the Rite of Baptism, or such a new Relation, as a Scholar may have with his Master, who by a Conformity to Terms of Union, or by copying his Ways and Manners, may, by a *Figure of Speech*, be said to be born again of him."

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ation and made hostile by self-reference, exercised its divine function in new and morbid conditions.* It brought forth the world and its synonymous materiality of darkness. It blindly wove around the real life of man (the soul) a dense veil of shadows that gradually smothered the fire of life. Under all that quenching rotteness a spark of fire remains, a seed of life. The work of Redemption is to fan that spark to a blaze, to develop the germ into an organism until at last Christ is born again in man as truly as He was born from the Virgin's womb.

Through the work of Redemption the broken union of God and Man is restored. "Union" is a state much written about. Ancient and modern mystics have been doubtless quite clear in their own minds about their experiences. But their language sometimes fails to express their meaning clearly, and we have accounts that are ecstatic, but vague and confused. Law is more fortunate than some other mystics. He leaves one in no confusion. "Union" in his books does not mean a blurred state in which creature is merged with Creator. Union means more than one. It means coöperation of two independent wills. Union is altogether different from Unity. The three persons of the Trinity live in Unity. God and His creature, man, may live in Union.

Law's illuminating interpretation of Christianity as a fact in Nature does away with the Calvinistic theories of a capricious and arbitrary God whose inveterate characteristic is wrath. The Christian process of birth, death, and rebirth is a natural one. It is governed by certain laws. There is nothing capricious or tyrannical in it. No arbitrary trial, Law wrote, is ever imposed on any human being. "The natural state of every intelligent creature is its *one only* trial." Law shows unmistakably the only meaning that "punishment" and "wrath" can have when used of the Deity. Man's punishment (in Adam's sin) was a punishment brought upon him; it was not something arbitrarily inflicted by God—it was nothing more (nor less) than the inevitable consequence of his own act. It was Karma. "Adam had no more hurt done to him at his fall than the very nature of his own action brought along with it upon himself." The "wrath" of God originates from man not from Deity. It is a cloud obscuring the Divine Nature; it is an exhalation from man's will morbidly turned upon itself and fermenting. "When sin is extinguished in the creature, all the wrath that is between God and the creature is fully atoned. Search all the Bible, from one end to the other, and you will find that the atonement of that which is called the Divine wrath, or justice, and the extinguishing of sin in the creature, are only different expressions for one and the same individual thing."

Because Law made religion a process of inner development, a history

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* "The seed of everything that can grow in us is our will. The will maketh the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything; it is the only workman in nature; and everything is its work."

"Every vice, pain and disorder in human nature is in itself nothing else but the spirit of the creature turned from the universality of love to some self-seeking or own will in created things."

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of "the soul rising out of the vanity of time into the riches of eternity," the charge Quakerism was made against him. It was asserted that Law's teaching about the inner life, inner light, etc., was subversive of formal religion. There are sentences which can be detached from his writings and used to substantiate such a charge as hostility to ecclesiastical forms and usages. He implies that the difference between Christians and Pagans is not one of intellectual creeds or Church attendance but of attention concentrated upon the inner or outer world.* He says in one place: "No external dispensation could redeem man unless the seed of life were in him."† He wrote in a private letter: "their [his writings] whole drift is to call all Christians to a God and Christ within them, as the only possible life, light, and power of all goodness they can ever have; and, therefore, they turn my readers as much from myself as from any other, 'Lo here! or Lo there!'" Surely it is malevolent prejudice alone that could distort such statements away from the evident and reverent purpose of the author. Law held as tenaciously to the outward practices of the Church of England as Loyola did to Catholic tradition. Law was not a false devotee. He had no antinomian theories. He never desired to make reputed spiritual virtues a screen for obvious moral failings. He never sought to justify outward dark deeds by flickerings of inner light. He worshipped regularly in the cell of his own heart.‡ He worshipped regularly in the parish Church also. The small religious community, composed of Law and the two ladies whose devotions and charities he directed, kept faithfully the seven daily periods of prayer provided for by old canons and breviaries. Law revered the sacraments of the Church and the offices of the Anglican Prayer Book. He labored zealously to transfer those offices from the pages of the Prayer Book to the hearts and memories of his boys and girls. He believed that the Blood of Christ flows in a vitalising current through the veins and arteries

* "These apostles [devout souls of pagan lands], though they had not the Law or written Gospel to urge upon their hearers, yet having turned to God they found and preached the Gospel that was written in their hearts."

† Cf. also sentences like the following: "Nothing serves God or worships and adores him but that which wills and works with him."

"Salvation or damnation is no outward thing that is brought into you from without, but is only that which springs up within you as the birth and state of your own life. What you are in yourself is all that can be either your salvation or damnation."

‡ "This pearl of eternity is the *Church*, or temple of God within thee, the consecrated place of divine worship, where alone thou canst worship God *in spirit and in truth*. *In spirit*, because thy spirit is that alone in thee, which can unite and cleave unto God, and receive the working of His Divine Spirit upon thee. *In truth*, because this *adoration* in spirit is that *truth* and *reality*, of which all outward *forms* and *rites*, though instituted by God, are only the *figure* for a time, but this worship is eternal. Accustom thyself to the holy service of this inward temple. In the midst of it is the fountain of living water, of which thou mayst drink and live forever. There the mysteries of thy redemption are celebrated, or rather opened in life and power. There the Supper of the Lamb is kept; *the bread that came down from Heaven, that giveth life to the world*, is thy true nourishment: all is done and known in real existence, in a living sensibility of the work of God on the soul. There the birth, the life, the sufferings, the death, the resurrection and ascension of Christ are not merely remembered, but inwardly found and enjoyed as the real state of thy soul, which has followed Christ in the regeneration. When once thou art well-grounded in this *inward worship*, thou wilt have learnt to live unto God *above time* and *place*. For every day will be *Sunday* to thee, and wherever thou goest thou wilt have a *priest*, a *church*, and an *altar* along with thee."

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of the cosmos. He believed also that one partakes of that Blood in the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "The blood of Christ is the life of this world, because it brings forth and generates from itself the paradisiacal, immortal flesh and blood, as certainly, as really, as the blood of fallen Adam brings forth and generates from itself the sinful, vile, corruptible flesh and blood of their life." Law was Catholic, he was finely balanced, he bent as a circumference about the center God; he did not shoot off a tangent. His profound metaphysics saved him from doctrinal eccentricity. "Everything that is outward in any being is only a birth of its own spirit," he once wrote. Law's religious practices, inward and outward, were consistent. They outdistanced those of his contemporaries just as his philosophy stands above the paltry schemes of the deistical *philosophies*. "Modern metaphysics," he wrote, "have no knowledge of the ground and nature either of spirit or body, but suppose them not only without any natural relation, but *essentially* contrary." Law maintained, to the contrary, that "body and soul go hand in hand, and are nothing else but the inward and outward state of one and the same life." The body is a husk laid over the soul.

Law is a mystical theologian. He maintains the articles of the historical Christian creed, not through some factitious scheme of logic but through truths revealed in the human heart. When a portion of those truths once becomes part of an individual's experience, that man, by continued experiment, can find them written large in the history and structure of the universe. Law is more than a theologian. He is not content merely with tracing and expounding the reason of things. He is an evangelist, also. He longs eagerly to have every man take the first experimental steps which bring knowledge of the doctrine. He wishes every man to be a Christian, not a student of Christianity. His only ambition was that his books might shape living stones for the Divine Temple. In the character of Academicus, Law, with customary lightness and urbanity, satirises the "modern" man, the man of mind, trained in all the universities, decorated with all degrees. Academicus is a pedant provided with all the lumber of religions. The illiterate Rusticus is a Temple of the Spirit. "When I had taken my degrees," Academicus replies in one of the Dialogues,* "I consulted several great divines, to put me in a method of studying divinity. Had I said to them, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' they would have prescribed hellebore to me, or directed me to the physician as a vapoured enthusiast. And yet I am now fully satisfied, that this one question ought to be the sole inquiry of him, who desires to be a true divine. And was our Saviour himself on earth, who surely could do more for me than all the libraries in the world, yet I need have asked no more divinity-knowledge of him, than is contained in this one question.

"It would take up near half a day, to tell you the work which my

* Law frequently used the *Dialogue* form as the most convenient for exposition and for presenting and answering objections.

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learned friends have cut out for me. One told me, that Hebrew words are all; that they must be read without points; and then the Old Testament is an opened book. He recommended to me a cart-load of lexicons, critics, and commentators, upon the Hebrew Bible. Another tells me, the Greek Bible is the best; that it corrects the Hebrew in many places; and refers me to a large number of books learnedly writ in the defence of it. Another tells me, that Church-history is the main matter; that I must begin with the first Fathers, and follow them through every age of the Church, not forgetting to take the Lives of the Roman Emperors along with me, as striking great light into the state of the Church in their times. Then I must have recourse to all the councils held, and the canons made, in every age; which would enable me to see with my own eyes the great corruptions of the Council of Trent. Another, who is not very fond of ancient matters, but wholly bent upon rational Christianity, tells me, I need go no higher than the Reformation; that Calvin and Cranmer were very great men; that Chillingworth and Locke ought always to lie upon my table; that I must get an entire set of those learned volumes wrote against Popery in King James's reign; and also be well versed in all the discourses which Mr. Boyle's and Lady Moyer's lectures have produced: And then, says he, you will be a match for our greatest enemies, which are the Popish priests, and modern deists. My tutor is very liturgical; he desires me, of all things, to get all the collections that I can of the ancient liturgies, and all the authors that treat of such matters; who, he says, are very learned, and very numerous. He has been many years making observations upon them, and is now clear, as to the time, when certain little particles got entrance into the liturgies, and others were by degrees dropped. He has a friend abroad, in search of ancient manuscript liturgies; for, 'by the bye,' said he, at parting, 'I have some suspicion that our Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is essentially defective, for want of having a little water in the wine, etc.' Another learned friend tells me, the Clementine Constitutions is the book of books; and that all that lies loose and scattered in the New Testament, stands there in its true order and form; and though he will not say, that Dr. Clarke and Mr. Whiston are in the right; yet it might be useful to me to read all the Arian and Socinian writers, provided I stood upon my guard, and did it with caution. The last person I consulted, advised me to get all the histories of the rise and progress of heresies, and of the lives and characters of heretics. These histories, he said, contract the matter; bring truth and error close in view; and I should find all that collected in a few pages, which would have cost me some years to have got together. He also desired me to be well versed in all casuistical writers, and chief schoolmen; for they debate matters to the bottom; dissect every virtue, and every vice, into its many degrees and parts; and show, how near they can come to one another without touching. And this knowledge, he said, might be useful to me, when I came to be a parish-priest.

"Following the advice of all these counsellors, as well as I could,

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I lighted my candle early in the morning, and put it out late at night. In this labour I had been sweating for some years, till Rusticus, at my first acquaintance with him, seeing my way of life, said to me, 'Had you lived about seventeen hundred years ago, you had stood just in the same place as I stand now. I cannot read; and therefore,' says he, 'all these hundreds of thousands of disputed books, and doctrine-books, which these seventeen hundred years have produced, stand not in my way, they are the same thing to me, as if they had never been. And, had you lived at the time mentioned, you had just escaped them all, as I do now; because, though you are a very good reader, there were then none of them to read.

" 'Could you, therefore, be content to be one of the primitive Christians, who were as good as any that have been since, you may spare all this labour. Take only the Gospel into your hands; deny yourself; renounce the lusts of the flesh; set your affections on things above; call upon God for his Holy Spirit; walk by faith, and not by sight; adore the holy deity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in whose Image and Likeness you were at first created, and in whose Name and Power you have been baptised, to be again the living likeness, and holy habitation, of his Life, and Light, and Holy Spirit.

" 'Look up to Christ, as your Redeemer, your Regenerator, your second Adam; look at him, as truly he is, the Wisdom and Power of God, sitting at his Right Hand in Heaven, giving forth gifts unto men; governing, sanctifying, teaching, and enlightening with his Holy Spirit, all those that are spiritually-minded; who live in faith, and hope, and prayer, to be redeemed from the nature and power of this evil world. Follow but this simple, plain spirit of the Gospel, loving God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself, and then you are Christ's disciple, and have his authority to "let the Dead bury their Dead."

" 'God is a Spirit, in whom you live and move and have your being; and he stays not till you are a great scholar, but till you turn from evil, and love goodness, to manifest his holy Presence, Power, and Life, within you. It is the love of goodness, that must do all for you; this is the art of arts; and when this is the ruling spirit of your heart, then Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will come unto you, and make their abode with you, and lead you into all truth.' "

The man Rusticus who speaks thus to his learning-burdened friend is ignorant of much that the "world" prizes; but he has gained the "hidden Wisdom." To Law, as to all truly religious souls, everything is dross in comparison with that spiritual gold.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

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THE BATTLE ROYAL

THE purifying breath of war was sweeping over the land. A world-weary pilgrim slept and dreamed. When he awoke he told his dream to others and they to still others, until it reached these pages—garbled, perhaps, by its passage through many minds, but preserving still some hints of truth.

The call came and the disciple found himself standing among those of like degree, watching the assembly of the Great Ones. In previous experiences of a similar nature the atmosphere had been full of that serene intensity of utter devotion which is characteristic of such gatherings. Among the juniors there would be interest, expectation, hope. This time there was a marked change. A feeling of great gravity, of seriousness, almost of tenseness and of strain, was apparent. Evidently affairs of great magnitude were in progress. An instant exercise of his perceptive faculties and the disciple realized the situation. It was outside of his own experience, but he was familiar with the Lodge traditions:

The Silent Watcher had decreed a Battle Royal.

The White Lodge has some weapons it rarely uses. They are reserved for great emergencies in the slow and painful evolution of the world. One of these is the earth cataclysm, when men become too evil; when they pass too completely under the sway of the Black Lodge; when the generally decadent tendency ceases to be offset by the individual efforts of the good; then by fire or ice, by earthquake or flood, the surface of the earth is swept bare of men: the world lies fallow for awhile. The psychic and physical atmosphere is purged of its vileness and then the sin-burdened souls start fresh upon their upward climb under better and easier circumstances. There are great cataclysms and lesser cataclysms, local and general, depending upon the object to be achieved.

Another weapon of the White Lodge is the Battle Royal. The White and Black forces wage perpetual warfare, on all the five planes of being reached by the Black Lodge, but this warfare is for the souls of men. The Battle Royal is not for the souls of men, it is for the very existence of the combatants themselves, it is a fight to the death—spiritual death—annihilation.

The White Lodge has the power, at any time, to precipitate a conflict, and to summon the cohorts of the Black Lodge, rank and file, to come forward and fight for their existence. It is a weapon very seldom used, for the cost is great.

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The White Lodge is always, and must always be more powerful on the higher planes; the Black Lodge is often stronger on the physical plane. When the world is evil and the human race corrupt, and materialistic, the Black Lodge is at its height and waxes numerous and strong.

The rules of the Battle Royal are that rank shall meet rank and individual shall meet individual. The seniors meet the seniors, the most powerful, the most powerful. Down through the whole hierarchy grade by grade, the seniors go forth to meet their respective antagonists. If the White Lodge has more members of a certain grade than are called for by the members of the corresponding grade in the Black Lodge, the balance cannot fight. If the Black Lodge in its turn has more adherents in any grade than the White Lodge, again the surplus does not have to fight, unless a member of the White Lodge of a lower grade volunteers and is permitted to fight. The Black Lodge is always more numerous and more powerful in the lower grades. Consequently it suffers most among its ranking members, while the White Lodge suffers most among its chelas and youngest disciples. That is the reason why the Battle Royal is a weapon very seldom used. It is practically never advocated by the masters themselves out of their tender regard for their chelas, and has to be decreed by the Great Power, whose rare commands are often unexpected.

As the disciple watched he saw the hosts of the Black Lodge appearing, on what can only be described as the other side of a space, and within this space was a magnetic ring which was the battle ground. The ranking member of the Black Lodge was drawn irresistibly into this magnetic ring; a figure of indescribable majesty and power. Although he must have known himself face to face with annihilation, the visage did not loose its immobility, in the eyes was a hopeless and desperate calm. As he entered the ring, the Regent of the West, without moving from his seat, drew the edge of the ring to him, until he too was in it, and then with a single, simple gesture, as if flicking ashes from a cigarette, the other *was not;* and the edge of the ring moved back.

Then those of the next grade came forward one by one from each side and entered the ring. There was no sign of combat. Two figures would stand facing each other for an instant and then the representative of the Black Lodge simply disappeared.

Soon all of that grade were finished and the battle between the next began. The outer circumstances did not vary, save that the contests took more time and there was less calmness; growing signs of struggle and of effort. Grade after grade of the White Lodge met and conquered their adversaries. At first, the White Lodge had numbers left over after the Black Lodge had exhausted all its representatives of each particular grade, but as the scale descended, the balance went the other way; the Black Lodge members of the lower grades were so numerous, that it

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had the surplus after all the representatives of the White Lodge had come forward.

Then came calamity. The first member of the White Lodge was overpowered. He was only a chela, and a junior chela at that, but he too disappeared, save that instead of nothing, there was left a luminous sphere, the augoiedes, the upper triad of principles, which, perforce, had to begin again the cycle of incarnation. His antagonist backed away with a look of evil triumph. When the struggle began between individuals closer to the disciple's own degree, he noticed a gradual change in what can only be described as the scenery. As he understood more and more of the nature of the contest and the plane upon which it was taking place, it interpreted itself to his mind more and more as an ordinary fight. It ceased to be solely between opposing wills, and became more and more a battle between bodies. He knew that this was only symbolical of the exercise of all the forces and powers that each contestant had available, but so it pictured itself to his mind.

Heretofore the attention and interest of the disciple had been impersonal. Even when his own Master had entered the ring, his absolute confidence in him had prevented anxiety. Absorbed in watching the combats, he had not noticed his own surroundings. His special friends had not had to fight at all. Now he saw that the scene had again changed. He was standing with a very few others, near a great precipice, down which the combatants hurled each other. Sometimes they both went down.

Suddenly he saw the King walk forward, and opposed to him was a magnificent and regal person, radiating vitality and sinister power. He awoke from his absorption with a start, for this was his King and age-long comrade, whom he had pledged to serve and to whom he owed everything. Looking round, he saw back from the precipice, and outside the area of conflict, the Great Ones still assembled, watching. With him and behind him were grouped the younger chelas who were still to be engaged. He knew then that he too would have to fight and that his time was drawing near. He realized in a flash that a crucial contest was at hand, for there was then to be fought in Heaven, and between the worlds' representatives of the two Lodges, the White King and the Black King, a battle, the issue of which would profoundly influence the future of mankind. The earthly war which was then raging was but the outer expression of this inner battle.

The King and his antagonist rushed at each other and locked in a fierce embrace. Then he saw another representative of the Black Lodge run forward, and he knew him as the Black King's squire. That meant that he too could enter the magnetic circle and help his King. Making for the squire, who was intent on the other two, he grasped him from behind. Instantly every atom of strength and power he had was engaged in a desperate struggle. He tried to keep his head, to keep cool, to supplement his insufficient strength with his wits, but strive as he

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would, he felt himself overcome. Every sin he had ever committed rose to his mind, and he could feel his antagonist use them. His lack of power was because of his misuse of that power. Never before had he known such repentance, and nothing but the thought of his Master's sorrow nerved him to continued effort. Still he was overcome and found himself close to the brink of the precipice. He gave a cry of despair, an appeal for help, whereupon the White King broke away from his antagonist, rushed toward them, and dealt a fearful blow to his antagonist. The black squire's head wabbled on his shoulders. The disciple pushed him over the few remaining feet of ground and thrust him over the precipice.

Turning just in time he saw the Black King staggering toward the brink bearing the White King aloft. There was only time to throw himself at the Black King's feet, and the three rolled over the edge of rock in an inextricable tangle. Like an echo from a great distance he heard a moan from the spectators. He was conscious of a fearful wrench and he found himself clinging to the King who in turn was swinging over the awful chasm, grasping desperately at the root of a small tree which sprouted from a fissure of the rock a few inches from the brink. The Black King had disappeared. For an instant they were quiet: then summoning all his powers, he climbed up the body of the King until he too could grasp the root. Then slowly, laboriously, inch by inch, as he supported his own weight, the King raised himself until he got one hand on the surface of the rock, then his forearm, and then as his head and face lifted over the edge, again the disciple heard a sigh, like a far off echo.

Watching with an intensity of interest that was breathless, the spectators saw the white, strained, haggard face, with its finely chiselled features almost unrecognizable in its grim and indomitable purpose, slowly emerge from the chasm; then the long slender body, until finally the King sank exhausted, safe. But only for a moment. Not understanding his immediate purpose, they saw him turn and lean over the chasm again. He made effort after effort, unavailing, then desperate, but still unconquered, unbeaten, they saw him back away from the chasm with a hand between his teeth. In a moment, the scarcely conscious face of the disciple was dragged above the line, and with another supreme effort by both, a last conscious impulse toward self-preservation, the body of the disciple was hauled over the brink. Even yet they were not safe, and could be given no assistance, for they were still within the magnetic circle. So painfully, stupidly, half-conscious, like men sodden with drugs, they crawled feebly toward their goal—their Master. The spectators watched with gleaming eyes as they struggled forward until they crossed the circle, then, instantly, as they knelt at their Master's feet, as his arms enveloped them, all signs of conflict, of fatigue, of strain, disappeared, and there stood there two radiantly happy chelas.

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The disciple said afterwards that he believed that the Master's Master had put that root at just that place, but under what law he did not know; perhaps because of the great love he bore his Son and his Son bore his two disciples. THE PILGRIM.

TRUE POLITENESS

A poor Arab going through the desert met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a suitable present for the Caliph. So he filled his leather bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid the gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch, with a magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, drank freely, and then with a smile thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward.

The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop. But after the simple-hearted giver had left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained the motive of his prohibition:

"During the long journey, the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded."

—AVE MARIA.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT

VI

For this cause I, Paul, the prisoner of Christ Jesus in behalf of you Gentiles,—if so be that ye have heard of the stewardship of that grace of God which was given me to you-ward; how that by revelation was made known unto me the mystery, as I wrote afore in a few words, whereby, when ye read, ye can perceive my understanding in the mystery of the Christ; which in other generations was not made known unto the sons of men, as it hath now been revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets in the Spirit. . . .

EPHESIANS, iii, 1-5.

THE steps into which our subject has divided itself in the preceding sections may be summarized briefly as follows: Unreasoning, uncritical man has always believed in and acknowledged a spiritual world; the history of religions and religious practices has revealed man's continuous effort to reach this spiritual world, or, more often, if possible to bring it down to his own level of perception and consciousness. Recent critical psychological analysis of the individual cannot penetrate as yet behind will-power,—or rather, it cannot distinguish and define the life-force of which will is the expression; so that empiric scientific achievement fails as yet to take direct cognizance of a spiritual world. However, much of recent philosophic speculation based on our modern science is more and more impelled toward at least a serious consideration of the necessity for some spiritual world underlying the so-called world of matter. Many eminent scientists are publicly stating that they can see no other possible explanation of life itself.

Turning to religions and religious leaders, we find them all stating emphatically and as a fact of their personal experience, that there is a spiritual world, and that life itself does find its fullest explanation only in the realization of conscious existence in this spiritual world. Such existence is possible; and the object of all genuine religious teaching and training is to develop in man the (hitherto merely latent) capacity of elevating and enlarging his ordinary, everyday consciousness to the point where he can and will for himself recognize and know the spiritual world, acquire its new powers and share in its richness of life and superabundant joys.

Further than this, the special and peculiar contribution of Christianity was its specific teaching, not only about Spirit in general and about an abstract spiritual world, but more particularly of the birth of

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a Spirit in each man who consecrated himself to a pure, upright, and devoted life, who became, technically, a disciple of the Master Jesus. This contribution, or revelation as it has been called, was the foremost and underlying truth in all of St. Paul's message as embodied in his many writings. For this reason we have examined a few of the passages in Paul's early Epistles that are not so well-worn to Christian ears as are, for instance, those used in the burial service. People today are so conversant with certain parts of Paul, and his words convey to their minds so immediately the commonplace materialistic interpretation of later dogmatizing, that it is difficult really to penetrate this mental barrier and attain Paul's own intention. But from these earlier passages, assembled so as to glean one comprehensive thought, we have seen the fundamental ideas clearly expressed. He himself believed and taught that the Master had at baptism "put in our hearts the first instalment of the Spirit,"* which is likened to a temple, upbuilt by God, and increasing as the disciple's own devotion to the cause of the Master and to the religious life made increase possible. He also taught that the spiritual world is not apart from or outside of the physical, mental, and psychic worlds known to average humanity: it is on the contrary not only an essential part of that world, but is in reality the whole of which we see but the part; or, put in another way, the everyday world, with all its achievements, *is* inseparable from the spiritual world since there is fundamental unity between the two,—but the physical world is the more limited, the spiritual being an extension of it. From the point of view of the limited, a bridge or channel of communication between the two is a necessity as the first step toward any apprehension of what lies outside; and this bridge depends upon just this extension of the lower, limited, and familiar powers common to all men. A degree of attainment in this reached, and the actual new birth, the "birth from above," occurs. The Spirit is born in the man;—he becomes a "new creature," personally aware of this Spirit in himself, partly at least identified with it, and yet all the while living and functioning in the physical world.

So we see that the ethically higher qualities,—"whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be anything praiseworthy,"†—all such qualities developed, lived out, and made the vital constituents of a man's character and being, are in the nature of things part and parcel of the spiritual world and will lead inevitably to the birth of the Spirit in him, to a new sense and consciousness of oneness with fellow disciples, to direct knowledge of the spiritual realities, to discernment of spiritual truths, and to vision of and with the Master.

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*τὸν ἀ῾ρραβῶνα τοῦ πνε῾υματος. "῾Αρραβῶν is properly a deposit paid as a security for the rest of the purchase money; and then, by a natural transference, the first instalment of a treasure given as a pledge for the delivery of the remainder." Westcott on *Eph.* i, 14.

† *Philippians* iv, 8.

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The early Christian Church originally was the corporate body of such disciples, themselves varying in their degrees of attainment;—an outward, organized, and directed group for work in the world, and at the same time the mystical body of Christ their Master, one with His very mind and life, bound by the ties of love, as only love can bind, into a single whole of which He was the head and they formed the living members.

These broad conceptions of the place of the spiritual world, not as vaguely distant, but as closely in touch with, beside, and interpenetrating the physical, mental, and psychic worlds of our daily experience,—these conceptions, then, underlie all of St. Paul's thinking. With them fairly in mind, we can now turn to the two great remaining passages in his letters which deal directly with our subject. Familiar as they are, new truth may now be found to exist in them, and more insight into the things of the Spirit obtained.

In *I Corinthians* xv Paul takes up the vital question of life after death and the resurrection. In it are very definite statements about the spiritual body as a fact; and we are again reminded that these things are a mystery, to be understood and known only in the living of them. How can there be a resurrection of the body, and how can we believe that Christ rose from the dead? asked the Corinthians. And Paul answers first, quite plainly, that this mortal, corruptible body cannot and does not enter the spiritual world; that just as there is no question of a seed-body, once planted, itself coming alive again after its death in the ground, so also this physical body, however it may provide the instrument and channel necessary for a new birth, yet of itself dies and once dead stays dead. "Now I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption put on incorruption."

But Paul does not only direct his argument to the crude materialistic outlook of the Corinthians, rather he indicates again the direction in which we must look to get at the true inwardness of this question. For it involves not merely death as an unexplained fact of natural and material existence, but the mystery of the life of the Spirit, its immortality in the mystical body of the resurrected Christ, and therefore involves also the laws that govern the relation between Spirit-world and the world of matter.

Paul shows us that Christ is the great exemplar of this spiritual fact and of these spiritual laws. "For since death came through man,* through man also is the resurrection from death,"† he tells us, "For as in Adam all die, so also in the Christ shall all be made alive." Whether or not

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* διὰ with the genitive denotes the instrument or agency by or through which a thing occurs. *I Cor.* xv, 21 ff.

† νεκρος is used frequently in the N. T. and notably by St. Paul to mean the *spiritually dead*, while life is still running its course in the physical body. Thayer's lexicon defines this use to mean "destitute of a life that recognizes and is devoted to God, because given up to trespasses and sins; inactive as respects doing right." True so far as it goes, this definition does not seem to set forth all that St. Paul means. The reborn man is a "new creature," not merely a pious man. St. Paul means goodness and something more, connected with the indwelling Spirit. Compare *Rom.* vi, 13; *Eph.* ii, 1; and v, 14 with *Jn.* v, 25 and *Rev.* iii, 1.

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Paul knew the double use of the word Christ, such as is found in the esoteric *Pistis-Sophia* of the early Gnostics, cannot be determined; but in this connection the Gnostic use of the name as signifying not the man Jesus, but the impersonal principle, the Atmâ within every man's soul, is very suggestive. The tie, already spoken of, that binds master and disciple would further explain, perhaps, the reason for this use of the word Christ. We find Paul elsewhere (*Galatians* iv, 19) saying "My little children, of whom I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you," or, just before (ii, 20), "I have been crucified with Christ; but I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." All the emphasis is laid in these passages on a spiritual relationship between Christ and his disciples; and it is on this relationship, and in the possession of this Spirit, our Spirit and at the same time Christ's, that depend our immortality and the final resurrection.

"But, some one will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased him, and to each seed a body of its own." To live as a plant the seed must die. And the direct inference from this is that to live a conscious entity in the spiritual, eternal world, the down-tending passions and senses of man that divert life and power away from his immortal inner ego must first "die," and these before his body does. For the body is but the field of each man's opportunity, throughout each incarnation, to achieve this self-transmutation; after physical death comes "the night, when no man can work." So Paul—"I protest by that in you of which one can glory, brethren, and which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily." The aphorism "To live is to die and to die is to live," has been too little understood by Western materialism; but the fact remains that only through the death of the weeds of human passions can the perceptions and the existence of the spiritual man be called to life.

"All flesh is not the same flesh: for there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and that of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body; there is also a spiritual body. So also it is written, The first man Adam became a living soul. The last Adam a life-giving spirit. Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord of [or

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from] heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, let us also bear the image of the heavenly."

Could Paul be very well more explicit? Compare this with another passage, again in *Galatians* (vi, 7-9). "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life. And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Eternal life can and does only come in the measure that our consciousness is centered in the Spirit; earthly consciousness, brain-personality, perishes with the death of the body. We shall refer to this more fully in a later section.

Again linking thought to thought, and analysing Paul's meaning closely, does it not seem that he is blending two ideas here,—familiar enough to those who have read Madame Blavatsky? Is he not using a discussion of the life after death and the ground for faith in Christ's resurrection as a means to inculcate the idea of spiritual resurrection here and now? See what he says next. "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I tell you a mystery: We shall not all die, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall all be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. And when this incorruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Surely Paul is again touching here on that achievement, possible even while alive in the physical body, of passing through death imperceptibly, as it were,—exchanging a corruptible, fleshly body for an incorruptible spiritual? The last trump is the symbol of the final judgment,—but this may come at any time for the disciple. Paul expressly intimates that some will experience this before physical death, and that then they shall be raised up incorruptible. It was well enough for the lay multitude to believe and fear an impending final judgment; Paul and his intimate disciples could hardly have believed any such crude idea, and the Second Coming with its searching judgment was for them rather a vital step, or fact, in their spiritual development. The "Elixir of Life" in *Five Years of Theosophy* gives a very specific and detailed account of this same investiture in its more scientific details; and all of Paul's ethical and moral training supplements Madame Blavatsky's teaching as leading us directly toward a readjustment to this other world. In the next letter to the *Corinthians* (iii, 16 ff.), Paul recurs to his idea, speaking, perhaps, particularly for the benefit of those who really could understand. "But whensoever a man shall turn to the Lord, the veil is taken

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away. Now the Lord is the Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord which is the Spirit." Further comparisons of this peculiarly Pauline theory with some of the Theosophic writings on the subject will be considered in a later section.

In *II Corinthians* (iv, 3 ff.) Paul advances another argument to reinforce his earlier teaching of the Spirit, which had not been believed or understood by some of the disciples. "But and if," he writes, "our gospel is veiled, it is veiled in them that are in danger of losing eternal life:* in whom the god of this age hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that there should not dawn upon them the illumination of the gospel of the Christ, who is the image of God. . . . But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the exceeding greatness of the power may be of God, and not from ourselves; . . . Wherefore we faint not; but though our outer man is decaying, yet our inner man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that if the earthly house of our bodily frame be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands,† eternal in the heavens. For verily in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found stripped of the body. For indeed we that are in this bodily frame do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life. Now he that wrought us for this very thing is God, who gave unto us the earnest of his Spirit. Being therefore always of good courage, and knowing that, whilst we are dwelling in the body we are not at home with the Lord (for we walk by faith, not by appearance); we are of good courage, I say, and are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be dwelling with the Lord. Wherefore also we are ambitious, whether present or absent, to be well-pleasing unto him. For we must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of the Christ; that each one may receive the things through the body, according to what he hath done, whether good or bad. . . . Wherefore if any man is in Christ, there is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold they are become new."

The student would do well to read the whole of this passage, from

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* Cf. this use of ἀπόλλυμι with cognate uses in St. John's Gospel; as, for instance iii, 15, 16; x, 28; xvii, 12. John's whole conception was that eternal life begins on earth, just as soon as one becomes united to Christ by faith. Paul holds the same idea.

† Cf. Nathan's message to David concerning the temple in *II Sam.* vii, 11-18, where God says *he* will make the house, to be "forever"; and the description of its building in *I Kings* vi, especially verse 7—"And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready at the quarry; and there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."

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which we have only culled choice fragments, in the light of what has gone before. Perhaps no summary is needful. Paul's meaning is so obvious, in one sense, that paraphrasing would be merely to repeat less convincingly what he has so ably presented. There is one comment, may be, that will connect what has been said of love as the root-power of all spiritual growth with this specific teaching of the existence of the heavenly man. In *Ephesians,* chapter three, Paul epitomizes his whole doctrine when he writes: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, from whom every fatherhood in heaven and on earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, that ye may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; that ye may be filled unto all the fullness of God." One feels that no man could have written these passages who did not indeed "know" that he had "a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens."

The *Epistle to the Romans* follows in point of time, and in sequence and comprehension of thought, the *Epistle to the Galatians,* from which we have already quoted. Both deal with a problem that must obviously confront the disciple once he clearly realizes the presence in him of a Spirit and the new life that it brings. He consciously becomes two natures so to speak, one the familiar Adam of the flesh, the other the second Adam of the Spirit. To effect this new entrance into spiritual consciousness is the declared purpose of God. "And when the fullness of time came, God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that he might redeem them that are under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father. So that thou art no longer a bond-servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir through God." (*Gal.* iv, 4-7). With the realization of this experience, then, comes the conflict between the two natures, between the natural man and the Spiritual man. This antithesis is made clear in chapter three—"This only would I learn from you, Received ye the Spirit from works of the law or from understanding of faith? Are ye so foolish? having begun in the Spirit, are ye now perfected in the flesh? . . . He therefore that supplieth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles in you, doeth he it by works of the law or by understanding of faith?" Paul further reminds them that only to those directly connected with himself and carrying on his work, is the Spirit vouchsafed. The legalists and Judaisers had nothing of this kind to show. They could not point to any spiritual results following their ministration of legal and formal ordinances. So, in reason, would men who knew from their own experience what spiritual consciousness and spiritual powers meant, be content to

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enter on the down-grade road of external rites, to descend from the spiritual to the material, and after such an initiation into their new life (ἐναρξάμενοι πνεύματι) seek to consummate it by a purely carnal and formal observance (σαρκὶ ἐπιτελεῖσθε)?

The heart of this whole argument is an appeal for faith in the Spirit. If there be any consciousness of Spirit, is it not sheer folly to reverse the true order of progress—to go from Spirit to flesh and not from flesh to Spirit? If there be no such consciousness, what was it in the Jewish legal code that gave it any significance, if not faith in the promise of God to reward the righteous man? So faith itself is no new conception, but faith must now be in Christ Jesus, for faith in Him means receiving the Spirit, and the Spirit can only come through this faith, and never through legal rites.

There follow a group of passages in which the contrast between Spirit and flesh is worked out in detail. The antagonism is seen to be far more radical than had been supposed. "But I say, Walk by the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; that whatsoever things ye would, these ye may not do. But if you are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law." This is but a logical deduction if sowing to the flesh shall reap corruption, whereas sowing to the Spirit shall "of the Spirit reap eternal life." The two are thus diametrically opposed; and if discipleship and conscious knowledge are to be attained, men have to choose between them. There need be nothing doubtful or indefinite about this: "Manifest are the works of the flesh, such as are fornication, impurity, lasciviousness, idol-worship, witchcraft, enmities, strifes, rivalries, fits of passion, factions, divisions, self-willed partizanships, envious tempers, drinking bouts, revels, and such like. . . . But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, graciousness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control; against such things there is no law."

Turning now to the *Epistle to the Romans,* we find in chapters seven and eight the same question handled, but more directly in its relation to the Spirit in us. "For when we were in the flesh, the passions of our sins, which were through the law, wrought in our members to bring forth fruit unto death. But as things now are, we have been discharged from the law, having died to that wherein we were holden; so that we serve in newness of the Spirit, and not in oldness of the written ordinance." But the old law of sin and death in the flesh is now vanquished and replaced by a new and stronger principle, "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ."

The psychology of this transfer is subtle, and is graphically depicted by Paul. He takes us a step at a time. Is the law itself sin? "God forbid. Howbeit, I had not known sin except through the law: for I had not known coveting, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet: . . . for apart from the law sin is dead." But with realization of the law

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came sin, "and I died"—a clear recognition on Paul's part of his state before his conversion. ". . . for not what I would do I practise; but what I hate, that I do. But if what I would not, that I do, I consent unto the law that *it* is good. So now it is no more I that do it, but sin which dwelleth in me. For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing: . . . For I delight in the law of God after the inner man: but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members." Consent to what is recognized as sin introduces sin itself into the heart of the man, and makes something of evil an integral part of his inner nature. But, just as self-identification with evil introduces it into the inner make-up of the man, so self-identification with good—with Christ—introduces the Holy Spirit into him. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. . . . For they that are according to the flesh set their minds upon the things of the flesh; but they that are according to the Spirit, upon the things of the Spirit. For the mind set upon the flesh is death, but the mind set upon the Spirit is life and peace: Because the mind set upon the flesh is hostility toward God; for it is not in a state of subjection to the law of God (neither indeed can it be): for they that are in the flesh cannot please God." It becomes, then, a matter of attention—first of faith, when the venture can be made to accept Christ and enter upon the promised spiritual heritage, and second, the directing of the mind and desires away from the things of this world toward the things of the new, higher, and divine order and life.

"But," says Paul, addressing his disciples, called to be saints, "ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. [A sentence to make us pause and consider.] And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness. But if the Spirit of him dwelleth in you, he that raised up the Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Perhaps we can understand now why men in those days prepared sometimes twenty or forty years for baptism. This is no pretence of holiness, no playing at being good. We are "none of his" unless we are dead to the flesh, and possessed of the Spirit, with all its miracle-bringing powers.

"So then, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh: for if ye live after the flesh, ye must die; but if by the Spirit ye make to die the doings of the body, ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are the sons of God. For ye received not the spirit of slavery [leading you] again unto fear; but ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our Spirit, that we are children of God: and if

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children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."

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So much for St. Paul's treatment and understanding of the Spirit. The full force of his conception and experience has never really penetrated Christian thought and theology. Great confusion arose when Greek metaphysical discussion centered about the Trinity, with the result that Paul's plain teaching of the Spirit was subordinated to the then raging controversy. In addition, men who had no well-rounded spiritual life promulgated countless genuine heresies about the Spirit;—often psychic distortions of that of which Paul wrote. The later Church, itself having for the most part lost direct, first-hand, experiential knowledge of the Spirit, was left to disentangle a great mass of theoretic speculation on the one hand, and records of special and differing individual experiences on the other. The result was far from coherent, and far indeed from the reasonably intelligible and simple sources of Christianity itself. Paul foresaw this and warned his disciple Timothy that such counterfeit knowledge would be current. "But the Spirit saith expressly, that in later times some shall fall away from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, through the hypocrisy of men that speak lies, seared in their own conscience as with a hot iron; . . . but refuse profane and old wives' fables." And, "That good thing which was deposited in thee guard through the Holy Spirit which dwelleth in us."*

The more recent study on the part of critical theologians of this whole subject has led to one particularly unfortunate conclusion. They find little or nothing about the Spirit as taught by St. Paul in the gospel accounts of Christ's teaching. Whatever of importance this whole idea of the relation of the Spirit with personal life may have, to the Church today, it lacks the authority of the Master's spoken word; and the tendency is to emphasize simply the ethical precepts of Paul, and to discount his inner teaching as theoretic and little more than a "mental distinction."†

The activities of the Spirit are all conceived as expressions in different ways of the Third Person of the Trinity; a Spirit personal and peculiar to each individual is never fully admitted—as St. Paul insistently teaches. So we find the Holy Ghost divided into convenient headings, so to speak, to exemplify its manifold operations. There is the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Jesus Christ, the Spirit in the Church, the Spirit and the Ministry, the Spirit and the Written Word, the Spirit and the Personal Life, the Spirit and the Life to come. The simple statements of Paul have been fitted into some system of Church doctrine handed down through the ages, and so their obvious meaning lost. The

* *I Tim.* iv, 1 ff; *II Tim.* i, 14.

† Cf. *The Holy Spirit in the New Testament:* H. B. Swete, p. 341 ff.

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doctrine of infused grace, intangible and capricious, took the place of an indwelling Spirit; and the Third Person of the Trinity became the Person who acted as the channel for Christ's grace to reach our hearts. Paul was left behind; a whole new body of doctrine became the established norm of belief. The Spirit exists now in Christian thought largely as "a person in the unity of a tripersonal Essence" as one writer holds. The fact that personal qualities are freely attributed to it as an agent in the field of human experience is unexplained or avoided.

Even the *Old Testament* represents the Spirit as entering into and speaking through the prophets, and as grieved by the sin or indifference of men.* In the *Acts* and Paul's *Epistles* we find it tempted and resisted, bearing witness, interceding, initiating a new work or debarring men from it, endowing with gifts and powers. "Is this mere personification, due to the habit of regarding the Spirit as the energy of the Living God?" asks the theologian. Turn to the evidence of Paul for an answer. Here is a physical, fleshly man, who cannot inherit the Kingdom. Here is a spiritual, resurrected Christ. What connecting link is there but Paul's doctrine of the heavenly man, the new creature, born in us at the time of that true baptism of which the rite is but the symbol, nurtured by grace within and purity of life without?

But this doctrine is not restricted by any means to Paul, though his exposition of it is by far the most detailed and specific. Christ's recorded utterances are full of allusions to this same idea, and in the light of Paul's real teaching can be seen, not as embodying some radically differing theory, but as in truth the formulations of the fundamental principles on which hang all that Paul said twenty and more years later. These will be discussed in some detail in the next section.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

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* *II Samuel*, xxiii, 2; *Isaiah*, lxiii, 10; *Ex.*, ii, 2, etc.

The subjection of the will is accomplished by calmly resigning thyself in everything that internally or externally vexes thee; for it is thus only that the soul is prepared for the reception of divine influences. Prepare the heart like clean paper, and the Divine Wisdom will imprint on it characters to His own liking.—M. de Molinos.

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THOU SHALT NOT KILL

I HAVE a clergyman friend who finds himself unable to reconcile the teachings of Christ with the taking of the life of a fellow human being under any circumstances whatsoever. Accordingly he feels that war is wrong and that all who engage in it, irrespective of what their motive may be or of the principles for which they believe themselves to be fighting, are acting in violation of Christ's teaching and of His will.

In partial support of this, he quoted the Master's rebuke of Peter for using his sword in the garden of Gethsemane and His statement that those that take the sword shall perish by the sword. He admitted that the Master himself had used violence in support of a principle when He drove the money changers out of the Temple, but said that He had never taken life or in any way countenanced taking it, that His whole teaching was gentleness and forbearance and that to kill a brother man was directly contrary to His spirit.

When asked what he would have had France and Belgium do, he replied that a policy of complete non-resistance on their part would have so aroused the whole civilized world and so shamed the Germans that a continuance of the war would have become impossible.

There was a nation that did not resist,—Luxembourg. It is said to be starving today, in unshamed German hands. Would the "civilized world," would this nation, that did not even lift its voice in protest when little Belgium made its gallant fight against tremendous odds, thereby gaining a few precious days delay that may have saved France, would we have lifted a finger had she submitted as Luxembourg submitted? There are thousands in this country today who would gladly die for Belgium and France. Is there one who would give his life for Luxembourg? Is there any sign of shame in Germany? You can not shame a mad dog. Submission never made a bully stop maltreating a small boy. The Germans frankly worship force and condemn mercy as a weakness unworthy of the superman. Submission would have been taken for cowardice and would have aroused contempt, not shame.

Nevertheless if non-resistance be right, what it arouses in the aggressor or what the consequences may be, is not the point. If it is right, it is right and must be followed irrespective of murder, outrage and ruin. It is simple to prove that it is not expedient. The question then becomes, is it right? Or rather, is war, involving as it does the killing of others, always and inevitably wrong?

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Then, too, there are many who believe that a defensive war is justifiable; but that, for instance, for us to go to war to help Belgium would not be justifiable, on the ground that to kill others for any principle, however high, must be wrong.

Obviously this is founded, consciously or unconsciously, on the belief that death is the greatest evil and that no good to others can be sufficient to justify the taking of life. Suppose that we follow that a little further.

A government official unearths a widespread illicit traffic in cocaine, and takes steps that will result in its complete suppression. It is represented to him that its victims may not be able to live without it, or that those who have been dealing in it have no other means of livelihood and deprived of that will starve. Of course no attention would be paid to such statements, whether true or false, and every one would agree that, if a death followed, it could not be laid at the door of the official who had done his duty. That, you say truly, is much too indirect to be a parallel with war.

Now suppose that official to have become Governor of the State. Suppose him to be informed that, as has happened in this country more than once, a mob has broken loose in a town in that State and is looting and burning, let us say, the negro quarter. If unchecked, the Governor knows that from looting, the mob will take to killing. He orders the militia to protect the town, a clash with the mob results and rioters are killed. Did the militiaman who fired the shot in obedience to orders do wrong? Did the Governor who gave the order do wrong? Of the two the Governor's responsibility was the greater, for though he did not do the killing himself he gave the order that resulted in it. But he was right. The rioters had brought their lives into conflict with great principles of right, law and order, the defence of the innocent. The Governor had to choose between abandonment and betrayal of those principles and action that would inevitably result in death to those in opposition. That result was not his fault but theirs. He set in motion the forces of right and those in opposition were swept aside, losing their lives in the process. Would you have had the forces of right yield and turn to wrong that some men might live longer in their bodies?

There is the question. Which is the more important, the triumph of right or the continuance of the physical life of any man or group of men? The war that is not fought for principles greater than human life is an unjust and iniquitous war, a horror. What such principles are each one must answer for himself. Each man knows some things for which he would gladly die, for which he would be glad to see his nation die, if death or their abandonment were the choice. Perhaps the day will come when we will realize that the principles of right are eternal and infinite, and that any one of them is greater than all of physical life, beside them the fleeting shadow of a dream. What is physical life for, save that we may bring about the triumph of the principles of right in ourselves and in the world?

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"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

Did you ever notice that that statement follows almost immediately after "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth but a sword." And a little before that: "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." (*Matthew* II, 28, 34, 39.) There is no "Pale Galilean" pacificism about that chapter. Read it. It is the Warrior Christ, the greatest of all warriors, leader of the Host of Heaven against the hosts of Hell in the ceaseless warfare for the souls of men.

"And there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

"And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." (*Rev. XII, 7 ff.*)

Even in heaven there was war. And when that which did not belong in heaven needed to be cast out, Michael and his angels loved not their lives unto the death. Isolated texts prove nothing, but it seems to me that that passage rather more than offsets the texts the pacificists are so fond of quoting.

Perhaps the pacificist might reply that to his mind the first of the great principles of right was "Thou shalt not kill," adding that even the devil himself was not killed but only cast out from heaven to earth. For my part I would prefer to be cast from earth to heaven than from heaven to earth. What is being killed anyway? "Thou shalt not kill" was given to the world by Moses, not by Christ, and Moses certainly did not interpret it as forbidding war. Quite the contrary, for he gives the most explicit instructions in regard to methods of making war. "Thou shalt not murder" is, I understand, the correct translation. Was it not Moses who said "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me." And when the sons of Levi answered, he sent them from end to end of the camp, to slay every man his brother and every man his companion until three thousand had been slain? Considering that this happened within twenty-four hours of Moses return with the commandment from Mount Sinai, it seems clear that his understanding of its meaning is not that of the modern pacificist.

Of course the fact that this opinion lacks Biblical sanction is no reason why a man should not hold the belief that to kill another at any time, under any circumstances, is the greatest of all wrongs and never justi-

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fiable, but if he does hold it he should realize that his belief is founded on crude materialism and not on the teachings of Christ. At bottom it springs from the fear of death, from the often unconscious belief that with death all ends. If one believes that for a man to lose his life is to lose his all, it is natural to feel that that is the greatest evil that can befall him, and consequently to kill him is the greatest possible wrong. Natural, yes, but materialism pure and simple. There is in the teaching of Christ no hint that death is an evil. Is not the heart of His teaching that life and all that we have are to be poured out freely, gladly for that which is right, for His will, for love of Him as the embodiment of all that is right and beautiful and true. Hatred of a fellow man He condemns, but war is not hatred of the individual enemy. That, truly, would be murder. It is hatred of the wrong for which that enemy fights. Union and Confederate soldiers did not hate each other in our civil war. English and Turks at the Dardanelles fought one another heroically and respected one another cordially throughout. Did you read the story of the English regiment that left in its trenches, when Gallipoli was abandoned, a gramaphone ready to play with the needle set on "The Turkish Patrol,"—a compliment almost worthy of the days of chivalry?

Is not the teaching of the Gospels a passionate devotion to right, to which nothing is to be compared, in the way of which nothing must stand? "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." "Let the dead bury the dead." It is that willingness to give all for love of the right that is the justification of war.

It is the age-old warfare between the body and the soul. Those that condemn the killing of the body, irrespective of the principles at stake, take the side of the body against the soul. They identify the man with the body instead of with the soul. Shrapnel kills the body, the triumph of wrong may kill the soul. Which will you choose? Shall German bodies be killed, or shall German armies conquer and German "morality" dominate the world? Would you have German teachers in French schools teaching French children for generations to come that German treachery and lust and murder in Belgium were right, to be emulated should occasion arise, learning songs of hate and celebrating "Lusitania Day" with a holiday? Would you have all men accept the doctrine that might makes right and that the weak, be they nations or individuals, have no rights that the strong are bound to respect? Would you have Nietzsche taught throughout the world as he is taught in Germany? It is such doctrines of hell that kill the soul. Fear not that which kills the body, but that which kills the soul.

And if you say that war kills the soul, I say Look at France! Did the soul of a nation ever shine more resplendent than the soul of France today? The world lays its homage at her feet and rightly. Why can we not learn to look at facts, at our experience instead of at theories? It is not war nor peace that ennobles or degrades. It is the spirit that animates the act, whatever that act may be, that determines its effect on

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the character. Self-seeking will degrade in peace as in war. Selflessness, self-sacrifice will ennoble in war as in peace. What is nobility of soul save the power to hold fast to that which is noble at the cost of any personal sacrifice? Power grows through exercise and only through exercise. Is there more of the spirit of self-sacrifice today in "peaceful" America or in warring France? And in France is there more or less than there was before the war?

No doubt my friend the clergyman would say that to his mind nobility of soul consisted in love and gentleness, in forgiveness and mercy, not war and slaughter. But love of what? Belgian atrocities, frightfulness, the doctrine of the superman? Forgiveness and mercy are for repentant, not triumphant sinners. We may love the sinner but we can not love virtue without hating sin. Gentleness toward sin unrepentant is small kindness to the sinner. The choice is not between love and hate, between gentleness and brutality. It is, as in our illustration of the Governor and the rioters, to whom to be gentle and merciful, and how best to give expression to our love. The pacificist attitude reminds me of the remark made to a friend of mine who has been doing magnificent work nursing wounded soldiers in France:

"How can you do it? I could never stand the horror and the sight of the pain. I am much too sympathetic to nurse."

Are we to be "too sympathetic" with the Germans to check the cruel wrongs that they are perpetrating on French women and children? Would it be mercy for a surgeon to refuse to perform a necessary operation, letting his patient die rather than inflict pain? That sort of thing is sentimentality, not love.

There is an age-old simile of the soul and the body of man as charioteer and horses, the divine and the animal in man. The Soul in his long pilgrimage back to his divine home needs the powers of the animal to take him forward on his way. It is his task to learn to drive, to be master, not to be run away with by his passionate steeds. If, at the start of a long journey, a friend's horses ran away with him we would not ordinarily shoot the horses. We would much prefer to give him a chance to get them under control. But our friend would hardly regard it as love of him if, rather than shoot his horses, we permitted them to run over and kill a group of helpless children. The more we loved him the more eager we would be to save him from such an act. Put yourself for a moment in the place of the soul of a man run away with by passion, about to commit some terrible murder. Would you not be eternally grateful to any one who would shoot you ere you had done it?

Do not misunderstand me, please. I am not recommending shooting a man or doing anything else to him for his own good that he does not want to have done. I am not his judge. So long as it remains an individual matter, a man's morals lie between him and his Maker. The point that I would make is that death may or may not be an evil, and that, when human life opposes itself to a principle of eternal right, it is human

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life that must give way. And this is because of love and mercy and in accordance with, not opposed to them. Would it be love to turn the world over to the doctrine of frightfulness, to abandon Belgium and France to the iron hand of Prussia, whose boast it is that mercy is a weakness unworthy of the followers of the superman? Again I say, it is love that justifies war, love of the right, of truth and honour and justice, the defence of the weak against the oppression of the strong, the love of all that is noblest in man, the true love of the mother who would rather see her son dead at her feet than alive and dishonoured. It is not a question of any individual or group of individuals, of whether they live or die, but whether mercy, love and justice shall prevail in the world, or frightfulness and tyranny.

If we believe in the eternal soul must we not insist on the supreme importance of all that concerns it. It is not a question of "saving" or "losing" it in some future life, but of *being it* in this life: here and now consciously to unite ourselves to the divine within us, to the best in us, to all that we would like to see immortal. It is that which is the soul, not some pale, æsthetic abstraction which we "have" for use after death in some far-away, shadowy heaven. To my mind the whole problem comes down to whether we believe in the soul or not; and if we say that we do believe, what do we mean by it? How do we think of the soul? What is it that is killed when the man is killed? Is the soul a delicate flower to be guarded from life lest it be crushed, or is it the warrior in each man, girded for battle against the forces of evil within him and in the world around? Those who attach to human life a value above all else should have a clear conception of the purpose of that life. What is it?

It is almost impossible to think straight on these subjects without some conception of the evolution of the soul, of its slow growth toward perfection in life after life throughout the ages. The problem remains hopelessly dark, like so much else in life, until we apply the idea of re-incarnation. Then much that seemed unjust and inexplicable suddenly becomes clear. Apply it for yourself (merely as a scientist applies to facts a tentative hypothesis, if you do not accept it) and see how much it explains. However, for present purposes it does not in the least matter where the future growth of the soul takes place, in this world or anywhere else that you prefer. The important point is that the soul continues to grow, that the universe exists for the purposes of the soul, and that the purpose of life is the growth of the soul.

Looked at from this point of view, death is only a stage in the great journey, one of the alternations that govern all life, day and night, winter and summer, sleeping and waking, life and death. "For certain is the death of what is born, and certain is the birth of what dies." Death changes the vehicle of the soul, the instrument through which it acts, not the soul itself.

"As putting off worn garments, a man takes others new, so putting off worn-out bodies, the lord of the body enters others new.

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"Swords cut him not, nor may fire burn him, waters wet him not, nor dry winds parch.

"He may not be cut nor burned nor wet nor withered; he is eternal, all-present, firm, unshaken, everlasting."

Man is the soul, not its instrument; and it is in the growth of that soul, which is himself, and in the principles that govern it, that he is vitally interested. Bodies are useful as a means to that end. When they cease to contribute toward that growth, or become actively opposed to those principles, their usefulness, as I see it, is over. The laws that govern the development of the soul are the great principles of right and wrong. That, in the last analysis, is what makes right and wrong. Hence the paramount importance of the triumph of these principles in the world. It is far better that one generation should give one million or ten million lives than that the dominance of evil should cloud the vision and retard the growth of generations to come. Those who give their lives for any cause greater than themselves will not suffer. In that very act they gain a power that is its own rich reward. What is growth, save to gain more and more of the power to give ourselves selflessly to that which we love, to that which is greater than and outside of ourselves? And will not those who fought and died for the wrong be grateful, as their souls attain clear vision, that they were not permitted to carry out their purpose? In our civil war the South made a gallant fight for what it then thought was right, but you will find few Confederate soldiers today who are not glad that they were beaten, few who would not give their lives for the union they once fought to destroy. Truer vision is one of the rewards of self-sacrifice for a cause, be the cause right or wrong.

We must all long for peace, long for the day to come when men, no longer fighting one another, will all work together for the coming of His Kingdom on earth. But what kind of a peace do we want? Surely one that is lasting and that is founded on righteousness. Good and evil cannot live side by side in harmony. One or the other must dominate. Look at the Master's life on earth and see how He lashed to fury the evil in men. Read His fiery denunciations of the hypocrisy of that "generation of vipers." It is hard for us to think of Him as denouncing so fiercely those "whitened sepulchres," because it is hard for us to distinguish as He did between the soul which He loved and the overmastering evil that He hated with an uncompromising hatred. "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off. If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." From beginning to end, His ministry was uncompromising warfare on the forces of evil, war to the death. It is to that warfare that He calls those who would follow Him, the greatest of all warriors. There can be no lasting peace that is not founded on righteousness and justice whether it be between nations or in a man's own heart. No man is at peace within himself until he has unreservedly given himself to the best that he can see, and is actively fighting on the side of the soul against the evil in his own nature and in the world around him.

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"Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world gives, give I unto you." The peace that the Master promised did not mean freedom from conflict, nor from acute suffering nor even from a death of agony, witness Peter and Stephen and Paul, but the peace that comes to the heart of the man who has conquered himself, who is at one with his soul, the peace in the heart of the warrior dying with his face to the foe.

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

Thine own self-will and anxiety, thy hurry and labor, disturb thy peace, and prevent Me from working in thee. Look at the little flowers, in the serene summer days; they quietly open their petals, and the sun shines into them with his gentle influences. So will I do for thee, if thou wilt yield thyself to Me.—G. Fersteegen.

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A HINDU CHELA'S DIARY*

IN the month of December he arrived at Benares, on what he hoped would be his last pilgrimage. As much as I am able to discipher of this curious manuscript, written in a mixture of Tamil—the South Indian language—with Mahratta, which as you know, is entirely dissimilar, shows that he had made many pilgrimages to India's sacred places, whether by mere impulse or upon actual direction, I do not know. If he had been only any ordinary religiously disposed Hindu we might be able to come to some judgment hereupon, for the pilgrimages might have been made in order to gain merit; but as he must long ago have risen above the flowery chains even of the Vedas, we cannot really tell for what reason these journeys were made. Although I have long had possession of these papers, the time had not until now seemed ripe to give them out. He had, when I first received them, already long passed away from these busy scenes to those far busier, and now I give you liberty to print the fragmentary tale without description of his person. These people are, you know, not disposed to have accurate descriptions of themselves floating about. They being real disciples, never like to say that they are, a manner quite contrary to that of those famed professors of occult science who opportunely or inopportunely declare their supposed chelaship from the house top.

" . . . Twice before have I seen these silent temples standing by the rolling flood of sacred Ganges. They have not changed, but in me what changes have occurred! And yet that cannot be, for the I changeth not, only the veil wrapped about, is either torn away or more closely and thickly folded round to the disguising of the reality. . . . It is now seven months since I began to use the privilege of listening to Kunâla. Each time before, that I came to see him, implacable fate drove me back. It was Karma, the just law, which compels when we would not, that prevented me. Had I faltered, and returned to the life even then so far in the past, my fate in this incarnation would have been sealed—and he would have said nothing. Why? Happy was I that I knew the silence would not have indicated in him any loss of interest in my welfare, but only that the same Karma prevented interference. Very soon after first seeing him I felt that he was not what he appeared exteriorly to be. Then the feeling grew into a belief, within a short time so strong, that four or five times I thought of throwing myself at

* This article is reprinted from *The Path*. The first installment appeared in June, 1886, with the following note:

"The original MS. of this Diary as far as it goes is in our possession. The few introductory lines are by the friend who communicated the matter to us.—[Ed.]."

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his feet and begging him to reveal himself to me. But I thought that was useless, as I know I was quite impure and could not be trusted with that secret. If I remained silent I thought that he would confide it to me whenever he found me worthy of it. I thought he must be some great Hindu Adept who had assumed an illusionary form. But there this difficulty arose, for I knew that he received letters from various relatives in different parts of the world, and this would impel him to practise the illusion all over the globe, for some of these relatives were in other countries, where he had also been. Various explanations suggested themselves to me. . . . I was right in my original conception of Kunâla that he is some great Indian Adept. Of this subject I have constantly talked with him since—although I fear I am not, and perhaps shall not be in this life, worthy of their company. My inclination has always been in this direction. I always thought of retiring from this world and giving myself up to devotion. To Kunâla I often expressed my intention, and my desire that I might study this philosophy, which alone can make man happy in this world. But then he usually asked me what I would do *there* alone? He said that instead of gaining my object I might perhaps become insane by being left alone in the jungles with no one to guide me; that I was foolish to think that by going into the jungles I could fall in with an adept; and that if I really wanted to gain my object I should have to work in the reform in and through which I had met so many good men and himself also, and when the Higher Ones, whom I dare not mention by any other names, were satisfied with me they themselves would call me away from the busy world and teach me in private. And when I foolishly asked him many times to give me the names and addresses of some of those Higher Ones he said once to me: 'One of our Brothers has told me that as you seek me so ardently I had better tell you once for all that I have no right to give you any information about them, but if you go on asking Hindus you meet what they know about the matter, you might hear of them; and one of those Higher Ones may perhaps throw himself in your way without your knowing him, and will tell you what you should do.' These were orders, and I knew I must wait, and still I knew that through Kunâla only would I have my object fulfilled. . . .

"I then asked one or two of my own countrymen, and one of them said he had seen two or three such men, but that they were not quite what he thought to be 'Raj Yogs.' He also said he had heard of a man who had appeared several times in Benares, but that nobody knew where he lived. My disappointment grew more bitter, but I never lost the firm confidence that Adepts do live in India and can still be found among us. No doubt too there are a few in other countries, else why had Kunâla been to them? . . . In consequence of a letter from Vishnurama, who said that a certain X lived in Benares, and that Swamiji K knew him. However, for certain reasons I could not address Swamiji K directly, and when I asked him if *he* knew X he replied: 'If there be

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such a man here at all he is not known.' Thus evasively on many occasions he answered me, and I saw that all my expectations in going to Benares were only airy castles. I thought I had gained only the consolation that I was doing a part of my duty. So I wrote again to Nilakant: 'As directed by you I have neither let him know what I know of him nor what my own intentions are. He seems to think that in this I am working to make money, and as yet I have kept him in the dark as regards myself, and am myself groping in the dark. Expecting enlightenment from you, etc." . . . The other day Nilakant came suddenly here and I met Sw. K. and him together, when to my surprise K at once mentioned X, saying he knew him well and that he often came to see him, and then he offered to take us there. But just as we were going, arrived at the place an English officer who had done Kunâla a service in some past time. He had in some way heard of X and was permitted to come. Such are the complications of Karma. It was absolutely necessary that he should go too, although no doubt his European education would never permit him to more than half accept the doctrine of Karma, so interwoven backward and forwards in our lives, both that now, those past, and those to come. At the interview with X, I could gain nothing, and so we came away. The next day came X to see us. He never speaks of himself, but as 'this body.' He told me that he had first been in the body of a Fakir, who, upon having his hand disabled by a shot he received while he passed the fortress of Bhurtpore, had to change his body and choose another, the one he was now in. A child of about seven years of age was dying at that time, and so, before the complete physical death, this Fakir had entered the body and afterwards used it as his own. He is, therefore, doubly not what he seems to be. As a Fakir he had studied Yoga science for 65 years, but that study having been arrested at the time he was disabled, leaving him unequal to the task he had to perform, he had to choose this other one. In his present body he is 53 years, and consequently the inner X is 118 years old. . . . In the night I heard him talking with Kunâla, and found that each had the same Guru, who himself is a very great Adept, whose age is 300 years, although in appearance he seems to be only 40.* He will in a few centuries enter the body of a *Kshatriya*,† and do some great deeds for India, but the time had not yet come.

"Yesterday I went with Kunâla to look at the vast and curious temples left here by our forefathers. Some are in ruins, and others only showing the waste of time. What a difference between my appreciation of these buildings now, with Kunâla to point out meanings I never saw, and that which I had when I saw them upon my first pilgrimage, made so many years ago with my father!" . . .

* There is a peculiarity in this, that all accounts of Cagliostro, St. Germain and other adepts, give the apparent age at 40 only.—[Ed.].

† The warrior caste of India.—[Ed.].

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A large portion of the MS. here, although written in the same characters as the rest, has evidently been altered in some way by the writer, so as to furnish clues meant for himself alone. It might be deciphered by a little effort, but I must respect his desire to keep those parts of it which are thus changed, inviolate. It seems that some matters are here jotted down relating to secret things, or at least, to things that he desired should not be understood at a glance. So I will write what small portion of it might be easily told without breaking any confidences.

It is apparent that he had often been before to the holy city of Benares, and had merely seen it as a place of pilgrimage for the religious. Then, in his sight, those famous temples were only temples. But now he found, under the instruction of Kunâla, that every really ancient building in the whole collection had been constructed with the view to putting into imperishable stone, the symbols of a very ancient religion. Kunâla, he says, told him that the temples were made when the ordinary people of those eras had no idea that nations could ever arise who would be ignorant of the truths then universally known, or that darkness would envelop the intellect of men. There were many Adepts then well known to the rulers and to the people, not yet driven by inexorable fate to places remote from civilization, but living in the temples; and while not holding temporal power, they exercised a moral sway which was far greater than any sovereignty of earth.* And they knew that the time would come when the heavy influence of the dark age would make men forget that they had existed, or that any doctrines other than the doctrines based on the material rights of *mine* and *thine,* had ever been held. If the teachings were left simply to paper or papyrus or parchment, they would be easily lost, because of that decay which is natural to vegetable or animal membrane. But stone lasts, in an easy climate, for ages. So these Adepts, some of them here and there being really Maha Rajahs, caused the temples to be built in forms, and with such symbolic ornaments that future races might decipher doctrines from them.

In this, great wisdom, he says, is apparent, for to have carved them with sentences in the prevailing language would have defeated the object, since languages also change; and as great a muddle would have resulted as in the case of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, unless a keystone had also been prepared; but it might itself be lost, or in its own turn become unintelligible. The ideas underneath symbols do not alter, no matter what might be the language, and symbols are clear immortally, because they are founded in nature itself. In respect to this part of the matter, he writes down that Kunâla informed him that the language

* In the ancient Aztec civilization in Mexico, the Sacerdotal order was very numerous. At the head of the whole establishment were two high priests, elected from the order, solely for their qualifications, as shown by their previous conduct in a subordinate station. They were equal in dignity and inferior only to the sovereign, who rarely acted without their advice in weighty matters of private concern.—[Ed.].

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used then was not Sanskrit, but a far older one now altogether unknown in the world.

From a detached sentence in the MS., it is shadowed out that Kunâla referred to a curious building put up many years ago in another part of India and now visible, by which he illustrated the difference between an intelligent construction and unintelligent one. This building was the product of the brain of a Chandala,* who had been enriched through a curious freak. The Rajah had been told upon the occurrence of some event, by his astrologers, that he must give an immense sum of money to the first person he saw next day, they intending to present themselves at an early hour. Next day, unusually early, the Rajah arose, looked out of the window, and beheld this Chandala. Calling his astrologers and council together, and the poor sweeper into his presence, he presented him with lacs upon lacs of rupees, and with the money the Chandala constructed a granite building having immense monolithic chains hanging down from its four corners. Its only symbology was, the change of the chains of fate; from poor low caste to rich low caste. Without the story the building tells us nothing.

But the symbols of the temples, not only those carved on them, but also their arrangement, need no story nor knowledge of any historical events. Such is the substance of what he writes down as told him by Kunâla. He says also that this symbology extends not only to doctrines and cosmology, but also to laws of the human constitution, spiritual and material. The explanation of this portion, is contained in the altered and cryptic parts of the MS. He then goes on:

. . . "Yesterday, just after sunset, while Kunâla and X were talking, Kunâla suddenly seemed to go into an unusual condition, and about ten minutes afterwards a large quantity of malwa flowers fell upon us from the ceiling.

"I must now go to ——— and do that piece of business which he ordered done. My duty is clear enough, but how am I to know if I shall perform it properly. . . . When I was there and after I had finished my work and was preparing to return here, a wandering fakir met me and asked if he could find from me the proper road to Karli. I directed him, and he then put to me some questions that looked as if he knew what had been my business; he also had a very significant look upon his face, and several of his questions were apparently directed to getting me to tell him a few things Kunâla had told me just before leaving Benares with an injunction of secrecy. The questions did not on the face show that, but were in the nature of inquiries regarding such matters, that if I had not been careful, I would have violated the injunction. He then left me saying: 'you do not know me but we may see each other.' . . . I got back last night and saw only X, to whom I related the incident with the fakir, and he said that, 'it was none

* A low caste man, e. g., a sweeper. Such a building can now be seen at Bijapur, India.—[Ed.].

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other than Kunâla himself, using that fakir's body, who said those things, and if you were to see that fakir again he would not remember you and would not be able to repeat his questions, as he was for the time being used by Kunâla, who often performs such things.' I then asked him if in that case Kunâla had really entered the fakir's body, as I have a strange reluctance toward asking Kunâla such questions, and X replied that if I meant to ask if he had really and in fact entered the fakir's person, the answer was no, but that if I meant to ask if Kunâla had overcome that fakir's senses, substituting his own, the answer was, yes; leaving me to make my own conclusions. . . . I was fortunate enough yesterday to be shown the process pursued in either entering an empty body, or in using one which had its own occupant. I found that in both cases it was the same, and the information was also conveyed that a Bhut* goes through just the same road in taking command of the body or senses of those unfortunate women of my country who sometimes are possessed by them. And the Bhut also sometimes gets into possession of a part only of the obsessed person's body, such as an arm or a hand, and this they do by influencing that part of the brain that has relation with that arm or hand; in the same way with the tongue and other organs of speech. With any person but Kunâla I would not have allowed my own body to be made use of for the experiment. But I felt perfectly safe, that he would not only let me in again, but also that he would not permit any stranger, man or gandharba,† to come in after him. We went to ——— and he . . . The feeling was that I had suddenly stepped out into freedom. He was beside me and at first I thought he had but begun. But he directed me to look, and there on the mat I saw my body, apparently unconscious. As I looked . . . the body of myself, opened its eyes and arose. It was then superior to me, for Kunâla's informing power moved and directed it. It seemed even to speak to me. Around it, attracted to it by those magnetic influences, wavered and moved astral shapes, that vainly tried to whisper in the ear or to enter by the same road. In vain! They seemed to be pressed away by the air or surroundings of Kunâla. Turning to look at him, and expecting to see him in a state of samadhi, he was smiling as if nothing, or at the very most, but a part, of his power had been taken away . . . another instant and I was again myself, the mat felt cool to my touch, the bhuts were gone, and Kunâla bade me rise.

"He has told me to go to the mountains of ——— where ——— and ——— usually live, and that even if I were not to see anybody the first time, the magnetized air in which they live would do me much good. They do not generally stop in one place, but move from one place to another. They, however, meet together on certain days of the year

* An obsessing astral shell. The Hindus consider them to be the reliquiæ of deceased persons.—[Ed.].

† Nature spirit or elemental.—[Ed.].

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in a place near Bhadrinath, in the northern part of India. He reminded me that as India's sons are becoming more and more wicked, those adepts have gradually been retiring more and more toward the north, to the Himálaya mountains. . . . Of what great consequence it is for me to be always with Kunâla! And now X tells me this same thing that I have always felt. All along I have felt and do still feel strongly that I have been once his most obedient and humble disciple in a former existence. All my hopes and future plans are therefore centered in him. My journey therefore up country has done me one good, that of strengthening my belief, which is the chief foundation on which the grand structure is to be built. . . . As I was walking past the end of Ramalinga's compound holding a small lamp of European make, and while there was no wind, the light three several times fell low. I could not account for it. Both Kunâla and X were far away. But in another moment, the light suddenly went out altogether, and as I stopped, the voice of revered Kunâla, who I supposed was many miles away, spoke to me, and I found him standing there. For one hour we talked; and he gave me good advice, although I had not asked it—thus it is always that when I go fearlessly forward and ask for nothing I get help at an actual critical moment—he then blessed me and went away. Nor could I dare to look in what direction. In that conversation, I spoke of the light going down and wanted an explanation, but he said I had nothing to do with it. I then said I wanted to know, as I could explain it in two ways, viz.: 1st, that he did it himself, or 2d, that someone else did it for him. He replied, that even if it were done by somebody else, *no Yogee will do a thing unless he sees the desire in another Yogee's mind.** The significance of this drove out of my mind all wish to know *who* did it, whether himself, or an elemental or another person, for it is of more importance for me to know even a part of the laws governing such a thing, than it is to know who puts those laws into operation. Even some blind concatenation of nature might put such natural forces in effect in accordance with the same laws, so that a knowledge that nature did it would be no knowledge of any consequence.

"I have always felt and still feel strongly that I have already once studied this sacred philosophy with Kunâla, and that I must have been, in a previous life, his most obedient and humble disciple. This must have been a fact, or else how to account for the feelings created in me when I first met him, although no special or remarkable circumstances were connected with that event. All my hopes and plans are centered in him, and nothing in the world can shake my confidence

* This sentence is of great importance. The Occidental mind delights much more in effects, personalities and authority, than in seeking for cause, just as many theosophists have with persistency sought to know when and where Madame Blavatsky performed some feat in magic, rather than in looking for causes or laws governing the production of phenomena. In this italicized sentence is the clue to many things, for those who can see.

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in him especially when several of my Brahmin acquaintances tell me the same things without previous consultation. . . .

"I went to the great festival of Durga yesterday, and spent nearly the whole day looking in the vast crowd of men, women, children and mendicants for some of Kunâla's friends, for he once told me never to be sure that they were not near me, but I found none who seemed to answer my ideas. As I stood by the ghaut at the river-side thinking that perhaps I was left alone to try my patience, an old and apparently very decrepit Bairagee plucked my sleeve and said: 'Never expect to see anyone, but always be ready to answer if they speak to you; it is not wise to peer outside of yourself for the great followers of Vasudeva: look rather within.'

"This amazed me, as I was expecting him to beg or to ask me for information. Before my wits returned, he had with a few steps mingled with a group of people, and in vain I searched for him: he had disappeared. But the lesson is not lost.

"To-morrow I return to I———.

"Very wearying indeed in a bodily sense was the work of last week and especially of last evening, and upon lying down on my mat last night after continuing work far into the night I quickly fell sound asleep. I had been sleeping an hour or two when with a start I awoke to find myself in perfect solitude and only the horrid howling of the jackals in the jungle to disturb me. The moon was brightly shining and I walked over to the window of this European modeled house, threw it open and looked out. Finding that sleep had departed, I began again on those palm leaves. Just after I had begun, a tap arrested my attention and I opened the door. Overjoyed was I then to see Kunâla standing there, once more unexpected.

" 'Put on your turban and come with me,' he said and turned away.

"Thrusting my feet into my sandals, and catching up my turban, I hurried after him, afraid that the master would get beyond me, and I remain unfortunate at losing some golden opportunity.

"He walked out into the jungle and turned into an unfrequented path. The jackals seemed to recede into the distance; now and then in the mango trees overhead, the flying foxes rustled here and there, while I could distinctly hear the singular creeping noise made by a startled snake as it drew itself hurriedly away over the leaves. Fear was not in my breast for master was in front. He at last came to a spot that seemed bare of trees, and bending down, seemed to press his hand into the grass. I then saw that a trap door or entrance to a stairway very curiously contrived, was there. Stairs went down into the earth. He went down and I could but follow. The door closed behind me, yet it was not dark. Plenty of light was there, but where it came from I cared not then nor can I now, tell. It reminded me of our old weird tales told us in youth of pilgrims going down to the land of the Devas where, although no sun was seen, there was plenty of light.

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"At the bottom of the stairs was a passage. Here I saw people but they did not speak to me and appeared not even to see me although their eyes were directed at me. Kunâla said nothing but walked on to the end, where there was a room in which were many men looking as grand as he does, and two more awful, one of whom sat at the extreme end.

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(To be Continued)

In order to mould thee into entire conformity to His will, He must have thee pliable in His hands, and this pliability is more quickly reached by yielding in the little things than even by the greater. Thy one great desire is to follow Him fully; canst thou not say then a continual "yes" to all His sweet commands, whether small or great, and trust Him to lead thee by the shortest road to thy fullest blessedness?—H. W. Smith.

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WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MY paternal grandfather was an Episcopal clergyman. His two sons were clergymen; his two daughters married clergymen. One Sunday morning, during service, at the moment when prayers had been offered, and while the congregation were still kneeling and the whole church wrapped in silence, my big brother, aged three, prayed in a high-pitched voice, and with great earnestness and child-like reverence to God please to send him a little baby sister. This happened one month before I was born. All this, in passing, in order to say, I had a good start.

Through the early years of our childhood we were taught the things Christian children ought to know and believe for their souls' health. We grew up in an atmosphere of love and discipline. We went to Church and to Sunday School. As memorizing was easy for me, I soon learned the Catechism and could quote at some length from the Bible. But I was frequently weighed down with a feeling of helplessness for I really did not understand a great deal of all I had learned by heart. However, I had the good grace to keep all this to myself; but I thought it was a pity. My father was wise and good and a real Christian.

At an early age, I was placed in charge of a Sunday School class. This I enjoyed, for in trying to make clear to others the things I understood so dimly, some rays of truth began to dawn upon me. I had a keen desire to be good; so I took myself in hand, and for several years kept a daily record of my faults and mistakes. Each night I balanced the account placing the number of misdeeds at the foot of the column. The figures were convincing and enabled me to strengthen my resolutions for the following day. My childish fancy led me to keep this book in code.

At fifteen came the breaking of home ties for I was sent to boarding-school near New Orleans for two years,—coming home only for the long summer vacation. Then, owing to my father's failing health it was deemed necessary that I should be nearer home; and so I found myself at school in New York City. That very year I was called to my father's death bed.

Again there was a change of scene. A new home, a new Church, new friends made up our experiences. The Rector of the Church which we attended was well versed in Church History. It was perhaps through no fault of his,—but I found myself cold and dry; and I missed my father's presence in the Church profoundly. I tried to pray and really made special efforts to get closer to the heart of things,—until one day

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I overheard my brother remark that I was like a Pharisee, making such long prayers in Church. Little did he know that I was in greater need of his prayers during this period of my existence than I was when he prayed for me to come into this world.

Other influences being felt I became more and more estranged. I went to Church less frequently—often, however, entering Churches alone during hours of solitude. I attended the Quaker Meeting-house, for it seemed a relief to get away from form; and many times I took books into the quiet woods on Sunday mornings.

Then came College days and preparation for making my own living. And with it all, and through the study of Science, Psychology, and Philosophy, each of keen interest to me, came questions and doubts and the "Slough of Deep Despond." Through this period was the ever-recurring unanswered question as to whether the man who had said in his heart: "There is no God," was really a fool? There was a possibility that this man had said this with his head instead of his heart. And also, was it true that there is no such being in the universe as a real atheist? I wavered between these two ideas which seemed to haunt me. And it is not any fun playing "Seek the Thimble" when there is no one to call out: "Hot" or "Cold."

I read few books at this time. Emerson's Essays, the poems of Robert Browning and Sidney Lanier, Amiel's Journal and Nonsense Classics were almost my sole companions. How do I know that it was not a sense of humour that saved me from utter despair? Time and again it was borne in upon me that thousands of others had passed through similar experiences. I was only one of many struggling souls; and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Celestial Surgeon" did me good. I think I was just beginning to wake up.

It happened on a beautiful summer afternoon while driving with a friend that I was able to put into words,—just a few words, the best things I knew anything about and of these there were very few. My friend turned to me and said: "Do you know you have been speaking about Theosophy?" I didn't. In fact, I knew nothing about Theosophy. But, it seemed at the moment that this friend had placed in my hand a golden key. From then on I was made responsible for using that key. My friend lent me: "Through the Gates of Gold" and "Letters that Have Helped Me"; and it was not long before I met friends of his who were Theosophists. I shiver now, at the thought of so much goodness coming to me, because of my unworthiness.

These wonderful friends put a new purpose into my life, and the ideals I had always cherished, although seen, at times, through veil upon veil, seemed to glow with a pure white light.

Believing now that Stephen Phillips was not really thinking of me when he wrote: "This Woman with a Dead Soul," I threw myself, mind and heart into my work. This occupied all my time; and what little reading and studying I was able to do in relation to Theosophy,

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was done at night, in my study, after the family had retired. There was another reason,—I read in secret, feeling that my dear mother would be deeply grieved if she knew of the course of reading in which I was so profoundly interested. I had a desire to buy and read every book ever written about Theosophy. Truth will out,—I soon found that in obedience to my mother's wish, which I was in duty bound to respect, and because of my love for her, these books must remain closed.

A friend renewed my courage in a short time by assuring me that the subject of Theosophy, being so all-inclusive, could be approached in other ways than by reading Theosophical books. "There is but one thing needful to possess God. All our senses, all our powers of mind and soul, are so many ways of approaching the Divine, so many ways of tasting and adoring God."

And then, why should I not join the Theosophical Society? It was my dream to do so; and I knew that ultimately I should become a member. And yet, I hesitated, for it did not seem right to try to attain membership in the Society, in my condition,—so wholly unprepared. There were those closed books. I was sure my dream would come true some day; and, no matter how far distant in the future that day might be, it was worth working and waiting for. The truth of the words: "Live the Life that ye may know the Doctrine," was a great comfort to me. But, think of having a casket filled with priceless, precious jewels, and being in possession of the key, and yet having to remain static, and just think about the beauty of those jewels! I do not remember feeling unduly impatient at this. Theosophy itself meant "Divine Wisdom"; and it was true then, as now: "There is no Religion higher than Truth." "Religion is not a method: it is a life—a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits; a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows."*

Soon after this I had the opportunity of going to England with a College friend accompanied by two Sisters of the Church of England. We spent four months there, principally in London and Broadstairs, where we were deeply interested in educational, settlement work as carried on by the Sisters; and in Oxford, where we took a six-weeks' course of study. I shall never forget the delight of those days in Oxford. To be able to study again in the light of the recent experiences through which I had passed seemed "too good to be true." My friend said to me: "You seem to be living in the Seventh Heaven all the time. Can't you let your feet touch the earth once in a while?" I do not mean to give the impression that my friend thought me angelic,—we were living and travelling together; nor that she considered me "flighty,"—we were studying side by side, such subjects as Science, History, Literature, Art. She did not know of my newly found treasure; nor that I was secretly accusing every great author, alive or dead, whose books I was consulting, of being a

* *Amiel's Journal*, Introduction, p. xli.

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Theosophist. In my enthusiasm I may have widened somewhat the boundary of the poet's license; but I felt justified in doing so, for the truly great souls of all time have been Theosophists whether they were aware of the fact or not, and I found Theosophy everywhere—just as a lover sees the image of his beloved in the clouds, in pictures, and in the hearts of the flowers.

During our stay in England we went often into Churches and Cathedrals. For my part, I went more for the sake of the architectural and artistic interest in these edifices than from any strictly religious impulse to go to Church. I remember only one service in which I was conscious of a strong, spiritual appeal, and that was in the little Norman Chapel in the Tower of London. We went there not knowing the hour of the Sunday morning service. On account of the absence of the organist I was asked to play the hymns. In addition to my friend, the entire congregation was composed of English Soldiers. It took only a few moments for the soldiers to march in and take their places, and every seat was filled. It was a hearty service, beautiful in its simplicity, and the singing of the Soldiers was more impressive than I can describe. I have never forgotten it. The service combined a remembrance and a hope. It seemed to link the past with the future. Little did I realize that the dream of becoming a member of the Theosophical Society was also now being linked with a keen interest in the work of the Church. As I look back, the welding of these two ideals into one began there.

We returned home in the autumn full of new interests and suggestions to be carried out in our work. The notes I took at Oxford were copious, and it would require a life-time,—and longer, to exhaust them of their suggestions for reading and study.

So the years went by. I found my work absorbing. In fact, I made efforts to have it so, for during a period of about seven years I was held in the balance. I considered myself somewhat "beyond the pale" in regard to the Church; and, on the other hand, I was a would-be Theosophist—'biding my time.

After my marriage, New York City became our home. Again and again Theosophy was put to the test and not found wanting, during these new and wonderful days of happiness,—just as long ago, tests were applied which proved the value of Theosophy in those dark days of sorrow.

It is not often that one may feel an overwhelming sense of gratitude toward an Irish cook. Such was my rather unique experience. One very cold afternoon in February—in fact it was St. Valentine's Day—we returned to our home tired and hungry to find that the Irish cook had made her departure. There was no apparent reason for this. She had just left. There was the unmistakable evidence in the form of the latch key on the kitchen table. Nothing daunted, we went out into the cold night seeking food. We went to a hotel, the usher taking us straight to a table at which my friend was sitting,—the friend who had been of

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such inestimable service to me so many times in the past. After dining together, he kindly invited us to go to a meeting which was being held that evening in the neighborhood. We went; and went again. To me, these meetings, which took place every two weeks, were of profound interest. And why not? They were the meetings of the New York Branch of the Theosophical Society. At last I began to feel I was almost arriving.

I became a subscriber to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. What the QUARTERLY has meant to me, personally, may best be summed up by saying that it has contained a cure for every ill; an answer to every question; and above all, and always, an inspiration to live more truly the life of the Spirit.

I attended the meetings of the New York Branch for about seven years,—until, by mere chance, finding out that my mother had for a long time thought I was a member of the Theosophical Society, I lost no time in becoming one, applying for membership papers the very next day. My Diploma was issued by the Society in the fourth month of its thirty-seventh year, and bears the date March 16, 1912. I was then thirty-eight years and one day old.

And now, to sum up: Why did I join the Theosophical Society? If the answer to this question is not found in these few paragraphs, perhaps I may be permitted to emphasize the points I have tried to make by a series of questions,—ending the article with a quotation from Robert Browning's *Paracelsus*.

Why was I born? Why does it sometimes take thirty-eight years and a day for a dream to come true? "Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?" What is the meaning of Karma? "Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?" What light does Christianity throw upon the laws of Evolution and Reincarnation and their inter-relations?

And here, to quote from *Paracelsus:*

> "Friends,
> Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
> There is an inmost centre in us all,
> Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
> Wall upon wall, the grass flesh hems it in,
> This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
> A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
> Binds it, and makes all error: and, to know,
> Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
> Than in effecting entry for a light
> Supposed to be without.

* * * * * * *

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In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him."

L. C.

What you need to do is to put your will over completely into the hands of your Lord, surrendering to Him the entire control of it. Say, "Yes, Lord, YES! *" to everything, and trust Him so to work in you to will, as to bring your whole wishes and affections into conformity with His own sweet, and lovable, and most lovely will. It is wonderful what miracles God works in wills that are utterly surrendered to Him.*— Hannah Whitall Smith.

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THERE still are many who have failed to grasp the principle which shows how foolish and untheosophical is the doctrine of 'pacificism,' and as the same principle, once clearly grasped, solves also the problem of education, I suggest it would be well to thrash the subject out for the *Screen*. Are you willing?"

The Recorder replied most cheerfully in the affirmative, stipulating of course that the Philosopher, who had spoken, should open the discussion by expounding his principle.

"It ought not to need much expounding," the Philosopher continued. "It is contained in an oft-quoted text from the Sermon on the Mount: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.'

"Perhaps it is easiest to see in the case of a child. We have some recollection of how we were brought up, and we have come to realize that when our parents denied us our desires, it was in fact an evidence of parental consideration and not the unreasonable and unkind prohibition which at the time perhaps it seemed to be. Probably there were other occasions, when we were allowed to have our own way, which now, in retrospect, we wish our parents had met differently—with prohibition or compulsion, if not with punishment.

"In our present treatment of children, we act, almost automatically, with the memory of our own childhood in mind. We try to treat them as we wish we had been treated. No matter what allowance we may make, and may wisely make, for difference in temperament, we do, as a rule, strive very sincerely to do to them as we wish we had been done by.

"Only when this principle is acted upon is the child properly brought up. Parents who have not learned the lessons of life and who continue to indulge themselves, are likely to oscillate between the two bad extremes of indulging their children and of indulging themselves at the expense of their children: unlimited candy one minute and unlimited smacks the next. Their conduct is not based upon principle, but upon the indulgence of their own passing emotions. They ruin their children as they have already ruined themselves. We cannot discipline others until we have learned to obey."

"All of which," interrupted the Student, "may be very clear to you, but perhaps is not so clear to others. Let me be concrete: do you wish that you had oftener been whipped?"

"It so happens," answered the Philosopher, "that I do not remember having been whipped. I was kicked and cuffed by ill-tempered teachers. But my parents did not whip me. There were times when I deserved it and would have been a better man in later years, if it had been done. I

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wish very much that my father had done it. Still, that it needed to be done, simply proves, in my opinion, that I had not been punished sufficiently as a small baby. Careful watching and prompt punishment then—plentiful spanking then—would have made later whippings unnecessary. When a child is still in the cradle, and before memory has become self-conscious, is the right time or in any case the best time for corporal punishment.

"That, however, is a side issue. My point is that we have to learn to co-operate with the soul of the child; we have to see the effort of that soul as it strives to make the child's personality an obedient and responsive instrument. The child's personality will not need development along lines of least resistance. Strong tendencies, even when good, will not need encouragement half as much as other and weaker tendencies. Even on the intellectual plane, if a child have a remarkable memory and but slight power of reasoning, it will not be his memory that most needs cultivation, but his power of reasoning. Yet we know that the average child greatly prefers to use that which requires the least degree of effort,—in this case his memory; and that he will, for instance, as he grows older, wish to memorize his Euclid rather than master it on a basis of reason.

"The same principle applied to the cultivation of character, which is the goal of all true education, means that very often the child's will must be checked or flatly crossed. How else can he be prepared for the battle of life? If he has been taught to prefer the easy to the difficult, and to follow his own inclination rather than to obey the will of his teacher, how can he, as a man, be expected to obey the call of duty or the promptings of his soul, or even to distinguish between those promptings and the tendencies of his lower nature? 'There is no pain in death itself, if death be the outcome of obedience.' Self-assertion, self-satisfaction, self-love, self-will,—these must be opposed at every point, tactfully but firmly, for the sake of the soul and on its behalf. Would we wish to be treated differently? Have we not yet learned that the lower self is Hell?

"Of course, if what we still desire most for ourselves be our own way and our own comfort, regardless of the will of Masters and of our own Higher Self, we shall find it impossible to apply this principle except perversely. Take, for instance, a conscientious Socialist of one or another school: let us suppose that he is of independent means and that he proceeds solely on the principle of doing unto others as he would be done by. Socialism has been defined as an effort so to control the sources of supply as to enable the individual to obtain the greatest possible degree of comfort with the least possible amount of effort. Not only is poverty to be abolished, but all effort, unless put forth for enjoyment, is to become unnecessary. Is it not obvious that anyone who takes that as his goal for others must regard poverty as an evil and as a great evil; that he must fear it for himself, and that a life of comparative ease is

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at least a very important factor in his concept of happiness? We cannot, therefore, apply the principle correctly until we recognize, if only in theory to begin with, that the soul comes first and that the desires of the personality should be subordinated to the soul's behests.

"Perhaps this will make it plainer: suppose you were informed by an adept or an angel that tomorrow, in some violent fit of anger, you would murder an innocent person, and that, owing to your anger, the entire will and desire of your personality would be concentrated on that wish to kill. Suppose you were told that you could be saved from that sin only at the price of being shot by a policeman, and that you might choose now between these two fates. Which would you choose? The answer is evident. Looking at it today, with calmness, and from the standpoint of your soul, you would without question prefer to be shot rather than be guilty of murder.

"Now suppose that the policeman, or the disinterested bystander with a gun in his hand, should have sentimental qualms and should fail to shoot you because he objects to killing or because he says it is none of his business or because he has not had time to investigate the origin of the disturbance or because, with Pilate, he was born with a question mark in his teeth and a preference for neutrality in the void where his heart ought to be. Suppose some of that, and what would your soul do except cry aloud, if it could, to shoot, and to shoot quickly, surely, finally! In other words, the policeman, by shooting you, would be doing your own real will. It would be kind of him to shoot; unkind not to shoot. Being, let us hope, a man and not a mollusc, he would promptly see that in order to obey 'the law and the prophets,' and in order to do to you as he would be done by in similar circumstances, he must, at all costs to himself, put your soul out of its agony by extinguishing your personality.

"All of this is based on the supposition that you are too strong to be suppressed otherwise and that he could save you from committing murder by no milder means than by killing you. Remember also, please, that if he were to hesitate, or were to rely first upon soft and cooing words, or upon grandiloquent phrases about the beauties of peace, the probability is that he would be too late. We cannot proceed on the theory that all men at all times are open to reason or to the light of their own souls. We know that the contrary is the fact, and that we must use such means as the circumstances and the condition of the other person demand.

"Transfer this to the domain of international relations. Does not 'pacificism' at once appear as the absurdity which it is? Do *we* wish to be permitted to do wrong without suffering the consequences? Is it our wish for our own nation that if it were guilty of such murder and outrage as we have seen perpetrated recently in Belgium and in parts of France, other great nations should stand aloof, indifferent?

"Let me be specific. Suppose that while Alaska still belonged to

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Russia, the United States for some reason had gone to war with Russia, and that, in order to strike at Russian Alaska with greater ease, we had insisted upon passing through Canada. Suppose that Canada had objected and that the Canadians had resisted. Suppose that we had proceeded to murder and to outrage the women and children of Canada, to burn her cities, to devastate her countryside, to imprison her magistrates, and to behave in all other ways like devils let loose upon earth. Suppose that the British Government had consisted of 'pacifists'; and suppose that they had not gone so far, after several months of these horrors, and after the hideousness of them had been juridically established (as in Lord Bryce's Report),—suppose they had not gone so far as to write to the Government of the United States, saying: 'Recalling the humane and enlightened attitude hitherto assumed by the United States Government in matters of international right, and particularly with regard to the freedom of the seas [we must imagine that a Lusitania incident or two had been thrown in]; having learned to recognize American views and American influence in the field of international obligation as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity,' etc., etc.—but suppose that the British pacifist Government *had* announced that they were too proud to fight, would it, let me ask you, have been good for us? Would such an attitude have promoted our best interests? Would it have made for the eternal welfare of this nation? Would it have been Christian, considerate, kind? We can see quite clearly that such an attitude would not only have been cowardly and contemptible, but that it would, in its encouragement of our wrong-doing, have been disastrous in its consequences. Our personalities might have been pleased and flattered, though in our heart of hearts even we should have despised such weakness (as the Germans today despise and rightly despise our weakness); but in our souls we should have agonized, because our souls would have longed and prayed for the immediate and dire punishment of our personalities, and, asking for bread, would have been given a stone."

"What was that imaginary quotation about our 'humane and enlightened attitude'?" asked the Visitor. "It sounded familiar."

"It ought to be," replied the Philosopher. "It ought to be impressed indelibly upon the heart and conscience of every American. It is a literal paraphrase of this Government's first Lusitania note, making us appear as approving the treatment of Belgium. It would take rivers of blood to wipe out that disgrace."

"Perhaps," said the Historian, "it would help to make your main point still clearer if we were to ask ourselves what we should desire for Germany at the present time, if our sole concern were to benefit her.

"Would it benefit her to be victorious in this war, and for her armies once more to march through Paris in triumphal procession? Would that be good for Germany's soul?

"Not long ago one of our illustrated papers reproduced a sketch, by a clever German artist, of one of the most prominent Germans now in this

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country. It was an illuminating face,—handsome, immensely able, with absolutely cold and soulless eyes, ruthless, unscrupulous, self-controlled, calculating, with a veneer of great gentility: a murderer of his own soul.

"In appearance he is a remarkably refined embodiment of the spirit of his people as it has been revealed in this war,—not, as Germans often allege, because of English lies, but as revealed in their own state papers and particularly in official communications addressed to other governments. That spirit shows a brutal egotism, a self-assertion almost without parallel in history, and a complete lack of honour. It is the spirit of the Black Lodge, and if ever a nation were driven by devils, Germany now is. It sold itself to them, hoping to use their power for its own aggrandizement. In the nature of things, they now control it.

"As a people, they are utterly bewildered by the accusations brought against them, just as a man, devoid of any sense of honour, is bewildered when called dishonorable. Their hopeless inability to recognize their own condition, or to see their crimes as crimes, is perhaps the most significant feature of their obsession.

"Relying upon their own supposed superiority—vanity having deafened them to all criticism—what they most obviously need for their souls' salvation is to be hammered to the earth. If they were my own children, and I were unable to do it myself, I should pray that they might be thrashed within an inch of their lives; humiliated until the shame of it would make them long for death. In no other way can they be brought to repentance.

"Once they were to repent and were to repent truly of their abominable treachery and wickedness; once they were to prove their penitence by acts of restitution undertaken voluntarily in addition to such punishment as may be imposed upon them,—then it would be a joy to forgive them and to take them back once more into the family of nations. But until they do that, the more ardent anyone's love of them may be, the more passionately he should pray for their annihilating defeat. Not to hate their unspeakable misconduct is to prove oneself either entirely ignorant of the facts (as many Germans still are), or as morally dead, or as psychically entranced by an idea such as that Hell is peace or, among Germans, that Germany necessarily is perfect."

"It works out whichever way you look at it," commented one of the Ancients. "If you ask yourself what you would wish for England, granting love for England, the answer is, I think, that she also needed and perhaps still needs humiliation, though not to anything like the same extent. Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty is reported to have said not long ago: 'England still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her.' She was self-satisfied, lazy, easy-going, unwilling to sacrifice her comfort; selfish, not in an aggressive sense, but as one who thinks first of his own arm-chair and slippers, and who regards it as an outrage if, after a certain hour in the evening, he should be called upon to leave

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either. England was fatuously contented with her fleet, and with the idea of her own impregnability. 'Time enough' had been her motto for years. When the need actually came, she would show people what she could do! Her selfishness had affected all classes, though the aristocracy of the country, supposed to be effete, did infinitely better than the Trade-Unionized working class, when the crisis finally came.

"And England has been humiliated. Her armies have been conspicuously ineffective, in spite of much individual bravery. Her fleet, while it has preserved American commerce, has not been able to prevent immense damage to British over-seas trade. Her mechanism of war is still so heavy and clumsy that she requires nearly twice as many men as France requires to hold each mile of her entrenched front. Her political bickerings and her strikes have been a disgrace. If there be self-satisfaction left in her, there is no longer any excuse for it; and I do devoutly hope that the time is rapidly approaching when, consistently with her soul's salvation, she can safely be allowed to give effective support to France."

"How about France?" suggested the Visitor. "If, as you said, it works out whichever way you look at it, and if Germany, for her soul's salvation, needs to be crushed, and England, for her's, needs to be shaken out of her self-satisfaction, it would seem to follow that France not only will have to win but should do the lion's share of the winning. Would that be in line with her real need? Was not she also self-satisfied?"

"She was not," answered the Ancient. "Her fault was self-distrust. She had lost faith in herself, in her mission, in her ability to achieve the impossible. Many of her children had grown cynical as against themselves. And this fundamental fault involved another: loss of faith in God. See what the war has already done for her! See how it has restored her faith, both in God and in herself! Her children have shown themselves capable of any sacrifice, and she knows it. They have risen to heights of self-abandonment which for all ages will be an example to other nations; and France, in the midst of her agony, knows it and is glad. She needs victory. It was shown once and for ever that there can be no Resurrection except at the price of Crucifixion. She is being crucified, and she accepts it heroically, gratefully. It will be shown in her, pray Heaven, that such self-abandonment can have but one result: an Easter of joyous, humble and complete triumph."

"How about America?" asked the Visitor. "What is her need?"

"Perhaps to be licked by Villa," answered the Student.

"Perhaps to be licked by the Japs," added the Ancient.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Is it so difficult to see? Have not hundreds of clear-sighted Americans said of this country what Sir David Beatty said of England,—that America still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her?

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Talk about self-satisfaction and complacency! Why, England's were not a patch on the vast expanse of ours! No English statesman, with a political following, ever talked about a million armed Englishmen leaping to their feet in time of need. He knew they would have to be bombed to their feet, which is just what happened. But we learn nothing when, as at this moment, it is proving almost impossible, out of a population of one hundred millions, to enlist twenty thousand volunteers. England never flattered herself that she was an example to the world. She knew that she was nothing of the kind. But every man and woman in this country, so far as our Public School system could reach them, was brought up in the might of that illusion. As a nation we are like an over-grown gawk, with many amiable qualities, imagining himself to be a model of all manly virtues, and so hyper-sensitive that if anyone suggests his collar does not fit him, regarding it as a deadly insult or as proof of unpardonable ignorance of collars in general and in particular. My friend, if we were not so bulky, we should be regarded, internationally, as a joke. But if what I have said were included in the *Screen,* it would make nearly all American readers furious, and so far as I can see would do no good, because only Villa or the Japs can really teach us sense."

"I shall risk it," laughed the Recorder.

An English member, at this point, asked permission to change the subject.

"The war," he said, "is doing so much for so many people that, in the great mass of inspiration and improvement, and by the consequent oversight of details, we run the risk of getting only a vague and transitory impression. May I therefore speak of one particular instance, that of M. Georges Clemenceau, formerly Prime Minister of France? He made a wonderful speech not long ago, when receiving the British and Irish members of Parliament who visited Paris as delegates to the Inter-parliamentary Commission. His speech cannot fail to interest students of Theosophy. M. Clemenceau, as far as I am aware, would not be regarded as a religious man, or as a mystic. But he felt what he was saying so deeply; the occasion so truly inspired him, that he was lifted to the plane of his own soul and spoke of himself as an immortal being with an age-long past—as having waited for a thousand years for this glad day of reconciliation and of union. More than that, he spoke of Joan of Arc as one who knows her. It is all the more welcome and remarkable because M. Clemenceau, whose force and courage have always compelled admiration, never knew how to surrender himself to a cause. Not even at his best did he know how to co-operate with others. He was too self-assertive. If he could not dominate others, he resigned, and then threw himself into the task of destroying his successor. He was fearless, patriotic, tireless, immensely able; but he had that serious defect. Recently, and even since the war, it has seemed at times as if he had degenerated into an old scold,—against the Government because

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he was not the Government. He was handled with admirable patience. But so great a man ought to have handled others with patience: he ought not to have needed handling by anyone. It made me sorry and almost bitterly impatient with him. I was all the more glad, therefore, when I read this speech. I have made a rough translation of parts of it. May I quote him?

" 'Gentlemen,' he said,—'Welcome, and allow one who owes to his advanced age the honour of addressing you in the name of his colleagues of the French Parliamentary Committee, to say to you that, in the darkest hours of the past, he never despaired of an entente which seemed to him inevitable, but which he never hoped to see realized.

" 'Yes, gentlemen, I have been waiting for you for endless centuries; and historians—strangers too often to the deepest passions, to love and hate, which inspire the nations—will be astonished perhaps that we needed, we two, so long a period of time to bridge so narrow a stretch of sea, which many warlike adventures had seemed to turn into an insurmountable barrier, but which we, for our part, wish to regard only as a great path-way open to all those who are able to understand and to practise the true international fraternity of the future, founded upon the recognition of the equal right of all and upon cheerful respect for the right of each.

" 'Yes, yes,—I have been waiting for you since Hastings, since the days of the Black Prince. You see I am not a man who grows weary. I have waited for you and you have come, and now you are here in our midst, representatives of the English people, spontaneously assembled, not to conclude one of those political agreements such as our governments might enter into, any more than to arrive at military decisions which necessarily are outside our jurisdiction.

" 'Your visit is, as it were, the hoped-for fruit of all these tasks. We meet together that we may see one another, understand one another, and find at last that we are capable of loving one another. The times demand action; and civilians and military, on both sides of the Straits, alike are in action. And they will continue in action until they can gain their end. To the end! you understand. With the authority which is his right, Lord Desart yesterday said that definite thing. It is deliberate, it is willed, and we are pledged to it. We are giving our children, we shall give our possessions—all, all; and the marvellous Cause of the independence of races and of the dignity of man, carries in itself so great a reward, that, in spite of the most dreadful sacrifices, we shall never complain that it was necessary to give too much.

" 'And that is the explanation of why you have crossed the sea to join hands with us.

" '. . . It is true that it is to war we owe the miracle of our union, so real a union that it can never be broken except as a catastrophe to civilization itself. We did not want war, neither English nor French wanted it; but we want it now, both of us, and we want it intensely and

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shall continue to want it until final and unqualified victory repays us and repays our generous sons for the oceans of blood with which this country has been deluged.

"'. . . In the narrow passages of their trenches, I have seen your seasoned troops, imperturbable, dryly humorous, placidly awaiting the onslaught of the enemy. I do sincerely hope that you will return the visit. Go and see our "poilus": go, I beg of you. What comfort you will find in the simplicity of their smile! They will speak to you of their "boches,"—inexhaustible subject of military gaiety. You must see them laugh at their wounds; must see them fall with, "I am content," on their lips. Believe me, your mission would not be complete if you were not able to take away with you, to those, no matter where, who may still be hesitating, some glimpse of a vision the splendour of which nothing could possibly surpass. Then you will be able to say to England: "We have seen it."

"'Then, on your return from our trenches, you will once more pass through our public squares, where, as in your own, great bronzes record a history which we wish still further to ennoble, but not one detail of which either you or we would wish to disavow. And then, pause for one moment at the foot of the monument, all of gold, where, on her horse of gold, the little peasant of France goes forth to war—that little peasant of France who was, no one knows how, all to herself, an army—nay, all the armies of France in one. Speak to her, oh friends of today and for ever if we prove worthy of our destiny! *Speak to her!* She will hear you, and, reversing the legend of the man of stone, she will bow her head in token of uttermost reconciliation. In that hour your noble pilgrimage will truly be accomplished, and you will have obtained from all of us that which you came to find.

"'. . . I have said enough of the feeling with which your visit will be returned. At Fontenoy our fathers said to yours: "Messieurs les Anglais, fire first." On this occasion, you came first with hands outstretched. Messieurs les Anglais, it will not be forgotten.'"

"M. Clemenceau himself would probably say that, in referring to his own past, he was using poetic licence, or that he was momentarily identifying himself with his race for oratorical purposes. I should dislike to think that he spoke more wisely than he knew, though it is something which the best and wisest often do. Perhaps he would say the same thing of his reference to Joan of Arc,—that that also was mere rhetoric. But it was in fact far more than that. It was the inspired recognition of a truth eternal in the heavens. She does hear. She does answer. Otherwise what a mockery life would be! She knows Georges Clemenceau. She has often prayed for him. She has tried to reach his inner ear, to inspire, to encourage, to warn, to check. As a rule he has been too busy with himself and his own thoughts to listen; but there have been other times when he has heard and when he has followed her wise counsel, often thinking it his own. Loving France as she does

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—her soul in some sense the very soul of France—the wounds of France piercing her heart so deeply—is it not inevitable that she should watch over a man who, with all his faults, has an ideal of patriotism so closely resembling her own? The soul of Joan of Arc counts him as one of her friends: of that we may be certain, and so might he be if he would care to listen, even now, at least in this his day. I suspect he knew her as Joan, centuries ago. Not that I have the faintest glimmer of an idea who he was! Perhaps a Bishop, too narrow-minded: for it would be like the cynicism of Fate to have made him an associate of Combes—reaction from his own past the directly governing cause. Extremes very often result in opposite extremes. A woman, now the pink of prudery, may easily have been a far too promiscuous flirt in a previous life. Yes, I think we shall have to locate M. Clemenceau as the excarnation of a self-willed, dictatorial, narrow-minded but genuinely patriotic Bishop, whose support of Joan, so truly a messenger from Heaven, perhaps saved his soul and came through into this life as the truest devotion of his heart. In any case, so far as my experience goes, we usually were the person we should most hate to have been!"

"Well," said the Student, "I do not blame him and the others for their opposition to Roman influence in France. They were both foolish and cruel in their expression of it. They made real martyrs—always an unwise as well as unkind thing to do. But if the Church in France were a French Church, instead of what it used to be, a government within a government, I believe you would find such men as Clemenceau among its most ardent and faithful adherents."

"I agree with you," broke in the Gael at this point; "but there is one other aspect of this whole question which I should greatly like to emphasize. . . . You have spoken of the agony of souls. You have pointed out, though indirectly, that personal crucifixion, which should lead to eternal life, is one thing; and that the crucifixion of the soul, through the sins of the personality, is quite another thing. But you have not spoken of the crucifixion of God.

"I use that word in a Christian sense. But you can replace it, if you choose: the Supreme Self, or the Logos, or the Masters who embody the Logos in life,—any one of these will carry us far enough. And then, how about the outrages committed against them! Outrages almost beyond belief have been committed against humanity; but are not these crimes merely one aspect of the total crime committed? What unthinkable grief for those who have given all, even Paradise, to bring the race to an understanding of truth and justice and honour, to an appreciation of love and beauty and goodness, to have been compelled to cast out devils into swine, foreknowing that these purgations of Hell, instead of running violently down a steep place into the sea, would hurl themselves with fire and sword and monstrous obscenities upon an innocent people, and upon all women and children and defenceless creatures in their path. What woe unimaginable! Sin upon sin and crime added to

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crime! And yet it had to be permitted. Men cannot be deprived of their own free will. If they adopt the code of devils, they invite their own obsession. And the Black Lodge, unseen, unrecognized, is far more dangerous in fact than when the whole world turns in horror from the monsters it extrudes. We have at last been compelled to see evil as evil. The disguise, the trappings, the glamour have been thrown aside, and evil stands forth as vile, as hideous, as revolting. That much the White Lodge has already gained. Surely we shall live to see that sin destroys itself. But meanwhile, as I said before, what agony for those whose love, seeing all suffering and each detail of every sin, feels the crucifixion of persons and the crucifixion of souls as its own, intensified a million-fold, not merely because love identifies itself with each ache and heart-throb of those to whom it is given, but because it looks up as well as down and sees above itself, in ever-ascending degree, the infinite grief of the Love of God.

T.

P. S.—This postscript ought to have a separate title. It should be called *Messages from Heaven*. Its purpose is to call attention to the second volume of *Fragments*, by "Cavé," which our Book Department announces will be ready for distribution on April 15th, in ample time for Easter. So many of us will be glad to give it—and to receive it too! —as an expression of Easter greetings. "Christ is risen," exclaim the Russians, as they embrace one another on what is for them the happiest day of the year. And we, students of Theosophy, who recognize in the life of a Master an immediate and personal significance which escapes the narrower view of theologians,—we, surely, should find a deeper joy (as we find deeper meanings) in the fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead.

Much of that deeper joy and many of those deeper meanings are to be found in this second volume of *Fragments*. If we have ears to hear we shall find proof positive that Christ is risen indeed. More than that, we shall find that others have risen with him, and that we too may rise to eternal life and to eternal consciousness from the tomb of the personal self.

"Messages from Heaven": what else can these *Fragments* be called Read this, for instance, as word sent by one who has attained, to one whose fight is still against the devils in himself:

"You cannot enter into communion with me without suffering, for my life is a life of suffering; nor can you otherwise know its transcendent joys, for joy is its fruit. To go *half-way* is misery; but *all* the way is heaven."

Or this, as the testimony of a student whose devotion has resulted in knowledge:

"The Path to the Masters is the path of *likeness;* there is no other

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way to go. Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' He spoke then as the Christ. Only as we conform ourselves to the Master's image can we come to know him —for by what sign or means shall we know that which is beyond the reaches of our consciousness? If he seems abstract, vague, is it not that he inhabits another world, utterly different and removed from our own? But so, mark you, only because of our limitations. For in reality he lives in the *same* world, sees the same sky and the same fields and flowers, only it is so much vaster and more luminous! As the stones and plants and animals live also in our world, each in their place and degree, but without sharing our consciousness; so we also in the Master's world see and yet not see, touch and yet never feel.

"When we awake sufficiently to realize with St. Augustine that we are 'afar off in a cloud of unlikeness,' then we perceive the lack, the deficiency in ourselves; then we turn our faces toward him, and our hearts; then we have entered on the path; then, as we conform our minds, our acts to his, seeking to follow as he bids us follow, we learn to catch the flutter of his garment as he makes the turn before us; we see the fresh foot-prints in the path ahead, and tones of his voice are blown back to us, growing clearer as the distance lessens.

"Seeking, seeking; conforming without lessening zeal—so eager is the search—we grow into that marvellous consciousness, partake of some small corner of it, and there know face to face communion with him, growing deeper, stronger, fuller day by day, as love and faith and obedience draw us closer to his heart, until at last no friend is so near as that friend, no communion so complete, no realization so vivid and so constant.

"But the path is the path of *likeness,* for which we must strive with virile power. Only in unlikeness can we be afar off from a love so perfect as his."

But the book is a gold-mine of theosophic, occult and mystic truths. We have quoted only to stimulate desire for more. As said already, it is to be published on April 15th. The binding is the same as that of the first volume. The price also is the same,—sixty cents postage prepaid.

T.

A holy man, nearly a year before the war, is reported to have said:

"The world has become profoundly corrupt. There will surely come some great scourge. It will be necessary to have a generation brought up by mourning mothers, and in a discipline of tears."—The Messenger.

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ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

X.

The Masters

THE very rough sketch of the evolutionary process outlined in the last article is woefully incomplete without including the vital and essential part which the Masters play; and yet one stands appalled at the mere idea of attempting to put into words what the New Testament describes in part. Perhaps the best thing to do is to set down quite simply, in a series of dogmatic statements the essence of what one knows or understands about this vast subject.

The first thing that has to be kept in mind is the hierarchical principle in the universe. The universe is one; it is a uni-verse, not a duo-verse, or a multi-verse. Every soul is a part of the Oversoul, a spark of Divinity, a ray from the spiritual center of things; but they are not all equal. Some are nearer and some are farther away from the innermost heart of the universe, and they rank, as souls, according to their distance away, according to their position along the evolutionary stream.

In the *Secret Doctrine* there is a beautiful phrase, "Time lay asleep in the bosom of infinite duration"; but it does not always lie asleep. When the hour strikes and a Great Day of Brahma dawns, every 311,040,000,000,000 years or so, there issues forth from the Absolute a whole universe, which gradually unrolls in manifestation. The early stages of this vast unfoldment do not concern us. Suffice it to say that in due time, the process reaches the point where solar systems, and then earths are born, and again, in due time, in stretches of time which dwarf our geological periods into insignificance, these earths are prepared for human evolution, and mankind appears. The picture I wish to present is that this process, taking thousands of millions of years, is a succession of steps or stages, and that every step or stage has its appropriate form of life. Most of these are so inconceivably remote from man that the wildest stretches of our imagination does not give us even a glimmer of their nature and functions. We only know, from analogy, that such beings must exist.

It is not until we reach the world itself that the human mind can begin, vaguely, to concern itself with the higher forms of spiritual life, and to hope to begin to understand a little about them. In order to sug-

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gest something of the nature and functions of these spiritual beings that are beginning to come within the range of our understanding, I am going to try to build up our concept from below. Every atom in the universe is composed of substance and consciousness, or matter and spirit. The quality of the consciousness is determined by its vehicle or body; as vehicles for consciousness become more complete, the character of the consciousness ensouling these vehicles, becomes more complete; or we can use the term "higher" and say that the higher the type of body, the higher the type of consciousness inhabiting that body.

The consciousness of a cell is a synthesis of the consciousness of the atoms composing that cell; the consciousness of an organ in the body, is the synthesis of the consciousness of the cells composing the organ. The body itself has a consciousness, as a whole, which is the synthesis of the organs and parts composing it. It gets hungry and thirsty, or feverish, or tired, or cold. We Western peoples say, "*We* are hungry, or cold," but the Easterner says much more truly, "my body is hungry," or "my body is cold."

Carrying forward this idea that a higher type is the synthesis of many of a lower type, and associating it with what has already been said about great spiritual beings, we reach the logical conclusion that there must be entities, or centers of life and consciousness which are the synthesis of groups of human beings. That is one way of explaining what a *Master* is. All the souls in the world are "on the ray" of a Master, belong to him, are a part of him. There is no escape from this, for it is the way the universe manifests. Everything above is a synthesis of things below. A Master is the synthesis of the souls of men. He is a man made perfect, for he came up, or evolved, through the human stage, but in the process he became more than man, for, as he reached that stage of progress, he automatically took upon himself the characteristics of that stage; he became a link—in a new place—in the uninterrupted stream leading from the Absolute and running down to the smallest unit of manifestation, which we call the atom.

It does not follow, of course, that all Masters are products of this cycle of evolution. On the contrary we are given to believe that many, if not all of the greatest Masters, became such in previous cycles, but "came back" in this one in order to help forward human evolution.

The *Secret Doctrine* teaches that there is a Planetary spirit who looks after, guides and directs evolution on the Earth, and who is the synthesis of the Earth and all that it contains, of life and consciousness. Our minds cannot even speculate to advantage about this Being, who is too inconceivably far removed from our range of perception to make speculation worth while. It has been said of him that he could wipe every trace of evil out of the world as easily as a boy wipes a pencil mark off his slate. He does not do it because it would interfere with free will. His point of direct contact with the world is a being known as the Silent Watcher, the ranking member of the Great White Lodge. Next below

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are two beings whose names are not given us. Below them again are the four Maha-chohans of the North, East, South and West, the Regents, as they are sometimes called, who preside over the destinies of mankind. These great beings are the Masters of the Masters, and, so far as I know, they are the highest with whom it is possible for a human being to have intercourse. It is probable that this last statement is not absolutely and theoretically true, whatever it may be in practice. But it is known that the Maha-chohans do concern themselves with individuals and, occasionally, though rarely, communicate with them. One or two letters were received from the Regent of the West in the early days of the Theosophical Society, and they have sent messages to individuals.

Below the Maha-chohans are the great body of the Masters. We do not know how many there are or how many grades of them there are. There would appear to be no limit to their possible number, but there is a distinct limit to their actual number. There must be ranks or grades among them, for scattered bits of information have filtered down to us indicating this.

We also read of different kinds of Masters. The *Voice of the Silence* speaks of Nirmanakayas who stay in the atmosphere of the earth, as it were, where they are able to deal directly with human affairs, and Dharmakayas, those who pass on to some Nirvanic condition where they are removed from any possible intercourse with man. We hear of those who renounce their own advancement, who actually retain some of the limitations of humanity, in order to continue to work directly with and for mankind; a ceaseless sacrifice of such appalling magnitude that it transcends our imagination. Their state has been likened to what ours would be if we lived and worked perpetually in a noisome muck heap, in a boiler factory full of raucous and discordant noise. One great Master's name is especially associated with this type of sacrifice, than which it is impossible to conceive of anything higher. Reverend hail to Jesus of Nazareth, the living exponent of what is greatest, even among Masters.

Below the Masters are the disciples of countless different grades, but of two great divisions—those who are conscious of who and what they are, who have conscious intercourse with their Master and with other members of the Lodge; and those who strive for that full communion. But this section is about Masters. I shall endeavor to deal with disciples more in detail, later.

Chohan is a Thibetan word meaning master; Maha—Sanscrit for great,—so Maha-chohan means, great master.

The Masters are sometimes called Mahatmas, from Maha-atma, atma meaning, roughly, soul—great souls. The term adept is too loosely used in Theosophical literature to have any special significance. Generally it is used to mean any full member of the Lodge.

Jivanmukti is a Sanscrit word meaning one who has reached the ultimate state of holiness, who has reached the state of Nirvana during

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life and is often used to designate the Masters. They are also sometimes called Rishi, a Sanscrit word meaning the inspired one.

We have endeavored to give some idea of their nature and of the place they occupy in the evolutionary stream. What of their powers and functions. First as to their powers. They have conquered death as we know it. That does not mean that they are not subject to the law of cycles. Death is but a period of sleep between two awakenings. The Masters' periods are longer, that is all. They too are subject to the universal law that alternates periods of activity with periods of rest. We must count their periods in thousands of years, however. They are not subjects of time, as we know it, although subject to their own kind of time. Neither are they limited by space, as we know it. Our world is a world of three dimensions. They live in a four dimensional world, and have the powers which necessarily follow, powers which we can understand only in the terms of our own world, and which therefore, can only express phases or aspects of their real capacities. Not being limited by time or space, they can go with the speed of thought instantaneously, from any place to any other place, by a simple act of will. More mysterious still, being in four dimensional space, they can be simultaneously in several different places at once, from the point of view of our space. They can enter closed rooms, see inside of things, including our hearts and minds. They can communicate with each other freely, at any time, no matter where they may happen to be. They can see and hear anything at any part of the earth, or at different parts of the earth at the same time. We can do several things at once. We can eat and read and watch the time, and listen to music simultaneously. A little training enables us to add quite a number of things which we can do at the same time. Having far greater abilities in all directions than we have, and having additional powers of which we know nothing, the Masters can do so many different things at the same time that it appears miraculous to us. They seem omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient, and to all intents and purposes they are, so far as we are concerned, but they are not in fact. They have their limits, they get tired; they get overburdened; there are tasks beyond even their exalted strength.

They are the subjects and instruments of Karma; they must work within the limits of the law of cycles; they go with the stream. Man's free will is a perpetual barrier to all their projects and often raises insufferable obstacles to the successful fulfilment of their plans.

Tradition tells us that they meet once a year in formal convention, to receive the instructions of their superiors, and to plan out the work for the coming year. They discuss the state of the world, in all its vast complexities, study the trend of thought and the other activities of the human race; sometimes disagree as to the best course of action, referring the point, in such a case, to the Maha-chohan for decision; and generally assign to each member of the Lodge his task for the immediate future. In order not to get a wrong idea from this, however, it must be remem-

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bered that they plan movements that take hundreds, and sometimes thousands of years to mature. They prepare centuries in advance for important departures in human affairs. They guide, direct, control, inspire, encourage, retard all human activities, literature, art, music, science in all its branches, including medicine, philosophy, commerce, war, politics, religion. They concern themselves with races, nations, peoples, governments, societies, and all assembles and associations of peoples; but their great work is done with individuals, for after all it is the individual, the soul, with which they are finally concerned. All these other things are of interest only as they affect the souls of men.

In an effort to describe the essence of their functions, I first thought of using the word *service*. That word certainly is an epitome of their lives and activities; but there is a better, though much misused word, which is even more descriptive, and that is Love.

The Masters are the living exponents of the law of Love, which is the basic law of the Universe. They have been called Masters of Compassion, because they spend themselves, endlessly, ceaselessly, upon mankind, out of compassion for the sufferings of the human race; as they know that all suffering arises from sin, from self-will, from disobedience to the laws of Life, and that the only possible surcease from suffering lies in getting rid of self-will and in making the personal life conform to the divine life. Hence their special interest in the individual. Their activity in other directions, their interest in and guidance of human events and movements, are because of the influence these things have on the individual. Their fundamental concern is with the souls of men. Their interest in outer worldly events is only because of the effect these have upon the souls of men.

They want disciples, for the road to final emancipation is through discipleship, and by no other way whatsoever. Therefore they maintain, always, in the world, a series of agencies which make this appeal to mankind. These agencies vary from time to time, and according to the natures appealed to. The laws of life are interpreted and reinterpreted in an endless variety of ways, so that no single soul shall not be reached by some form of appeal best suited to his needs. They are never discouraged, for they know that in the fullness of time all men will be caught in the net of the Gods, and be drawn home to their eternal Salvation; but their hearts bleed because of man's perversity and self-will, his ignorance and inertia. They do not wish us to be whipped into Heaven by pain and misery, but to travel there joyously and willingly, with heads erect and hearts aflame. They wish us to take Heaven by violence.

Endlessly patient, endlessly compassionate, endlessly wise, they work ceaselessly, in countless different ways, for our salvation. Selfless, impersonal, yet full of personality in the best sense, they are Gods in their divine natures, yet very loving and lovable human beings in their humanity.

This brief sketch would be incomplete if it did not end with an effort to express the unceasing gratitude and recognition which we should bear them for their endless goodness and sacrifice. C. A. G.

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REVIEWS

War Letters from the Living Dead Man, written down by Elsa Barker.* The last number of the QUARTERLY contained several reviews or articles about books purporting to describe the after death states; one by the same author having received special notice, because it attracted particular public attention. It is a graceless task for the reviewer, because such books almost always contain much that is positively offensive, often are actually pernicious, and nearly always are objectionable and misleading. This book is no exception. In spite of its interest, for it is interesting, we believe that it will do more harm than good. The good that it may do is obvious; almost anything that will stimulate mankind's waning interest and faith in the unseen, has merit, and it is quite conceivable that such a work, crude and blattantly pretentious as it is, will appeal to certain grades of intelligence, which would pass by without notice serious works of a more reliable character. The harm it cannot fail to do is less obvious. The book is thoroughly materialistic. That may seem a queer word to use in connection with a work which avowedly deals with the states after death, but it the only word which adequately describes the intensely mechanical and lifeless conditions which are portrayed. There is much talk of God and Devils, of Masters and Demons, of Angels and elementals, but there is no single ray of genuine perception about all these things, from beginning to end. There are pages about love, but never a breath of real feeling. It is sterile, barren, dead.

Two theories may account for this, and for the book itself. One, that the work is from the subconscious mind of Mrs. Elsa Barker. The other, that it really is from the kamic shade of Judge Hatch;—from those remnants and dregs of the late Californian which remain earth-bound for a time after the death of the physical body, and after the soul and the higher principles have passed on to other planes of being. We are not inclined even to speculate as to which of these theories is true, for either accounts for the facts. So would a third possibility,—that the book is a deliberate and conscious fake.

Now the facts are that there is not in the whole book a single statement of anything which could be described as new. It is a hodge-podge of badly digested and misunderstood gleanings from theosophical and spiritualistic literature. Sentence after sentence, phrase after phrase, idea after idea, have the echo and often the actual clothes of the better-known theosophical books; there is nothing anywhere that any intelligent person could not write after six months' study of our literature. Even the errors and misleading statements are the errors and inaccuracies of our pseudo-occult literature. The author, whoever he is, did not know enough to discriminate between his authorities.

The real evil of the work, however, is not its strange blending of partial truth and falsehood; that would be bad enough; its real evil is its casual manner of dealing with sacred things, its total lack of real understanding of Masters, or indeed of anything one can only refer to by that much misused word—spiritual. I suppose most Christians would feel shocked if they heard a Fiji Islander telling

* Mitchell Kennerly, New York. $1.25 net.

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some of his fellow cannibals what he understood of a missionary's description of Christ. It would be crude, it would be materialistic, it would show a complete inability to understand. Combine that with "X's" calm assumption of wisdom and power, and you will get some idea of how the book grates on this reviewer.

And yet it is interesting, perhaps because it is about the War, and almost anything about the War is interesting, even things that are not so. Judge Hatch is strongly pro-Ally. He says that the outer war in the world is only a reflex of the inner war between the forces of Good and Evil. So far so good. But when he interviews the particular devil that is the real inner self of the German Emperor we marvel at his credulity. When he interviews the Devil himself, and worsts him in verbal argument, we—well, we relieve our feelings by writing this review.

Theosophy, Theosophy, what crimes are committed in thy name!

JOHN BLAKE.

The Meaning of Prayer, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Professor Fosdick has a directness of speech together with a virility and wholesomeness of mind that makes his books very appealing, and clear beyond ordinary attainment. The need for a popular and at the same time sound book on prayer has long been felt. Most of such treatises are Roman Catholic; while the Protestant are too often uninviting and uninteresting. Professor Fosdick's book is un-Roman and is distinctly "alive," to use an expressive slang word. It is arranged for daily reading under weekly chapter headings, with a summary of each week's thoughts. Plentiful illustration from daily life or popular biography aptly applied, is used, often with striking effect. Many lovely bits of verse and choice prayers are quoted, while the Bible selections are unusually well-adapted to elucidate the theme.

The book is primarily addressed to the large class of honest doubters—those of us who at best have "vague groping after a God outside of us which so often ends in the futile feeling of having talked to empty space." It is not much use to discuss with such people the higher attainments in spiritual realms; their usual highest value in life is an appreciation of nobility in man, and for them prayer at the start is only an exercise to strengthen the better and higher sides of their nature. So, "Prayer is the innermost form of the fight for character," says Professor Fosdick in his chapter "Prayer As A Battlefield." This recognition of a limitation in a large element of mankind, and the speaking to their condition, is an essential advantage of this work; but when Professor Fosdick goes on to state "Generally, if not always, it is quite impossible to distinguish between the voice of God and the voice of our own best conscience and ideals. They are not to be distinguished"; we cannot agree. It would seem that here he failed to realize what is fundamentally the indispensable in prayer—God and the Master. The whole of his method and appeal leads us to just this inevitable step of reaching personal and conscious communion with our Master, with God; and then a prejudice against, or lack of understanding of, the true mystic experience raises an unsurpassable barrier beyond which he cannot take us. In an earlier chapter he has said "So men think that God is, but they never have *met him.* They never have come into that personal experience of communion with God which says: *'I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee.'* (Job 42:5)." But in common with so much of modern thought, these seemingly simple and clear statements by men who claimed and demonstrated their power of prayer by the lives they led, are not really believed. Communion with God is felt to be little more than getting a soothing or invigorating force out of space; personality, individual consciousness, are considered the peculiar possession of men, and apparently do not and cannot exist in the spiritual world, or be possessed by its denizens.

With this limitation—for such an attitude certainly restricts prayer to the more elementary stages—Professor Fosdick has made a very real and a very

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helpful contribution. The average man who will read at all, will be forced to relinquish certain preconceptions, and to acquire a respect for the pragmatic value of prayer. For those who have already made some attempt to pray, the chapter on "Hindrances and Difficulties" contains much of value and many helpful suggestions. Above all the book is provocative of serious thought and a searching of self. One's own attainment, reflected in the discussion of the text itself, is measured up to the standards of other men, with the inference that if other men could do this, we too should be able and willing. Prayer is made attractive even though hard; lives are seen to be enriched and ennobled wherever prayer is a dominant factor.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

The Ritual of the Mystery of the Judgment of the Soul, from an ancient Egyptian papyrus, translated and edited by M. W. Blackden, S.R.I.A., VII°, and published for the Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia. The Author has attempted to piece together this ritual of initiation, which he thinks is "for the benefit of the Living, rather than Priestly practices for the benefit of the Dead," from frequently recurrent fragments found in the Ancient Egyptian "Book of the Dead." He thinks that it was, "in all probability, the final gateway into that degree of Initiation, where the traditional Esoteric Wisdom of Egypt was taught and its methods practised by the initiate,—thus its great importance." We do not agree with this latter conclusion. Such rites of initiation are not published, nor are they available even in old manuscripts. That this Ritual here translated may be, however, one used in the exoteric schools of the later Egyptian priesthood is quite possible, and therefore of distinct historical interest. The translator labours under the difficulty of having no key with which to interpret the vowel and consonant sounds that stand for names, or, more truly, that are symbols representing qualities and faculties on the inner planes; and so his translations do not seem always very convincing. The lack of unity and general vagueness of the Ritual itself would point either to the absence of understanding on the part of a degenerate priesthood ignorant of the true rites and their meaning, or to incomplete documents.

From the point of view of occult lore the book has little value; for the student of religious history it might contain some hints.

J. B., JR.

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—F. W. Faber.

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QUESTION 195.—*"What is the true function of government. Ought the State to provide public schools? If so, what ought to be the relation of such schools to religion?"*

ANSWER.—This question raises one of the points that has been debated by political and social philosophers from time immemorial. There is every shade of opinion from the philosophical anarchist who argues that there should be no government at all, to the socialists who wish to carry government control to an extreme that will cover every department of life. The middle path seems to be Herbert Spencer's view that government should provide each citizen with the fullest degree of liberty to exercise all his faculties which is compatible with an equal liberty to every other citizen. This would mean that government was little more than a sublimated police power.

Who, in the name of Theosophy, is going to be rash enough to try and settle this age-long dispute Indeed, what *is* the truth, and have we any means of discovering it?

Arguing from the analogy of a family, as the human social unit, the duties of the ideal father require that he should have absolute wisdom and therefore absolute power, exact absolute obedience, and direct every conceivable activity of those in his charge. He would give each individual as much liberty to exercise his faculties as was compatible with like liberty to the other members of the family, and so far, would comply with the modern idea of the true function of government, but with this very important addition; he would have a direct, personal duty in the spiritual and moral well-being of each member of his family, and would, therefore, use his power and authority to direct, control and curtail their activities wherever they would harm themselves as well as wherever they would harm others.

The family developed into the tribe, and the tribe into the Nation, but the form of government did not change. The early rulers combined the functions of King, Judge, Priest and General in their own persons. It was often difficult to determine which of these functions was the most important. It varied according to circumstances. In the course of time, as populations increased and the duties of the ruler became greater and more complicated, he had to delegate part of his function to others. Probably the first power to be delegated was military, for old age and physical disability would often prevent the ruler from exercising this function. In time the duties of all four functions of government had to be assigned to others and viceroys, governors, judges, priests, teachers and generals were developed. The theoretical source of authority and power was still the Sovereign and indeed has remained so to the present day, whether the Sovereign is a King, or is what, in modern phraseology, is called the "Sovereign people." Practically all Kings are still titular commanders-in-chief of armies and navies. Many Kings are still the titular heads of the national religion, such as the Tzar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey. Some Kings are still the ultimate source of the legal and juridical power, though this branch of government has become so highly special-

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ized and technical as to compel a division of function that amounts to a real and complete separation.

It is, however, in religion that we see the greatest change. Modern states, under the influence of atheism, materialism, and ignorance, have sometimes insisted upon a complete divorce between the State and religion. The results, always lamentable in the long run, are nowhere more apparent than in education.

Education is, of course, a function of religion, which in turn should be one of the chief concerns of the State. The unhappy result, in modern times, of a State controlled system of unreligious education, is so far from satisfactory, that educators all over the world—save in the Catholic Church—are searching frantically for a solution in every direction but the right one.

With things as they are, granting the impossibility, in any reasonable time, of correcting the fundamental mistake, the nearest approach to a satisfactory compromise would be to abandon most of the public school system and allow each religion to maintain schools which should be granted State aid, and which, necessarily, should be under State control as to common standards and final examinations.

A specific reply to the first question is much more difficult, but if one were to attempt to state the general laws, they would be something like the following:

(a) A government should have power to exercise such control as is required for the best interest of those governed.

(b) The amount and character of this control depends entirely upon the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual condition of those governed.

(c) It is obvious that no one needing control is capable of determining what the nature and amount of such control should be.

(d) Consequently we are thrown back upon authority imposed from without. As no existing body of men would be willing for any length of time, to accept the self-constituted authority of other men, or another man, we are driven back to the inner world as the only acceptable source of ultimate authority.

(e) In the days of old, the Lodge spoke to men and told them through its agents, the prophets, what government they should have. Sometimes they accepted this dictum and sometimes they did not. They were always sorry when they did not. Now-a-days there is not any generally accepted means whereby the denizens of the spiritual world give their advice to man. Therefore, the general consensus of opinion and instinct would appear to be the only source of authority that would be acceptable.

(f) As the selfishness and moral perversity of man make his opinions and instincts very unreliable guides, we reach an impasse from which there is only one way open, and that is to suffer the consequences of wrong forms of government, until mankind is raised morally and spiritually to a point where the inner world can again reveal its will to man in some manner that will be accepted as authoritative.

(g) Like every other human problem, therefore, this whole question of government comes down to the simple question of character; to our relations to the spiritual world; and it cannot be solved by any short cut, or special man-made form of government.

It is highly probable that the Lodge, in its wisdom, would decree very different forms of government for different kinds of people, at different periods in their national career. It would be a bold man who would be willing to state that any of the recognized forms of government is the ideal one. The most we could safely do would be to say that, by analogy the system in use in the Lodge itself must be the ideal one. So far as we know that is a combination of all three types, that is, it is at once, an absolute monarchy, an enlightened aristocracy and a perfect commonwealth or democracy.

The world has never seen such a compound. The English government comes nearest to it, for it at least contains an element of each type; but, in essence it is

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democratic; the aristocratic element, the House of Lords, having little real power, while the monarchial element is conspicuous by its impotence. The political genius of the future will be the man who can devise a well-balanced and workable combination of these three elements. Perhaps the very fact that the world needs such a form of government, means that the time is ripe for its discovery and use.

X. Y. Z.

ANSWER.—The most philosophical of English statesmen, Edmund Burke, writes: "Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters." The true function of government would thus seem to be to prepare men for freedom by giving them moral discipline. The formation of character would be its chief aim. It is only in recent times that character has been narrowly limited to the mind. The great contemporary emphasis upon mental education neglects other more important parts of man's make-up, and, in the effort to develop one part of man's being, does so disproportionately and, in consequence, distorts his whole being. A man's true education is that which makes for moral development. Do not our schools, as they now exist, often thwart rather than foster moral development?

S. M.

ANSWER.—Perhaps to one starting on the Path it might be regarded as a means by which all men may give the other man his chance—to protect him in doing his duty. It would certainly not be "the true function of Government" to exist for any "me" but always for some "you." In other words Governments ought not, it would seem, to ape the Prussian ideal of a force-moulded citizen but the Christian ideal of a self-sacrificing, self-developed citizen. As to schools—would not the answer be "Never, if it pauperizes"? The free schools of America's pioneer days represented self-sacrifice by parents. So did, and do, religious schools. Does not the modern public school mean that you and I are pauperizing ourselves and our children by educating them at the expense of others, and not by self-sacrifice? What are you educating your child for? If for character development, is not religion the vital food he needs? Educating a child without religion seems to me reproducing the schooling of a trained pig. "Toby" is an interesting vaudeville performer but hardly an ideal citizen. If an individual opinion be desired I should say that it would be infinitely better for nation and people to have no public schools whatsoever than to have the modern, materialistic, irreligious school, with its development of self-will, its training in self-assertion and its exposition of "rights" instead of "duties." In other words I would prefer to have my sons unable to read, but ready to follow the Master, than to have two little trained pigs—however "cute and cunning"—and well-fed!

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—The true function of government would be on the one hand the complete and conscious expression of God's will on earth, and co-operation with that will; and on the other, the discipline and education of the people to obey, love, and in their turn co-operate with God's will. If this be true, the State should provide public schools, which in the nature of things should teach religion. These schools would have to represent all types of religious practice, would have to meet the many and various demands of differing minds and characters; but being founded on God's will, there would be a fundamental unity of purpose and essentially similar methods, however various the outer means used to accomplish the ultimate end. From the view-point of the Higher Self, education without religion is more of a detriment than a help.

J. B., JR.

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QUESTION 196.—*Have read the* QUARTERLY *with more interest than other Theosophical publications, and should like to have following questions answered. Precisely and authoritatively.*

1. *In article entitled "The Holy Spirit," reference is made to some definite "initiation" ceremony through which Paul went at Cenchrea. Hinted in Acts* 18, *Bible. Was that what Theosophical authors, etc., consider made him an "initiate," in sense he is often called "initiate" or "Christian initiate"?*

2. *Into what system of esoteric revelation or body of disciples, or "initiates," was he there "initiated," specifically?*

3. *When he is called "initiate" by Theosophical authors, etc., is it meant that he was member of some esoteric society, such as one of various Greek sects or orders, Chaldean groups of philosophers, etc., outside of Christianity; or what sort of "initiate" was he?*

4. *In article under head of "Notes" referring elaborately to contest between "White Lodge" and "Black Lodge" in human affairs and particularly by suggestion to European war, evil is represented as being caused by "devils" or "Black Lodge," much in same way as taught by orthodox Christianity. Is not that representation outside of and contrary to Theosophical teachings as generally accepted?*

5. *Does not Theosophy teach that "evil" is simply workings of one of three Logic outpourings (2nd, if am not mistaken), resulting in animalistic tendencies, passions, etc.; in other words, that "evil" is phenomena depending on "Logos," or God, and not on any "devil" or antagonist of God? (Consult article on Theosophy in Americana Encyclopedia, latest edition.)*

ANSWER.—In response to your inquiries:—

1. No one can answer questions about Theosophy, or the Theosophical attitude, "precisely and authoritatively." Theosophy means "Divine Wisdom," and whoever is presumptuous enough to answer in such a name thereby proves himself unfit and unworthy to be listened to. All any one should do is to say "Thus have I heard," "This is my opinion," "This is what I think at present."

2. A person is an "initiate" because he *is* something, not because he has *done* something, or because he has passed through some ceremony. He could not have passed through any real ceremony until after he was the thing the ceremony represented. We cannot safely attach any definite connotation to the words "initiate" or "initiation." At the most they mean that the subject has reached a certain degree of spiritual enlightenment, but we should have to be familiar with the different degrees of spiritual enlightenment in order to understand what that fact represented.

3. There is only one spiritual life, but there are countless roads to it; and innumerable organizations, formal and informal, have attempted during the period of history to embody and represent some portion of the truths of the spiritual life. Whether or not Paul was a member of one or more such organizations that existed in his time, I do not know. He may have made a point of joining all of them, for such good as he could get out of them, or could do to them; or he may have taken the other road and refused to have anything to do with any of them. It makes no difference. In any case he obeyed his Master. That we do know. He had the real thing, actual personal knowledge of and experience in the spiritual life, so he *was* what these organizations talk about.

3. Answered by what is said above.

4. As I understand it, evil is caused by the free will of man and comes about by disobedience to Divine law. In the course of time a body of evil is created by this accumulating disobedience. It is possible to place one's self on the side of this accumulated evil and work with and for it. Such a person is a "devil," or a "black

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magician" or anything you like; those are only words or names. He can grow in knowledge and power, for a long time; and can reach great heights of wickedness. Fundamentally there is no difference between the Christian and the Theosophical view of evil. In so far as they approximate the truth they must approximate each other.

5. Everything in the manifested universe emanates from the Logos, but it does not seem to me correct to say that evil is an outpouring of the Logos. I am not familiar with the article on Theosophy in the *Americana Encyclopedia*. If it is as inadequate and misleading as similar articles in the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* and other reference books, I should not rely upon it.

After all, one goes to an encyclopedia to get a short statement of facts regarding which one is ignorant or which one has forgotten. Theosophy has to do with life itself; it is a way of living. Your questions also have to do with life, with Paul's life and with that portion of it which transcended the life experience of the average man. How may we hope to find such answers in an encyclopedia? The answers are to be found, however, and found completely where Paul found them, in living the life. J. B.

QUESTION 197.—*Is faith acquired or is it a gift granted only to certain people or is it latent in every one?*

ANSWER.—Faith was defined by St. Paul. Like every other faculty, it is a gift from the gods. To be more accurate, it is a gift from the Master on whose Ray we depend. It is part of our humanity. On the other hand, it is "acquired" in so far as failure to use, to exercise any faculty—whether physical, mental or spiritual—results in loss of function. Therefore we should cultivate the faith that is in us. E. T. H.

QUESTION 198.—*How can one best avoid reactions? Is it well to try to avoid over-much fervor when experience shows that a correspondingly great reaction inevitably follows?*

ANSWER.—No; do not try to avoid over-much fervor. Try to improve the quality of your fervor. Reactions are due to the imperfections in our fervor—to the alloy of self which we mix with the gold—not to the fervor itself. We are inclined to accept a feeling of fervor as necessarily good. This is a mistake. We should learn to recognize "human vapors" as distinguished from spiritual graces. We should ask the Master (the Great Soul whom we may believe to be our own Master) to take *all* feelings and emotions as they arise within us, and to make them pure within himself. "Take this mood into Thy heart, and purify it," should be our constant prayer.

It may further be said that the only way to conserve fervor and to avoid reactions is to see to it that our aspiration is followed invariably by some particular resolution, and that this particular resolution is specifically obeyed. (It should be a resolution concerning our conduct that very day, in a particular place, at a particular time or times.) The higher meaning of the saying, "We should lead our own reactions," is that we should dominate the "back kick" and turn the force of it into a channel of our own choice—which ought to be the particular resolution representing, on this plane, the fruit of our meditation.

E. T. H.

QUESTION 199.—*"Look within for light." What is its real meaning and what is the best, the most practical way for an interested beginner to do it?*

ANSWER.—Most people confuse "inward light" with inclination. Because they wish to do a certain thing they persuade themselves their own wish is the will of

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God. One would do well to assume, in the beginning, that one's own wish is in opposition to God's will, probably. The only inward light that the beginner can have is that which he has assimilated, in other words the duties he has done. Let him consult an adviser or friend (his wife, mother or some member of his family) about how he is performing his duties. The counsel given in response to his question will be his next light. When he has worked that into the fibre of his being he can again examine his performances and from the light so derived make further questionings.

S. M.

ANSWER.—The universe is a going machine. There is some impelling, driving force. We share it. We manifest it. So does every stick and stone. So does all organic life—animal and vegetable alike. But man does have something differentiating him from all the rest of the universe of which he is part. This is not merely the ability to laugh—a power no animal shares, a power perhaps expressing the quality of detachment—it is the power to choose; it is the recognition of the difference between right and wrong. This is the quality that is Godlike, Godgiven. Use it. There is no situation in life where, if one be honest with one's self, we may not find this recognition. Use it. If it prove befogged with doubts and "scruples" —"the devil using the subtleties of the mind" so that one may not see the light but only be conscious of its diffusion—why not seek a pilot? There must be some experienced person, free from similar devilish subtleties, to whom you may turn.

S.

ANSWER.—The Master Christ called Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He also said "I am the light of the world" (*Jn.* viii, 12). *Light on the Path* tells us to "seek the way by retreating within," and again, paradoxically, to "seek the way by advancing boldly without"—by "devotion, by religious contemplation, by ardent progress, by self-sacrificing labor, by studious observation of life." Then it says "Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life." Is there not a connection of thought here, valuable as an answer to the question? The Master is the light; but we too are destined to be the Sons of the Father, "called to be saints," inheritors of the kingdom of light, temples of the indwelling Spirit which brings us to consciousness in the spiritual world. The first practical step would seem to be the acquiring by reading and meditation of a belief in this reality of the Master's life in us, His Spirit as light-giver in our hearts. Then we must carry this belief into daily life, extracting from experience—"by studious observation of life, by religious contemplation, by self-sacrificing labor"—the only proof absolute and final life itself has to give,—that this light in ourselves is really light and not darkness. In other words, we must take the highest light—the firmest beliefs, the surest knowledge—that we have, and *live it out*. By this we learn, by this we test our light, by this alone do we acquire confidence in the premonitions of mind, of heart, of conscience, of the Spirit of the Master Himself in us. Religion, Theosophy, is not theory, it is a life. Light will come from the living: by no other way does it come. An "interested beginner" must become an "actively interested beginner" before he can enter practically within and get the Light unclouded and undistorted by mental prejudice, preconception, and the fallibility of inexperience.

N. B.

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T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION.

TO THE BRANCHES OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York City, on Saturday, April 29th, 1916, beginning at 10.30 A. M.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are requested to send proxies. These may be made out to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, 165 West Twelfth Street, New York City, or to any officer or member of the Society resident in New York or who is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Notice is hereby given that two alternative Amendments to the Constitution will be proposed for the consideration of the Convention, as follows:

Amendment A, to be proposed on behalf of Mr. Paul Raatz and seventeen members of the Berlin Branch:

> "A copy of all resolutions, not of a formal character, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the Executive Committee six months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee."

The intent of this Amendment is stated to be "that members may be informed of resolutions to be acted on at the Conventions of the Society."

Amendment B, to be proposed by Messrs. Charles Johnston, E. T. Hargrove, and H. B. Mitchell, as a substitute for Amendment A.

> "A copy of all resolutions, affecting the policy, principles, or platform of The Theosophical Society, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the

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Executive Committee three months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee."

The intent of this Amendment is stated to be the same as that of *Amendment A,* but to render the language thereof more precise and to make the length of the required notice conform to that specified in Article IX of the Constitution as sufficient for the amendment of the Constitution itself.

ADA GREGG,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

February 28th, 1916.

THEOSOPHICAL MEETINGS

Meetings of the Branches of The Theosophical Society, at which there is discussion of Theosophy, and to which visitors are invited, are held as follows:—

Cincinnati—Room 513, Odd Fellows Temple, Seventh and Elm Streets; Tuesday evenings, at 8 P. M.

Denver—1045 Clayton Street, first and third Sundays in each month,* at 4 P. M.

Detroit—144 Palmer Avenue, West; every other Sunday evening, at 7.30 P. M.

Los Angeles—205 Columbia Trust Building; Sunday evenings, at 8 P. M.

Middletown, Ohio—906 George Street; second and fourth Wednesdays, at 8 P. M.

New York—21 Macdougal Alley (between Eighth Street and North Washington Square, turning out of Macdougal Street); alternate Saturday evenings* (April 8th, 22d; May 6th, 20th; June 3d), at 8.30 P. M.

Oakland—1085 Bella Vista Avenue; Sunday afternoons, at 1.30 P. M.

Providence—*Providence Branch:* at 11 Snow Street; Sundays, at 4 P. M.

Providence—*Hope Branch:* Room 112, 44 Franklin Street; second and fourth Sundays, at 8 P. M.

Syracuse—14 Lyndon Flats, James Street; Tuesday evenings, at 8 P. M.

Washington—Walton Apartment, S. E.; Thursday evenings, semi-monthly.

Branches desiring to have their public meetings regularly included in the above list are requested to send the necessary information to the EDITOR.

* Except during the summer months.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Arvika, Sweden, the 4. 12. 15.

To the editor of QUARTERLY, Brooklyn:

It seems me that the articles under the title "On the Screen of Time" in the last QUARTERLY are quite impossible for me to understand from theosophical point of view.

I suppose that the outlines of the whole are surely drawed very different from the views of the West than from that of the North. How it appears from the East I am very anxious to hear, yet I believe that the judgment from that place neither is coming *too* early nor passionate as a complete condemning of only one part.

Yours truly,

G. A. FJAESTAD.

I beg you kindly to publish this in the next QUARTERLY.

AN EASTER PRESENT

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by

CAVÉ

The second volume of *Fragments*, by "Cavé," will be ready for distribution on April 15th, in type and binding similar to the first volume. Price, 60 cents. Orders should be sent to:

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STANDARD BOOKS

The classification of these books, as Devotional, Introductory, and Philosophical is for the convenience of those who may wish some guide in making selections; it is only an approximation. Books are bound in cloth unless otherwise indicated.

DEVOTIONAL

Blavatsky, H. P.	Voice of the Silence.	cloth $.50; leather, $.75
Cavé.	Fragments, Volume I.	boards, .60
	Volume II.	boards, .60
	Dream of Ravan.	1.00
Johnston, Charles.	Bhagavad Gita.	Translated, annotated; cloth, 1.00
		limp leather, India paper, 1.50
	From the Upanishads.	paper, .30; leather, .75
	Parables of the Kingdom, The.	paper, .20
	Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.	Translated, annotated, 1.25
	Song of Life, The.	limp boards, .30
Judge, William Q.	Bhagavad Gita.	Edited; leather, .75
	Letters that Have Helped Me, Volume I.	.50
	Volume II.	.60
	Light on the Path.	cloth, .50; leather, .75
Niemand, Jasper.	Vow of Poverty and Other Essays.	paper, .15
	Through the Gates of Gold.	.75

INTRODUCTORY

Hillard, Katharine.	A Primer of Theosophy.	paper, .05
	Idyll of the White Lotus. A Novel.	1.00
Judge, William Q.	Culture of Concentration.	paper, .10
	Ocean of Theosophy.	cloth, .75
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Mitchell, Henry B.	Meditation.	paper, .20
	Theosophical Society and Theosophy, The.	paper, .20
Sinnett, A. P.	Esoteric Buddhism.	1.25
	Karma. A Novel.	.75
	Occult World, The.	1.25

PHILOSOPHICAL

Blavatsky, H. P.	Five Years of Theosophy.	(reprints from magazines), 2.50
	Key to Theosophy.	(in question and answer form), 2.00
	Secret Doctrine, The. Vols. I and II and Index.	12.50
Hartmann, Franz.	Magic, White and Black.	2.00
Hillard, Katharine.	Abridgement of the Secret Doctrine.	2.00
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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Theosophical Quarterly

VOLUME XIV

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK

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PENN STATE

The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46, Brook Street, London, W., England

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

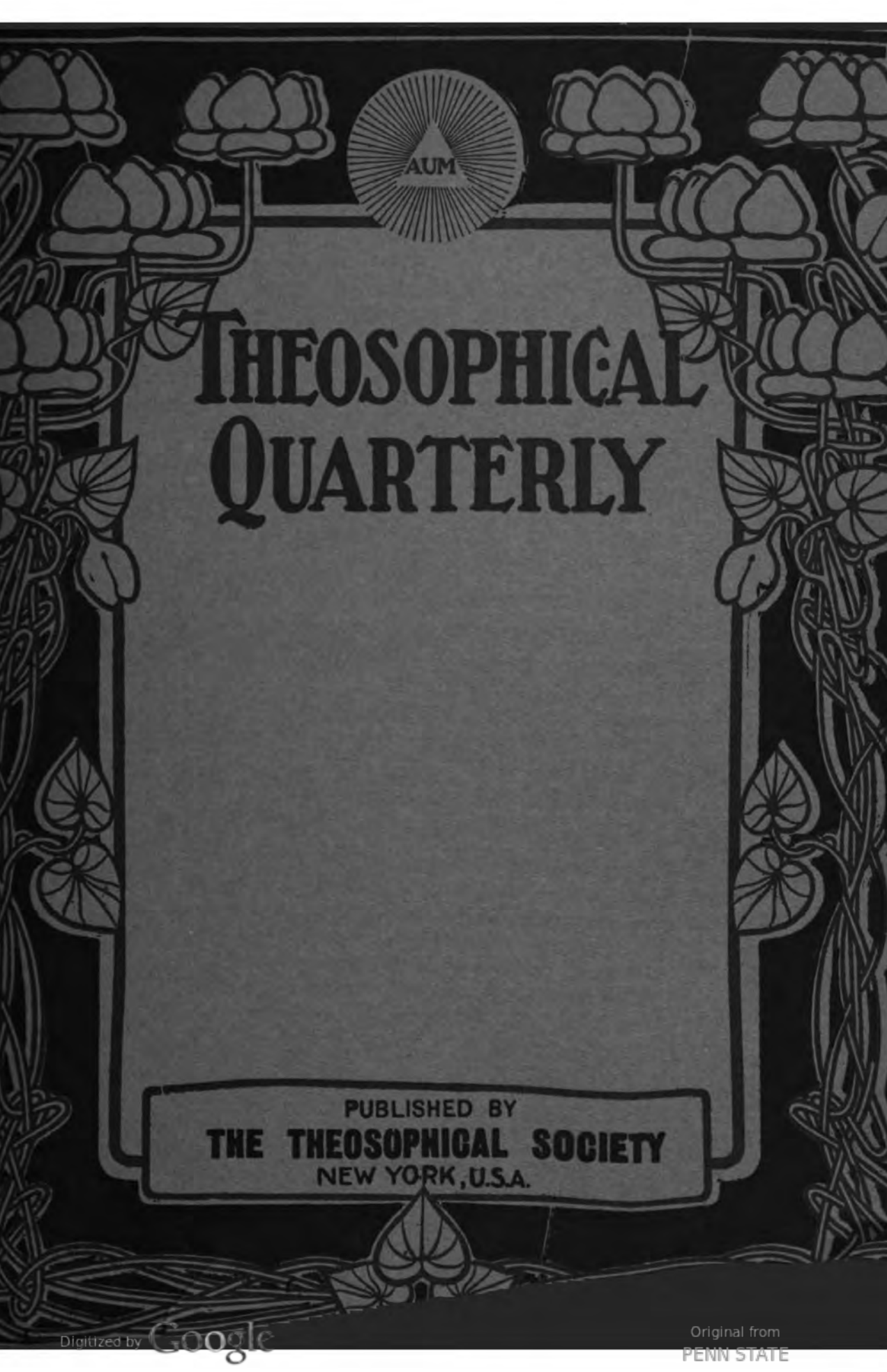
Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

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The Theosophical Quarterly

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JULY, 1916

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THEOSOPHY

(Notes of an address delivered at New York, on April 30, 1916)

IT may, perhaps, be a cause of wonder that, at this late day, a subject so elementary is chosen, for an address that is in some sense representative of the general spirit and work of the whole Theosophical Society and movement. The Theosophical Society was founded more than forty years ago; its life is approaching the half-century, to say nothing of former manifestations of that perpetual life. Would it not seem, then, that the bare subject, "Theosophy," should be pretty well exhausted; that the elements should be so plain and familiar, that any further statement of them, at this late day, would be, "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet"? Should not the speaker have chosen something deeper, more abstruse, perhaps some subject genuinely "occult"?

The truth is that, even at this late day, no subject is more genuinely "occult" than the first principles of Theosophy; no subject is more essential, more needed by the world to-day; and by all the world. We are in the midst of war, of the greatest war that the world has seen for many milleniums, a war involving almost every nation under heaven. Well, it is not too much to say that, had the elementary principles which The Theosophical Society has stood for, these forty years now, been in the least understood and followed, by the world at large, we should have no war to-day. Nor, let it be said at once, should we have the universal obsession of a fat, ignoble peace, in which men—and women—cover up their innate cowardice by fine professions. We should have had, instead, an epoch of superb spiritual adventure, with mankind storming the battlements of high heaven, which can be taken by force alone.

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Theosophy, then, is desperately needed by the world, and by all the world. More, it is within easy reach at all points; the principles for which there is such dire need, are easy to be understood; and, understood and applied, they will bring Life, and will bring it abundantly. Let us, then, divide the battleground into sectors, and make our advance at each point: Religion, Science, Art, Conduct: these are the great divisions of human life; what is the message of Theosophy for each?

We have all noted, within the last few weeks, that one of the more modern and democratic Churches is at this moment, in this part of the world, threatened with schism, because there is a division concerning certain dogmas: the Dogma of the Virgin Birth, the Dogma of the bodily Resurrection of Jesus, the Dogma of Original Sin and its transmission; and, without doubt, there have been many perplexed and saddened minds, many broken hearts, caused by hopeless bewilderment over just such teachings. Here is one point, and a representative one, at which even a little Theosophy can bring abundant aid and comfort. For almost every beginner in Theosophical studies understands that the Dogma of the Virgin Birth in reality refers to the feminine aspect of the Logos, that "Theou-Sophia," as St. Paul calls it, which is the real "Mother of God," in the deep and universal sense; the Birth-giver of the Christ, in the eternal sense; it is only the materialization of the teaching, and not the real teaching, that can prove a stumbling-block. And that the tendency to materialize spiritual teachings has been present and operative among sincere disciples, from the very beginning, we may remind ourselves by this little story, recorded in two of the Gospels:

"Now the disciples had forgotten to take bread, neither had they in the ship with them more than one loaf. And he charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees. And they reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have no bread." One wonders exactly to whom we owe the transmission of that little story, so full of humor, so illuminating; so full of latent tragedy also, when we remember how much anguish and agony has been caused, through century after century, by just such materialization. Therefore it comes that even elementary Theosophy is still a timely topic; the most timely of all topics!

Or take the heart-breaking difficulty—the dogma of the bodily Resurrection of Jesus. Here again, the very beginner in Theosophical studies knows that, to quote a great Theosophist, "there are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." The student of Theosophy has to do no more than to bring the two passages together;

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then he will understand that, after the natural body of Jesus had been laid in the cavern-tomb in the garden, it was resolved again into its elements; the Master thereafter living in the spiritual body, and manifesting powers that belong only to the spiritual body.

And so far is it from being the case, as certain treatises on Theology suggest, that the records of the Master's appearances, after the Resurrection, are contradictory, fragmentary, of the tissue of dreams; on the contrary, they show in an astonishing degree the ability of men of simple heart to observe and record facts, the laws underlying which they did not in the least understand; for without exception, these recorded appearances illustrate the laws and powers of the spiritual body,—laws and powers which do not hold of the natural body at all, as, for example, the power to enter a closed room without coming in by the door or window, and the power to withdraw again, in the same way.

It was because Paul had seen and talked with the Master Jesus—not some abstract "spirit of wisdom," but precisely that Master, self-identified, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose . . . "—because Paul had seen the Master face to face, and had, through years, been taught by him, in words which are on record, that Paul was able both to understand the laws of the spiritual body, the body of the Resurrection, and to set them forth so lucidly that we can understand them also. All that is needed is a little Theosophy, as the clue. And the point is that, so far from being unreal and insubstantial, a mere wraith, the spiritual body is infinitely stronger, more real, more substantial, "solider," if you like, than is the natural body, and immensely transcends the natural body in its permanence and its powers; very literally, "it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power,"—or, as the Greek has it, "it is raised *dynamic*."

Then there is the third dogma, the Fall of Adam and original sin. It is not too much to say that this supposed doctrine, or rather the materialization of the real doctrine, has tortured whole generations, until our modern world has given it up in despair, practically throwing the whole idea overboard—and thereby sacrificing a valuable and lasting truth. But what are the facts about this teaching? On what passages is it based? On one or two misunderstood (and therefore mistranslated) phrases of Paul's, the most important of which, literally translated is this: "For as in the Adam all die, even so in the Christ shall all be made alive." It is simply another way of saying, what Paul says later in the same chapter, "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." The Adam, in Paul's mind, and in the minds of all Paul's generation who had read Philo's recently published "Allegories," is simply the accepted name of the "natural man." For Paul, Adam is an allegorical phrase, just as,

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in another letter, he makes an allegory out of Hagar: "For this Agar is mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is." As for Jesus himself, he never mentions the Fall of Adam, never even remotely implies any such dogma, never suggests that his own coming is the correlative of Adam's Fall—taken in the hard, literal sense.

For here also "a little Theosophy" would lead men's minds to understanding. The real Fall is a cosmical event, the long involution which preceded evolution. Of that, rightly understood, the mission of Jesus is indeed the correlative; and of that genuine Descent of Man, it would seem, the Master speaks, when he says: "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." But, in the hard, materialized dogma concerning Adam, the whole thing turns on the omission of the definite article: "As in the Adam all die . . ." It is not too much to say that, just for the lack of that article, the Darwinians and the Theologians bombarded each other for two generations. There was need—on both sides—of "a little Theosophy."

But perhaps one's sense of dissatisfaction, of uneasy misgiving concerning religion, goes much deeper than doubt of one or another dogma; perhaps the mind is obsessed by the feeling that the whole conception of religion,—of the religion of Christ, let us say, since it is nearest to us,—is out of tune with reality, as we have come to know it; is artificial, unreal, unscientific. Let us, then, consider this. It would be just as easy, and just as valuable, to turn the same method to the study of any other great religion in the world, were one speaking to those familiar with that religion, rather than with Christianity. But Christianity is closest to ourselves; it is the religion into which most of us were born.

The whole scheme, then, is, perhaps, incredible. We cannot "believe." Yes; but were we, at the outset, bidden to "believe"? What was the first command given to the disciples, on the shore of the lake of Galilee, on the bank of the Jordan? They were not told to believe; they were told to *follow*. The whole secret is there. "Follow me;" but what did the Master mean? To go up and down with him through Palestine, sharing his work, his wandering, his weariness? Yes, and more than that. It means, to follow the Master in his life, in his aspiration, in his sacrifice; to follow him in his spiritual growth, in his development. How far? What limit does he himself set? "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect:" no limitation short of that. Paul understands this thoroughly; he uses the very same word when he writes: "For the perfecting of the saints . . . till we all come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

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"Follow me" in spiritual growth, therefore; the first word of the message. The last also, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards . . ." into the unfathomed depths of the spiritual world. The translators of the Revised Version in the one case render the word *teleios,* not by "perfect" but by a word in some ways less adequate, less satisfactory; the word "fullgrown." The message to the Ephesians will then read thus: " . . . till we all attain unto a fullgrown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Christ, therefore, is a "fullgrown man." We, the wisest of us, are "little children." But we are to grow, for, in the Revisers' reading: "Ye therefore *shall be* perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." Let us, for the moment use the word by which the Revisers have already translated *teleios:* "Ye therefore shall be fullgrown, as your heavenly Father is fullgrown."

The life, therefore, does not consist in subscribing to dogmas; least of all to dogmas which, for want of a little Theosophy, transform the "leaven of the Pharisees" into a loaf of bread; dogmas hardened and materialized. The life consists in the superb growth of the soul, in conformity with the life and growth of the Master, and having no limit short of the measure of the stature of the Master, nay, of the Father himself, a growth from day to day, from hour to hour, from moment to moment; a life not inert, but made dynamic through sacrifice; a ceaseless unfolding, whose growth and splendor shall have no limit. Surely such an ideal renews the whole of life; the least effective effort to begin to realize it, very literally gives us a new heaven and a new earth.

Spiritual growth, spiritual evolution, into a boundless and immortal life: this is the age-old message of Theosophy for all weary souls who find "religion" antiquated, inert, unsufficing. It is really the most vital, the most splendid, the most tremendous of all adventures, making the lowliest, drabbest life dramatic, epical, superb. And, specifically as regards the religion into which most of us have been born, begin with the first command; begin really to carry it out; then say whether you find the result disappointing; whether you find life monotonous and uninspiring.

One finds, among other things, that life, the life of the soul of man, is a science, and the greatest of them. And thus, by natural transition, we come to the subject of Science, and to the question whether "a little Theosophy" may be able to accomplish something here also.

If we take a general survey of the sciences at this moment, what is the outstanding thing that meets us in every direction? Is it not this: that our science, in all directions, is coming, or has already come, to the end of its string? Take one of the more accessible sciences, Geography,

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and compare the prospect now with what it was, say, in 1491; relatively a very short time in our age-long human history. Even at the beginning of our twentieth century, there were "new worlds to conquer;" there were still the hidden, mysterious poles of the globe, to reach and to explore. But where are they now? Both of them reached, exploited, used up; both of them used up within a few months; and, about the same time, the great problem of air-navigation practically solved, when the lame Frenchman, Blériot, mounted his aeroplane and flew across the Channel from France to England.

We have heard a great deal, a very great deal, about the conservation of national resources; about the way in which, thriftlessly, we are "using up" the coal, the iron, the forests, that should belong to our children's children. Will they not have an even sounder cause of complaint, that we have used up all the explorations, the discoveries, the adventures, leaving them bankrupt in hope? We might, at least, have saved up one pole, an unexplored continent, an imaginative wilderness or two for them. But even the Sahara is cut up into departments and labelled; the desert of Gobi has got into politics.

These are but conspicuous illustrations of a universal fact, taken because their subject-matter is very familiar. But the same thing is true all round. Take Astronomy instead of Geography. What is the fact there? That the very stars, "the stars everlasting," are numbered. There are said to be three hundred millions of them; not so very many, if you think; only one star for every five human beings now living; a star for the average family. And not only counted, but classed; the very temperature of each class approximately known; its age, its temper, its colour; the proper motion of all conspicuous stars measured, in miles per second; the drift of whole flocks and herds of the heavenly host more than suspected. Charted, counted, classified, analysed. We have even used up the stars.

Or take a branch of biology: that part of it which has to do with birds. They, too, are practically charted, counted, bedecked with queer Greek-Latin names. There are, we are told, about 8,000 of them; and it is fairly certain that, while a few more species may be found, the total will never reach ten thousand species. The birds, too, we have recklessly used up. So with the chemical elements; we are not likely to discover many more; a few, perhaps; even a new class or two, like the new-comer "argon" and family; but not many; a few new mixtures, perhaps, poisonous or explosive, or both; but even here we would seem to be near the end.

And this, according to a natural law, the law of inherent limitations. One may take two or three simple illustrations. There are, in every organic type, certain limitations; thus, by infinite pains, a man may come

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to run a hundred yards in 9 3-5 seconds. It is practically certain that no man will ever run a hundred yards in seven seconds. The limit has been practically reached. So with our brother the horse. A racehorse, which represents countless generations of selection, first among the Arabs, and then in the West, can gallop a mile in about 90 seconds. Again, it is practically certain that no horse will ever gallop a mile in 60 seconds. So with our newest toy, the aeroplane; it is close to its limits already. Recently, a "birdman" flew from France to Russia without alighting. What will really be added, when he flies across the ocean, or round the world? And the upward limit is practically reached too; the rarity of the air settles that.

So in our sciences; you can go a certain distance very easily; a farther distance increasingly less easily; a farther distance only at prohibitive cost, or not at all. Then the dead wall; we come to a standstill. Where can one find any hope, in this disheartening difficulty? Nowhere in the world,—except in Theosophy.

And here, the clue to lead us from the labyrinth is exceedingly simple; we have implied it already, in speaking of religion. The clue is growth, development, growth of consciousness. Our biologists have traced for us an upward curve of growth, beginning in the lowliest protoplasm and rising through invertebrate and vertebrate ancestors, by slow progression, up to man; and, logically, there is not the smallest reason for considering man, as we now know him, to be the necessary terminus, any more than the forms of the Eocene or the Cretaceous periods were necessary terminals. Given, then, a curve of growing life, of expanding consciousness, reaching onward and upward indefinitely—and there is no conceivable reason why it should not go on indefinitely—is it logical to fix on the particular point of the line at which we now chance to be, and to take the consciousness of that point as the ultimate measure of truth, the measure of all things?

Because of the law of inherent limitations, it may be true,—it appears to be indisputably true—that we have practically reached the limits of what our particular type of mind (the mind of the "natural man") can find out above the universe, whether it be a question of humming-birds or of stellar systems; but is that a reason to give up hope? How about the growth, in consciousness, in the power to know, from the "natural" to the "spiritual" man? How about the whole splendid gamut of new revelation implied by the consciousness of the "fullgrown man," compared with whom we are as "little children,"—if indeed we be already born? Rightly understood, then, Theosophy shows us how we may turn the flank of our limitations, and go forward boldly into the territory of the Unknown—to us, but not, it may be, to those who are already "fullgrown."

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The microscope has about reached its limit; so has the telescope; so has the mind of the natural man. With that instrument, there is not much more to be done. But, just as the spectroscope gave the telescope a new lease of life, so will the first unfolding powers of the spiritual man give a new lease of life to the consciousness, the power to know, now locked up and hemmed in, in the natural man. This is a strictly logical deduction from the universally accepted facts of biological science. And biological science has records of quite similar happenings: the extension of consciousness, for example, brought about, when the water-dwellers came forth upon dry land; or the extension of consciousness, even now, when the butterfly comes forth from the chrysalis.

Here also, therefore, there is urgent need of Theosophy—more urgent need than there was even forty years ago, in the first year of The Theosophical Society. But Religion and Science, splendid and vital as these are, do not cover the whole of life. There is Art also. And Art, it seems, is, at certain points, in direst need, since it is forgetting how to speak its own language with sanity; forgetting even to what end it exists.

Count Tolstoi had his qualities; he had his defects. These latter, perhaps, very conspicuously; so that one may, if so disposed, call him a cantankerous old curmudgeon, with the soul of an anarchist and the tongue of a virago. Yet we owe him withal one immeasurable debt, for his fine phrase "contagion of consciousness." In one sense, all our human life exists for that: for the sharing of our consciousness, one with another. And, to bring about this shared consciousness, there are many means. Speech is one of them. War, rightly understood, is another; for is it not the "ultimate argument", as the old proverb had it; the final way by which one nation can hammer certain truths into the consciousness of another nation?

Art is another means, and a wonderful one. By art, in one or another form, we can transfer, to the consciousness of another, shades and depths of our own consciousness, which elude articulate speech and the forms of logic. The Chinese have a fine saying: "Music is the language in which man talks to the Gods;" the Gods having, perhaps, first talked, in the same high language, to man. Art, then, in the finest sense, would be a means of transferring, to another, our consciousness of divine things, our divine consciousness, whatever there is in us of the consciousness of the spiritual man, the man "fullgrown." Is this not the secret of Egyptian temples, of the Acropolis, of all beautiful cathedrals: that they convey to us the consciousness which their builders had, of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"? Is not this the secret of the Zeus, the Athene, of Phidias: that they speak to us of the God in man?

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If this be the meaning of worthy art, then we see at once why in painting, the medieval Virgins and Christs of Italy are still the very highest expression of Art: they tell us more about divinity, about the Divine Man, made perfect through sacrifice. And in the same way there is often more real "Art" in the divine sense, in some "old-fashioned" hymn-tune, than in the latest masterpiece, which tells us of matchless skill in the use of means—to express moods of consciousness that are often low, morbid, discreditable. It is possible to make the orchestra sing and moan and scream, and yet express nothing but the corruption of degeneracy. It is Art of a kind, since it transfers consciousness; but what do we gain, if that consciousness be bestial, demoniac?

So with some of the modern oddities in painting and sculpture. They wholly miss their mark, because they forget their fundamental law: that Art is a language; and that you can only speak to another in a language that other knows and understands. What does it profit me, if someone relates to me high secrets in ancient Chaldean, which I do not understand? There must be a common language; the substance of our common consciousness, as Phidias was able to use it, or Raphael, or Botticelli: human bodies, human faces, yet telling divine secrets.

So that these modern contortions, whatever they may be, are not Art, any more than Volapük and Esperanto are living speech. Is it worth while to make a Volapük in paint, in order merely to express the banality and cheapness of a commonplace consciousness? These men seek new modes of expression. Let them seek, instead, new realms of consciousness; and not the psychic eddies or gutters of consciousness, but, leaving all these behind, let them rise to the true consciousness of the spiritual man, and, using the contents of our hearts and minds for their material, let them try to express that. Then we shall have an Art full of unbounded promise. Then we shall see that, in the realm of Art also, as in Science and Religion, even a little Theosophy will "undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free."

Yet it may be said, and with much justice, that the ordinary man or woman has no very great interest in either art or science; not very much interest even in religion. And this, not so much from indifference or carelessness, though there is much of these, but because the imperative tasks of hour by hour make it out of the question to go far afield for general or abstract interests. Must Theosophy limit itself to inspiring and illumining the votaries of art and science and religion, while leaving the ordinary man and woman to their heavy tasks, to their drab and uninviting fate?

On the contrary: Theosophy has as much for these as for the others. More, perhaps; for, while those who follow after art or science are seeking an approach to life and to reality, the man or woman honestly at work

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is in the midst of life, in the midst of reality already. What they seek, he or she has found.—But the pity is, that both he and she are so blind about it.

Theosophy, then, can do this for him or her: can turn the drab of humdrum existences into the light and splendor of the Great Adventure; can strip off the blinding bandages from their eyes, and show them the magnificent mountain-peaks up whose first declivities they are already stumbling.

For we are blind, extraordinarily blind; and most so, perhaps, where the simplest things, the very rudiments, are concerned. Here is a little story, an incident which took place quite close to us a few days ago. There was a question of "preparedness," of the instruction of the young fellows in the universities in the elements of manliness, the first principles of the worthy soldier. And, it may be said, in parenthesis, so long as "preparedness" is based on our supposed self-interest alone, and not on sacrifice, so long will "preparedness" be a sham, and, in its result, hardly less dangerous than frank cowardice. But to come back: it happened that the boys of one of the universities near to us, tinged with cheap radicalism, felt it incumbent on them to protest against "preparedness;" against even the rudiments of soldierly valour being imparted to them, along with their courses in the sciences and the arts. "If you set us to soldiering, we shall have to learn Obedience; and we didn't come to college, in order to learn Obedience!"

Unfortunately, most unfortunately, no. They do not go to college to learn Obedience, nor, being there, do they learn it. Anything but that. But think of the blindness of it all. In perfect strictness, you can no more not obey than you can abstain from breathing, and continue to live. You have the choice of which law you will obey; just as you have the choice of what kind of air you will breathe, fresh or foul. If you are courageously and persistently toiling up a mountain—persistently as well as courageously, for courage amounts to very little, without persistence—then you are obeying one law; if you are rolling down a decline that ends in a precipice, if you are slipping into the crevasse of a glacier, you are obeying another law; but you are obeying, in each case, and at every instant. This is a universe in which it is impossible, at any instant, in any corner of it, not to obey. Exactly as you cannot escape from the necessity of breathing,—though you may breathe clean air or foul, according to your choice.

And let us push the simile further; let us push it to its limit. It is an ugly one, yet the more salutary, perhaps, for that. Establish your-

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self in a room, big and commodious, if you like; then have it made air-tight; stop all the chinks of door and window and floor, and then continue simply to breathe, in the most commonplace, everyday fashion. What will be the result?

The room will be your coffin, as surely as if you were buried alive; you will be suffocated, choked to death, poisoned by the deadly gases given forth by your own lungs. And even then, you will not have escaped from obedience to law, not for an instant, any more than you can escape from death. In just the same way, if any one of us were immured in his own self-will, with no chinks of sanative obedience, he would as infallibly die, morally, spiritually, everlastingly, poisoned once more by the evil emanations of his egotism. But the benevolent Law makes chinks for us; pain and separation and sorrow, and great Death himself, tear away the caulking of our egotism and let in a little of the pure air of the Eternal.

Therefore we never, for the fraction of a second, cease to obey, whether bodily law or spiritual law; the question is, which law, which Master. We have not the choice whether we shall obey or not obey. But we have the choice whom we shall obey, God or Satan; the Divine will or our own. And what comes of obeying our own wills to the end, has been sufficiently indicated by our little parable—which conveys the literal truth.

It is, it would seem, undeniable, that the whole of what is called the "labour question" turns on this very matter of Obedience. The prophets of "the emancipation of labour," as they call it, talk about economic conditions, economic stringencies, economic necessities, and declare that the motive of "labour troubles" lies in these. But that is mere rhetoric and make-believe. Never in all history, never in any corner of the earth, were the economic rewards of even the commonest, least skilled labour so great,—so excessive, in view of the kind of service given,—than they are, here and now. If you wish to demonstrate this, take the account of the sums spent by the American nation on three or four things: the cheaper alcoholic drinks, tobacco, moving-pictures, baseball; not one, in the strict sense, an "economic necessity." Nor will it be seriously maintained that the moving-picture shows are patronized solely by "captains of industry," by "brutal capitalists."

No; let us clear our minds of cant. The shoe really pinches in the matter of Obedience. Economic necessity has almost nothing to do with the "labour question." It is with the worker exactly as it with the raw, vain collegian: "We do not come to the factories to learn Obedience!"

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Once again, most unfortunately, no. But go back again to our parable. A man, a woman, a child—and this too is vital, since we seem determined to turn all our children into anarchists—, must obey, whether it be divine law, or self-will. And the action of self-will is curiously like the action of a drug, or like the action of alcohol. For it has been noted that even a little alcohol impairs a man's effectiveness, so that he will add a row of figures more slowly and less accurately, draw a plan less correctly, do any task measurably less perfectly; and, at the same time, under the delusion of the drug, feel that he is doing better; believe sincerely that his work is better, his mind more powerful, more alert.

It is exactly the same with us, when we indulge in the drug of self-love, self-will; in exactly the measure in which we bind and fetter ourselves, we feel freer, we delude ourselves into thinking that we are freer. If we surrender to laziness, sensuality, the self-assertion of vanity, we become, in each case, weaker; we are enslaved, bound to a repetition of the same vice, just as with drugs and alcohol. "Habit-forming drugs," as they are called, are the exact type—the correspondent, on the chemical plane—of the psychic drugs. The man who yields to vanity once, or to laziness, or to sensuality, is the more prone, the more inclined, to yield a second and a third time. And the curious thing, the infinitely tragical thing, is, that, in the very act of yielding, he feels that he is performing an action of free-will; he thinks he is asserting his liberty; he feels that he is a fine fellow, dashing, sportful, admirable. He (—or she; for the masculine half of humanity has no monopoly here;) has, indeed, the advantage of the grosser, and therefore the more easily detected, vices.

What we do, therefore, we who are pluming ourselves on our fine, abounding liberty, our freedom of will, is, to create a swarm of elementals around us, and then sit down in the midst of them and serve them slavishly; meantime bragging that we are free. An "elemental", be it said in parenthesis, for whoever is unfamiliar with the word, is the psychic pull which leads us to do again an action we have done; psychic "force of habit," just as the first cocktail asks for a second and a third, till the asserter of free-will is comatose.

And, if we could use them rightly, our schools, our universities, our factories, our places of obedience generally, would give us ceaseless opportunities to get the better of our self-created swarms of elementals. Every conquest of laziness, of self-assertive vanity, of self-indulgence—in a word, every obedience to divine law—weakens them; takes from them a certain modicum of immortal force (which we have put into them) and builds it into the higher nature, the body of the everlasting man. So the doors of our factories might be doors of heaven, were it not for our infinite senility and conceit.

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For there can be no more complete folly than to think that service, or servitude, or absolute slavery, can hinder us, for an instant, from obeying the divine law, and thus going forward in spiritual freedom and power. Take the bodily equivalent: take the case of a man, mutilated and broken, laid on a hospital-bed, so helpless that he cannot even move a finger, an eyelid. Has he therefore ceased to obey the law of gravity? Not in the least; but for gravity, the coverlet would fly off him, and broken and bruised though he be, he would be bumping against the ceiling. He is, in reality, obeying completely, and profiting, in every ounce of his body, by his obedience.

So with slavery. It is entirely possible for a slave, beaten, maltreated, checked and fettered, to be spiritually free to the finger-tips, and to grow in splendid spiritual stature, even while the chains are upon him. Half-a-dozen of the fundamental documents of spiritual freedom and life, half-a-dozen books of the New Testament, are the work of a man who, at that very time, was a prisoner, in chains. "I, Paul have written it with mine own hand . . . " and the hand had an iron bracelet on it. So, too, with that other magnificent slave and freeman, the Stoic, Epictetus. No one more free, unless it be that other Stoic, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, whom even supreme sovereignty could not fetter.

So, as soon as they wish, our "wage-slaves," even our collegians, can strip off the bandage that blinds them, and see, with magnificent surprise and delight, the sunlit spaces of the Great Adventure opening up before them, beyond and through the very walls of what they ignorantly thought were class-rooms and factories, but which are, in very deed, the great halls of everlasting Life.

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FRAGMENTS

"NO sorrow or burden is beyond our strength so long as we keep our sense of values. Without that, however, even the most trifling contradictions become unbearable, and rust or corrode our lives. When we remember who we are, why we came here, and to whose service our lives are consecrated, each smallest event falls naturally into its proper sequence, and we adjust ourselves with slight difficulty to its hardships, or, better still, embrace them cordially. Let us keep poised and recollected. The rewards are great; for to lead a life of coherent consciousness is really to live, and always brings us peace."

"Our errors, when laid on the altar, are burnt up with the sacrifice."

The world is beautiful and life is beautiful, but we must use them as a pathway to the stars. Can we not trust the Power that guides us to lead us on and up to ever better and more satisfying things? The Master will not rob us! Rather are the marvel and loveliness of this outer shell of things but a reflection of that other world, within, above it, which is our eternal heritage, and to which He will bring us if we trust His leading.

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THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT IN XXth CENTURY POETRY

THERE has recently been compiled by Mr. Bridges, Poet Laureate, an Anthology in English and French, to illustrate man's spiritual nature, and to indicate the course of its unfoldment in human history. The actual proportion of French in the volume is one fifteenth, and, as many of the selections are from the philosophers, it means that the proportion of French poetry is very small indeed. Mr. Bridges is a scholar and a man of culture, and his distribution of emphasis would be generally approved; it represents a truism of criticism that France is the land of lucid prose, and that French poetry, in comparison with English, is practically negligible. England's production in the field of poetry is the richest in the modern world. Among the nations that have risen since the Fall of Ancient Rome, Dante alone outsoars the English summits. One lofty peak, however, does not constitute a mountain range; England is a veritable mountain system of poetry. Indeed it is doubtful whether England's supremacy should be limited—save as we feel the obligations of modesty—to the modern world. Is it certain that the three tragic dramatists of Greece and her one great writer of comedy are together an equivalent of Shakespeare with his many faceted mind? While France has certain writers of graceful verse, she has no Wordsworth, no Shelley, no Browning, nothing to suggest Milton's "sound symphonious of ten thousand harps"; with all her grace, France can offer nothing that satisfies our requirements in rhythm and poetic diction—requirements to which our minds have been trained by such lines as:

> This my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green—one red.

Yet, as if to shake our confidence in truisms, there comes to mind that other commonplace of criticism, in paradoxical antithesis with our former statement. France, the land of lucid prose, has a veritable genius for expression. This gift of expression constitutes her arbiter and autocrat in the world of art. Some of the English poets who are eminent artists, notably Swinburne, have gone to France, not only for models and for inspiration, but with the ambition (it seems perverted) to write verse *in French.*

A paradox is often the only way possible of stating and of apprehending truth. If we will try, not to explain away this paradox, but to understand why it must exist, we may gain much illumination.

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Let us start our process of understanding by considering attentively an incident within every one's experience—the method by which a very plain woman can make herself shine with *reflected* beauty and create in observers an impression that she is (temporarily) exceedingly beautiful. Though she is plain, she is a connoisseur of beauty, and knows its power and charm. Her long and minute observation of beauty has made her a skilful borrower. She knows how to dispose textures, colours, flowers, and laces about and around her and how to combine lights of different qualities. She knows the spot at which to place herself as a screen upon which rays from these accessories will fall. The subtle rays that she reflects are genuinely beautiful. How could they be other, when they proceed from lovely fabrics and flowers. But their genuineness is inherent in the fabrics themselves, not in the woman. The beauty with which for a short time she shines is a beauty she does not radiate but reflects. Her friends are not deceived. They know that if they see her on the street at midday, she will appear in her own native plainness. Perhaps the searching glare of the midday sun would bring to their attention the fresh blood in the cheeks of some undeveloped girl whom they had barely noticed on the preceding afternoon—a freshness of good blood that speaks much for the future and promises a beauty that is not borrowed from accessories, but proceeds from within—a thing of bone and blood and sinews.

Does literature show any analogy to this common experience—beauty that is reflected, and beauty that is self-enkindled and radiated?

Winter's Tale is almost the last thing Shakespeare wrote. It depends so largely upon native charm and so little on simulated graces as to be practically unstageable,—save infrequently, when in the course of the generations rare gifts like Mary Anderson's are showered upon us. An eminent English actress who was able to make this play a success, Lady Martin, has left a volume of reminiscences. Her comments will bring back to our minds the great power of the play. Lady Martin is commenting upon the statue scene; she writes: "Towards the close of the strain the head slowly turned, the 'full eyes' moved, and at the last note rested on Leontes. This movement, together with the expression of the face, transfigured, as we may have imagined it to have been, by years of sorrow and devout meditation,—speechless, yet saying things unutterable,—always produced a startling, magnetic effect upon all,—the audience upon the stage as well as in front of it. [The audience rose to its feet, she explains.] After the burst of amazement had hushed down, at a sign from Paulina the solemn sweet strain recommenced. The arm and hand were gently lifted from the pedestal, then, rhythmically following the music, the figure descended the steps that led up to the dais, and, advancing slowly, paused at a short distance from Leontes. I can never forget Macready at this point. At first he stood speechless, as if turned to stone; his face with an awestruck look upon it. Could this, the very counterpart of his

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queen, be a wondrous piece of mechanism? Could art so mock life? He had seen her laid out as dead, he had seen the funeral obsequies performed over her, with her dear son beside her. Tremblingly he advanced, and touched gently the hand held out to him. Then what a cry came with, 'O! she's warm!' His passionate joy at finding Hermione really alive seemed beyond control. Now he was prostrate at her feet, then enfolding her in his arms. The whole change was so sudden, so overwhelming, that I suppose I cried out hysterically, for Macready whispered to me, 'Don't be frightened, child! don't be frightened, control yourself!' All this went on during a tumult of applause that sounded like a storm of hail."

Certainly the play is wonderfully beautiful. It shows us the resurrection of a royal personality whom injustice had killed. Nay more than that. Physical death was a slight ill compared with the Queen's heartbreak over the ebbing away of her husband's love. Hermione, Mr. William Winter thinks, is a type of the celestial nature, "Infinite love, infinite charity, infinite patience." She returns after sixteen years of seclusion to renew her blessings. The long seclusion was not necessary to overcome any resentment in herself, because in heartbreak there is no resentment. It took Leontes sixteen years to awake to the enormity of his crime and to begin his repentance. There is something familiar in this beautiful work, as I brood over it intent to draw from it its last crumb of pleasure. As I brood, I seem to pass back from repercussion to repercussion, from echo to echo, until, at last, the colours grow more vivid, the personalities more commanding, and the voices like those of childhood—I seem to have passed from an echo to the original voice, from a reflection to a burning centre of beauty.

"The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her."

How could *Winter's Tale,* the mellow work of Shakespeare's maturity, not be beautiful when it reflects the dawn of the Easter morning in the garden? How could Hermione be other than an ideal

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Queen when she reflects the majesty of the King of Kings? How could she do other than love infinitely when the Sacred Heart of Jesus pulsates its life through her heart?

Any piece of French literature will seem a daisy to a rose, after *Winter's Tale*. But, nothing venture, nothing prove. The following extract is from a 12th century masterpiece—a tiny drop of dew caught in the fringe of a bluet. It is like introducing a girl after a cultivated women of maturity has delighted us by her charm:

"Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolete, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm, and long, and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass and so went her way down through the garden.

"Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; so slim was she in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden."

I wonder how many people of English descent would treat that old French Romance in a manner different from Mr. Bridges. It is not included in the Anthology. Would we not, at this very moment, feel a movement of surprise if it were suggested that *Aucassin and Nicolete* throws a flood of light upon the subject of man's spiritual nature? Where in the romance, we query, are those ethical considerations which constitute the spiritual element of literature? How mistaken a conception of spirit and spirituality! How very narrow! French criticism gives a more comprehensive meaning to the words and to the reality behind the words; it includes beauty, in the domain of the spiritual, in addition to lofty metaphysical speculations and ethical codes. To the French mind the "spiritual" is a trinity, analogous, on a lower plane, to the Trinity of Theology. Truth, Beauty and Piety, (the Platonic three of Good, Beautiful and True) are three forms of Spirit. Just as, on the higher plane, "the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God", so, on the lower plane of man's life and activities, Truth is spiritual, Beauty is spiritual, and Piety is spiritual. Further, as in Theology, one does not "confound the Persons, nor divide the substance", so the lucid

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French intelligence does not blur away the distinctive traits of these three forms of the Spirit, and yet it recognises the consubstantiality of Beauty with Truth and with Piety.

The consubstantiality of beauty with truth and piety! That is a difficult clause in the creed for us, Anglo-Saxons. We might import Grecian urns by the thousand from Messrs. John Keats & Co., placing them on our stairways, in our gardens, and on our very bed posts. Notwithstanding such architectural incrustations upon the flat surface of life, we would continue our belief in the consubstantiality of beauty with evil. Milton is the most striking example of that perverse belief. The first two books of *Paradise Lost* are his best writing because in them he was picturing Hell and Satan, and in so doing could give *toute bride* to the sense of beauty, which, in other places than that source and home of beauty, he must, Puritanwise, restrain. Notwithstanding scholarship and culture, Milton remained Puritan. It is the Puritan perversity in regard to beauty that drives men like Swinburne and Arthur Symons, to shake their fists, with righteous indignation, though with juvenile vituperation, in the face of the Puritan wraith, "the pale Galilean" and to seek in France a clearer understanding of art. Men of this class, however, very often fail to incorporate the complete creed of France, and in their failure, they degrade and prostitute beauty to their own self-indulgence until it becomes diseased and festered. But the average man regards with suspicion the creed of France. How many of us have not been scandalized, when, at the end of what seems a very wise paragraph, Edmund Burke concludes to this effect: that in France, vice, in losing all its grossness, loses half its evil? Yet Burke has never been considered either neurotic or erotic. Is not grossness part of the hideousness of vice, repelling just as the beauty of holiness attracts? The inability of the Anglo-Saxon mind to recognize the holiness and spirituality of beauty as France does, may be a Teutonic element that persisted in spite of the beneficent influences that began to work in the year 1066. Whatever the element is, it found satisfaction for itself in England, when it got its head, precisely as the Teutonic nature finds satisfaction to-day at Rheims and elsewhere.

How has France achieved this orthodoxy in her literary and artistic creed? France has gained the truth by first living the life, has "learned the doctrine" by doing the will. We can think of France, England and other nations as viewing life and taking stock of their opportunities. Earth very obviously lay before them. Beyond the earth burn the stars, and England's praiseworthy aspiration soared upwards to those blue dominions. But, *ad astra per aspera:* the way to Heaven is straight, narrow, and steep. Dante, too, proposed to climb the Heavens,

a salire alle stelle,

but he went, first, below earth, into Hell, and then toiled painfully up the Purgatorial Mount, before reaching the stars. Between earth and sky

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there is the land of clouds. It is there the English poets, have, with very few exceptions, taken up their abode. The wings of their aspiration have flagged after bearing them thither. The cloud country is a land of wondrous beauty—a flush of rose on peaks divine,—cloud capp'd turrets, gorgeous palaces, solemn temples! But it is altogether a beauty of reflection, starlight and sunlight thrown back from vapours that pile themselves in fantastic forms—a fleeting existence—an insubstantial pageant that leaves not a rack behind. One must so regard the best in English poetry, if one judges it in regard to real immortality rather than literary immortality. Only that can last forever which partakes of the essence of soul. The Soul is of the heavenly realm, not of cloudland.

France, on the other hand, looked upon the common earth that lay so obviously before her. The Psalmist's words rang in her ears—"the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." She remembered what an old master * of the Palace School had written in a comment upon the Gospels: "It is not unthinkable space that separates Heaven and earth, but the condition of a man's own heart. Earth is the vestibule of Heaven." The way to Heaven is long? Yes! But all the way to Heaven is Heaven! France would not accept the condition of the perpetual rebellion of one province against its King. France, the eldest daughter of the Church, consciously and deliberately refused to fly toward a Heaven between which the clouds intervene. As a daughter come of age, not a babe, she undertook to win back for her Father King His lost province, earth—to restore it to its true allegiance, to plant Heaven's banners there, to make Heaven's law its law, respected, obeyed, loved. We can imagine France saying to herself one *matin de Noël* words like these:

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all,
Join in to get Him back His ball.

That stupendous task (from the view point of earth) is the divine mission of France. In fulfilling her task of redemption and reclamation, she brings to our attention some of the old beauty of Heaven that still radiates from earth. French poetry and literature is truly an art of expression, for the word *express* means "squeeze out." France accepted spirituality as "the basis and foundation of human life." * The French decided to live in "the innermost depths of their souls and to manifest this inner life exteriorly in every detail of their daily actions." England took an opposite course, regarding spirituality as the "apex or final attain-

* John Scotus Erigena.

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ment"* of life. It cannot but follow that French literature has a genuineness that is lacking in English. Whatever French poetry there is, has been lived, and exudes through to the surface of life. England has stretched upward to an ideal outside of herself, of which she knows nothing by actual experience. She produces a literature of hearsay or of vague, ill-defined speculation.

What is true of French and English literature in the past holds also of contemporary literature. The stream of English inspiration flows with no indication of diminution. It flows in broadest and deepest channel in the works of Mr. Noyes. It flows also through the Poet Laureate, and through a man of so much promise, if of small achievement, as Rupert Brooke. Much as I admire and revere Péguy, whose death at the Marne has deepened his power over his countrymen, and their affection, I know none of his verses which satisfy in rhythm and poetic diction as does Mr. Noyes.

> The Heart of the woods, I hear it, beating, beating afar,
> In the glamour and gloom of the night, in the light of the rosy star,
> In the cold sweet voice of the bird, in the throb of the flower-soft sea! . . .
> For the Heart of the woods is the Heart of the world and the Heart of Eternity,
> Ay, and the burning passionate Heart of the heart in you and me.

How true to the best English tradition is Brooke:

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is forever England. There shall be
> In that rich earth a richer dust conceal'd;
> A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
> Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
> A body of England's, breathing English air,
> Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
>
> And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
> A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
> Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
> Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
> And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness
> In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

What an *Ars Poetica* that slight sonnet is! It shows how in literature, as in life, one's ancestors stand coöperative if one maintains their standards. It is not the mere content of Brooke's sonnet that brings tears—it is Thyrsis and Adonaïs and Lycidas vibrating in unison and

* These alternatives are set forth by Mr. Bridges in the Preface of his *Anthology*.

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re-enforcing the sonnet with their own tones. The sonnet is true to English spiritual tradition also, the vague aspiration, the pantheistic speculation, as we are familiar with them in Wordsworth and Shelley and others.

Though France, as usual, falls far short of contemporary English poets in their traditional charm of diction, she reaches a spiritual certitude beside which the English poets are school boys. Indeed she is somewhat abrupt with those vague speculations we are accustomed so dearly to esteem—she spues them out of her mouth.

L'Illustration for Christmas, 1915, published a romance which is the narrative of a spiritual adventure—the career of Ernest Psichari, grandson of Renan, the great dilletante. Psichari starts with his grandfather's position, the materialism and dilletantism which were prevalent after the Prussian triumph of 1870. Then the great thirst rises in his soul, a thirst that will not be quenched by cloud vapour, but demands living water of life. This is how Psichari describes his attitude toward the cloud consolations of the English:

"Le plus beau des poèmes n'étanchera pas la soif immense de cette âme. Nulle musique n'endormira plus ce malade, que la misère du monde a circonvenu. Il lui faut le pain de la substantielle réalité, afin que ces mirages dont il meurt, s'évanouissent,—et non pas les douces rêveries du coeur mais le vol sévère de l'esprit tendu vers la possession éternelle. Il vomit, ce violent, les consolations d'un soir religieux, car il n'est pas de consolation hors de la clarté de midi et de l'étincelante certitude. Il maudit la paix du coeur car il n'est de paix que de la raison. Et toute illusion est du diable, mais toute réalité est de Dieu." May we not translate Psichari's phrase—"consolations d'un soir religieux" by *twilight religion,* suggesting by that epithet the pseudo religion that desires the enlargement and joy and hope which a new life brings, but that is unwilling to endure the labour pangs necessary thereto?

Suarez, like Psichari, a friend of Péguy, has written a study of Péguy since the latter's death. He writes: "Il était homme a mener sa grande affaire pour la vie et pour la mort avec Jésus directement." . . . "Il y avait en lui de ces vieux Français qui gardaient un contact direct avec Jésus-Christ."

I feel that both men found the spiritual certitude they demanded for themselves—a truth and beauty that can stand the searching glare of midday sun, the Master's hand, His eyes, His voice.

Milton said something to the effect that he who would write a great poem must himself be a great poem. France—and with her, her ally England, is now living great poetry. May we not expect that written verse will follow this period of experience?

C. C. CLARK.

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LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XX

DEAR FRIEND:

YES, I have a receipt for happiness—if you are willing to use it. Cease to regard yourself as an angel fallen from heaven. See yourself, instead, as a soul reprieved from hell.

It is truly wonderful what a difference our thought of ourselves makes in our view of the world.

I remember, years ago, one burning day in the desert, hearing the son of an Arab camel driver complain to his father of thirst. The answer he received piqued my curiosity. It was: "Art thou then less than the demon Thoth." I had never heard of the demon Thoth; and, being myself as hot and thirsty and weary as the lad who had complained, I wondered how the mere memory of a demon could have sufficed to have silenced his murmurings and sent him about his work with a grin upon his face. So I asked the driver to tell me the story. He looked at me with amazement—"for," said he, "it is of your own religion"—yet, seeing that my ignorance was genuine and my interest no less so, he told me the tale.

Long, long ago, Thoth had lived as a king among men and had loved a maid. But an enemy had stolen her love and her away from him, and hate had entered Thoth's heart, and he prayed to his gods for vengeance on his enemy and on her whom he had loved. But his gods turned their faces from him and the heavens were as brass to his prayers. His armies were defeated, and his enemy prospered and was proud. Then Thoth rent his garments, and covered his head, and gave himself up to bitterness of soul. Bitterly he complained to his gods; and nothing of his kingship would he touch because of his great pity for his own sorrow.

Then the heavens opened, and a voice spoke unto Thoth, as he lay weeping for himself within his tent: "Arise, and take thine own—lest, haply, thou lose it. For that is thine which the gods have given thee. But the love of this maid is not thine, but given to thine enemy."

As he heard these words Thoth rose and cursed his gods and all their gifts, and turned himself from them to the gods of darkness and of evil. To the gods of darkness and of evil he made a great vow that he would give his soul to them and to their service for a thousand thousand years, if they would listen to his prayer and give him vengeance. And the gods of darkness and of evil listened. With Thoth's armies they sent a host of demons, who breathed forth fire upon his enemy, and overthrew him, and slew him and the maid whom Thoth had loved. But in the hour when he beheld the head of his enemy, and of the maid whom he had loved, Thoth's face blackened, and he fell dead upon the ground.

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Thus did Thoth come to hell and to the fulfilment of his vow. In hell Thoth dwelt, tending the flames of evil that consume the damned and that licked ceaselessly at his blackened face and flesh. His tongue was black with unslaked thirst. His heart was black with hate—with hate of hell and hate of heaven, of the gods of darkness and of the gods of light, and of the great Hidden One who holds the fate of gods and men beneath the shadow of his hand. But blacker than the flames had made his flesh, blacker than thirst had made his tongue, blacker than hate had made his heart,—pity for himself, and for himself alone, had made his soul. No other thing than his own misery could he feel, day or night, in all those thousand years he toiled within the burning depths of hell, scourging the damned along their fated way, and building ever hotter fires to consume their souls.

So the cycles turned and left him changeless, till, on a day, one passed him by such as Thoth had never seen. Freely he walked, as conquerors walk on earth, tall and white of flesh; and the flames died down before him, and the coolness of night winds swept from him as he moved. From his hands and feet and side, as spray from a shining fountain, red drops of moisture fell upon the burning sand. And in his eyes was pity—not for self.

As Thoth stood amazed and met those eyes, the blackness of his hate for all but self, and the deeper blackness of his pity for none but self, weighed suddenly upon him, so that he fell prone and could not rise. But from the feet of him who walked, one red drop, which the sands of hell could not absorb, rolled straight to Thoth's lips; and as it touched them, there rose, from his black soul within the depths of hell, a prayer of praise: "Oh, be Thou praised—Thou from whom the gods and men come forth—that there is one in whom hell hath no part."

When Thoth lifted up his eyes there was none that he could see. A silence reigned in hell, and its fires were dark. But soon from every side the gods of darkness came hurrying, driving the imps and demons to rekindle the flames. Upon Thoth's back they laid their scourges and thrust upon him with forked prongs, bidding him blow upon the embers and quicken them with his breath. But the more Thoth blew the colder grew the ashes,—for in his heart was gladness for the one who had no part in hell. Then did the other demons fall still more savagely upon him, and beat him worse than before, and bid him blow yet harder. But the more savagely they beat him, and the deeper the forked prongs entered his flesh, the more gladness rose in his heart that there was one whom they could not beat, and from whose pierced flesh healing flowed. So ever as he blew, the embers of hell's fires cooled before him, as though not breath but water were poured out upon them.

When they saw this the other demons took counsel together, and sent to the gods of darkness and of evil and told them thereof. And the gods of darkness and of evil summoned Thoth before them, and said to him: "Did ye not vow to give your soul to us and to serve us for a

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thousand thousand years, if so be we gave you vengeance?" And Thoth answered: "It is so, lords." Then said they: "How is it, then, that ye kindle not our fires?" And Thoth answered: "I know not, lords. A while ago one passed me, walking, in whom hell hath no part. Since then my heart has been glad within me, and the fires do not burn." Then said the gods of darkness and of evil: "It is our enemy who hath done this thing, even as he hath taken others hence. But what are we to do with Thoth?" So the gods of darkness and of evil took counsel together as to what they should do with Thoth, whose heart was glad in hell and for whom the fires of hell would not burn. And when they had taken counsel together they made their will known unto Thoth: "Thy soul is ours, even as thou hast vowed, till the thousand thousand years be spent. But because of our enemy there is that in thy soul and in thy heart that hell cannot endure. Thou must get hence and stay hence so long as thou art as thou art, lest haply that which is in thee spread to others and a worse mischief befall us. Therefore thou shalt go back to earth, and there dwell as the poorest and least considered of men, until mayhap this gladness be spent from thy heart, and self-pity return into it, that ye may come again to hell and again kindle our fires." And Thoth answered: "Yea, lords."

So it was that Thoth was cast out from hell to dwell among men, no longer as a king but as the meanest and poorest of all, till the gladness might be gone from his heart or the thousand thousand years of his vow be sped.

The old Arab paused, and I waited in vain for him to continue. "Tell me the rest," I said. "The tale is told," he answered. "Yes, it is told," I replied, "as he who is given the key to the door is given the key to the room. But enter with me, lest I miss something of what lies there." "Can one see with another's eyes?" he said. "Naught is hidden."

So I fell to musing of Thoth, returned to earth from hell; of the gladness in his heart, and of how, day by day, beneath the blue sky of heaven,—with the airs of heaven on his face, with brooks of running water and the shade of trees, with the laughter of children and the love and labour of men, with the myriad mercies and blessing of God on every hand,—that gladness must have sung within him a ceaseless hymn of praise. I must have been speaking my thoughts aloud as they came to me, for the camel driver's quiet voice broke in upon them: "Was it thus that thy heart sang in the burden of the day? Were these thy thoughts?"

"Oh, but," I answered, in unthinking self-defence, "with the memory of hell before one, surely earth must be as paradise." "Hast thou, then, never been in hell?" he asked me; and I knew that I had spoken as a child.

"Tell me," I said, "where is Thoth now? Is he still on earth? Did self, will self, drive gladness from his heart before the thousand thousand years have passed? Will hell claim him once again?"

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"Allah knows," he answered. "A thousand thousand years is long, and men's memories are short. God gives, and men forget the giver in his gifts."

I mused again. Only in self can we be in hell; only as self-pity drives out all other pity; only as self-love drives out all other love. On every side, at every step of our path through life, there is that which calls to us to love, and calls to us to pity. Why do we so seldom heed that call? Why do we so wrap ourselves around in self? Is it that we need fear, as well as love; and that we have not yet learned to fear ourselves? Perhaps Thoth had learned to fear himself. I did not want him to have to go again to hell. "But surely," I said, speaking my thought once more aloud, "he who, from the depths of hell, could give praise to God that there was one in whom hell had no part, would not lose the memory of that vision, the feeling of that drop of moisture on his lips, and sink all again in self because of the common trials that all men must endure. Surely Thoth would keep the gladness of his heart."

The camel driver gravely bowed his head. "Doubtless thou knowest. It is a tale of thy own faith. Yet—art thou then less than the demon Thoth?"

Tell me, friend, what answer do you make to that question of the Arab camel driver to his son—to me—and to you?

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

The one misery of man is self-will, the one secret of blessedness is the conquest over our own wills. To yield them up to God is rest and peace. What disturbs us in this world is not "trouble," but our opposition to trouble. The true source of all that frets and irritates, and wears away our lives, is not in external things, but in the resistance of our wills to the will of God expressed by external things.—Alexander MacLaren.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT

VII.

ANY attempt to unravel the teaching of the Gospels on the Spirit opens to the student an almost endless quest. So much is involved both of practical science and human psychology on one hand, and of a theory of human and cosmic evolution on the other, that only the merest outline of what has seemed more immediately important will receive treatment in the following sections. There are certain studies that seem to be centers around which other subjects radiate, and which act as the focus whenever search is made, or an explanation demanded that involves the essential principles of their existence. The fundamental unity of the spiritual world makes the treatment of any one of its aspects implicate and almost comprise all the others; and this is the more true as one deals less with mental concepts, and strives rather to grasp directly at the spiritual truth itself. The student may turn to almost countless books in all languages on the Spirit, and he will find that the clearer and simpler their scientific method and system appear to be, the less conclusive are their results and the fewer truths they appear to have achieved. He will gradually be forced to the conclusion that no one system will contain a subject that is itself a center of systems, so to speak; and he will only attempt to make his own that part of this mass of material which appeals most directly to him.

In turning to the Gospels as the source from which Paul himself got all that he knew or revealed on the Holy Spirit, we are forced, therefore, to consider only some few of the many phases there dealt with. Especially will it be the aim to make certain of the recorded words of the Master Jesus reveal a richer meaning than that commonly attributed to them by the cramped theology of an almost blind orthodoxy.

Two difficulties must be faced at the start. Jesus spoke always with a profound insight, and his words as handed down to us are only the impression left upon hearers who often failed to comprehend their real meaning, or the suggested or implied significance. Again the mystery cannot be revealed because of the inherent blindness or ignorance of its hearers; and in addition we should remember that tradition tells us that the real *Matthew* was "lost," that *Mark* and *Luke* are late versions, and that only parts of *John* remain of the original text. So that interpretation, dealing with a mystery, can have no other criterion but that of common sense plus the interpreter's own spiritual insight and his knowledge of spiritual law.

A second difficulty lies in our lack of historic perspective. We read Jesus' words in the light of modern thought and preconception. But

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the intellectual setting of Jesus' day was very different from ours; a difference too little presented by a pulpit that seeks to find in the Old Testament texts applicable to present-day conditions rather than diversities of thought. The fact remains, however, that when the Master incarnated the idea of the Spirit had undergone a long development, and several hundred years before his coming there had arisen an expectation of a new and special revelation connected with the incarnation of a Messiah. Further, this revelation was to be about the Holy Spirit, and was to outstrip any revelation hitherto known to men. As all the Gospel accounts of the ministry of John the Baptist and of the Virgin Birth must be read in the light of this age-old religious tradition to be properly understood, and as further the development of Hebrew thought reveals clearly certain fundamental ideas held universally about the Spirit, we shall turn first to a consideration of this field.

The Old Testament contains no formulated doctrine of the Spirit. At some periods the Spirit played a prominent part in the national life, at other times it receded into the background. At first it is described as largely external, occasional, abnormal; but it became increasingly ethical and spiritual, inner and immanent as the Jews evolved out of their more barbarous period. We must remember that the Hebrews were a special, a chosen people. Descended from the ancient Egyptians the early Bible records are the vague recollections and traditions of the days of their lost glory, when initiate kings such as David and Solomon ruled the people, and when the latter built the temple "the pattern of all that he had by the Spirit" (*I Chron.* xxviii, esp. v. 12). But we must also take into account the cycle and age to which they belong. The whole tendency of morals, of religion, of thought was away from the spiritual and toward the material. In tracing, therefore, the use of the term Spirit throughout a book that embraces so wide an historical range, and includes writings from both illuminated and unilluminated men, we must take great care not to misread such a term. Thus we find that our subject becomes inextricably interwoven with the whole theory of a Trinity underlying manifested nature, as well as the more limited or definite treatment of one aspect of this manifestation—that is, of a trinity in man, and the necessity for the gift of a Spirit to each man before he can inherit the kingdom of Christ. This latter was the clear Pauline revelation as based on Christ's whole revelation; and contained the answer to many vague searchings and dim gropings on the part of the Hebrews in whom the idea had barely dawned as the result of prophetic influence.

There are two Hebrew words usually translated by the English words soul and spirit in the King James Bible, but interchangeably and with absolutely no conception of proper distinctions, nor any appreciation of what was going on in the Hebrew mind. These are *ruâh* (Greek, *πνεῦμα* Latin, *spiritus*), and *nephesh* (Greek, *ψυχή* Latin, *anima*). So long ago as 1516 Erasmus pointed out in defending his *Commentary* on the New Testament that the Holy Spirit is never denominated "God"

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in the Bible; and modern critical scholarship has further discovered the inconsistency of any one translation of these words. Thus Hastings' *Bible Dictionary* sponsors Professor Kautzsch when he writes (Vol. V, p. 665, note) "It is, of course, a glaring error, but a deeply rooted one, to give to *nephesh*, in all these manifold senses, the one uniform rendering 'soul.'" But what key for correct interpretation has modern Biblical scholarship, when the doctrines about the Spirit are also vague, and when theological science ignores the plain statements of all religions and most clearly those of St. Paul? Thus the *Catholic Encyclopedia* says of Spirit, "In Theology, the uses of the word are various. In the New Testament, it signifies sometimes the soul of man (generally its highest part, e. g., 'the spirit is willing'), sometimes the supernatural action of God in man, sometimes the Holy Ghost ('the Spirit of Truth, Whom the world cannot receive'). The use of this term to signify the supernatural life of grace is the explanation of St. Paul's language about the spiritual and carnal man and his enumeration of the three elements, spirit, soul, and body, which gave occasion to the error of the Trichotomists." This complete misunderstanding and confusion, which begs the whole question, quite manifestly in the light of what St. Paul was really teaching, becomes still more intricately involved in the Old Testament. Catholic theologians seem unable to offer any adequate explanation, nor do they make very conclusive attempts to solve the problem.

Professor Kautzsch says, further, speaking of the "entirely false conception of *nephesh* ('soul') and its relation to *ruâh* ('spirit')" that "as long as the Divine breath is outside of man, it can never be called *nephesh* but only *ruâh* (more completely *ruâh hayyîm*, i. e., 'spirit or breath of life'). On the other hand, the breath or spirit of life which has entered a man's body and manifests its presence there may be called either *ruâh* or *nephesh*." What the reason for this division of use, or for the distinction between them is, he does not know nor attempt to explain.

It is impossible for us to arrive at any definite conclusion either, but for a slightly different reason. Professor Kautzsch and modern Bible commentary and theology have little or no clues upon which to construct a theory. Madame Blavatsky, on the contrary, has left so many clues, demonstrating on the surface the importance and significance of this whole question of what the Bible, the Kabala, and the Talmud intend to convey or imply by their varying uses of these two words, that at least two years of specially directed study could alone attempt to comprehend it all. Each of these works had its own system and use of terms, each would have to be learned separately and compared before conclusions could be formulated. As a single instance, in Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine* (first edit., p 242, ff.) there is reproduced a diagram by Eliphas Lévi giving his understanding of the Kabala on this question. But H. P. B. says in the notes that he "has, whether purposely or otherwise, confused the numbers," and again, " . . . there are many such

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strange and curious transformations to be found in the Kabalistic works —a convincing proof that its literature has become a sad jumble."

With this brief reminder for those who have the time to give to such study, we still can, however, establish certain things about exoteric Hebrew thought that bear directly on our subject. Thus, Young, in his *Analytical Concordance of the Bible,* points out that aside from a few special meanings, *ruâh* is translated 232 times as spirit, 90 times as wind, and 28 as breath. It is used in Aramaic also, to mean spirit eight times, wind twice, and mind once. Madame Blavatsky speaks of *ruâh* as corresponding with Buddhi or the spiritual soul. Young shows that *nephesh* is translated soul 428 times in the Bible, and calls it the "animal soul," Greek, ψυχή. *The Secret Doctrine* says (p. 242, note) "Nephesch is the 'breath of (animal) life' breathed into Adam, the man of dust; it is consequently the *Vital Spark,* the informing element," and again (p. 243, n.) "for nephesch is the 'breath of life' in man, as in beast or insect, of physical, material life, which has no spirituality in it." But aside from this technical use of these words, *nephesh* is obviously synonymous with our own constant rather careless use of the word soul to indicate the feelings or character or disposition of a man. The *Psalms* are full of such general phrases devoid of any special sense.

But for our purposes it is the development of the word *ruâh,* or rather the train of Hebrew thought back of this word, that is of chief interest. Reviewing the long sweep of this thought, some things seem fairly established. Thus hundreds of years before Paul wrote, the Hebrews had the conception of an all-pervading Spirit in nature, and also of a *special* manifestation of it in a prophet or godly man, never clearly characterized. In addition to this they had some idea of a relation between the Spirit of God and the Spirit of their nation. The Spirit of God was at first hardly more than an aspect of God; but in the later developments of the idea it became, not the simple equivalent of God, but intimately connected with certain conceptions of the "Angel of Jehovah" and of prophecy. Without attempting to enter into this subject with any degree of thoroughness, the contrast might be made by way of illustration with only two verses in Genesis, both employing this one word, *ruâh.* Thus in Chapter I, verse two, we find the "Spirit of God was brooding upon the face of the waters." Madame Blavatsky suggested in the *Glossary* under "Water,"—"Of course this is not water on the material plane, but in a figurative sense for the potential fluid contained in boundless space. This was symbolized in ancient Egypt by *Kneph,* the 'unrevealed' God, who was represented as the serpent—the emblem of eternity—encircling a *water*-urn, with his head hovering over the waters, which he incubates with his breath." Then follows a reference to our verse from Genesis; and under *Kneph,* she tells us—"by Eusebius he is identified with the *Logos;* and Jamblichus goes so far as almost to identify him with Brahmâ, since he says of him that 'this God is intellect itself; intellectually perceiving itself, and consecrating intellections to

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itself, and *is to be worshipped in silence.'"* In the dawn of creation, then, when the day of cosmic awakening arrives, the Hebrews recognized this great spiritual principle, call it Brahmâ, or the Spirit of God, or the Logos, or, as John puts it, "In the beginning was the Word." This is a more or less universal conception of Spirit, as the basis or background of the cosmos; and from textual evidence the passage was probably written by a late priestly compiler of Hebrew traditions, about 440 B. C.

Turning to the sixth chapter, written clearly long before the compilations mentioned above, and representing the oldest elements of the Old Testament, we find in the first three verses a startlingly Pauline statement, which in the light of man's evolution as outlined by Madame Blavatsky in Volume II of *The Secret Doctrine,* is very significant. The verses read, "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all that they chose. And Jehovah said, My Spirit shall not abide in man forever, for in their going astray they are flesh: therefore shall his days be an hundred and twenty years." Here we have, not a spiritual principle underlying all nature, but the definite idea of the Spirit in man, and a Spirit in antithesis to the flesh and the lusts thereof, as part of the whole that goes to make up a man. And we see man losing his natural heritage of the Spirit, "breathed' into him by God from the start, just because of these same lusts which Paul so clearly condemns as fatal to the life and growth of the Spirit.

The idea of the Spirit of God in the sphere of the individual life, especially the mental life, receives great amplification throughout parts of the Old Testament, but it has to be read in the light of the fuller and later revelation to be understood, for without this later clear idea of *a* Spirit in each man, the key to apparently conflicting statements is hardly discoverable. Like the chrismatic gifts of the Pauline epistles, we find the Spirit prophesying in and through man, interpreting dreams, begetting skill in ruling, prowess in war, a sense of definite guidance, even bodily strength. Though clearly not of the physical world, in every case it acted in the physical world for the sake of man, and always acted dynamically. But these manifestations were accorded only to special individuals at special times, to prophets, heroes, saints. The early tradition of a pristine state before the flood where the Spirit of God dwelt in every man was largely lost, being retained only by these religious teachers, who kept alive in the increasingly materialistic life of Israel the consciousness of the activity of the Divine Spirit, and the promise that every individual Israelite, though not a prophet, might become similarly conscious. Thus the desire of Moses (*Num.* xi, 29) "that all Jehovah's people were prophets, and that Jehovah would put his Spirit upon them" became more and more an ideal as the people fell away from the path of righteousness and obedience. Later still there emerges in the prophets a new and definite expectation of a future outpouring of spiritual life,

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which was to surpass all earlier gifts both in fulness and in extent. The Spirit of God would breathe on a *dead* people, and they would live (cf. *supra* section VI, St. Paul's use of the term "dead" to mean "spiritually dead"). So Ezekiel, chapter xxxvii, says "The hand of Jehovah was upon me, and he brought me out in the Spirit of Jehovah, and set me down in the midst of the valley; and it was full of bones. . . . Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the Spirit, prophesy, son of man, and say to the Spirit, Thus saith the Lord Jehovah: come from the four winds, O Spirit, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came unto them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army. . . . And ye shall know that I am Jehovah, when I have opened your graves, and caused you to come up out of your graves, O my people. And I will put my Spirit in you and ye shall live. . . ." There is something striking between this Old Testament symbology of water and breath and wind with that of Oriental literature of all time. Take for instance the passage on page ten of the *Voice of the Silence*, " 'Tis only then thou canst become a 'Walker of the Sky,' who treads the winds above the waves, whose step touches not the waters,"—and the note says that "the body of the Yogi becomes as *one formed of the wind*."

The prophetic foresight of a great outpouring of the Spirit would find its culminating point in the Messianic King, on whom the Spirit of Jehovah was to rest permanently as the spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and might, of knowledge and holy fear (*Isaiah* xi). This culmination brought together, in fact, two marked tendencies of Hebrew thought,—one the ancient, simple traditions and allegories, always close to the heart of the people; and the other, the more metaphysical and philosophic speculations built up by leaders of Hebrew thought and by some of the prophets. The early traditions, containing recollections of bygone ages and of a bygone glory, kept alive the belief in so-called abnormal experiences, in the Sons of God walking on earth, in patriarchs who lived for hundreds of years, in teachers of Wisdom, and in personal human relations and communion with God. The Spirit was seen as actively and definitely interfering in and guiding the life of all men, a known power in their lives, their truest self. When the cycle turned, and the age of which these traditions deal had been left behind, and the race reached more nearly historic times, the Spirit became an unknown experience to the run of men, and all idea of its personal relationship with individuals seems to have disappeared. Instead, it became part of a system of abstract ideas about God, outside both God and man. Yet it was the fusing of these two main currents of strictly Hebrew thought that paved the way for the new Christian revelation of the Spirit, which is its most distinctive and essential feature. And the remarkable limitation of modern theology and modern thought about the Spirit is

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that they have incorporated and amplified only the abstract, Jewish speculative side of their Spirit-doctrine, to the exclusion of practically all that Christ revealed both in himself and through his apostle Paul. The history of the causes and growth of this departure and misunderstanding will be attempted later.

The evidence so far considered shows that the idea of the Spirit was present in Hebrew thought in one or another form from the earliest historical times down to the end of the prophetic period. Although the literary prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries developed their own abstract theories and broke away from the circle which preserved the tradition, it still survived in popular religion. During the exile the new prophecy brought the idea of Spirit again prominently to the foreground, impregnated with the contribution of a need for strict moral self-discipline and with Messianic hopes. Thus after the exile the whole moral and intellectual life of man, as well as the creative activity of God, were brought within the range of the Hebrew conception, and as the hope of Messianic fulfilment grew to a passion, the idea of the Spirit became more habitual, normal, and rational. Yet at all times in the pre-Christian era it was felt and believed to be a transcending supernatural power, coming upon man from outside, utterly beyond his personal control, a power not himself, above and without himself.

With this growth came also a broader idea of the Spirit's action. It was no longer limited to the nation, but when it was conceived as regenerating the moral life and endowing men with knowledge and wisdom, the conditions for its universal operation were already present. It was this feature that Paul so strongly emphasized, and which brought him into conflict with the strict sectarian Judaizers.

VIII.

Jewish thought after the exile divided into two separate and distinct types. One grew up on the native soil of Palestine, centered about Jerusalem and temple worship, and culminated in Rabbinic legalism. This was the environment in which Christian thought originated; it was the direct line of development from Old Testament to New Testatment, and its record is found in the Apocryphal and Pseudepigraphic books, in the Targums and Talmuds, in Josephus, and in the first three Gospels. It includes the Wisdom literature, most of the Psalms, deutero-Isaiah, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Daniel, and Zechariah ix-xiv. A marked characteristic of this period is the absence of any direct experiences labelled as of the Spirit, or any doctrine about it. The Talmud bewails the absence of five of Israel's treasures from the second temple: the heavenly fire, the ark of the covenant, urim and thummim, the holy oil, and the Holy Spirit.* Yet the

* Quoted from J. Lebreton, *Les Origines du Dogme de la Trinité*, p. 138.

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period is not without significance, negative and positive. On the one hand it revealed the kind of life and doctrine that tended to quench the Spirit and personal knowledge of it; on the other hand the idea did survive the adverse conditions of the period (just as it has with us), and it passed through to New Testament times. For this period exemplifies how the dogmatic spirit can deny to the Spirit of God any place in religious experience while retaining in water-tight compartments an intellectual theory about it. The dogma was the Levitical law. But even so, legal dogmatism could not hold men's minds in complete bondage; unsilenced conscience within and catastrophes without produced dissatisfaction with the law (4 *Ezra* vii, 77, 139, viii, 35), and lifted men's eyes to visions of at least a better future. Hence arose the apocalyptic literature, which, to acquire authority and exercise any influence, had to seek incorporation under the ancient, sanctified names, and remain for the most part pseudonymous.

But though Palestinian Judaism was generally poor in recorded experiences of the Spirit, it is not devoid of them. Thus in the Messianic passages throughout is revealed a very special and deep insight into the revelation about to come; but nowhere is it explained as in Paul. Thus:

> "And in him dwell the Spirit of wisdom,
> And the Spirit which gives insight,
> And the Spirit of understanding and might,
> And the Spirit of those who had fallen asleep in righteousness."
> (*Enoch*, xlix, 3.)

Elsewhere:

> "And he shall give to the saints to eat from the tree of life,
> And the Spirit of holiness shall be on them."
> (*Test.* Levi, xviii, 11.)
>
> "And the heaven shall be opened unto him,
> To pour out the Spirit, (even) the blessing of the Holy Father,
> And he shall pour out the Spirit of grace upon you."
> (*Test.* Jud. xxiv, 2, 3.)
>
> "And through His Messiah, He shall make them to know His Holy Spirit."
> (*Zadok.* Fragm. ii, 10.)*

Other references could be multiplied, but the essential principles are here suggested. The period was one of abstraction, but also of personification. The spirit world was divided into two kingdoms, good and evil; yet the Holy Spirit was not placed among the angels, but stands on one side of God, above and apart from other spirits. "All other spirits are personified and hypostatised forms of

* Quoted in *The Holy Spirit*, by T. Rees, page 30.

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the forces of nature, but the Spirit is the very power of God active upon the mind and moral nature of man," says Mr. Rees.

The other great division of post-exilic thought developed in the alien atmosphere of Alexandria, where the language and thought of Greece predominated, and where the Hebrew mind conformed to the powerful influence of Greek culture. There the Hellenistic mould was evolved which formed the bridge by which Christianity entered upon the intellectual heritage of the Gentile world. The literature of this great amalgamated Hebrew and Greek system includes the Greek translation of the Old Testament, the apocryphal books of Wisdom, *Tobit*, *2* and *3 Maccabees*, the Greek *Ecclesiasticus*, and at least parts of the *Sibylline Oracles*, the *Letter of Aristeas*, *2 Enoch*, and *4 Maccabees*. But its most important productions were the writings of Philo, an Alexandrian Jew who was a contemporary of Jesus Christ. His deliberate aim was to show the Jewish people that Gentile philosophy was a divine science because its ideas and those of Moses were essentially the same; and also to convince the educated Greek that Hebrew thought was not barbaric because it had anticipated by many centuries the ruling ideas of Greek speculation and metaphysics.

For present purposes a very brief and inadequate survey of the writings of Philo will be attempted, but the reader is urged to examine these works for himself. Philo has been completely and well translated in the Bohn library series by C. D. Yonge, though the book is hard to get outside of libraries.

Apart from *Wisdom* and Philo, reference to the Spirit is again almost entirely absent from Alexandrian literature,—and for the same reason as in Palestinian literature. They wrote to expound, to elaborate, to enforce the teaching of the law. But in the *Book of Wisdom* and in the writings of Philo the influence of Greek philosophy had liberated them from such a narrow outlook, and the idea and experience of the Spirit was therefore able again to assert itself. Even evidences of genuine spiritual experience are not wanting, and Philo knew and records his own deep stirrings of soul as actual experiences of the characteristic workings of the Spirit of God.

"Sometimes, having come empty (to his usual occupation of writing the doctrines of philosophy), I suddenly became full, ideas being invisibly showered upon me and planted from above, so that by a divine possession I was filled with enthusiasm, and was absolutely ignorant of the place, of those present, of myself, of what was said, of what was written; for I had a stream of interpretation, an enjoyment of light, a most keen-sighted vision, a most distinct view of the subjects treated, such as would be given through the eyes from the clearest exhibition." He attributes the revelation which he had to "the invisible Spirit which was accustomed to converse with him in secret." These are expressions so similar to those of all saints, mystics, and initiates of all ages as to require no further comment.

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Philo interpreted Hebrew prophecy in the light of these experiences of his own; but his most important contribution was his doctrine of the Logos, with its implications as to the Spirit in man.

The Spirit enters into the natural constitution of man's being. Nature, in fashioning man out of the lowest forms of being, infused into him a "something divine and eternal," mind. Philo makes a threefold division of the soul, the nutritive, the sensational, and the rational. Or again, "Now we must understand that our soul is divided into three parts, and that it has one part that is conversant about reason; another that is subject to passion; and another which is that in which the desires are conceived. And we find that the proper place and abode of the reasoning part is the head; of the passionate part, the chest; and of the part in which the desires are conceived, the stomach." (*Allegories of the Sacred Laws,* xxii, Bohn ed. vol. I, p. 70.) The essence of the first two is blood, and of the third spirit; so that the essence of the soul as a whole is spirit. Every man may therefore be regarded as two beings, animal and man, for he participates in the principle of life with irrational creation, and in the principle of reason with God, who is "the fountain of the Logos." The essence of the former is blood, of the latter spirit, which is here regarded as being, not air in motion, but a certain *type* and *impress* of divine power, the image of God, who is the archetype of rational nature. "Man is not formed of the dust alone, but also of the divine Spirit," but by his disobedience he "cut off that constitution which imitated heaven from his better part, and made himself over wholly to earth." (*Fragments extracted from the Parallels of John of Damascus,* p. 748, A. Bohn ed. vol. iv, p. 248.)

Another important distinction which Philo makes is that between ideal archetypal man,—the heavenly man, made according to the image of God, incorporeal and of pure intellect,—and actual, earthly man, who has body and senses. In the *Creation of the World* (vol. I, xxiii, p. 19) he says commenting on Moses' statement of man being made in the image and likeness of God—"and he says well; for nothing that is born on the earth is more resembling God than man. And let no one think he is able to judge of this likeness from the characters of the body: for neither is God a being with the form of a man, nor is the human body like the form of God; but the resemblance is spoken of with reference to the most important part of the soul, namely, the mind: for the mind which exists in each individual has been created after the likeness of that one mind which is in the universe as its primitive model, being in some sort the God of that body which carries it about and bears its image within it." And again (xlvi, p. 39) "After this, Moses says that 'God made man, having taken clay from the earth, and he breathed into his face the breath of life.' And by this expression he shows most clearly that there is a vast difference between man as generated now, and the

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first man who was made according to the image of God. For man as formed now is perceptible to the external senses, partaking of qualities, consisting of body and soul, man and woman, by nature mortal. But man, made according to the image of God, was an idea, or a genus, or a seal, perceptible only by the intellect, incorporeal, neither male nor female, imperishable by nature. . . . For when he uses the expression, 'he breathed into,' etc., he means nothing less than the divine spirit proceeding from that happy and blessed nature, sent to take up its habitation here on earth, for the advantage of our race, in order that, even if man is mortal according to that portion of him which is visible, he may at all events be immortal according to that portion which is invisible, and for this reason, one may properly say that man is on the boundaries of a better and an immortal nature, partaking of each as far as it is necessary for him; and that he was born at the same time, both mortal and immortal. Mortal as to his body, but immortal as to his intellect."

In this way the Spirit of God comes to be directly identified with wisdom, and indirectly with the Logos. Philo has in his system, therefore, an equation of three terms; Spirit, Wisdom, and Logos. But the Logos and the Spirit are also frequently described in the same terms, as, for instance, where he states that the higher nature of man, which he has just called Spirit, is mind (*νοῦς*) and Logos; and that man is formed after the archetypal Logos. In fact, the identity of Logos and Spirit is most clear where both are related to the nature and life of man.

Philo states definitely that the word *πνεῦμα* (Spirit, Hebrew *ruâh*) in one sense means the air, but in another pure knowledge; and also that Spirit as the essence of man's soul is not air in motion, but the image of God. It is the essence of the rational soul, yet it is not a permanent endowment of all men; it was forfeited by the disobedience of the first man (*Frag. John Damascus*). And although it visits even the worst, it immediately abandons them because of their sin. With the majority of men it remains only for a brief period, because their entanglement in the affairs of this life drives it away,—it abides permanently with one class of men only, with those who, like Moses, have put off all created things and every veil of opinion, and who have come to God in pure and naked thought. (*Gigant.* xii.)

In this way Philo brought together the ancient Hebrew idea of the Spirit of God, whose main field of operation was the human soul, and the Greek conception of the Logos, as the principle of order in nature. The Logos remains the dominant idea of Philo's system. The idea of the Spirit has not been so fully elaborated. Perhaps this was for the same reason as that given by Paul. "It is not lawful to speak of the sacred mysteries to the uninitiated," Philo says (*Frag. John Damascus,* p. 533, C. Bohn ed. p. 245); and again "But if any

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one dies as to this mortal life, but still lives, having received in exchange a life of immortality, perhaps he will see what he never saw before."

However this may be, the fusion of the Hebrew idea of the Spirit with the Greek Logos doctrine, and this done by a man who spoke from personal experience of the mysteries himself, prepared the way richly for a similar development in Christian theology. Paul and John, like Philo, have three terms for the manifestation of Diety; and have worked out the correspondence in detail when applied to the individual man. And it is in Paul and John that we get the clear enunciation of this conception; the three other Gospel authors followed the tradition of the Palestinian school of thought, and nowhere arrived at the detailed understanding attained by Paul and John. The greatness of Philo is revealed in the light of Paul's teaching when we compare the insight shown by the few passages cited, and remember that Philo, though a contemporary, had none of the direct benefit of Jesus' teaching.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*To be continued*)

Our Heavenly Father makes "straight paths for our feet," and, if we would GO IN HIS WAY, *if we would straighten our wills to His will, and lay them side by side, there would be no crosses. But when the path that God points out goes north and south, and our stubborn wills lead us east and west, the consequence is* "A CROSS." . . .

—ANNIE WEBB-PEPLOE.

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THE MISSION OF CERTAIN HERESIES

IN Rufus M. Jones' *Studies in Mystical Religion* there is quoted the following passage from Machiavelli's *Discourse on Livy*, "All religions must be again and again rejuvenated by a return to their original principle. Christianity would have become entirely extinct had not St. Francis and St. Dominic renewed its life and kindled it afresh in the hearts of men by their imitation of Jesus. *They saved religion but they destroyed the Church.*" And the author adds, "I believe that nobody has come so near gaining the feeling, the attitude, the *abandon* to the Divine Father, the spirit of human love and fellowship which characterised the Galilean circle as has Francis of Assisi. Among the prominent reformers of the Church his life is as near an approach to the Divine Model as the world has seen since the apostolic days."

In view of the age in which Saint Francis lived, an age of utter spiritual deadness when more than one man of blameless life suffered martyrdom for the very reason of his sanctity, such a reference to the saint, emphasizing at once the perfection of his life and the greatness of his mission, naturally suggests the inquiry as to what lay behind that mission, how the ground was prepared for that outpouring of force, for what reason the call of a simple friar roused, as it were, the whole world from its sleep.

Of the course which the Church had pursued and the condition in which she now lay, little need be said. The gradual departure from the simplicity and purity of the early followers, marked particularly by the acquisition of the first temporal possessions, had been followed by rapid increase in power both temporal and spiritual, until the sons of the Church, in many cases no less warlike than the fierce feudal barons against whom they contended, had gained the virtual control of all Christendom. At the same time had come the degeneration inevitably accompanying too great power possessed with little wisdom. Men of the most unfit character, worldly, unscrupulous, selfish and depraved were drawn to the priesthood by the prospect of temporal power and possessions linked with immunity from temporal justice, and too, by the fact that in the priesthood lay the one career offering equal advantages to all men, the one release from feudal class distinctions. The Church drew to her cause an army of men consecrated to a common end, whose paramount interest lay, though it might be for personal reasons alone, in her welfare; and by enforcing upon these men the rule of celibacy she secured to herself intact vast temporal possessions and the power which attached to them.

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But even as her power grew, she lost her inner and true hold on the people. Avarice, licentiousness, insatiable cupidity and boundless arrogance on the part of the clergy put an end to the love and confidence which they had inspired in the early years. We find the ugly spectacle of the exaction of payment for administering the sacraments, of pitiless extortion in the collection of the tithes. Simony, the sale of indulgences, every imaginable abuse of episcopal and papal prerogative lent their quota in the oppression of the people, until only superstition and fanaticism, the promise of salvation or the threat of perdition kept them in subjection. A paragraph from Lea's *History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages* gives a picture of the time as seen by St. Bernard:

"When fornication, adultery, incest, palled upon the exhausted senses, a zest was sought in deeper depths of degradation. In vain the cities of the plain were destroyed by the avenging fire of heaven; the enemy has scattered their remains everywhere, and the Church is infected with their accursed ashes. The Church is left poor and bare and miserable, neglected and bloodless. Her children seek not to bedeck, but to spoil her; not to guard her, but to destroy her; not to defend, but to expose; not to institute, but to prostitute; not to feed the flock, but to slay and devour it. They exact the price of sins and give no thought to sinners. 'Whom can you show me among the prelates who does not seek rather to empty the pockets of his flock than to subdue their vices?' St. Bernard's contemporary, Potho of Pruhm, in 1152, voices the same complaints. The Church is rushing to ruin, and not a hand is raised to stay its downward progress; there is not a single priest fitted to rise up as a mediator between God and man and approach the divine throne with an appeal for mercy."

Under circumstances such as this the most obvious explanation of the tremendous influence which St. Francis exerted, would be that certain of the evil tendencies of the time had at length spent themselves, that the pendulum had swung its full length and that the great reformer had caught its backward stroke. But if we seek some other explanation than the mere turn of the pendulum, if we seek some sign of actual preparation, some indication that the light of the spirit was still burning in the world, it would seem to be found in certain religious sects of the time, sects which had developed secretly, some within and some without the Church, had spread with marvellous rapidity, had later been denounced as heretical and were at length warred against with fanatical fury by the corrupt but orthodox Church. All this was in an age, it must be remembered when man had not yet established his right to think, when religion was a matter of doctrine and dogma as fixed as iron bars and when any deviation from the prescribed rule received the dread pronunciamento of heresy with the stake as penalty. Yet many men had not been slow to feel the lack of spiritual life in the Church, or to recognize her failure to feed the souls of her children, nor did they hesitate, be the penalty what it might, to seek spiritual food where it offered.

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Heresies were numerous. One after another there arose men who courageously attacked the sacerdotalism of the period, who by their life and teachings gathered about them a numerous following, but who inevitably fell before the overwhelming power of their adversaries. Tanchelm, Eon de l'Etoile, Claudius of Turin, Peter de Bruys, Henry of Lausanne, Arnald of Brescia, all were of this number, all anti-sacerdotalists, the results of whose work were later swallowed up in the larger sects which established themselves as a permanent and lasting factor in the religious history both of this and later times. The first of the greater sects which were so important a preliminary to the reforms of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were known as the Paulicians, descendants and dissenters from the Manichaeans, and as Manichaeism is found to a greater or less extent throughout these sects, it may be well to consider at least the features of it which influenced most strongly European heretical thought.

It was the religion of the followers of Mānī, a Persian who lived in the third century A. D. Primarily it was a fusion of Zoroastrianism and Christianity but various other elements are introduced through the fact that Mānī's Zoroastrianism possessed certain Semitic characteristics while his Christianity was gnostic rather than orthodox; added to this he is said to have travelled widely, and to have been influenced by Hindu thought, a fact which shows itself not so much in actually borrowed rites or doctrines as in the presence of the subtle spirit of India.

Manichaeism is a dualism, starting with the conception of two coeternal, hostile powers of good and evil, of light and of darkness. In the struggle between the god of light and the prince of darkness there came about the union of the finer elements, or soul, with gross matter, whence sprang the existing order of things, the soul being imprisoned in matter and giving it form and life. From that time on, in every particle of matter, the contest has been waged between these two natures, the soul struggling ever, to burst its fetters and gain release from the bondage of the world. The fall of Adam consisted in yielding to the seductions of the flesh and through his fall the spirit still remains imprisoned in matter passing from father to son. Therefore sin lies in desire rather than in disobedience and in accordance with this belief marriage is regarded as evil above all things, and the eating of flesh is strictly prohibited. There is much that is of interest in this system of teaching but it is only so far that it shows itself to any extent in European thought.

The Paulicians, so named it is thought, because of their adherence to the Pauline writings, originated about 660 A. D. in the neighborhood of Samosata about the upper Euphrates and spread through Armenia, Pontus and Cappadocia. They met with considerable persecution from the start and about 750, a large number of them were transported to the European side of the Bosphorous, those remaining behind being later practically exterminated. In their new home they enjoyed, at first, entire religious toleration, and disseminated their doctrines rapidly through

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Thrace, and the lower region of the Danube, gaining a particularly strong hold in Bulgaria. Through trade, war, and missionary enterprise, they continued to spread and by the year 1000 they were found in Sicily, Lombardy, Liguria and Milan and soon after in France.

No longer though, did they retain solely the name of Paulician; each division of the country, or perhaps each type of mind accepted the teachings in its own way and numerous minor sects sprang up, some taking their name from their chief teacher, some from the town or section in which they lived. Thus in Italy, on the Alpine frontiers they were known as Paterines; in England, where they appeared at a later date, they were called Pophlicians or Publicans, a corruption of Paulician; in France many were called Good Men or Weavers from their lives or from their trade. A more general name for them, however, was that of Cathari or the Pure.

To distinguish sharply between the varying shades of belief of the minor sects is practically impossible, and there is much that is unknown in regard to the main body of Paulician or Cathar doctrines which served as their foundation. To begin with, there is evidence that the teachings were partly esoteric and so disclosed only to the initiated. And too, the possibility of our receiving in their actual form even the esoteric teachings is slight because, from the sectaries themselves few documents have been handed down, and it is from inquisitorial records that most of the available information is gained. These are likely to have been distorted on the one side by the prejudice of the inquisitor and perhaps misrepresented on the other through desire of concealment.

Various opinions were held in regard to the Trinity, the resurrection (i. e. the resurrection of the body); the matter of judgment and retribution and the acceptance or non-acceptance of the Old Testament. They believed in two First Causes, and the intrinsic depravity of matter, and through the gnostic and Manichaean elements in their belief, derived the doctrine of docetism—the belief that the crucifixion was apparent only. They were unanimous in denouncing the corruption of the established Church, regarding her as Anti-Christ and as the whore of Babylon spoken of in the Apocalypse. They asserted that the power of the clergy depended on merit and not on ordination and that the sacraments were polluted in polluted hands; also that transubstantiation in the eucharist was absolutely to be rejected. They denounced the worship of saints, the use of relics and images, and pompous ceremonials; and they dispensed not only with infant baptism but with water baptism of any sort, using instead baptism by fire. This, their greatest and most solemn sacrament, based on the words, "He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," was known as the *consolamentum* or laying on of hands, by which they received the Holy Spirit and became one of the Perfect.

Many of the accounts of their faith, long, dry disputations, filled with theological quibbles, lead one to regard these people as just so many sects, holding just so many deviations or perversions of the orthodox belief. But when we stop to realize that in them lay the hope of the age,

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the spirit of inquiry and of growth which should break the fetters of mankind; when we remember that in them centred the spiritual life of the time, that they, if any, lived the life of discipleship, perfect in simplicity, humility and heroic self-sacrifice, and died the death of martyrs, joyfully, even eagerly,—in this light, the facts recorded of them take on new life and color.

Among the Paulicians and Cathari, two divisions or ranks were recognized (a distinction found also among the Manichaeans). First, the Perfect, the initiates, for whom, in all probability, a separate body of teaching was reserved. With the receiving of the *consolamentum* the Perfect gave up all family ties, renounced all interests but those of the faith, and regarded the world as no longer existing for them. They took the vow of poverty, all property being dedicated to the Church, and of chastity, living a solitary life, of utmost simplicity and austerity. They observed numerous and lengthy fasts, wore, except when persecution made it impossible, a simple, dark—usually black—garb, and travelled about the country by twos. Their life was by no means one of quiet and seclusion; they were vowed to a life of labor such as that led by the apostles, devoting themselves to the propagation and defence of their faith, not merely to the point of laying down their lives, but still further, to the point of sacrificing all that could be regarded as making life worth the living.

Women too, were admitted to this rank; their lives, in austerity of rule and in completeness of self-renunciation were much like those of the men. They were not, however, required to travel, but lived alone in little cabins in the depths of the woods, or, occasionally, were gathered together in community houses where they occupied themselves in weaving or sewing or in giving religious instruction to young girls.

Beside the Perfect there were also the Credentes or Believers. These had accepted the faith, but had not yet received the *consolamentum* and were, therefore, not obliged to observe the austere life which was a peremptory obligation of the Perfect. They were free to marry, to mingle with the world and to devote themselves to any one of a number of occupations; for them the *consolamentum,* on which salvation depended, was in a great many cases deferred till death. In case of death without this sacrament, the soul must return again and in another body recommence its work of expiation. From the Credentes a promise was required that they would demand the *consolamentum* in any case of extreme illness or mortal peril, and that where death did not come as expected, the sacrament would nevertheless entail upon them its full consequences.

One historian mentions a third degree, the Auditores who were given only the first and most elementary of the teachings, but adds that there is little to prove the existence of this degree. In strong contrast to the Roman Church, they made no distinction between their preachers and the brethren, in fact no distinctions of any sort were drawn except such as arose naturally through their relative austerity, zeal or knowledge. The

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Cathars or Paulicians represented at different times all ranks and classes and were found throughout the eastern European countries and in Italy, France, Aragon, Castile, Leon, Flanders, the Rhenish provinces and central Germany.

For several centuries after their first appearance in Europe, they met with little active persecution. One congregation was discovered in Orleans, France, in 1017, and after examination by a council which failed to bring them to reason, were all burnt alive. But although the growth of heresy was very rapid and its prevalence widespread, no concerted measures were taken against it until the pontificate of Innocent III, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. This was partly due to the fact that they were not openly antagonistic to the Church; in the records of the Inquisition, there is more than once the comment that the heretics attend masses, accept the sacraments and observe all requirements, but secretly scoff. Their simple garb and their custom of travelling in twos was no different from that of monastic orders within the Church and hence aroused little opposition. Still a stronger reason for the lack of active persecution, though, was the fact that the Popes, busied with their struggle for power—particularly in their difficulties with the two Henrys and Frederick Barbarossa—were fully occupied elsewhere. With Innocent III began the policy of seeking out and punishing any tendency to freedom of thought in matters of religion, any deviation from the system laid down by the Roman Church.

The two principal sects to suffer from his zeal at that time were the Albigenses and the Waldenses. The former received their name from the territory of Albigea in France, and were the continuation of the Cathars or Paulicians, though perhaps with doctrines somewhat modified. By some historians they are considered to be the same as the Waldenses, the difference in name being due only to location, but although the two sects were forced to have frequent intercourse, being under a common ban, we find them denouncing each other as heretics, and, too, the Inquisitorial records make the distinction of Waldenses *and* heretics in referring to the two.

The Waldenses, even after their persecution began, refused to regard themselves as other than a part of the Church of Rome. As they absorbed and gave their name to numerous older sects it is probable that there were among their number, varying degrees of heresy, but they show few Paulician characteristics, believed in one Supreme Being, and were chiefly anti-sacerdotal. As one contemporary writer states it, "These indeed were wicked, but in comparison with other heretics were far less perverse. For in many things they agreed with us, but in many things they differed." What the actual doctrines of Middle Age Waldism were, it is difficult to tell, for at the close of the fifteenth century it was remodelled on Calvinistic lines, and a study of their Church and articles of faith as they are today, must allow for these modifications. The records of the Inquisition, although the latter dealt with Waldism in its original form, treat almost

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entirely of its points of difference from the orthodox Church. A few of the entries from these records, however, will give a fair idea of their creed:

"They assert that the doctrine of Christ and the apostles, without the decrees of the Church, suffices for salvation.

"They do not receive the Old Testament for believing, but teach only a few things from that source.

"God alone can absolve from sin; God alone can excommunicate—It suffices for salvation to confess to God alone and not to men; and external penances are not necessary to salvation—They assert that there is no purgatorial punishment save in the present, nor do the prayers of the Church profit the dead, nor does anything done for them.

"They say that the Roman Church is not the Church of Jesus Christ but is a Church of wicked men and the true Church ceased to exist under Sylvester, when the poison of temporal things was infused into the Church. And they say that they themselves are the Church of Christ, because in word and act they observe the teaching of Christ, the gospels and apostles—All approved customs of the Church that they do not read in the gospel they despise.

"The body and blood of Christ they do not believe to be really such, but only bread blessed, which by a certain figure is said to be the body of Christ.

"The heretic asserts that without the baptism of fire there is no salvation—Others said baptism does not avail without imposition of hands.

"They all preach everywhere and without distinction of condition, age or sex."

Peter Waldo, to whom most accounts attribute the founding of the sect, began his work in the last quarter of the twelfth century, about 1170 or 1173. There are two stories as to the beginning of his mission, one that he heard and was deeply affected by the words of a wandering jester or jongleur, the other that he received his awakening through seeing, when in a public gathering, a man stricken dead before him. However it be, he received thus the call from his life of getting and spending —he was a wealthy merchant of Lyons. Troubled in mind and heart, he sought a priest who quoted to him, "Let him go and sell all that he hath." Waldo accepted the words to the letter, provided for his wife, placed his small daughters in an abbey, gave away the remainder of his wealth and devoted his life to the Master's work. Being an unlettered man, he secured the services of two priests to translate into the vernacular the gospels and certain passages from the Church Fathers which he called the "Sentences"; these he learned by heart. He then began telling the gospel stories to such persons as might gather round him on the street, and little by little he gained followers, who like himself, were ready to give up all that they held dear and pattern their life on that of the apostles. Like their predecessors in other sects, they took the vow of poverty, adopted a simple dress and travelled about two and two.

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In all this Waldo was in no wise going counter to the Church, for at that time, although the Scriptures were not in the hands of the people, still there had been no explicit prohibition. It was in the Synod of Toulouse in 1229, that, taught by the experience with the Waldenses, the Church first decreed that the Testaments both Old and New, should be kept from the common people, save in so far as they were already embodied in the devotional books of the day. But aside from the question of the Scriptures, the teaching of the Church was that salvation is to be secured through certain sacraments, administered by the priests to whom power is sacramentally transmitted from the apostles. Preaching was regarded as work very nearly sacramental in its nature and the antagonism of the clergy was therefore aroused by the preaching of Waldo, a man both unlettered and unordained.

His first difficulty was with John, Archbishop of Lyons, who prohibited his preaching on pain of excommunication. Waldo thereupon appealed to the Pope, going to Rome for the purpose. The latter approved his vow of poverty but forbade either him or his followers to preach without the permission of the clergy. For a time this decision was observed, then, feeling impelled to go on with the work, they declared that they must obey God rather than man. There followed for all the little band, both excommunication and banishment from their home city of Lyons, but in this they saw only an opportunity to suffer for their Leader. A Romanist writer of the time complains of their glorying in that they were successors of the apostles, driven out by the clergy, even as the apostles were driven from the synagogues by the Scribes and Pharisees. And in the decree of banishment and excommunication the authorities really defeated their purpose, for "the poor of Christ" or "the poor men of Lyons" as they were called, carried their message from country to country until in an incredibly short time, the Waldenses had spread throughout Europe.

There is a little story entitled *In His Name* which, although it lays no claim to strict historical exactness, gives nevertheless a vividly realistic account of the band of exiles at this period of their work. It pictures the life of simple folk, busied with their humble occupations in the mountains about the forbidden city, exhibiting to the casual observer, only the traits common to their kind, but in time of need, revealing, at the whispered password "In His Name," unimagined depths of heroism, fortitude, self-sacrifice and utter devotion.

In these Waldenses we find the culmination of the heretical movements of the time; they rather than any others may be regarded as the forerunner of St. Francis. They had all the vigor of the earlier sects, had drawn from them, no doubt, the impetus for their own development and growth and they exhibited the same simplicity, spirituality and devotion. Like the early sects too, they abhorred the abuses of the Church, yet in the beginning their desire was not to antagonize the Church, not to work in opposition to it, but to inspire a new life within it. A comparison

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of the two movements, Franciscan and Waldensian, point for point, suggests for a time the possibility of the Waldenses accomplishing the Franciscan mission in their own right, even before the coming of the saint. But the age was not yet ripe, nor was the leader equal to so stupendous a task. For where Francis conciliated, where his simple faith and self-surrender saw in the unwelcome decree or overbearing command, naught but the expression of his Father's will, Waldo roused antagonism, bent, as he was, with his whole heart and soul on fulfilling his conception of the Master's will. The result is familiar to all, in the bloody persecutions of both Waldenses and Albigenses and the hideous work of the Inquisition.

But though the Church refused to take up and incorporate the work which Waldo had begun, she was, nevertheless, powerfully affected by that work. It could scarcely have been otherwise, for so widespread were the heresies, so closely intermingled were orthodox and heretic, that when the first note of persecution was sounded, soon after 1194, many persons because of the interests at stake, refused obedience, and it was only when they themselves were threatened with the ban, that the dread work was begun. The heretical faiths had broken the bonds of centuries of intellectual prostration; they had kept alive the spirit of inquiry and the striving after holiness and perfection; they had preserved to the world the belief in a living, loving God who ministers to his children and is in turn accessible to them, without let or hindrance. And when orthodoxy, long hungering for this same spiritual bread, long familiar with others' possession of it, heard the call of a St. Francis, making it accessible to all, what wonder that it flocked to his standard by thousands.

JULIA CHICKERING.

A man's chief care ought to be turned within himself: the renunciation of self-will is a greater thing than the raising of the dead to life.

—S. IGNATIUS.

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A HINDU CHELA'S DIARY

II

[Here there is a confused mass of symbols and ciphers which I confess I cannot decipher, and even if I had the ability to do so, I would check myself, because I surmise that it is his way of jotting down for his own remembrance, what occurred in that room. Nor do I think that even a plain reading of it would give the sense to anyone but the writer himself, for this reason, that it is quite evidently fragmentary. For instance, I find among the rest, a sort of notation of a division of states or planes: whether of consciousness, of animated, or of elemental life, I cannot tell; and in each division are hieroglyphs that might stand for animals, or denizens of the astral world, or for anything else—even for ideas only, so I will proceed at the place of his returning.]

"Once more I got out into the passage, but never to my knowledge went up those steps, and in a moment more was I again at my door. It was as I left it, and on the table I found the palm leaves as I dropped them, except that beside them was a note in Kunâla's hand, which read:

" 'Nilakant—strive not yet to think too deeply on those things you have just seen. Let the lessons sink deep into your heart, and they will have their own fruition. To-morrow I will see you.' . . .

"What a very great blessing is mine to have had Kunâla's company for so many days even as we went to ———. Very rarely however he said a few words of encouragement and good advice as to how I should go on. He seems to leave me as to that to pick my own way. This is right, I think, because otherwise one would never get any individual strength or power of discrimination. Happy were those moments, when alone at midnight, we then had conversation. How true I then found the words of the Agroushada Parakshai to be:

" 'Listen while the Sudra sleeps like the dog under his hut, while the Vaysa dreams of the treasures that he is hoarding up, while the Rajah sleeps among his women. This is the moment when just men, who are not under the dominion of their flesh, commence the study of the sciences.'

"The midnight hour must have powers of a peculiar nature. And I learned yesterday from glancing into an Englishman's book, that even those semi barbarians speak of that time as 'the witching hour,' and it is told me that among them 'witching' means to have magic power. . . .

"We stopped at the Rest House in B——— yesterday evening, but found it occupied and so we remained in the porch for the night. But

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once more I was to be blessed by another visit with Kunâla to some of his friends whom I revere and who will, I hope, bless me too.

"When every one had quieted down he told me to go with him to the sea which was not far away. We walked for about three quarters of an hour by the seashore, and then entered as if into the sea. At first a slight fear came into me, but I saw that a path seemed to be there, although water was all around us. He in front and I following, we went for about seven minutes, when we came to a small island; on it was a building and on that a triangular light. From the seashore, the island would seem like an isolated spot covered all over by green bushes. There is only one entrance, and no one can find it out unless the occupant wishes the seeker to know the way. On the island we had to go round about for some space before we came in front of the actual building. A little garden is in front, and there was sitting another friend of Kunâla with the same expression of eyes that he has. I also recognized him as one of those who was in the room underground. Kunâla seated himself and I stood before them. We stayed an hour and saw a portion of the place. How very pleasant it is! And inside he has a small room where he leaves his body when he himself moves about in other places. What a charming spot, and what a delightful smell of roses and various sorts of flowers! How I should wish to visit that place often. But I cannot indulge in such idle dreams, nor in that sort of coveteousness. The master of the place put his blessing hand upon my head, and we went away back to the Rest House and to the morrow full of struggles and of encounters with men who do not see the light, nor hear the great voice of the future; who are bound up in sorrow because they are firmly attached to objects of sense. But all are my brothers and I must go on trying to do the master's work which is only in fact the work of the Real Self which is All and in All.

"I have been going over that message I received just after returning from the underground room; about not thinking yet too deeply upon what I saw there, but to let the lessons sink deep into my heart. Can it be true—must it not indeed be true—that we have periods in our development when rest must be taken for the physical brain in order to give it time, as a much less comprehensive machine than these English college professors say it is, to assimilate what it has received, while at the same time the real brain—as we might say, the spiritual brain—is carrying on as busily as ever all the trains of thought cut off from the head. Of course this is contrary to the modern science we hear so much of now, as about to be introduced into all Asia, but it is perfectly consistent for me.

"To reconsider the situation: I went with Kunâla to this underground place, and there saw and heard most instructive and solemn things. I return to my room, and begin to puzzle over them all, to revolve and re-revolve them in my mind, with a view to clearing all up

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and finding out what all may mean. But I am interrupted by a note from Kunâla directing me to stop this puzzling, and to let all I saw sink deep into my heart. Every word of his I regard with respect, and consider to hold a meaning, for they are never used by him with carelessness. So when he says, to let it sink into my 'heart,' in the very same sentence in which he refers to my thinking part—the mind,—he must mean to separate my heart from my mind and to give to the heart a larger and greater power.

"Well, I obeyed the injunction, made myself, as far as I could, forget what I saw and what puzzled me and thought of other things. Presently, after a few days, while one afternoon thinking over an episode related in the *Vishnu Purana,* I happened to look up at an old house I was passing and stopped to examine a curious device on the porch; as I did this, it seemed as if either the device, or the house, or the circumstance itself, small as it was, opened up at once several avenues of thought about the underground room, made them all clear, showed me the conclusion as vividly as a well demonstrated and fully illustrated proposition, to my intense delight. Now could I perceive with plainness, that those few days which seemed perhaps wasted because withdrawn from contemplation of that scene and its lessons, had been with great advantage used by the spiritual man in unraveling the tangled skein, while the much praised brain had remained in idleness. All at once the *flash* came and with it knowledge.* But I must not depend upon these flashes, I must give the brain and its governor, the material to work with. . . .

"Last night just as I was about to go to rest, the voice of Kunâla called me from outside and there I went at once. Looking steadily at me he said: 'we want to see you,' and as he spoke he gradually changed, or disappeared, or was absorbed, into the form of another man with awe-inspiring face and eyes, whose form apparently rose up from the material of Kunâla's body. At the same moment two others stood there also, dressed in the Tibetan costume; and one of them went into my room from which I had emerged. After saluting them reverently, and not knowing their object, I said to the greatest,

" 'Have you any orders to give?'

" 'If there are any they will be told to you without being asked,' he replied, 'stand still where you are.'

"Then he began to look at me fixedly. I felt a very pleasant sensation as if I was getting out of my body. I cannot tell now what time passed between that and what I am now to put down here. But I saw I was in a peculiar place. It was the upper end of ———, at the foot of the ——— range. Here was a place where there were only two houses just opposite each other, and no other sign of habitation;

* These *flashes* of thought are not unknown even in the scientific world, as, where in such a moment of "lunacy," it was revealed to an English scientist, that there must be iron in the sun; and Edison gets his ideas thus.—[Ed.].

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from one of these came out the old faquir I saw at the Durga festival, but how changed, and yet the same: then so old, so repulsive; now so young, so glorious, so beautiful. He smiled upon me benignly and said:

"'Never expect to see any one, but always be ready to answer if they speak to you; it is not wise to peer outside of yourself for the great followers of Vasudeva: look rather within.'

"The very words of the poor faquir!

"He then directed me to follow him.

"After going a short distance, about half a mile or so, we came to a natural subterranean passage which is under the ——— range. The path is very dangerous; the River ——— flows underneath in all the fury of pent up waters, and a natural causeway exists upon which you may pass; only one person at a time can go there and one false step seals the fate of the traveller. Besides this causeway, there are several valleys to be crossed. After walking a considerable distance through this subterranean passage we came into an open plain in L——— K. There stands a large massive building thousands of years old. In front of it is a huge Egyptian Tau. The building rests on seven big pillars each in the form of a pyramid. The entrance gate has a large triangular arch, and inside are various apartments. The building is so large that I think it can easily contain twenty thousand people. Some of the rooms were shown to me.

"This must be the central place for all those belonging to the ——— class, to go for initiation and stay the requisite period.

"Then we entered the great hall with my guide in front. He was youthful in form but in his eyes was the glance of ages. . . . The grandeur and serenity of this place strikes the heart with awe. In the centre was what we would call an altar, but it must only be the place where focuses all the power, the intention, the knowledge and the influence of the assembly. For the seat, or the place, or throne, occupied by the chief—the highest—has around it an indescribable glory, consisting of an effulgence which seemed to radiate from the one who occupied it. The surroundings of the throne were not gorgeous, nor was the spot itself in any way decorated—the added magnificence was due altogether to the aura which emanated from him sitting there. And over his head I thought I saw as I stood there, three golden triangles—Yes, they were there and seemed to glow with an unearthly brilliance that betokened their inspired origin. But neither they nor the light pervading the place, were produced by any mechanical means. As I looked about me I saw that others had a triangle, some two, and all with that peculiar brilliant light."

[Here again occurs a mass of symbols. It is apparent that just at this spot he desires to jot down the points of the initiation which he wished to remember. And I have to admit that I am not competent

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to elucidate their meaning. That must be left to our intuitions and possibly future experience in our own case.]

* * * * * * * *

"14th day of the new moon. The events of the night in the hall of initiation gave me much concern. Was it a dream? Am I self deluded? Can it be that I imagined all this? Such were the unworthy questions which flew behind each other across my mind for days after. Kunâla does not refer to the subject and I cannot put the question. Nor will I. I am determined, that, come what will, the solution must be reached by me, or given me voluntarily.

"Of what use to me will all the teachings and all the symbols be, if I cannot rise to that plane of penetrating knowledge where I shall myself, by myself, be able to solve this riddle, to discriminate the true from the false and the illusory? If I am unable to cut asunder these questioning doubts, these bonds of ignorance, it is proof that not yet have I risen to the plane situated above these doubts. . . . Last night after all day chasing through my mental sky, these swift destroyers of stability—mental birds of passage—I lay down upon the bed, and as I did so, into my hearing fell these words:

"'Anxiety is the foe of knowledge; like unto a veil it falls down before the soul's eye; entertain it, and the veil only thicker grows; cast it out, and the sun of truth may dissipate the cloudy veil.'

"Admitting that truth; I determined to prohibit all anxiety. Well I knew that the prohibition issued from the depths of my heart, for that was master's voice; and confidence in his wisdom, the self commanding nature of the words themselves, compelled me to complete reliance on the instruction. No sooner was the resolution formed, than down upon my face fell something which I seized at once in my hand. Lighting a lamp, before me was a note in the well known writing. Opening it, I read:

"'Nilakant. It was no dream. All was real; and more, than by your waking consciousness could be retained, happened there. Reflect upon it all as reality, and from the slightest circumstance draw whatever lesson, whatever amount of knowledge you can. Never forget that your spiritual progress goes on quite often to yourself unknown. Two out of many hindrances to memory are anxiety and selfishness. Anxiety is a barrier constructed out of harsh and bitter materials. Selfishness is a fiery darkness that will burn up the memory's matrix. Bring then, to bear upon this other memory of yours, the peaceful stillness of contentment and the vivifying rain of benevolence.'"*

* The careful student will remember that Jacob Boehme speaks of the "harsh and bitter anguish of nature which is the principle that produces bones and all corporification." So here the master, it appears, tells the fortunate chela, that in the spiritual and mental world, anxiety harsh and bitter, raises a veil before us and prevents us from using our memory. He refers, it would seem, to the other memory above the ordinary. The correctness and value of what was said in this, must be admitted when we reflect that, after all, the whole process of development is the process of *getting back the memory of the past*. And that too is the teaching found in pure Buddhism as well also as in its corrupted form.

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[I leave out here, as well as in other places, mere notes of journeys and various small matters, very probably of no interest.]

"In last month's passage across the hills near V———, I was irresistibly drawn to examine a deserted building, which I at first took for a grain holder, or something like that. It was of stone, square, with no openings, no windows, no door. From what could be seen outside, it might have been the ruins of a strong, stone foundation for some old building, gateway or tower. Kunâla stood not far off and looked over it, and later on he asked me for my ideas about the place. All I could say, was, that although it seemed to be solid, I was thinking that perhaps it might be hollow.

" 'Yes,' said he, 'it is hollow. It is one of the places once made by Yogees to go into deep trance in. If used by a chêla (disciple) his teacher kept watch over it so that no one might intrude. But when an adept wants to use it for laying his body away, while he travels about in his real, though perhaps to some unseen, form, other means of protection were often taken which were just as secure as the presence of the teacher of the disciple.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'it must be that just now no one's body is inside there.'

" 'Do not reach that conclusion nor the other either. It may be occupied and it may not.'

"Then we journeyed on, while he told me of the benevolence of not only Brahmin Yogees, but also of Buddhist. No differences can be observed by the true disciple in any other disciple who is perhaps of a different faith. All pursue truth. Roads differ but the goal of all remains alike.

. . . "Repeated three times: 'Time ripens and dissolves all beings in the great self, but he who knows into what time itself is dissolved, he is the knower of the Veda.'

"What is to be understood, not only by this, but also by its being three times repeated?

"There were three shrines there. Over the door was a picture which I saw a moment, and which for a moment seemed to blaze out with light like fire. Fixed upon my mind its outlines grew, then disappeared, when I had passed the threshold. Inside, again its image came before my eyes. Seeming to allure me, it faded out, and then again returned. It remained impressed upon me, seemed imbued with life and intention to present itself for my own criticism. When I began to analyze it, it would fade, and then when I was fearful of not doing my duty or of being disrespectful to those beings, it returned as if to demand attention. Its description:

"A human heart that has at its center a small spark—the spark expands and the heart disappears—while a deep pulsation seems to pass through me. At once identity is confused; I grasp at myself, and again the heart reappears with the spark increased to a large fiery

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space. Once more that deep movement; then sounds (7); they fade. All this in a picture? Yes! for in that picture there is life; there might be intelligence. It is similar to that picture I saw in Thibet on my first journey, where the living moon rises and passes across the view. Where was I? No, not afterwards! It was in the hall. Again that all pervading sound. It seems to bear me like a river. Then it ceased,—a soundless sound. Then once more the picture; here is Pranava. (The mystic syllable OM. [Ed.]) But between the heart and the Pranava is a mighty bow with arrows ready, and tightly strung for use. Next is a shrine, with the Pranava over it, shut fast, no key and no keyhole. On its sides emblems of human passions. The door of the shrine opens and I think within I will see the truth. No! another door? A shrine again. It opens too and then another, brightly flashing is seen there. Like the heart, it makes itself one with me. Irresistible desire to approach it comes within me, and it absorbs the whole picture.

"'Break through the shrine of Brahman; use the doctrine of the teacher.'"*

[There is no connection here of this exhortation with any person, and very probably it is something that was said either by himself, in soliloquy, or by some voice or person to him.

I must end here, as I find great rents and spaces in the notes. He must have ceased to put down further things he saw or did in his real inner life, and you will very surely agree, that if he had progressed by that time to what the last portions would indicate, he could not set down his reflections thereon, or any memorandum of facts. We, however, can never tell what was his reason. He might have been told not to do so, or might have lacked the opportunity.

There was much all through these pages that related to his daily family life, not interesting to you; records of conversations; worldly affairs; items of money and regarding appointments; journeys and meetings with friends. But they show of course that he was all this time living through his set work with men, and often harrassed by care as well as comforted by his family and regardful of them. All of that I left out, because I supposed that while it would probably interest you, yet it was left with discretion to give only what seemed to relate to the period marked at its beginning, by his meetings with M———, and at the end by this last remarkable scene, the details of which we can only imagine. And likewise was of necessity omitted very much that is sufficiently unintelligible in its symbolism to be secure from revelation.

As he would say, let us salute each other and the last shrine of Brahman; Om, hari, Om!

TRANSLATOR.]

* There is some reference here apparently to the Upanishad, for they contain a teacher's directions to break through all shrines until the last one is reached.

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THE question of neutrality has perhaps been discussed sufficiently," said the Philosopher, "but a few days ago, in some newspaper, I came across so admirable a statement of the difference between neutrality and impartiality, that I think you would like to hear it." And he read to us as follows:

"'By impartiality is understood that perfect justice which ought to be followed in the treatment of persons and the estimate of things. Neutrality has nothing moral in it, has no common link with justice; it implies a wholly passive attitude with regard to other people's quarrels, considering neither the facts nor the reasons which may influence the opposing parties. Impartiality is a duty and a virtue; neutrality is only a matter of common prudence, one might even say of policy. Thus impartiality and neutrality are quite different things; in fact, they are incompatible with one another in the sphere of morals; for no one has any right to be neutral in moral questions; and whoever pretends to be neutral in matters where justice is concerned, fails to be impartial. As a matter of fact, whosoever in such a matter claims to be indifferent is in reality siding with him who is in the wrong and against him who is right.'"

"That is admirable," commented the Student. "But how strange that anyone should be confused about so elementary a subject. My own belief is that the cause of the confusion does not lie in the mind, but in the will: people simply do not wish their comfort to be disturbed."

"What effect do you think the war will have on that kind of immorality and on human progress in general? In the moral sense, will it make men better or worse?" The Visitor asked this question, though evidently with an opinion of his own in reserve.

The Student was the first to reply. "I do not know what effect the war will have, but there is ample evidence of what effect it is having. Take, for instance, an article in the *New York Times Magazine* of June 4th, giving the experience of a novelist turned soldier. He submitted himself to the training given at the Royal School of Artillery at Kingston, Canada. He had been warned beforehand of the hard time he would have; of the rough discipline and ceaseless work. 'There was one thing,' he says, 'that worried me considerably. You see, every man who is any sort of an artist must have a highly developed egotism. I knew that I would be judged by new standards, standards with which I was utterly unfamiliar. I was afraid I couldn't live up to them, and I was worried because I didn't think that I had enough courage—I was desperately afraid of being afraid.'

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"None the less, he had courage enough to face it, and in consequence what he came to recognize as the softness and selfishness of the past were transmuted into genuine manhood.

" 'Before I'd been at the school very long,' he says, 'I got an entirely new impression of the spirit of military life. I found that all my worldly cares had suddenly ceased to matter to anybody, least of all to myself—I was not important as an individual, but as a part of a group. *This losing of the exaggerated sense of individuality which is characteristic of modern society makes military life very much like what I suppose monastic life to be.*

" 'There is a story which seems to me to illustrate vividly the spirit of war. An officer of my acquaintance was leading his guns around Dead Man's Corner at Ypres when he saw a young soldier riding ahead of him topple from his horse, with his chest ripped open by shrapnel. The rule of warfare is to ride ahead and not delay the advance by caring for the hopelessly wounded. But my friend dismounted and lifted the wounded boy. Before the boy died he gasped, "Well, thank God, at last I've done something for somebody besides myself!"

" 'That story has in it the whole military spirit. The soldier is doing something for somebody besides himself—he has lost his selfishness.'

"When this same novelist, now a lieutenant in the Canadian Army, was asked what effect he thought the war would have upon the writers and readers of fiction, his reply was that we are going back to the 'age of chivalry—or forward to it.' 'The women,' he says, 'are going to make us practise chivalry, and they are going to demand chivalry in literature.

" 'Women are the great readers. By this war they have been taught to appreciate the soldier—in the countries at war women will not be seen in public with a man who is not in uniform. They have learned to appreciate heroism in real life; after the war they will demand heroism in the imaginative world which they enter by means of books.'

"Literature," he says, "had degenerated into a study of fears—the fear of hunger, the fear of failure, the fear of love, the fear of life, and occasionally the fear of fear, which to his mind is the most terrible fear of all.

"Then he goes on:

" 'This war teaches all who take part in it that fear is a despicable thing—that it is a morbid thing, no more a part of a sane man's normal equipment than is paralysis. After this war we shall find in literature a sane moral and physical courage never expressed before.

" 'In Gothic literature there is courage, but it is always the courage of physical strength. The French people have taught us that courage of physical strength is inferior to the courage of moral purpose. Before the war we were lacking in convictions, we had no landmarks to guide us. We had good impulses, but no standards; we had thrown them over as we gained our new breadth of thought. Military training inevitably teaches us the value of standards, the value of discipline, the value

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of tradition. This war is teaching us that it is not the petty affairs of the individual that matter, but the great religious welfare of the race.

" 'I might express my meaning by saying that to be taken seriously after the war every book must express a strong moral conviction.' "

"What would your own answer be?" the Visitor was asked.

"I do not see," he replied, "how men can fail to be better, though it stands to reason that the effect will vary with the individual and also with the nation. The most wonderful opportunity is not of necessity well used. The presence of Christ on earth precipitated the evil in men as well as the good. But I believe that in the large majority of cases the war will prove immensely beneficial. I am thinking particularly of France, whose people have shown themselves capable of the most sublime self-surrender to an ideal.

"Have you read *Méditations dans la Tranchée,* by Lieutenant R——? If not, I have it in my pocket and believe some passages would interest you. Here is one:

" 'There is not a revolutionary formula, mother of disorder and misery, which is not contradicted daily in our trenches. Is Equality your hobby—that famous right to be on the same plane as others, and, in order to get there, to envy everyone, to hate everyone and to destroy everything? On campaign, what we know of equality is the misery of death, which is common to all of us, and which ceaselessly threatens all of us without distinction. If you are jealous; if you imagine that you have the virtues of others and not their defects, come into the first-line trench, where injustice is unknown, where everyone alike crouches to the earth as a projectile passes by, where all that anyone has to offer is his face, his chest, a few inches of flesh, to the gun-fire of the enemy. Equals under the blows of fate: surely. But, for the rest, a different rank for each, depending upon his merit. A patrol for tonight: who will volunteer? Ten men step forward. From that moment they rank as superior to the rest, who acknowledge it. Inequality, respect: two new ideas for most of our people. They will grow accustomed to them.

" 'In civil life, money gives rights. There is nothing to be done with it in our trenches. The prestige of honour has taken its place. And envy, which degrades the souls of men, has given place to admiration, which ennobles them. Personal value, intelligence, energy, devotion, courage, heroism: possess a little or much of these qualities, and, in corresponding degree, the war will bring you honour and divine joys, amidst the applause of your comrades.'

"He says that it is the thought of duty, and of duty well done, that inspires and also maintains the spirits of his men, and that, after the war, France will have in her villages and in her cities, two or three millions of men who will be in a position to preach, because they have practised, the disinterested performance of duty for its own sake."

There was a pause. The Historian was the next to speak. "A Harvard man," he said, "now working for the American Ambulance in the

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neighborhood of Verdun, mentions in a letter that he has become accustomed to the sight of death, but that what still completely 'breaks him up' is the courage and cheerfulness of the French soldiers when terribly wounded and sometimes blown almost to pieces. 'I am content,' they say. 'It is worth it. It is for France.' Not a word of complaint, no matter how great their suffering, but, instead, glad and almost joyous acceptance. So great a triumph of spirit over matter cannot be momentary only. It is bound to be carried forward into all their future experience, and even when they die, as many do, it is not only their example that lives after them, but the very stuff of which they are made, the very will-fibre of their being, which enters the hearts of others and strengthens their race and nation."

"Not only their race and nation," said the Gael, "but the hearts of all men everywhere who can enter into and admire and reverence such glory of self-giving. O France, France, the chosen of Christ; the heaven on earth of all his children,—whose very soil breathes back his spirit; whose mountains yearn to God as his heart yearns for us; whose valleys embosom his peace; whose forests murmur his blessing; whose plains stretch forth their arms, like his on Calvary! What have I done to be exiled from you? What sin so damnable in my past that now, in your hour of need, I am not fit to suffer for you!"

"Steady," came the quiet voice of the Ancient. "The Lodge is not playing this game a mere half dozen moves ahead. It is thinking of the distant future—of the next two or three hundred years or more, and not only of today and tomorrow. You know as well as I do that Masters sow while all the world watches some other reaping. They work in silence, unseen; and what we are doing here in their name, and what we are planning to do as soon as we get the signal, will affect the future of France as they wish it to be affected. . . . I know how you feel. Old as I am, my hands still play with a gun. But, remember what Judge said: 'Let there be patience. Hold fast. Go slow.'

"It may be we are unfit. But it may be we are not needed. Would you rather choose your sphere of work, or have them choose it for you? You cannot do everything and be everywhere. The Lodge distributes its forces as there may be need for them. The most barren soil may well require the best workmen. Far be it from me to discourage your belief"—and the old man smiled benevolently at the Gael—"that some old sin of yours has exiled you from France. Discover the root of that sin in yourself today, and extirpate it: you will then, in any case, and whatever the cause of your presence here, be doing the best that you can do to set the Masters free to use you where and as they will. But, as to the real cause of your 'exile,' keep an open mind until you *know*. If you were to dwell too much on such thoughts as you have uttered, you might come to regard your work here as a punishment. And that would be fatal. Far better regard it as a reward, and certainly as an opportunity to do tremendous things for the land of our heart's desire."

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"You are right," replied the Gael. "But if I did not sometimes let off steam, I would explode. I never pretended to be calm about this thing: you will grant me that! Next to depraved treachery itself, I know of nothing more hateful than the would-be philosophic detachment which some people—prominent people at that—boast of as their attitude toward it. . . . One thing I can guarantee, that until Germany repents and says so and proves it, there will be no peace in the world, for the heart of every righteous man will burn with execration, and by word and deed, in and out of season, he will seek and he will find opportunities to carry the lesson home, deep, deep into the vitals of that perverted people. Read once more, as I read periodically, the story of ravaged Belgium, of outraged France, and of the officered vileness, the foul brutality, of the invading Huns, and then tell me,—can you tolerate indifference, 'disengaged passions,' 'disinterestedness'? To know that women, that young girls, have been outraged until they died of it, and in comment to say that 'the only thing that saves the world is the little handful of disinterested men that are in it'—men whose disinterestedness, whose perpetual neutrality is guaranteed by the fact that they have no souls, no honour, no principles—nothing but wide gaping ears for the voice of their master, the mob: can any attitude, short of physical participation in the evil-doing, be more revolting than that? I tell you there are high gods in heaven, but the lash of their wrath is not needed for men so unworthy of hell. Presently they will land there. Even molluscs evolve in time. Meanwhile, peace be to their frozen souls."

"There is another book," said the Philosopher, "perhaps even more remarkable than the *Méditations* quoted by the Visitor, though I read and enjoyed that immensely. This other book, also published by Payot et Cie of Paris, is entitled *Lettres de Prêtres aux Armées,* collected by Victor Bucaille. It contains letters from priests who are fighting in the ranks, or who are officers, and from those who are serving as stretcher-bearers or as chaplains. Many of these letters are written by priests to their Bishops, and are in the nature of intimate confessions. They reveal a spirit of devotion which must both humble and inspire any sympathetic reader. One of them, who volunteered, speaks of hardship and suffering, and then adds: 'How often we have taught that God is touched by the spirit of sacrifice in souls devoted to Him. Well then, should not I remain faithful at my post, seeing that here, just where I am, I can sacrifice most of myself?' Another, who fell fighting a few days later, wrote: 'Our death, as priests, will be too real ever to win us fame or glory. But what matter, if our soul, carrying with it before God the so pure ideal of France, obtains pardon for her people!' All of them speak of the return of vast numbers of men to the religious life, often after years of wandering; and of the almost universal belief that in giving their lives for France in this war they are giving themselves to God. The book concludes with a letter from the Bishop of Gap. He

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had been requisitioned by the Government to serve in one of the base hospitals, and had at once applied for similar service at the front, where the danger is so much greater. He had done this, he wrote, because in this way he could more quickly lay down his life and also, by so doing, could cut short the period during which his diocese would be without a Bishop.

"The most remarkable letters, however, are from priests who are actually fighting. Their utter fearlessness of death—one may say, in many cases, their ardent desire to sacrifice their lives—makes them an example and an inspiration wherever they go. In one letter a priest-sergeant, who had held a front trench for days and nights until all his men, except two, had been killed or seriously wounded, and who even then refused to retire or to surrender, speaking of the hail of shell and shrapnel which tore his trench to pieces, added, half jokingly, half complainingly—'your sergeant is too small even to get himself killed!'"

"No wonder you say that such things must make us humble," remarked the Student, "How unlike the spirit we put into our daily conflicts! And yet, what advantages we have over those priests—advantage of knowledge and opportunity. Truly, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. The Cause is the same; the goal the same: but we resent the least crossing of our wills, the smallest pain, the most trifling humiliation, the slightest unkindness! The enemy is inside instead of outside, or, rather, that is what we imagine. So we persuade ourselves that our fight is more difficult. But if we were to use our imagination constructively, the enemy would appear in objective form, as elementals or devils to whom we have given house-room. They are not ourselves. They are utterly separate from the real self in us. We must not permit them to control us, but must at all costs expel them beyond our frontiers. There is the devil of laziness, the devil of sensuality, the devil of vanity, the devil of gluttony, and many others. We must deny them house-room now and for always. We must hammer them hard whenever they approach. And we must not leave empty the places they occupied, for if we do, other devils, worse than they were, will rush in to make our last state worse than our first. We must fill those empty places with the forces we have used against our enemy. We must station and must constantly exercise the force of diligence in the place of the devil of sloth; the force of chastity, in thought and deed, in the place of the devil of lust; the force of humility and of self-forgetfulness in the place of the devil of vanity.

"But, by right use of the imagination, we should make the struggle as objective to ourselves as it is in the eyes of the gods: for this talk of devils is not allegorical. Elementals are creatures, are entities of our own making, and the description of the Dweller on the Threshold in *Zanoni* is no exaggeration, but an account of what happens when the many little devils within us become sufficiently established, sufficiently

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conglomerate, to constitute a collective being, between whom and the soul there follows a war to the death—fought out in five minutes or in five incarnations, but fought invariably until the death of one or the other results.

"See our daily struggle in those terms, and it would be easier, I think, to put into it something of the spirit of those miracle-working French priests—something of their devotion, energy, valour, fire, self-surrender. To do this *with* the armies of France, as part of those armies, and *for* the Cause for which they fight, is in one sense to accomplish more than by local participation."

"How so?" asked the Visitor. "I do not follow you there."

"So far as their local situation is concerned, we have the leverage which distance gives. But the real answer, I believe, lies in the fact that their and our real enemies are the conscious Powers of Evil to which Germany turned herself over, body and soul, as willing tool, in the hope of world dominion. By striking at those Powers of Evil as they have gained a footing within ourselves, we strike at the very source of Germany's temporary success. Therefore, strike hard, I say; for the love of God strike hard." T.

It is easy to make great sacrifices when God does not ask them, but to give up our own will in each detail of life is something far harder.—H. Bowman.

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ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

XI.

Disciples

DISCIPLES of the Great Brotherhood of Masters divide themselves into two general grades—those who know themselves to be such and those who do not. The latter class is naturally very much the more numerous, for it includes all devout and religious minded people who are trying consciously to live a higher life, who believe in one of the many recognized religions, but who, as yet, do not have conscious knowledge of the Lodge. Such persons may follow a Master, just as the Christian follows Jesus of Nazareth, and they may reach a very considerable degree of attainment before acquiring knowledge of the actual constitution of the spiritual world, its hierarchical character, their status therein, and the relation of their master thereto. This, after all, is unimportant until the point is reached where lack of such knowledge would be a barrier to further progress.

The first class of disciples,—those who know themselves to be such,—rank all the way from the ordinary man, who becomes a member of The Theosophical Society, who learns about the Masters, and about discipleship, and who enters upon the Path in sincerity and earnestness, to spiritual beings of the greatest moral elevation and of tremendous power, who are but little short of the full stature of the Masters themselves. Of these latter all that need be said is that we do not know enough to distinguish between them and the full Masters. They are so far beyond us in development, in exalted character, in knowledge and in power, that they melt into the great mass of spiritual life that we can contact, but cannot segregate and classify.

There are presumably seven great divisions of these disciples, each with its appropriate powers and functions, each marked by some noteworthy achievement in self-conquest and attainment. We shall have to be content with the statement that the utmost limit of development that we can really understand anything about at all, would refer to the two, or at most, the three lower stages. To give some idea of what perfection means, there is a tradition that at a certain point along the Path there is an initiation in which the candidate sinks into a deep and prolonged meditation, during which all outer functions cease. If there remain

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anywhere in his entire nature a single atom of selfishness, self-interest, or self-will, he passes on to other planes of existence and never awakes in, or can again come back to, this world. It is not a question of conflict, or of will; he has no choice; the Law works automatically. Fortunately this test is not undergone until the disciple is a very great person indeed; so it need not trouble us.

Real discipleship, or what in the East is called chelaship, begins when a man enters into conscious communication with his Master. Previous to that he is a lay-chela, or a probationary chela, or, to use Western terms, he is a "would-be" disciple. A Christian Saint may or may not be a real disciple in this technical sense. It depends upon whether or not he actually has acquired the powers or faculties which enable conscious communion with a Master to take place. It is a question of fact, not a question of judgment or opinion, and people cannot judge of it unless they too have the same faculty. Until then they may have beliefs or opinions about the status of others, but they cannot have knowledge. This theme must be elaborated, for it is the essence of discipleship.

First of all it should be distinctly understood that, while I have spoken of the faculty or power that enables one to communicate with the Masters, the question is one of character, or of moral elevation, rather than one of acquiring a faculty or power. The faculty or power is the result of spiritual attainment, the reward of self-conquest, the first great goal of the religious life. It would be a great mistake not to keep this basic idea in mind in all that is said about the mechanics or descriptive side of discipleship. Discipleship is a life, a state of being or becoming something which we were not before, and the means used in this "becoming" is the conquest of the lower self. The lower self, the natural man, the old Adam, *cannot* be a disciple. We have got to get rid of this lower self and become, to some extent, our inner, real self, before discipleship is a possibility. It is, in other words, the inner self which is the disciple.

Now the lower self and the inner self can, and always do, at this stage, exist simultaneously. That is what makes the struggle with which we are all so familiar, and the "peace which passes understanding," is the surcease from this struggle, which can only come when the lower self is entirely eliminated as such, and we are our inner selves alone. This contest for mastery lasts a long time, for it covers the period from when the first awakening of spiritual life takes place, through all the stages of discipleship, until the lower self is entirely dominated, purified and transmuted, or, in a word, until it has ceased to exist as such, although the forces and powers which were in it have become a valuable and essential part of the inner self. It is said that the complete process takes at least seven incarnations as a minimum; but in order that this should not be discouraging to aspirants, it can be pointed out that anyone sincerely in earnest at the present time has probably already spent several lives in the effort and is reaping the benefit now of previous attainment. The time element is

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not fixed; each plane of consciousness has its own time standard; there is no limit to the possible shortening of the period required.

Another important point to bear in mind is the relation between the lower self and the inner self or soul. In previous articles in this series it was suggested that the general object of evolution, at this point in the cosmic scale, and that means during this Manvantara, or the manifestation of the worlds of this chain, was the acquirement of self-consciousness. In order to become self-conscious the soul had to see itself reflected in a mirror—its personality—in which it could observe and study its own powers and gifts and qualities as they functioned in all the departments of human life. It therefore, slowly and painfully created the personality and trained and developed and "worked it up," until it was capable of manifesting something at least of every power the soul itself possessed, consciousness, will, desire, mind, emotions, and so forth. With all these possessions, and many others, it endowed the personality out of its own stock; and in order to make this copy of itself complete, it also gave the personality freedom to choose between good and evil, or free-will. The creative, formative process takes half of an entire period of manifestation, and as it developed, the soul gradually learned to see itself as it really was, to see itself as others would see it, to see its powers and functions operating normally and also—alas—operating perversely and abnormally. For the personality, endowed with consciousness, a part of the consciousness of the soul,—possessing powers and abilities to do many things, and also possessing free-will, soon went off the track, as it were, and began to violate and disobey the laws of life. I do not know whether it was necessary for this to happen or not. It is quite possible that the soul could not have acquired full self-consciousness without a personal and direct experience and therefore knowledge of evil; or it may be that disobedience was not a necessary experience. There is no doubt, however, that the rebellion of the personality went much further than necessary, much further than the universal plan contemplated, and that, therefore, evolution on earth is many hundreds of thousands of years behind the schedule.

To go back to the soul, therefore, it gradually gained the object of the whole evolutionary process, self-consciousness. Then the outward tide of expansion stopped and began to recede. This portion of the universe reached its uttermost outer or "lower" expression and began to indraw; the path began to lead back home; the souls of men, having gained self-consciousness, turned toward their divine source, enriched by their newly acquired gift. They had to undo what they had done; they had to reabsorb the forces and powers with which they had endowed their personalities, had to get back into themselves this personality which each had created for its use. Discipleship as we know it is only a stage on this journey, and is of special interest to us because it is the stage we have reached and the next thing we have to do. I have said that it can be done in seven lives, but that does not really give a true picture of

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the general process, for the great mass of mankind will take hundreds, if not thousands of lives to complete this stage, and some may never do it at all. By this I mean that some personalities become so bad, so thoroughly wicked, so destitute of any redeeming virtue or grace, that the souls which are responsible for them are forced to give up the task and to cut themselves off definitely and forever. These souls have failed to accomplish the task of this Manvantara, and have to try it all over again at the next period of universal manifestation. The personalities which are so abandoned by their souls, are the recruits of the Black Lodge, and live for a longer or shorter time according to the accumulated force and vitality which was stored up in them at the time of separation. They will gradually disintegrate in the course of a few incarnations, or they may last as powers of darkness and evil until the very end of the Manvantara; then, however, they will cease to be, for the planes of existence upon which they can function, themselves will cease. Immortality, therefore, when we are talking of it from the standpoint of the personality is not a certain thing at all. It has to be gained or earned by effort, by sacrifice, by obedience. There are many soulless men and women in the world, particularly at a time like this, when materialism is rampant, and when selfishness and self-indulgence and self-seeking are the only mainsprings of action in so many people. It is said, however, that the soul never gives up the effort to save its personality so long as there remain in the personality a single spark of unselfishness or of aspiration or of good, which, by careful fanning, can be developed into a flame that will consume the evil.

The Soul issues forth from the Divine; it is a ray from the Oversoul, and its ultimate destiny is to be absorbed back into the Divine. Its path thither is through the Master who is at the head of its ray. Therefore, union with one's Master is the goal of every soul, of every disciple. For discipleship is only a name given to that part of this great agelong journey of the soul back to its divine source, which immediately concerns us. It does not immediately concern most human beings; they are not ready for it. That is one of the facts of life which it is wise for the beginner to understand, as it will save him much misguided effort, much disappointment, much discouragement. Most people do not want to be disciples, do not want to try to be disciples. Only a few do. It is they who concern us and for whom this article is written, for whom this magazine is published, for whom The Theosophical Society was founded, for whom the Thesophical Movement is continued from century to century. I do not mean that the general mass of mankind do not concern us. They do. They must be our perpetual concern until they too become disciples and successful disciples; but that is remote, and there is comparatively little we can do for them until we gain power and wisdom by becoming successful disciples ourselves. The only effective way to help others is to complete our own regeneration as fast as possible. That is another fact to be borne in mind. I do not mean that there is nothing we can do for

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others until we are successful disciples; that would be going much too far. Every one can and must help those who are below him in the evolutionary scale; this sort of service is a law of life, one of the basic rules of discipleship itself; but, none the less, effective service means knowing how to serve and having the power to serve; therefore a chief duty of the disciple is to acquire this necessary knowledge and power.

Previous to this, while our intentions are excellent and the law takes them into account, our actual performance is just as likely to do harm as good, and the beneficent and compassionate law must come in to correct and readjust the harm, and prevent our well-intentioned stupidities from doing real injury to those we try to serve. There is a period when it is inevitable that we lose all self-confidence and are afraid to do anything at all in the direction of helping others.

As an analogy, take the up-to-date, thoroughly modern settlement workers, full of a genuine and altruistic desire to help others, and also absolutely certain of just how to do it; for have they not taken courses in philanthropy and economics and social science! They are full of theories and preconceptions. Therefore the first thing they need to learn is that they really know nothing and that many of the things they spend their lives doing are positively harmful to those they are so earnestly trying to benefit. It is impossible to make 999 out of a 1,000 understand this. They see hungry people, and it is difficult for them to conceive of its ever being unwise to feed them. They quote the precepts: Feed the hungry, Visit the sick, Comfort the sorrowing. It is a complicated point, and perhaps I can explain it best by another analogy of an opposite implication. Take farming; it is one of the oldest, and is the largest profession in the world. It is also one in which habit, custom, and hereditary and antiquated methods have had their freest sway. Until quite recent years a remarkably small amount of intelligence was spent upon the problem. The attitude of the practical farmer was that what had been was good enough. Now we have agricultural schools and colleges teaching scientific farming, many good books on the subject, and a rapidly growing mass of knowledge which is at the disposal of those willing to learn. Most farmers are still content to continue their old methods and they scoff at the new knowledge and the book-taught tiller of the soil. An occasional one, however, realizes his ignorance and begins to investigate. He soon finds that he is doing nearly everything wrong. If possible, the sensible thing for him is to stop work and to go to school until he learns how to work effectively, for otherwise he may continue to rob his soil of necessary elements that it will take years of expensive work to replace. He corresponds to the newly awakened, would-be disciple. He knows enough to know that he does not know enough to do good work: therefore for a time, until he learns more, he confines his energies to the acquisition of knowledge; and, as he begins to understand the few fundamental principles, he tentatively and with care and prayers, makes his first timid experiments, gaining confidence with growing experience.

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Now because all this is true and a right procedure for the exceptional farmer, we cannot make the general remark that all farming ought to stop until all farmers have mastered their subject. It is much better for the great mass of farmers to continue doing their best, with their ignorant and wasteful old methods, than to do nothing at all. So with the social workers. The exceptional one capable of acquiring better methods should be told the truth and be made to realize his ignorance, and the harm he is doing, and that he should cease active work until he has had his training. But at the same time it is quite right and proper, and in accordance with Divine Law, that the majority of such workers should continue to do their best and to carry out their ideals, even if those ideals are limited and their methods are faulty. Both things are true and right, and they are not contradictory, as at first sight would appear to be the case. The spiritual life is full of just such paradoxes, for we are dealing constantly with successive depths of knowledge which make things which are right and true for one man, not right and true for another. The only final criterion is that each should be true to his vision of what is right. That is all the Universe and all the Spiritual Powers thereof, expect or require of anyone. C. A. G.

(*To be continued.*)

To be truly devout, we must not only do God's will, but we must do it cheerfully. People of ordinary goodness walk in God's way, but the devout run in it, and at length they almost fly therein.—St. Francis de Sales.

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QUESTION 200.—*One of our objects in life being to help others, how can we do so if "the power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men?"*

ANSWER.—Did I ask this question and yet have forgotten I sent it in? I have used the thought it manifests as an excuse for all kinds of self-assertion. Suppose I wanted to imitate our Lord, would I advertise in the daily press? If I employed a press agent, even, would I be trying to imitate Him, or would I be trying to get something for myself? Is not that "power" a desire that men may see the Master and not one's self? How little the disciples, in either the Gospels or the Epistles, say about themselves—they wished the world to know their Master—not to know them.

G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—To appear as "nothing in the eyes of men," who call the spiritual world and all its powers and possibilities nothing, is to *be* a great deal. But we must not appear to be what we are not. We must be humble; and since the world scorns humility we must have the courage to wish to appear so. Only by being the inner and real thing, and then by giving an active, living demonstration of it in and to the world, can unbelieving mankind be brought to realize the immeasurable power and inestimable worthwhileness of the spiritual and religious life. Humility enables us to bring our religious life out into the open, critical gaze of the world;—without humility we cannot do this and remain loyal to the selfless ideal essential to the spiritual order. This is the power, then, the disciple really covets: the power to work in the world regardless of its opinion or criticism, preferring to remain unnoticed so as to labour more quietly and effectively.

N. B.

ANSWER.—We can help others, not by the possession of personal power, not by the exercise of personal magnetism, still less by an appearance of being something or somebody—but solely by emptying ourselves of self so that the divine powers can act through us. If our aim be to divert attention from ourselves, when we act as agents, and to direct the attention of others to their own inner and real selves and to their own ideals, we shall at least be moving in the direction of acquiring that power which will make us appear as nothing in the eyes of men.

Which is the more desirable, that an audience, after listening to an address, should say "What a wonderful man; what wonderful ideas!"—or, each one in his own heart, "My own ideals, and now I see that I can and should attain to them"?

E. T. H.

QUESTION 201.—*What is the real work of the Masters? From what one reads, it would seem to be supra-human, dealing with the universe as a whole, and with individuals in that universe only when they are far advanced spiritually. That*

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being the case, how can a person with but the ordinary amount of spiritual development and bound by present-day conditions give any real help in their work?

ANSWER.—I should think the real work of the Masters would be to draw souls on and up—toward perfection. If we grant this and grant that they love us—then would not even our feeble efforts to help others or to do right in order to please them—help the Masters in their work, just as a mother is truly helped by the unimportant efforts (eagerly and lovingly offered) of a little child? A child may try to help so awkwardly that from a merely material point of view he is only a hindrance, but any one understanding human nature at all knows that the mother is reinvigorated and cheered by the reality—the child's desire. Though Masters may be supra-human, it would be ridiculous not to grant them at least the degree of development of the ordinary mother. I believe it would be impossible to place a soul in a position where he could not if he desired help in the work of the Masters. T. M.

ANSWER.—To bring us to self-conscious birth into the spiritual world, as fully developed men—or souls. Except when cyclic law permits of special manifestation in the physical world, when, as with Jesus, the Masters work visibly and openly on the lowest planes, experience has proved that man must rise to the plane of the Masters, he must in and for himself attain what they have fully attained; and therefore the Masters, for our greater benefit, limit themselves to the higher planes so to speak, and work with the springs of action rather than with its fruit. No universal plan, however, could claim universality and omit details, be they never so minute. Hence the individual as an individual does enter into the Masters' calculations, if only because the sum of the forces of human evolution is made up of the individuals of that race. It may easily be that personal interrelation and intimacy depend on the force that the individual possesses—remembering that this force is measured in terms of spirit. Most of us confess readily our lack of spiritual force; but, as in any army, the enterprising private may rise from the ranks at any time, obtain the recognition of superior officers, and become a staff officer in his turn.

This being so, a person of average spiritual attainment *can* help, however little at the start, by doing and being certain very simple things. First, he can offer his life for this service, as does the private, consciously accepting the sacrifices and responsibilities entailed. This is an act of spiritual importance, instantly recognized in the spiritual world. Then he can seek to understand the Masters' plan and will; in principle first,—in the detailed and specific problems of daily life next. The process of growth in insight is at first slow, confusion and mistake are bound to occur; but we can console ourselves with the thought that the confusion and error have existed all along—only before we were blind to it, now we at least recognize the need for clarity of vision. Fidelity to the light we have is another simple act that brings speedy results. Few people are willing really to do this: it is too hard.

Even at this early stage, then, think of the help to the Masters such an attitude means. Instead of pulling constantly and often deliberately against them, one is at least trying to do the exact opposite. Instead of having to be driven he can be led. Instead of his "ordinary amount of spiritual development" being at best a wistful longing for better things, he is making positive contributions toward harmony and the spiritual force of the Lodge itself. And these early stages may be all the more potent because uncontaminated with "the forcible passion of personal stature" that so easily enters in where Church or other philanthropic work is undertaken. Let each man remember also that right in his own heart the Masters' work is incomplete so long as there is one impure, selfish, or disloyal thought or feeling. The question really is not of the small amount of work we can do, but of its immensity. J. B., JR.

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T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

In accordance with the call of the Executive Committee, the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York, on Saturday, April 29, 1916.

MORNING SESSION

At 10:30 a.m., the Convention was called to order by the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, who asked for nominations for the office of Temporary Chairman and Temporary Secretary. Professor H. B. Mitchell nominated Mr. Johnston as Temporary Chairman; Mr. Acton Griscom seconded the nomination, and it was unanimously carried. Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis nominated Miss Isabel E. Perkins as Temporary Secretary. This nomination, seconded by Doctor Clark, was carried. On motion by Mr. E. T. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. C. A. Griscom, the Temporary Chairman was instructed to appoint a Committee on Credentials, to consist of three or more members, who should examine the credentials of the delegates and proxies present, and report to the Convention as to the number of Branches represented, and the number of duly accredited delegates and proxies. The following Committee was appointed: Professor Mitchell, Chairman; Mrs. Ada Gregg; Mr. H. F. Hohnstedt; Mr. K. D. Perkins. While this Committee was preparing its report, the Temporary Chairman addressed the Convention.

Address of the Temporary Chairman

It is only in the course of time that one comes to see what a representative thing our Convention is. We are living in a tremendous period in the world's history; and at this moment the most significant thing in the visible world is that this Convention is in session. Nothing else of such great importance and deep significance exists this morning as that fact. I should be glad if every member and delegate could keep that in mind and make it the inspiration of the Convention. Let us see what we can do to make this Convention a deep and enduring success. Numbers matter very little, but it matters tremendously that our life should go deep, that we should embody the genuine principles of The Theosophical Society. Let us, therefore, take it to heart, and make it stuff of conscience to make this a great Convention of the Society.

With these brief introductory words, it is my privilege to make the delegates welcome, and to extend a special greeting to the visiting delegates and members-at-large.

Report of the Committee on Credentials

Professor Mitchell, reporting for the Committee on Credentials, read the list of Branches represented, stating that the delegates and proxies present were entitled to cast 124 votes, representing three times as many Branch members, or more. There were several foreign proxies that had not arrived, and since this

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was due to the great irregularity of the foreign mails the Committee suggested that to the list of Branches, as already read, should be added, for the QUARTERLY report, the names of other Branches which had made every effort to get their proxies in on time. The following Branches sent either delegates or proxies; those whose credentials were received after the Committee reported are marked with a star.

Aurora, Oakland, California.
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.
Brehon, Detroit, Michigan.
Dresden, Dresden, Germany.*
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Hope, Providence, Rhode Island.
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio.
New York, New York City.
Pacific, Los Angeles, California.
Providence, Providence, R. I.
Virya, Denver, Colorado.
Queen City, Seattle, Washington.
Altagracia, Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela.
Arvika, Arvika, Sweden.
Aurvanga, Kristiania, Norway.
Berlin, Berlin, Germany.
Flensburg, Flensburg, Germany*
Karma, Kristiania, Norway.*
Krishna, South Shields, England.
London, London, England.
Munich, Munich, Germany.*
Neusalz, Neusalz, Germany.*
Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.
Norfolk, Norfolk, England.
Suhl, Suhl, Germany.
Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela.*

Upon motion made by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, and seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, it was voted to accept, with thanks, the Report of the Committee on Credentials, and to discharge the Committee.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION

The Temporary Chairman called for nominations for the office of Permanent Chairman and of Permanent Secretary, and Mr. Griscom moved that the custom of former years be followed, making the President of the local Branch the Permanent Chairman, and so he placed in nomination the name of Professor Mitchell, President of the New York Branch. This nomination was seconded by Doctor Clark, and unanimously carried. Mr. Griscom also nominated Miss Perkins as Permanent Secretary, Mr. Michaelis seconded, and Miss Perkins was declared elected. Professor Mitchell then took the chair, and Mr. Hargrove moved that the thanks of the Convention be extended to the Temporary Chairman; Mr. Perkins seconded it, and it was unanimously carried.

ADDRESS OF THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

It is with a deep sense of the high privilege and responsibility that you have conferred upon me that I assume the chairmanship of this Convention. It is not a large assembly, if we count only the number of men and women who are here gathered together. Nor will the questions that we shall be asked to consider appear to us, perhaps, as of unusual or far-reaching moment. Yet no one who is acquainted with the history of The Theosophical Society, who has traced its influence upon the thought of the world in these forty-one years since it was founded, and who, from this knowledge of the past, turns his eyes to the future, to the limitless vistas of possible and necessary accomplishment that lie before us,—no one, who looks to the dynamic causes of human evolution, can fail to realize something of the profound significance that is hidden beneath the quiet surface of these annual meetings of The Theosophical Society.

In the affairs of men, as in the movement of the heavenly bodies, there is always some center of force, some focus, that is critical. We watch the vast sweep of stars and planets, we trace the arc of their great orbits, and find, perhaps, at one focus a flaming sun; but at the other—nothing, empty space. Yet there, at that unnoticed, unmarked point, converge and radiate again the stupendous forces that move the worlds. There, where our physical eyes see nothing, the

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eyes of the mind see all. If that one point could be torn asunder, if the forces that play through it could be diverted, quite literally worlds would shake and fall and change their courses, and the effect would be felt upon the farthest star. And if this be true in the realm of physical force, if we can see it illustrated in the point of utter stillness at the center of the cyclone, and know that as that point moves here or there, so devastation and havoc are spread around it, we may be certain that it is no less true in the realm of the spirit and in the action of those vital, spiritual forces that move the souls of men and nations, ennoble and upbuild them, and fix the path of human evolution. Always there is a focus; and to-day that focus is here,—here, in the spirit that holds our spirit,—here, in the spirit of The Theosophical Society.

No one of us can measure its infinite potency for good or ill. It is "the nucleus of universal brotherhood." It is "the cornerstone of the future religions of humanity." What will that mean for future ages? What does it mean for us to-day? We look abroad and we see men, by the millions, giving their lives with gladness to fulfil a trust far less solemn than that which is laid on us. We see them glad to die, that something greater than themselves may live. And from each one of them something of the spirit comes to us, as from us something goes to them,—something we have not eyes to see, but than which nothing in life is more vital or more real. As moves the spirit of The Theosophical Society, so moves the spirit of countless men and women over all the world. To be here and to know these things is a high privilege. And it is a responsibility that is grave.

Convention Committees

Upon motion by Mr. Hargrove, duly seconded, it was voted that the Chairman be directed to appoint the three usual Committees. They were appointed, as follows:

Committee on Nominations
Mr. C. A. Griscom, *Chairman*
Miss Anne Evans
Mr. C. M. Saxe

Committee on Resolutions
Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
Judge R. W. McBride
Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis

Committee on Letters of Greeting
Mr. Charles Johnston, *Chairman*
Doctor C. C. Clark
Mrs. E. S. Thompson

These Committees were asked to meet during the recess between the morning and afternoon sessions, and to be prepared to report at the opening of the afternoon session. Reports from the Officers of the Society were then declared to be in order; the Chairman of the Executive Committee was called upon for the first report.

Report of the Executive Committee

It is a happy country which has no history, and a happy year of The Theosophical Society when the Executive Committee has a minimum to report. This year a considerable number of diplomas have been issued (on which the Secretary T. S. will report), but no new charters; which means that no new Branches of the Society have been formed; and none of our Branches have disbanded. In one sense the Report of the Executive Committee ends with that; yet the Committee should, without doubt, do a great deal more than to issue Charters and diplomas. Under the Constitution, it is the duty of the Executive Committee to take the place of the Convention between Conventions, when the Convention's power resides to a large degree in that Committee. Much will depend

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upon the Committee as to what shall be the real life of the T. S. during the year. Later we shall see how tremendously vital this particular year is; now we have not sufficient perspective to see that, but by and by we shall see how important and vital it has been that The Theosophical Society has, in this year, stood firm. The Society is in a very real sense the cornerstone of history. It is a small matter that we do not report new Branches, which would be a risk; but it is much that the Executive Committee can report that The Theosophical Society stands firm as a rock within the turmoil of the world.

Upon motion, duly seconded, the thanks of the Convention were extended to the Executive Committee, and to its Chairman. The Chairman then called upon the Secretary T. S., Mrs. Ada Gregg, to report upon the work of the year. She was welcomed with hearty applause, and read the following Report.

Report of the Secretary for the Year Ending April 29, 1916

New Members

The Secretary begs to report that during the past year diplomas have been issued to 51 new members: United States, 25; South America, 4; Germany, 11; England, 6; Norway, 3; and Sweden, 2. The loss of membership has been only 10; by resignation, 3; by death, 7.

Correspondence

It gives me great pleasure to be able to report something of the work of our Branches; and the accounts of individual work that have come to me are also of great interest, and full of promise for the future.

The fact that has impressed me most during the past year has been the deep and constant devotion, the searching for the inner spiritual meaning of the various studies undertaken by the different Branches. It is most encouraging and gratifying to note that all have proceeded with this special phase of work on their own initiative,—without any definite suggestion from Headquarters. The result appears to have been greater altruistic endeavor, bringing members into touch with many not acquainted with the teachings of Theosophy, giving opportunity to correct misconceptions, to remove obstacles, and to clear the way for freedom of individual investigation and independent thought. I wish it were possible to give in full the Branch reports I have received; since it is not, I have made some brief notes from them.

Branch Activities

One Branch report accentuates the spirit of harmony and unity in which members are working; this has enabled them to get into closer touch with others, both in their study classes and in their individual work.

Another Branch started the year with a printed program giving the topics for the year; this was distributed among those likely to be interested. The topics were assigned to different members who cheerfully assumed the work given to them; all found a spiritual uplift from this work.

Some Branches have adopted the plan of rotation in the office of chairman, all taking turns; each member announces his or her subject at a prior meeting, then on the night of his meeting, opens the subject, and passes it on so that all present may express their ideas about it.

One Branch, located in a community in which there is a strong inclination toward pacifism, devoted four months to the study of the Spiritual Heritage of War. The effort was made to establish the fact that the spiritual results of righteous wars in the past have wholly or in part compensated for their material evils. Members of this Branch have been doing work in their churches, and through this relation church members have been asked to bring before the Branch some of the problems of practical Christianity.

Three evenings and one afternoon are devoted by a fourth Branch to various studies, and the half hour before their regular meeting is also given to studying

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the *Key to Theosophy;* this class is conducted each month by a different member whom the President assigns for duty.

Another Branch is studying Mr. Johnston's *From the Upanishads;* and they are encouraged by good attendance and increasing interest. It is a great pleasure to record this fact because their period of seed sowing has been so long that less devoted hearts might have yielded to discouragement.

The study of the *Bhagavad Gita* has been the special interest of another Branch —their aim being a comparative and deductive interpretation. The members have adopted the excellent plan of taking one thought from the Gita and using it as the subject for daily meditation for a week; then at the next meeting they compare results.

Individual Work

In certain Branches members have taken up, as a part of their Branch work, correspondence with persons interested in the teaching who do not have the privilege of attending meetings and hearing lectures. This has elicited much interest. In case other Branches would like to undertake such work for the coming year, your Secretary would be happy to furnish the names of isolated members or inquirers, to whom some account of the discussions at Branch meetings would be a great help. Then any questions that arose in this correspondence could be brought up in the Branch, for consideration.

It seems marvellous that, despite the stress of war, we have been able to keep in communication with most of our foreign members, have constantly received applications for membership, and prompt notice whenever the QUARTERLY failed to arrive. One of our members at the French front speaks of the serious attitude of the soldiers, who have more time to think than in ordinary life; their thoughts, he says, go out to the big things, and he thinks that war has been a blessing to them in many ways. Another member, a prisoner of war in Germany, writes that he is continuing his reading and study, making notes of difficulties to be discussed on his return.

The Theosophical Quarterly

The QUARTERLY forms a permanent topic in all my correspondence with members; their expressions of appreciation would seem to indicate that to many it is a Rule of Life; they say that association with those whose one aim in life is spiritual living and spiritual giving is a constant source of comfort and inspiration. The articles most frequently mentioned are the series entitled "Fragments"; "Letters to Friends"; "Lives of Saints"; the "Holy Spirit" and the "Screen of Time."

Many a letter has come to me, telling in the unmistakable language of the heart, of inspiration, guidance and companionship found in the QUARTERLY. I say to myself surely *that* was worth all the work put into the magazine this year by the devoted editor, and by the staff of regular contributors who give with generosity so unstinted. But what are the rest of us giving? Few of us are able to write for the magazine, is there then no work that we can do through it?

There are some Branches and some members-at-large who are making constant use of the magazine to spread the knowledge of Theosophy—they send it to libraries and to their friends; they think about it, they talk about it. Most of the Branches, however, show little evidence of active, persistent work to extend the field of the magazine; it is appreciated by the members themselves but they apparently fail to see in it a means of seed-sowing. Yet there are many indications that we are intended to make use of it in that way. For example, there has never been a year before this when so large a proportion of the new members who have come into the Society in this country have been QUARTERLY subscribers or readers. (Mrs. Gregg read a most enthusiastic letter about the value of the QUARTERLY from a subscriber who became a member about a year ago.)

Are we, then, to send the magazine out broadcast? Evidently not, since many of us have not been given the means that would make such indiscriminate seed-

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sowing possible. This should suggest that our real problem is to *seek out* those whom life has made ready for further teaching. They are about us, and no member is so isolated or so poor an advocate that it is impossible for him, in the environment where Karma has placed him, to help in securing recruits for the cause of the Masters. Past discouragements, and lack of money for subscriptions are no bar to such work: surely it is fitting that the Masters should be served with as much insight and perseverance as a man brings to his own business. In order to succeed there, he has to break through his inertia; he has to learn when it is best to act and when to wait, watching. The alert solicitor for life insurance could teach us many a lesson; he makes a list of "prospects," and he works on this list with good sense and thoroughness, using the method best adapted to interest each individual. He does not expect instantaneous results; he is not daunted by failure, which means to him that he should improve his methods, not that he should cease trying.

The libraries afford a means of reaching those who are not ready to subscribe; yet there are well established Branches that have never even put the magazine into the library of their own town. If it were there, persons who visit the Branch meetings could be referred to certain articles for answers to their questions; and frequently sending the QUARTERLY to regular visitors would solve the problem of how to turn them into active members.

The Book Department

The most interesting event of the year in the Book Department has been the publication of *Fragments, Volume Two.* Those who have been living in the light of the first volume have no need that the new volume should be recommended to their attention; they have been waiting for its appearance. It also makes an excellent gift-book, to be sent to those outside our membership, because it leads so straight to the heart and essence of our teaching. If some of its statements should seem to need interpretation, the "Question" department of the QUARTERLY is always open to every genuine question. Although the new book contains more pages than Volume One, the initial price has been made the same. It has been rumored that it will be necessary to advance the price of both books to one dollar, after July, but no announcement to that effect has yet been received. Mr. Johnston's edition of the *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali,* and his *Song of Life* have not yet been reprinted, because of the pressure of other work. There is constant demand for both books, and it is to be hoped that the summer will bring opportunity to complete the work on the new editions.

The orders for books furnish an excellent index of the reading and study carried on by the different Branches. During the past year the demand, with few exceptions, has been for the devotional books—as might be expected when the attention of the world is directed upon the great struggle, between forces of good and evil, that is being externalized before our eyes. One phase of this struggle is dealt with in the pamphlet by Mr. Johnston, called *Christianity and War,* which presents Christianity as a militant religion, warring, not *for* adherents but *against* evil wherever found. This pamphlet ought to be put into the hands of all those who are puzzled, as were the Jews, over the constantly increasing evidence that the coming of God's Kingdom may prove to be other than they had expected.

A Personal Acknowledgment

Last year I told you of the plan that had been inaugurated for the division of work between the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary; this year I am pleased to be able to report that the plan has proved most satisfactory. There are still a few members who continue to send to the Secretary's Office orders for books, subscriptions for the QUARTERLY, and inquiries about books and magazines; these, to avoid delays, should go to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York. Freedom from

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this detail work has given your Secretary the coveted opportunity for more correspondence with Branches and with members-at-large, many of whom are living in communities where there is no interest in Theosophy.

There is a constantly increasing number of helpers to whom the thanks of the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary are due; each year, as the work grows, the band of helpers fortunately grows in proportion. Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Helle have this year continued their addressing of envelopes for a full half of the entire QUARTERLY list, and the responsibility for the other half has been assumed by the residents at the "Community House." Miss Hascall has also continued her work in the Subscription Department and in the Book Department; in fact she gave so much time during the summer, fall, and winter that it recently became necessary for her to take a furlough until next autumn. Fortunately Miss Martha E. Youngs, who had recently come into the work, was able to take on still more responsibility. All these helpers have one common characteristic—they are not daunted by sudden demands, nor by the continual increase in the requirements of the work they have so cheerfully undertaken: to them all, our most cordial thanks go out. Their assistance makes possible the extension of the work as its needs require.

We must all realize, however, that growth and extension are possible only as they manifest the inner condition of our work, its unity of purpose, its devotion to the Masters who stand behind it, and in whose strength alone it can be carried on. It is in this inner bond, uniting the officers and the members of the Society, that your Secretary has found inspiration and support during the year which is closing. So it seems fitting that this account of the year's work should end with heartfelt gratitude to members, to fellow-officers, and to the great Lodge of Masters who have so abundantly rewarded our efforts to serve.

Respectfully submitted,

ADA GREGG,
Secretary, Theosophical Society.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Treasurer T. S. is often the original recipient as well as the custodian of the Society's treasures. Among them are many that he never enters upon his financial statements, though they, far more than dollars and cents, constitute the Society's real capital. They are the gifts of the spirit, the expressions of real devotion, gratitude for needed help that did not fail, for light, and companionship, and inspiration, in efforts that would otherwise have been lonely and blind. Such are the notes that frequently come to the Treasurer, speaking of the writers' gratitude for letters received from the Secretary T. S. Such letters come from Branch members, and also from those who are members of no Branch but are isolated, living in the woods as lumbermen, or in some small village, as blacksmith or artisan. They ask the Treasurer to express their thanks, the thanks of those distant, unattached, unrepresented members, for the ceaseless benefits that flow to them from the letters that our Secretary sends—with insight into their needs and a warm desire to respond to them. So here and now, I wish to fulfil that request and bring to our Secretary not only my own gratitude, but that of these others who have me to speak for them as they cannot for themselves.

MR. GRISCOM: Words often fail me, but never more sadly than when I try to express my admiration of Mrs. Gregg. She is unique; I have never known any one who has gone on working as she has, pouring into her correspondence so much gentleness and sweetness. The Chairman of the Executive Committee has suggested that we make this a notable Convention. This does not mean that we have to do things; what makes a notable Convention is the spirit which pervades it, and that, it seems to me, is what makes Mrs. Gregg's work of such value, she is putting the Convention spirit into her work the year round. At Convention, by

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our feelings, our thoughts, our aspirations, we have a chance to put our impress on the year's work; she is doing this every day, all the year. It gives me great pleasure to move a cordial vote of thanks to Mrs. Gregg.

MR. HARGROVE: Anything that one could say would only be echoing, in some form or other, what Mr. Griscom has already said. Instead of further words, I think that perhaps Mrs. Gregg would prefer that some of the rest of us should, as a result of her work, get more devotion into our work. One quite accidental statement that she made in her report impressed me, and I took to myself a lesson from it. We conspired to lessen her work; last year we appointed an Assistant Secretary, and gave that Assistant Secretary added powers. Then this year Mrs. Gregg comes cheerfully along, and says that the relief was a godsend because it has enabled her to carry on a wider range of correspondence. The point is obvious. So I think we may reward her best, for what she has done and is perpetually doing, if we were occasionally to remember her and how she works,—when we feel old, and as if we should like to rest. I believe that if we were to use her life and her example in that way, we should actually be conferring a blessing on her, whenever we think of her in that way and for that purpose.

As so many members present wished to second the motion for a vote of thanks to Mrs. Gregg, it was made a rising vote.

The Report of the Treasurer T. S. being next in order the Chairman requested Judge McBride, a member of the Executive Committee, to take the Chair.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER T. S.

The Report of this year compares very favorably with that which was presented last year; the receipts from dues have doubled, while the membership has by no means increased to that extent. The receipts from the QUARTERLY are much larger than before; including between two and three hundred dollars received from Doctor Keightley for accumulated subscriptions and sales of the magazine in England. The increase of receipts over disbursements may well be astonishing to those who remember the Treasurer's Reports in past years, when we usually went on, year after year, with a deficit—and yet when an emergency arose there was always money to meet it. On April 20, 1916, our total bank balance was $1,138.10; the detailed figures are as follows:

From April 22, 1915 to April 20, 1916

General Fund, as per Ledger

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Dues from Members	$918.00	Secretary's Office	$164.67
THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	622.03	Treasurer's Office	5.25
General Contributions	207.25	Expense of the T. S. at the 1915 Convention	20.00
	$1,747.28	Printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (4 numbers)	1,305.07
		Expense of Subscription Dept. THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	19.10
		Transfer check	1.00
			$1,515.09
Balance from 1915	110.91	Balance, April 20, 1916	343.10
	$1,858.19		$1,858.19

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Financial Statement

(Including Special Accounts)

General Fund			Disbursements $1,515.09		
April 22, 1915.....$110.91			Balance April 20, 1916. 343.10		$343.10
Receipts 1,747.28					
	$1,858.19			$1,858.19	
Special Publication Account					
Balance April 22, 1915 $312.00					
Receipts ..... .00					
	312.00	Balance April 20, 1916		312.00	312.00
Discretionary Expense Account					
Balance April 22, 1915 $483.00					
Receipts ..... .00					
	483.00	Balance April 20, 1916		483.00	483.00
On deposit Corn Exchange Bank, April 20, 1916.....					$1,138.10

Respectfully submitted,

H. B. MITCHELL, *Treasurer.*

New York, April 24, 1916.

In further comment, the Treasurer said: So much for the figures. I wish also to express my grateful thanks for the work of the Assistant Treasurer, to whom I am indebted for the detailed labor that goes into the keeping of the books and accounts of the Society. Mr. Perkins is generous, not only in undertaking all the accounting, but also in sharing with me the pleasantest part of the duties of the Treasurer's Office—the reading of the letters that come in from members, with their remittances.

ACTING CHAIRMAN: The Convention seems to be confronted with an entirely new situation: it has to deal not with a deficit but with a surplus. What is your pleasure with reference to the Treasurer's Report?

It was moved by Mr. Michaelis, and seconded by Doctor Clark, that the Convention accept the Treasurer's Report, and extend to him its thanks for the cheering news he brings, also extending its thanks to the Assistant Treasurer. Carried. Professor Mitchell then resumed the Chair, and called for a report on the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY from Mr. Clement A. Griscom.

REPORT ON THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

This is the second place where words and ideas often fail me, in Convention. I think the special feature of the year, so far as the QUARTERLY is concerned, is the emphasis and attention given to the war, and the moral issues and principles involved in it. This war is of course one of the great happenings of history, but it is not by any means the greatest, or at least it has not proved to be so so far. We always attach undue importance to immediate events; we cannot see them in their proper place in universal evolution; our perspective is myopic. Even from the standpoint of the great loss of life, which is one of the most notable features of this war, it is not yet a record breaker. As the QUARTERLY itself pointed out, not so many numbers ago, during ten years of war under Genghis Khan, twenty million human beings are said to have perished; it is doubtful whether this war has yet caused the death of more than two million. It is the moral side of this war which makes it of special interest to Theosophists. All war is interesting, and many wars involve moral issues, but seldom in history has there been so clean cut an issue between good and evil, and so much fighting for a principle.

The QUARTERLY has discussed the morality or immorality of war; whether it is Christian or unchristian; the Pacifist movement and its real object: some

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of these articles have been noteworthy, at a time when so much nonsense is uttered by many good people.

There are, it seems to me, two great defects in our modern civilization. One defect is its softness, its love of luxury and ease, and its horror of anything that interferes with them. It looks around for excuses to bolster up its desires, and the human mind never has much difficulty in finding plenty of arguments for doing as it desires. War and its lessons have rudely broken into the dreams of the slothful and the pleasure loving. One of the fine things about the men at the front has been the way they have borne the most prolonged physical discomfort, without complaint. In its way, this is as great an achievement as the willingness to be killed.

The other great defect of modern times is the inability of the world to recognize principle as such, and its disinclination to follow a principle when it is pointed out, if that principle interferes with its desires, as principles of conduct usually do. Before the war broke out, the world as a whole no longer knew what a principle was; here again the war is teaching people a lesson of incalculable value, for it is a war of principle, fought for a principle. People see, many of them for the first time, that principles are of such supreme value that, if necessary, we must be willing to die for them. The QUARTERLY, of course, has not been alone in pointing out these things, but it has perhaps done so more clearly and definitely than any other publication.

I wish to make the usual acknowledgments to the many individuals who have given their writings and have given their interested labor to the magazine. There are so many of them that I shall not attempt to specify them, but I feel that the Society would be derelict if it did not record its thanks, and I hope that some one will move a vote of thanks to them.

MR. HARGROVE: I am glad to move the vote of thanks which Mr. Griscom thinks the Society should extend to those who are doing work, of all kinds, for the QUARTERLY; and I should like also to use this motion as a pretext for something else. No one knows better than I do how unceasing is the devotion of the editor to the QUARTERLY, for I am one of those who have continually to be prodded for copy. Whether as readers or as contributors, we are all greatly in his debt.

Mr. Griscom has referred to the articles on the war, and to the attitude that contributors have adopted toward it. This may be a good opportunity to remind members that The Theosophical Society is a free platform, and that if anybody here differs in the slightest degree from the attitude Mr. Griscom has voiced, it is not only his privilege but perhaps his duty to say so, if he feels that anything would thereby be gained. This afternoon I shall refer to this matter again, for it will then be my duty to introduce certain resolutions which have been included in the call for the Convention, and as such, published in the QUARTERLY. I am bringing up one phase of the question now so that no one may feel that he has not the right then to voice his view; for no matter how divergent from that of others his view might be, it would be listened to with respect, with courtesy, and with a fraternal desire to see his truth as he presents it.

The essence of Brotherhood is to be able to disagree, in an amicable way if possible, and if not, then in the best way we know how! Otherwise to what should we be reduced? Think back to the days of H. P. B. What would be the situation if I or any one else had to get up in the Convention and say only that with which all members present could agree or would have to appear to agree? Suppose that one-half or nine-tenths of the members present to-day had come from Germany. I confess that I, for one, should be feeling much better satisfied in being able to say directly to them what I think. If German sympathizers were here in a hopeless minority or in an overwhelming majority, it ought not to make the slightest difference to our standing or to their standing in this Society. It is our duty to stand on our principles, and their duty to stand on theirs. Can there be need to say that we have an entire respect for a German who honestly

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believes that Germany is right, and that she fights for what is right, and who fights because he believes his cause is right?

Are we going to meet in this crisis of the world's history, as delegates of The Theosophical Society, and talk about the weather? Are we going to think we must not refer to the war, because it would be horrible if some one should not feel as we do? Shall we give our time to the discussion of the Elohim or the Absolute; shall we discuss abstract principles, without daring to attempt to define them? Or shall we trust one another?

Judge McBride seconded the motion for a vote of thanks to the editor of the QUARTERLY, and to all who assist in the work of the magazine; and the Convention made it a rising vote.

MR. JOHNSTON: I should like to ask permission to make an addition to the report that I have made for the Executive Committee; and to record our cordial thanks to the editor of the QUARTERLY, and to all who contribute, in whatever manner, to its success. The Chairman of the Convention, in speaking of our long life, said that we had lived more than a third of a century. We are really within nine years of our half century. Every year that passes makes us more conscious of the importance of the days of small beginnings.

This year, we have to record the loss of two members who did extraordinary service in the days of small things,—Miss Katherine Hillard, and Mrs. Archibald Keightley (Jasper Niemand). The reason why their names are not better known is because they wrote anonymously. During its first ten years, The Theosophical Society spread through many countries and continents; only in one country does it still maintain a width and breadth comparable with its promise. Why is that? Because its work there was so well done; the foundation stone was laid there by H. P. B., and on that foundation incomparable work was done by Mr. Judge. Among those who helped him were the two members I have named; they gave their services to the Movement with self-sacrifice and devotion, and we should be less than generous if we did not now publicly recognize that we are indebted to them for some of the treasure which The Theosophical Society now enjoys. I do not doubt that this Convention will be glad to concur in an expression of its sense of our very serious loss, and of our deep and lasting obligation to these two members.

THE CHAIRMAN: I have listened to what Mr. Johnston has said about the two old friends whose pictures are behind the Chairman's desk. When we think of them personally there is a sense of loss, but there is another way of thinking of them that appeals to me—that is, thinking how much has been poured into the Movement through them. It is a way of thinking that they have made it easy for us to adopt; for to them the work was always first. Few of the more recent members realize what it meant in the early days, when to be a member of the T. S. required courage. That courage, displayed by the older members, is now a part of the spirit of the Movement, a part of that great volume of assets, which it is impossible to appraise, which constitutes the true treasury of the Society.

The Chairman knows of nothing else which should come before this session, and will therefore entertain a motion to adjourn after certain announcements are made. All those present are invited to take luncheon, as the guests of the New York Branch, at the Hotel St. Denis, Broadway and 11th Street, at half past twelve. At the afternoon session, important constitutional questions are to come up, we also shall have the pleasure then of listening to the reports of visiting delegates; there is, perhaps, more of human nature in the afternoon session than in the morning session—so I shall hope to see you all here when we re-assemble at half past two o'clock.

It was then moved by Mr. Acton Griscom, and seconded by Doctor Clark that the Convention adjourn until 2:30 P. M. Voted.

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AFTERNOON SESSION

The Convention was called to order by the Chairman at 2:30. The first order of business being the Reports of the Standing Committees, the Resolutions Committee was asked to report.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions

The Chairman of the Committee regrets that a long report will have to be made. It would seem best to take the recommendations of the Committee one at a time. There are certain Resolutions that have come to be regarded as a matter of form, which, however, in the judgment of the Committee ought to be passed this year as usual. I will therefore bring them up first.

1. *Resolved,* That Mr. Charles Johnston, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, is hereby requested to reply to the messages of greeting from foreign Branches, in the name of, and on behalf of this Convention; and to extend to the Conventions of the European and South American Branches our fraternal greetings and hearty good wishes. (Unanimously carried.)

2. *Resolved,* That this Convention of The Theosophical Society hereby requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to Branches in Europe and America. (Unanimously carried.)

3. *Resolved,* That the thanks of the Convention and of the Society be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality received. (Unanimously carried.)

4. The proposed amendments to the Constitution.

Before dealing with these constitutional questions and the complicated matters involved, I wish to ask permission to say one word about an experience of my own, of which it is a pleasure to speak. The Committee on Resolutions consists of Judge McBride, Mr. Michaelis, and myself. It was our duty to consider some matters involving constitutional law as well as theosophical principle, and it did me good, body and soul, to have the privilege of working with one whom I would describe as an oldtimer, in the theosophical sense of the word, and as an original American, at least in the sense in which an immigrant like myself has been accustomed to regard the original Americans. It is my profound conviction that if there were more of that breed left, our hearts to-day would be full of joy and gladness, instead of being heavy. There was on his part a clear understanding of theosophical principle, of the difference between right and wrong; a refusal to compromise; and best of all, a clear-sighted vision of what Brotherhood means. It took me back to the days under H. P. B. and Mr. Judge; we were then confronted with problems, different in outer aspects, but essentially the same as those that confront us to-day.

First, let me read the alternative Amendments, as they were published in the April issue of the Quarterly:

> *Amendment A,* proposed on behalf of Mr. Paul Raatz and seventeen members of the Berlin Branch:
>
> > A copy of all resolutions, not of a formal character, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the Executive Committee six months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee.
>
> *Amendment B,* proposed by Messrs. Charles Johnston, E. T. Hargrove, and H. B. Mitchell, as a substitute for Amendment A:
>
> > A copy of all resolutions, affecting the policy, principles, or platform of The Theosophical Society, which are to be voted upon at the Annual Convention, shall be sent to the Executive Committee three months before said Convention, whereupon due notification of the proposed resolutions shall be given to all Branches by the Executive Committee.

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Mr. Johnston has received a letter from Mr. Paul Raatz, dated March 26, 1916, which I think does him great credit, and therefore, I am particularly glad to be able to read it aloud. He writes:

"Berlin, March 26, 1916.

"Dear Mr. Johnston:

"I have just received the letter containing your amendment. I am not able to confer with all our delegates, but I am sure they will agree with your version as I do. Of course, I think three months a short time if you take into consideration the journey to Europe and back, and the time necessary for the Secretary to inform all Branches, for these to hold meetings to form a decision and to report to the Secretary.

"It is seldom that we have had such successful meetings as during the last year,—our rooms are crowded and great interest is shown in all theosophical matters. Of course, we impress constantly that Theosophy is a *Life* and not a system of dogmas.

"With best wishes for our Convention, I am,

"Yours fraternally,

(Signed) "PAUL RAATZ."

So Mr. Raatz personally accepts the American Amendment to the German Resolution, but it was not possible for him to communicate, in time, with all the other Berlin members who originally joined with him in proposing Amendment A. It is necessary therefore, now, to read the brief speech which was sent to us by Mr. Raatz, at an earlier date than the letter I have just read, in support of the German resolution. Perhaps it would be as well to say, quite frankly, at this stage, that in the opinion of the Committee on Resolutions the Berlin members who make this proposal utterly fail to understand the purpose of the Resolution of last year. It is necessary for you to have in mind, before you consider the arguments of Mr. Raatz, what was said at the last Convention about the fifth Resolution then offered, the only one that was "not of a formal character." So I shall ask permission to read an extract from the Convention Report. The Resolution itself read as follows:

WHEREAS, The first and only binding object of The Theosophical Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity; and

WHEREAS, In the name of Brotherhood, war as such is being denounced from many pulpits and lecture platforms, and in newspapers and magazines, with appeals for peace at any price; and

WHEREAS, Non-belligerents have been asked to remain neutral; therefore be it

Resolved, That The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled hereby declares:

(a) That war is not of necessity a violation of Brotherhood, but may on the contrary become obligatory in obedience to the ideal of Brotherhood; and

(b) That individual neutrality is wrong if it be believed that a principle of righteousness is at stake.

Following the reading of that Resolution, I spoke last year as follows:

I do not think any long exposition of this resolution is required. It does not suggest that it is the duty of any member of the Society not to be neutral, though, speaking for myself, I cannot conceive of anybody as being neutral. That question, however, must be left to the individual, to his conscience, his heredity, etc. It is not for the Society to decide for him or to express his opinion for him. But in view of the fact that there are clergymen, of all kinds and of all nations, who so hopelessly misunderstand

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religion as to declare that war necessarily is a defiance of religious principles, it surely is important that we, as members of The Theosophical Society, who have every reason to believe that we can see more clearly into the underlying facts of life, should call attention to this truth—that you may fly to the uttermost parts of space, and yet you do not get away from war. All progress, all growth, is the fruit of conflict, and it is a monstrous perversion of religion to talk of peace at any price, regardless of duty, of honour, of righteousness. We, as a Society, ought to stand for those principles which a member of any nationality should respect. So long as he is willing to lay down his life, for love's sake, for that in which he believes, he ought to have our support, and not, by our silence, our inferred condemnation.

I cannot believe that any member of the Society can see things in any other light, so far as this question has been carried in the Resolution we suggest—and we must not carry it any further. Any member who has tried to live in obedience to his own ideals knows that his life is a life of conflict. Having done that, and so gained some insight, a member must see that you can divide the universe into two great camps; forces making for righteousness, and the forces making for evil. Do we stand aside and say that conflict is none of our business? That is not conceivable. We have been shown the way by H. P. B., who the moment she drew breath began to fight, and fought like a lion until she died.

With these facts in mind, and remembering that they were read by the members in Germany, it will be easier for you to understand the speech by Mr. Raatz which I am about to read. He writes:

"At the last Convention of The Theosophical Society two resolutions were unanimously adopted. It is the opinion of the undersigned members of the German branches that these resolutions ought never to have been put to vote at the Convention, as this proceeding contradicted the theosophical spirit and method as expressed in Professor Mitchell's pamphlet 'The Theosophical Society and Theosophy' and still more clearly in Mr. Johnston's article 'What the Theosophical Society Is Not,' published in the July number of the QUARTERLY, Volume VI. It is the opinion of the undersigned that The Theosophical Society has not even the right to pass resolutions at its Convention commenting on our principle of 'Universal Brotherhood,' for the reason that views on this principle constantly change as members gain experience. Every member ought, however, to have the privilege of expressing his or her views at the Convention on all topics under deliberation, but the Convention is not justified in passing resolutions which bind the whole Society to one view.

"On page 27 in Mr. Johnston's article are to be found the following words:

"'As Theosophists we by no means desire that all men should ignore their differences in a dead level of uniformity. This is not our ideal, whether for humanity as a whole or for our Society in particular. We in no way seek uniformity of opinion, unanimity of belief. On the contrary, I for my part would welcome a far greater diversity of opinion, of belief, of faiths, of races and creeds represented. . . . Nor should we seek to minimize their differences1 on the contrary we should ask each to express his own ideal . . . and then ask that all should admit and accept these differences, in the spirit of perfect tolerance and freedom, the spirit of that deeper unity which underlies all differences.'

"The Theosophical Society therefore has no right to decide what its members shall believe or what they shall not believe. An advocate of the Peace Movement can declare: 'War is a violation of brotherhood.' A non-advocate can hold the view: 'War is no violation of brotherhood.' Both can however, believe in Universal Brotherhood. Here are two aspects of the same subject; above these and encompassing both The Theosophical Society stands

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and gives room to both views, for only so can both sides have an opportunity of gaining the experience which evolutionary progress demands. He whose ideal is 'peace' ought not to be forced to sacrifice his ideal in favour of one whose ideal includes war.

"Many of us believe that hypnotism is a violation of brotherhood, that our brother is thereby robbed of that which is of most value to him: his will. It would however, never occur to us to frame a resolution and declare—as a society—that hypnotism is a violation of Brotherhood. Those who advocate hypnotism are influenced by the seeming compassionate, beneficent results in curing drunkenness, in overcoming criminal tendencies, etc. Only life and its experiences can harmonize these two views. It is the same with vegetarianism, spiritualism, ethical culture and the peace movement. All have their sincere advocates and their bright, truth-bearing aspects. A society that would pass resolutions *which exclude those* who represent these various movements, or which only repel them, has no right to be called Theosophical. Such resolutions give evidence of intolerance toward views, springing from pure, brotherly motives and sincere belief. If we allow the Convention of The Theosophical Society to frame and pass resolutions on religious, philosophical, ethical and political subjects, the result will be a transformation of the Convention into something similar to the Councils of the Church Fathers. The spirit and principles of The Theosophical Society will disappear and a dogmatic society will be formed, whose duties consist in determining what shall be believed and what not believed, what Brotherhood is and what it is not. It is our opinion that these two resolutions are the beginning of these conditions, for all members of the Society are forced to accept the truth of the declarations here made, as they were unanimously adopted and therefore binding for the whole Society. The danger of such a course is evident, when we realize that the advocates of the Peace Movement (and there is a large number in The Theosophical Society) will now feel that there is not place for them in the Society. Is this right? Can The Theosophical Society do this without sacrificing its true spirit? Is there really no place in The Theosophical Society for the advocates of the Peace Movement and for those who sincerely desire to remain neutral in the present war? This cannot be true. The friends of peace cannot be missed in 'the great orchestra of man,' nor the truth-seeking spiritualists, nor the ethical workers, and, as Mr. Johnston says, speaking of sects, not even 'the most heretical, since each has worshipped some divine spark brightly gleaming for Him alone.' 'The fundamental Theosophical procedure,' he continues, 'gently to hear, kindly to speak, has its miracles still to work, and when they are worked, there will be that wherewith to give food to the lives of multitudes.' . . . 'Instead of dwelling on the differences between us . . . we must approach them in a kindly spirit of understanding; recognizing frankly their good and lovable qualities, their strength in certain things wherein we are weak; our ability to help them in those things wherein we are strong. Thus coming into friendly and cordial relations with them, we shall presently come to see that there is no necessary strife between us; that our likenesses are far more vital than our differences, and that as for our differences the wise thing is to accept them frankly on both sides, agreeing to differ, in the genuine Theosophical spirit.'"

At this point, I think it would be well to call attention to the complete misunderstanding, the reversal of an understanding, of what was done at the Convention last year. Instead of excluding anyone or saying what members should believe, we said that it was not necessary to believe in Pacifism in order to believe in Brotherhood. Instead of saying you *shall* believe in Pacifism, or you *shall* believe in war, every effort was made to emphasize the large spirit of The Theosophical Society, and to make it possible for those who believe that, in certain

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circumstances, war may be right, to remain in the Society. For this misunderstanding of the 1915 Resolution, we do not blame the Berlin members; but we regret that they imagined we had excluded certain people. They say that all members of the Society are "forced to accept," etc.; as if any Resolution of this Convention could bind you, or me, or anyone else, to believe in that which we do not believe in! Last year we said, Do not, in the name of Brotherhood, lay down any law. There are people who most conscientiously believe that war is not necessarily inimical to Brotherhood. We said, Do not condemn them. That is the intent of the resolution we passed. Let me continue with Mr. Raatz's speech:

"Another point to be considered is the great danger of placing on record a resolution declaring the necessity of *outer* war and making no mention of the *inner* struggle against the lower self. All of our most valuable books: 'Light on the Path,' 'Voice of the Silence,' 'Letters That Have Helped Me,' 'Bhagavad Gita,' teach us the importance of fighting against ourselves, not against others. The first resolution however says plainly that *war* may become necessary in order to realize Brotherhood. Do we desire that in the future it will be said of us, that The Theosophical Society carried on *war* in the name of Brotherhood as it is said of the early Christians, that they waged religious wars in the name of Christ? That is surely not our desire.

"It is not necessary to call attention to the flavour of politics in the second resolution, nor to the plain drift of thought in the exposition. The attempt to stamp neutrality in this war as something unnatural and bad contradicts all that our great teachers, H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge said. In the 'Theosophist,' volume IV, H. P. B. writes as follows:

"'During the whole period of four years' living in India, neither our Society, nor its founders, nor the Journal, had anything to do whatever with politics. Nay, feeling an innate and holy horror for everything connected with it, we have avoided the subject most strenuously. Empires might have fallen down and arisen anew during that interval, and still our Journal as ourselves would not have heeded the catastrophe but given ever our undivided attention to 'Occult Truths' and kindred metaphysical problems.'

"And in one of Mr. Judge's 'Letters,' volume II, are to be found the following words:

"'This is the right conclusion, to let all talk and other people's concerns slip by and not meddle. No one should be taking information to another, for it fans a flame, and now we have to ignore everything and just work on, be good and kind and, like St. Paul's charity, overlook all things. Retire into your own silence and let all others be in the hands of Karma, as we all are. "Karma takes care of its own." *It is better to have no side,* for it is all for the Master and He will look out for all if each does just right, even if, to their view, another seems not to do so. By our not looking at their errors too closely the Master will be able to clear it all off and make it work well. The plan of quiet, passive resistance, or rather, laying under the wind, is good and ought to work in all attacks. Retreat within your own heart and there keep firmly still. Resist without resisting. It is possible and should be attained.'

"These great ones had another view of neutrality than that expressed in the second resolution and its exposition, and we believe our Society is safer if it follows closely the course taken when they were pilots. Then it can in truth be said of the Society, as Mr. Johnston writes: 'We have no creeds to offer, we have no dogmas to enforce, we seek no uniformity of opinion, no oneness of practice or belief. In the spirit of toleration, of spiritual freedom, of brotherly love, we meet all men, we accept all differences, we recognize the rights of all, and thus we work for the consummation of divine humanity.'

"Impelled by the ideas here expressed and in order to avoid passing reso-

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lutions as at the last Convention, to which many absent delegates do not agree, we kindly ask the Convention to include the above Amendment in its deliberations.

"PAUL RAATZ."

"On behalf of several members of Berlin Branch of The Theosophical Society."

Why should the advocates of this view feel that there is no place for them in the Society? What could we do, or what could we wish to do, to exclude them? There is ample place for any number of members who are advocates of the Peace Movement, and there is doubtless place even for those who wish to remain neutral: in the wisdom of the Supreme Powers, place has always been provided for those who remain neutral! The terms of the 1915 Resolution are as fully applicable to inner struggle as to outer warfare, and the Resolution does not state that outer war is necessary, or on the other hand, that it is unnecessary.

Mr. Judge's letter, which has been quoted in Mr. Raatz's speech, was written at the time of what some of us familiarly call "the Annie Besant row"; it was written to one of his supporters and close friends who had been defending him vigorously. To that friend, Mr. Judge said,—"See here, that is all right but it is a dead issue; forget it, think of the Masters, and go ahead and work for them"—which he knew was in accordance with that member's own ideal.

Frankly, at the time of the last Convention, I do not think that any one of us had expected opposition to that Resolution from the source from which it came; there was no opposition in England, in Norway, in Sweden, or in South America. We had not looked for it in Germany, and it was only from Germany that it came. We do not feel that the Berlin members understand either the 1915 Resolution, or the quotations that they use. We do not think that their Amendment is in any way needed.

We are anxious, however, to meet them wherever we can do so, and consequently we did not look at their proposed Amendment to the Constitution with neutrality. Instead we went out to them, trying to meet their views wherever possible. Having been compelled to differ from them in matters of conscience and ideal, we tried here to meet them half way, and in our substitute (Amendment B) we have accepted the intent of their Amendment, only seeking to make its provisions conform to the existing requirements of the Constitution.

In Mr. Raatz's speech, there is a protest against the introduction of "politics." It would be wrong to let that phrase go without explanation. There is no one here who voted for that 1915 Resolution, who would think that The Theosophical Society should mix in politics; if there were a political question at issue, H. P. B. would say, and we would agree with her, that it is none of our business. I can imagine, however, that if H. P. B. were now given five minutes of physical time in which to express herself on neutrality, and on what is now taking place in Europe, there would not be one of us left in the room at the end of the five minutes. Because whatever force she could draw down from high heaven she would draw down and let loose in uncompromising denunciation of wickedness and wrong-doing.

Surely this point should be clear. To help the German members to understand the situation, we asked them to consider the murder of the Austrian Grand Duke and his wife. Was that a political question? Surely it was not. If a Servian member had said, "You ought to let that go, it is politics;" we would have said, "No, it is not politics, it is cold-blooded murder! As Theosophists we condemn it because we know it to be wrong." H. P. B. would not have called it politics; she would have had some better and stronger word than murder. If we are clear that what is taking place in Europe is not politics, but a question of right and wrong; if we believe that we ought to die for principles, and in protec-

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tion of those who are weak and down-trodden—then what follows? In the Resolution of last year, we said as little as could be said.

But because the Berlin members have misunderstood the matter, the Committee on Resolutions recommends that Amendment B be adopted. It provides that as much time as possible be provided for the consideration of all Resolutions. There is no reason why that should not be done. So the Committee recommends that Amendment B be passed.

Now for another Resolution, the passage of which your Committee has been asked to recommend. We are strongly of the opinion that it would not be right for the Convention to pass this Resolution. It was sent in by a member and a delegate, who has the right to put this forward as his own view. If there were here a German who had just come from the front, and who wished to present a resolution to the opposite effect, we would read his resolution, as I am going to read this one. But we should recommend against its adoption, for the same reasons that influence us now. The resolution which I shall now read is presented by Mr. K. D. Perkins, a delegate from the New York Branch.

"*Resolved,* That The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled places itself on record as to the present war:

"It is the conviction of the Convention that the powers of good are now ranged over against the powers of evil: that, among the nations, France is leading the charge of the White Lodge against the attack of Germany supported and directed by the Black Lodge and all the evil forces of the world:

"That this is a time when nations and individuals have chosen and must now choose to wage war both outward and inward, on one side or on the other:

"That this day of Convention is the eleventh hour and that choice must now be made; furthermore, the Society recognizes the fact that in this great conflict between good and evil, to choose neutrality is to choose hell."

We do not recommend a vote upon that resolution, but recommend that it be indefinitely postponed.

THE CHAIRMAN: The motion before the Convention is the report made by the Chairman of the Resolutions Committee. I shall first put before the Convention Amendment A, which is reported adversely by the Committee. There are proxies present, holding votes to the number of 40, instructed to vote for that German Amendment. These proxies are held by Mr. Charles Johnston. Is there any discussion on Amendment A?

There were calls of "Question": and Mr. Johnston said, "On behalf of the German members who have constituted me their proxies, I vote 'Aye'" (40 votes); 85 delegates and proxies voted Nay.

The Chairman then put Amendment B; the votes were recorded—Aye, 85; Nay, 40 (for the German delegates), and Amendment B was declared carried. The next question was declared to be on the motion of the Resolutions Committee indefinitely to postpone action on Mr. Perkins' resolution.

MR. PERKINS: The Chairman has said that if a member of the Society from Germany were here, one who chose to make a fiery defence of the Kaiser and of the German war policy, we should listen to him with tolerance and consideration: I do not wish at this time to speak to the resolution, for I feel that there may be others who would like to express their convictions, and perhaps a number of members who would like to vote upon the subject matter of the resolution, though they may decide that the Convention itself should not go on record. I should like, therefore, to ask for an expression of individual opinion on this resolution. If as delegates to this Convention you do not wish to go counter to the recommendation of the Committee by voting on the resolution, would it not be a different and an entirely legitimate action for individual members of The Theosophical Society to express their individual opinions upon a great moral issue?

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: I should like to express entire accord with Mr. Perkins' resolution, and my regret that it is not proper and feasible to put it to

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the vote; for I believe that this is a conflict between right, justice, and courage on one side, and unspeakable wrong on the other side.

MR. MICHAELIS: I should not like to have my action as a member of the Committee on Resolutions, in reporting against Mr. Perkins' resolution, taken as indicative of my personal feeling. Far from it. As half German in body, I claim the right to speak for the true Germany, and I rejoice that this war is punishing Germany—I hope that she will suffer until she has paid. Indeed I would go further, I would urge all here to pray that light from Heaven may blast the infamy perpetrated in the name of Germany.

DOCTOR CLARK: I have always had the conviction that the mission of France in the world is a divine one. As a mere boy, I instinctively and heartily abhorred the enemies of France, and now, in maturity, with more reason, and with equal heartiness, I feel the same.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: I think there may be many people in this room who do not wish to speak, yet who would feel it a disgrace not to give some expression to what they feel. Could not such people stand up, without saying anything; that would not be a vote.

The Chairman ruled that there could be no vote without first refusing to accept the recommendation of the Committee on Resolutions; as an expression of feeling, as individuals and not as delegates, those who were in sympathy with the intent of the resolution would be allowed to rise. The audience promptly sprang to their feet; the Convention Secretary noted only one delegate who did not desire to be counted. (Two or three members did not rise at first, mistaking the intent of the action; later they explained their mistake and asked to be counted in.)

THE CHAIRMAN: The question is on the recommendation of the Committee on Resolutions which moves the indefinite postponement of Mr. Perkins' resolution.

MR. HOHNSTEDT: I have not had time to think over this resolution, but because I am of German descent and have lived all my life among Germans, I want to say that I believe we cannot change eternal verities; if we recognize right and wrong, we must acknowledge that Germany is on the wrong side.

The Chairman requested Mr. Hargrove to take the chair.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: I also should like to speak to this question, and on certain larger aspects of it. This individual resolution expresses something that is evidently close to being the unanimous feeling of those present, but I agree with those who think it should not be voted on by the Convention as such. It is important that we should understand what we have not only a right but a duty to vote on and to stand for, in public and in private. The Theosophical Society stands for one object, the ideal of Universal Brotherhood. That ideal is given us, and in it lie great spiritual principles which we accept. In its light, and as corollaries of it, other spiritual principles have been made known to us; and these also we have held and promulgated. We have great responsibility for the use that is made of those great names which we put forward as standing for permanent spiritual values that all men should seek, and for which we should give our lives. It is a responsibility that we cannot shirk.

Mr. Hargrove has made it clear that the resolution which was adopted in this Convention a year ago was a defence of Brotherhood against a complete misunderstanding of it. If there is one thing to which the Society is committed for all time, it is the defence of that spiritual principle, not only from those who attack it (which is easy), but from those who cheapen and prostitute it, who lower it to a sickly and pernicious sentimentality, or who use its name as a cloak for far more active evil. It is for us as a Society to speak out whenever and wherever spiritual principles are at stake; but it is for us as individuals to make the application of such principles to individual instances. Individual instances involve individual duty: and we know that "the duty of another is full of danger." But spiritual principles are universal as well as individual. They concern us all and the Society as a whole. If, therefore, an issue requires speech, I would not have

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the Society keep silent; least of all because it might be dangerous to speak. We should give the life of the Society, as we should give our individual lives, when demanded for the cause of Truth. To seek to save friction, trouble, hurt feelings, at the cost of Truth, is not possible. To save our life there, would be to lose it.

But in such a case as this, I do not think it is for the Society as such to declare what is truth and what is falsity. All who are here assembled evidently believe, as I myself believe from the depths of my soul, that the highest values of life, the spiritual principles for which our Society stands, are being defended by one group of nations, and are being attacked by another group of nations. It is well for us as individuals to state this conviction. But there does not seem to me to be the need to-day, as existed last year, for the Society itself to speak in defence of its trust.

One other point: in a letter from a German member I am asked in what our Brotherhood with them can now consist. Our Brotherhood lies where, and to the extent that, each of us, German and non-German alike, is prepared to give his life and his all for his vision of truth. To the extent that he is ready and willing to do that, each is living in accordance with at least one theosophic principle. There we can meet him, in his willingness to give his all; but his beliefs on this point we do not share. To share them would be the nullification of all for which The Theosophical Society stands. It would be for us to depart from the one point where we can meet him.

Every quotation in that letter from Berlin that was read to us was there used to defend the exact opposite of what was intended by the writers who were quoted. So it is with that nation to-day; consciously and unconsciously, they have so done violence to the truth given them, that we, in defence of that truth, are compelled to put our views on record. But I believe we can do so as effectively and more wisely, in the present circumstances, by individual rather than by official action.

I may add that it was certainly not known to many members of the New York Branch that Mr. Perkins' resolution was to be submitted, as I myself had no such knowledge. In fact I suspect that he took few of us into his confidence; but it was known that the views of the great majority of the Branch were in harmony with his as he has here expressed them.

Professor Mitchell resumed the chair, and recognized another member of the New York Branch who said, "German as I am by birth, I wish to thank Mr. Perkins for his resolution, and I regret exceedingly that I cannot have the opportunity to vote in favour of it."

MR. JOHNSTON: The first reason why I should like to speak on this resolution is because the interweaving of some sentiments of mine in Mr. Raatz's speech may have confused their meaning. The second is because it has been my duty and privilege to represent the members of the Berlin Branch regarding Amendment A; and the third, because the members of the T. S. who personally knew Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge are not very numerous. Those who have had that privilege should think it their bounden duty to confirm what Mr. Hargrove has said about the attitude of H. P. B. and Mr. Judge on this question.

As to Mr. Perkins' resolution, I think The Theosophical Society can make its situation clear; and I, as a member of the T. S., should like to make my own situation clear, and to say this: If it is a question between abominable tyranny and humane gentleness, there can be little doubt about the position of the T. S. Between bestiality and purity; between infamous cowardice and courage, there can be no question. If a man calling himself a soldier will shelter himself behind women and children, it would not be well for that soldier if we had the disposition of his future activities. If there is a question between organized infamy, and sincerity and truth, there could be little doubt as to where the T. S. would stand. We are for truth, against lying; for honour, against dishonour; for courage against infamous cowardice; for love and mercy and pity, against abominable tyranny.

JUDGE MCBRIDE: I promised my wife that I would not make a speech, and she

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is here to claim the promise; but I do not feel that I should sit still and say nothing on this question. As an individual, I am heartily in sympathy with the sentiments that have just been expressed; as a delegate to this Convention, I feel that we have no right to adopt a resolution of this character. One of the fundamental things in Brotherhood is tolerance of others opinions. It is evidently the almost unanimous opinion of those here present that is expressed in that resolution, but some one may be equally conscientious in believing that the Germans are right in this war; and in speaking here, as a Convention, we speak for all. We are asked to become members of a Universal Brotherhood; if we adopt such a resolution, we should make it difficult for those who believe the opposite to become or to remain members of the Society.

MR. PERKINS: As a member of the Society, I wish to express my feeling about the matter that is in the resolution. I think there is an almost unanimous feeling about it here today, but is it satisfactory to have it stop at such a feeling?

A year and a half ago, Germany and the Black Lodge started a drive through Belgium and France, at all that is dearest to me. At the Marne they were held and then forced back. Two months ago, they started another drive aimed at the heart of France, and at the heart of the White Lodge; they got to Verdun, and there they stopped. *"Ils ne passeront pas."*

As individuals, I think we ought to do something about it at this moment, and in every moment of our lives. Let us unite our feeling, our aspiration, our determination! Let us stand shoulder to shoulder and go forward into action as if we were on the battle line at Verdun; we are on the battle line whether we know it or not; there is no member of the Society who is not at this moment helping or hindering in that great battle at Verdun. If we shut our eyes to it we are losing the opportunity of this lifetime. I think we should say, "We will help to stop that drive, and throw it back over the Rhine where it belongs; we will start a drive of our own, one that shall not stop at Berlin but shall strike into the heart of the evil of the Black Lodge itself."

We can put the spirit of that drive into everything we do. We do not need to be noisy about it; the spirit and consciousness of this decision will be dynamic in our lives. This war is, I believe, being fought not only on the plains of France but on the plains of Heaven; it is the old conflict renewed of which we read: "And there was war in Heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not."

This is a day of choice; there are no neutrals in this warfare; it is our splendid privilege to throw ourselves into this conflict under the banner of that great Warrior whom Michael serves.

MR. GRISCOM: I had not intended to speak on this matter, but something that Mr. Perkins has said gave me an idea that it might be worth while to express. He said let us not be content with talking. What can we do? We do feel intensely about this thing, as intensely as ever in our lives, but we are here in America. What can we do beside feeling and occasionally talking? I did something when I got up on my feet, because I hate talking; it is a distinct sacrifice, and I did it deliberately as a little contribution in this fight. Every time that we choose to make a conquest of ourselves, or to overcome a habit, every time we perform a duty in that spirit, we are contributing our quota in this fight, and the Brothers of the White Lodge can use it in their fight with the Black Lodge. We can actually serve them from moment to moment if we act with the conscious intention of playing our full part in this fight.

JUDGE MCBRIDE: I had a part in the war we had here fifty years ago. Then there were men who wanted to go to the front and were not able to go; they sent substitutes. I am now between 73 and 74 years old, and they claim that I am beyond the fighting age. A year ago my boy, who is very dear to me, suggested to me that he felt he ought to go into this war. All I could say to him was,—If I were your age I think I should go; so go, and do your duty like a man. I have

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a letter from him written in February; he has been in the trenches since September. He had heard of my illness, and naturally wanted to come to me, but he said he should not be his father's son if he did not stay there and do his duty.

A New York member: I am one of the few who did not stand to show their hearty agreement with Mr. Perkins' resolution, for which we were not allowed to cast our votes; and I cannot be content to leave without explaining that I am in entire agreement with it, and failed to rise because of a misunderstanding of the situation. I have lived for years in Austria and in Germany, and I now have many German friends, but all that has nothing to do with it to my mind; this is a matter of principle, and I should be ashamed not to speak out.

Mr. Hargrove: I believe that it is the duty of the Chairman of the Committee to make a plea for the adoption of the Report of the Committee.

Perhaps every one present this afternoon remembers that H. P. B., who was the instrument used for the founding of the T. S., showed what she thought of war, and of how one should stand for one's principles, by fighting in the ranks under Garibaldi, even though she was a woman. She set us a good example; Judge McBride has set us a good example, and I should like his son at the front to know that we congratulate him upon having such a father.

In this discussion we have used terms that some of you may not be accustomed to use; we have used theosophical terms in speaking of the White Lodge and the Black Lodge; we might have talked of Heaven and Hell, or we might have spoken of the powers of evil and the powers of righteousness. Do we not know them in ourselves? Is it not evident that there must be conflict between these two sets of forces? We can feel these forces surging through us; if anger should make our hands tremble, what would it be but a force? Or if, as Mr. Griscom rises to speak, he wills or prays that his sacrifice be used for a certain purpose, does he not give direction to his deeds, and are they not thereby made more useful than if they were laid as a pointless sacrifice in the hands of Karma? It would seem that many feelings have been liberated here this afternoon, but we ought not to stop there, especially since we, as a Convention of The Theosophical Society, standing on earth, represent what many of us firmly believe to be an actuality in the unseen world. It is in our power, through our intensity of conviction, to liberate right here something that shall pulverize some of the blind, blatant enemies of righteousness. When we stood, to show our sympathy with the intent of that resolution which we did not pass, we stood for our unfulfilled ideals, and for what is, to those of us who believe in Masters, the supreme goal of life. Because of that combination of factors, I should be bitterly disappointed if we had not sent out into the spiritual world, something that will uphold those who are laying down their lives for righteousness, and will comfort those countless women who are laying down everything for the vindication of their and our ideal.

On behalf of The Theosophical Society, and of the cause it represents, and of its leaders, who are the leaders of the world's hope and promise,—thank Heaven, even we are fighting, side by side with the Allies, with the soldiers of France. It is my profound conviction, without which life would be intolerable, that in whatever we do, whatever our mission in life may be, we have it within our power so to work as to do everything possible against that which we loathe, despise and abominate, and so to do our bit toward overcoming the evil in the world. That is the meaning of Brotherhood; to take part, not to stand aside. Let us go forth from this Convention thanking high Heaven that we can take part, and that we stand under that flag and for those leaders whom we love, and would serve.

The Chairman: The question is on concurrence in the Report of the Committee on Resolutions, which recommends that Mr. Perkins' resolution be indefinitely postponed for the reason given.

The Report was unanimously accepted, and the Committee discharged with thanks. The Report of the Committee on Nominations was next called.

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Election of Officers

On behalf of the Committee on Nominations, the Chairman recommended that the Convention re-elect all officers whose terms expire this year. In the Executive Committee, there are two vacancies, and the Committee recommended that Dr. Keightley and Mr. Raatz be elected to succeed themselves. This was unanimously voted.

For the other offices, the Committee named the following to succeed themselves:

Secretary, Mrs. Ada Gregg. *Treasurer*, Professor H. B. Mitchell.
Assistant Secretary, Miss I. E. Perkins. *Assistant Treasurer*, Mr. K. D. Perkins.

These four officers were unanimously elected. It was then suggested by the Chair that the Convention take a recess of five minutes before proceeding with the next business which would be the Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting. The recess was taken.

Letters of Greeting

The Chairman of the Committee reported that the letters sent to the Convention were most interesting; among them some that set forth with force and fire the views of absent members on the very issues of which we have been speaking. Much as we should enjoy presenting those letters to you, the time is short, and we therefore suggest that you accept the letters as read, and refer them to the editor of the Quarterly, for use in connection with the Convention Report, so far as space may admit.

Mr. Hargrove asked from whom the letters were received, and the Chairman of the Committee read the names of the writers. Mr. Griscom suggested that the editor also be given permission to include with these letters, such as might come by later mails, the mails from Europe being so uncertain. This recommendation was added to the Report of the Committee, and that Report was unanimously adopted.

Reports from Delegates

Blavatsky Branch, Washington

Mrs. Gitt: Our Branch holds semi-monthly meetings, and we have continued the plan of having no president but a rotating chairman—each member selects a subject for her meeting, and presents it as she sees fit. Many of the most interesting meetings have been based upon articles from the Quarterly; we have also studied Mr. Johnston's *Yoga Sutras*, which all the members wished to take up, and we have gained even more from this study than we had thought possible. Our meetings have been harmonious and wholesome. Each member does individual work; those who are connected with the churches have unusual opportunities; in the Episcopal churches of the city there have been Missions which have seemed to me to be the best thing that has come to the Christian church. Remarkable work was done in one church by Doctor Johnston of Philadelphia; he is a Missioner, a very bold spirit and a true theosophist, in thought and practice. He was the means of bringing a great revival of religious interest to Washington. Some of us did all we could to further his work, and we hope to do more next winter.

New York Branch

Mr. Main: (Called upon as an oldtimer, whom we seldom have the pleasure of seeing at the New York Branch meetings, in these days.) I have agreed fully with what has been said about the present issues, for I am continually finding it necessary to strain my conscience to have as much charity as possible for our German friends. We must all appreciate their kindly domestic qualities, and their intellectual abilities; their moral shortcomings may be compared with color blindness. For three generations, the Germans have been forced into a certain

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intellectual and moral mould; the government has controlled education as rigidly as a Chinese woman's feet used to be bound; and now we see the painful results.

Several have spoken of the power that we have, and seldom appreciate, to use moral and unseen forces. We might further compare ourselves to bacteria, so small are we from the standpoint of some universe-wide intelligence; and we have excellent warrant for the comparison, as a great teacher has compared the Kingdom of Heaven to the leaven that a woman hid in her meal. Leaven, yeast, belongs to the same great class as the bacteria; and science has now shown us that yeast has a peculiar vitality of its own, a little of it introduced into a substance spreads by reproducing its own vitality. The same is true of bacteria; and we have discovered that it makes a great deal of difference whether the bacteria introduced into the body are of the benign variety or of the variety that produce disease, as they multiply in the body. So with our Society, we are small but we have a powerful effect upon the life of the nation; it is of the greatest importance that the right kind of vitality should be spread through our country. Since the Civil War, nothing has really broken in upon our peace, we have become sentimental and have fallen away from the times when principles governed the thinking and the action of our people. It is time that we all faced the situation, and recognized the inimical forces that are at work in the midst of this country. As Mark Twain said about the weather—Much has been said about it but little done.

Providence Branch

Mrs. Sheldon: It is so late that I shall not attempt to make a report on the Branch, but merely to say that the work has been going on steadily and surely, with keen interest in the principles of Theosophy. The opportunities in Providence now seem greater than ever before in our twenty years of work.

Hope Branch, Providence

Mrs. Regan: This is our first year of definite outer work. We were fortunate in procuring a suitable room in a new building, and we have held our meetings on the second and fourth Sundays in the month. For each meeting a subject is chosen in advance, and advertised; all the material that we use is taken from the Quarterly—especially from the "Questions and Answers" department and from the "Screen of Time." The first half hour is given to a presentation of the subject, followed by general discussion, in which all those present take part. Members have read papers at several of the Women's Clubs, and have entertained at tea, following the tea with the reading of "War Seen from Within." There has been a decided spirit of harmony and unity in all our work, and we have taken for our motto that saying of Phillips Brooks'—"It is not what the best men say or do, but *what they are* that constitutes their benediction to their fellow men." The members of the Branch are trying to *be*.

Cincinnati Branch

Miss Hohnstedt: We have been holding weekly meetings, with a printed syllabus, all the members taking part in the work. The attendance has been small this year, but every member is more enthusiastic than ever before; illness, bad weather, and distance from the meeting place have worked to reduce our attendance but could not affect the enthusiasm. Much of the sentiment of the Central Western States is pro-German, and that has made a difficult situation for our little Branch to combat. I think, however, that we have succeeded in making the situation of the Society and its members clear. When I read Mr. Raatz's letter in the Quarterly I could understand his mistaken views, from my knowledge of the feeling of many in our community. Our Study Classes have kept the members together, and have been a source of inspiration. We have used *The Secret Doctrine*, the *Key to*

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Theosophy and several other books. The article entitled, "War Seen from Within," has often been discussed; and we have considered taking up the "Battle Royal," from the last QUARTERLY.

MR. HOHNSTEDT: I should like to give the keynote of our meetings, and it is not easy to put that into words. The meetings are largely attended by members who have been in the movement for some time, for it has happened that the people newly interested in Theosophy have largely gone into another society which imported a speaker and made an active campaign, even locating in the building where we have had our headquarters for years. Our members have an intellectual conception of Theosophy, they believe in it, and the will having been aroused they find that it is necessary to work. We feel that in our unfortunate environment we have the opportunity to make the word of God manifest by our work—and that is what we are trying to do.

MISS FRIEDLEIN was asked to report on the work in Seattle, but she said that she had been away from that Branch for three years and felt that she could not give any real report of their activities; she was, however, about to return there, and she meant to go to work.

VIRYA BRANCH, DENVER

MISS EVANS: The Branch has been holding its meetings as usual; there is a public, formal meeting once a month, and an informal one once a month. We found that whatever subject we might choose the discussion came back to the war; so finally we took war in general as our topic, and tried to see in past wars what the spiritual heritage had been. Sometimes we took a personal hero, like Joan of Arc, again, we took the Crusades and again our own Civil War, trying to link them with the present European war. With the aid of the *Gita* and the QUARTERLY, we have been able to bring out some vital and interesting aspects of the present situation. Several of our members are working together in the same church, and so have the opportunity to discuss their problems there in the light of Theosophy, and to try to carry the theosophic spirit into their work.

MIDDLETOWN BRANCH

MRS. GORDON: For several years I have not been in Middletown when the Branch was in session, but I have kept in close touch with the members, and I understand that the meetings are conducted in the same manner as in previous years; so I may venture to report on the gleanings I have made from letters. The meetings have been held twice a month; these meetings have been well attended, and the visitors take part in the discussions that follow the opening talk. The subjects for the meetings are assigned to the different members, and each one opens the discussion of his topic. At one meeting a very interesting paper was contributed by one of the non-members. Special attention has been given to the study of the *Yoga Sutras,* with great profit to all who took part in the work.

FOR THE MEMBERS-AT-LARGE

MR. SAXE: I have been asked to speak on behalf of the members-at-large, and the only thing that occurs to me to say is that last year, in connection with the Report of the Treasurer, Professor Mitchell suggested that members who had not tried the practice might find it worth while to use a mite box for small donations to the T. S., making a point of placing one coin in the box daily. I have tried this, and I found it very difficult to remember three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; I also found the experience a valuable one. Being a member-at-large, I want to say a word that is not for those who are here present, but for my brothers and sisters who belong in the "at-large" class. It is my conviction that they can have no idea of what they are losing in not being at these Conven-

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tions; and so I wish that I could register here a message to them, could tell them, in unmistakable terms, that if they had any notion of what they are missing, many of them would surely be here.

NEW YORK BRANCH

MR. HARGROVE: I have been asked to speak on behalf of the New York Branch, as its Chairman, but I feel that I have occupied so much of the time of the Convention that I should greatly prefer to have some one else speak for the Branch.

MR. GRISCOM: Why not let the Branch speak for itself, since one of its regular meetings is to be held this evening?

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: The Chair hopes that all visitors, delegates, and friends, as well as the faithful Branch members, will be present this evening—it will be much better to exhibit the Branch then than to attempt now to tell you how nice it is. I should like to say just enough about it to induce you to come.

After the announcement of the lecture by Mr. Charles Johnston, on Theosophy, Sunday afternoon, April 30th, at half past three o'clock, at Hotel Saint Denis, Mr. Michaelis made this motion: That the Chairman of the Executive Committee be asked to put a vote of thanks to the Chairman of the Convention who for six hours had listened and guided it, and to the Convention Secretary who has been writing for six hours. This motion was seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, and carried. The Convention Chairman, in accepting the vote of thanks, on his own behalf and that of the Secretary, remarked that it is characteristic of theosophical practice that one upon whom a favor has been conferred should in addition be thanked for accepting it. There being nothing further to come before the Convention, the Chair announced that he was ready to entertain a motion for adjournment, subject to the call of the Executive Committee; and on motion duly made and seconded, the Convention was so adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

Caracas, 2 of April, 1916.

For the Convention of The Theosophical Society, New York:

In the name of the Rama "Venezuela," cordial greeting is sent to the delegates of the Theosophical Convention. With this greeting goes the liveliest spirit of companionship.

The Branch comprehends that this year's Convention has an especial importance, because of the extraordinary circumstances that actually affect the world. And I say the world, and not Europe, because there is no one, whatever might be the latitude he inhabits, who is not participating in the melting and purifying fire of the present war. It is known how humanity divided itself spontaneously into two contrary bands, as soon as the German cannon sounded over betrayed Belgium. The fact is simple but also profound and significant. No one consulted first the causes which generated the drama so as to incline his or her judgment, in justice, towards the one or the other belligerent. Each, at the mere influence of the notice, felt him or herself German or Ally; and each one in conformity with his character, with his thought and natural inclination of heart, justified or condemned the barbarity of the invading legions of Germany. Each man, thus suddenly transformed into soldier and combatant, partakes of the responsibilities or glory of the tremendous struggle, whatever may be the place he inhabits, his labour or education. The phenomenon holds beneath its simplicity, the deep sense of the human solidarity. For the universal solidarity of Good, all the workers of the White Lodge, felt themselves animated towards justice, truth, honour, duty

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and law, as well in Asia as in Oceania, in Africa as in Europe and America. All, high and low, filled with holy fire, believed themselves unsheathing the Archangel's sword to take part in the battle of the Lord. And likewise, also, for the solidarity of Evil, all the workers of the Black Lodge felt themselves animated in every place in favour of the murder of women and children, of the burning of cities, in favour of the hypocrisy, the treachery and the infamy of the legionaries of the Emperor Wilhelm. Reasoning from this standpoint it is seen that what has been called neutrality is but equivalent to inaction in Good and therefore action in Evil; so it is that neutrality constitutes one of the forces of the Black Lodge. The Apocalypse paints neutrality in these eloquent words: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So because thou art *lukewarm*, and neither hot nor cold, *I will spue thee out of my mouth.*"

I am glad to say to the companions of the Theosophical Convention that the Rama "Venezuela" has shown itself *hot;* and that its review, *Dharma*, has extensively propagated the ideas of the QUARTERLY over the spiritual value of war. For the good that those ideas have been able to do and for the opportunity afforded to *Dharma* to diffuse and defend them, the Branch expresses its gratitude to Mr. Hargrove for the proposition which he made before last year's Convention over the true attitude which The Theosophical Society should assume towards the war. It would have been, doubtless, treachery to its spiritual mission, if the Society remained deaf to the call of the White Lodge, in the precise moment when it needs its servants for the most heroic and intense and decisive battle it has ever waged in favour of the salvation of the world. If the Society had remained indifferent or neutral, it would have deserved to be *spued out of the mouth of the White Lodge*, according to the severe and wise saying of the Apocalypse. In this manner has the Branch understood and interpreted the noble, virile, honest and spiritual attitude of Mr. Hargrove in the Theosophical Convention of the year 1915; and this Branch on making public its gratitude for that service and that obedience to the will of the Masters, believes that it will find the same echo in the heart of all the other Branches of the Society.

I would state, also, that *Dharma*, our review, has published the admirable *Notes and Comments* of the QUARTERLY, and the article *On the Screen of Time*, so full of force, wisdom and truth, as well as others of lofty and constructive merit. The writings of *Dharma* go to Spain, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Central America, Chile, Argentina and Uraguay; and one of our duties of the present year has been to dissipate—because of the influence that Madras exercises over a certain part of America—certain doubts as regards the historic legitimacy of the general headquarters of the Society. This was necessary, this work, to purify the conception regarding Theosophy, the nucleus which serves to express it and the new man who has his birthplace in America. It was necessary to make understood that the Society was not founded in New York in obedience to a mere caprice of Madame Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, neither that its *stronghold*, genuinely American, is due to a simple article of its Regulations. Not less insensate would it be to pretend to change the course of a planet than the basic centre of Theosophical movement. Neither the Gods nor the Masters would have been able to found the Society in another part, contrary to the cyclic destiny that governs humanity; because its American cradle obeys, not a momentary convenience of men, but the periodic law of spiritual rebirth and the cosmic relations of the races. Already has this subject been extensively treated, and has served to awaken to a clear perception of the purity and spirituality of our movement, the Theosophists of Spanish America.

During the coming month of May, as part of the work of the Branch, the edition of Mr. Johnston's admirable book *The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali* will be finished, and is eagerly awaited by the readers of *Dharma*.

I would seize this opportunity of saying to the Convention of what great importance is the diffusion of the QUARTERLY. Because it ought not to be the peri-

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odical of New York alone, it should not be solely the United States' review. Its importance, the elevation of its ideas, these give it the generous virtue of being the review of Humanity. The affairs of Commerce, of Art, of Science, of History, of Religions, of Philosophies, of Politics, of War, shine out of its pages with all the grandeur of a new route and of a new light. For this, the QUARTERLY is like to the Night of the Supper of which the Evangels speak, where all men of good will may eat and drink the bread and wine of the Master. But so that this review might be read in entirety, it needs to be translated into various languages. It is necessary that its spirit vibrate in the universal press, as it vibrates, through *Dharma,* in the press of the Spanish tongue. For this reason it is one of our plans for the future to edit a QUARTERLY in Spanish; and already the Secretary of our Branch, our well-tried companion Juan José Benzo, has written about this matter to Mrs. Ada Gregg, the Secretary of The Theosophical Society, soliciting information as to the cost of the edition of the QUARTERLY.

At the conclusion of these lines, the Rama "Venezuela" makes its most cordial wishes that the Masters outpour their blessing on the deliberations and works of the Convention.

F. DOMINGUEZ ACOSTA,
President.

Christiania, Norway.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled:

FELLOW MEMBERS:

You, who are favoured with the opportunity of meeting together to-day and of having your souls refreshed in the invigorating atmosphere of sympathy, good will and love at this Convention,—you will also remember all absent ones and uplift them with your brotherly feelings, thus giving of your strength to them.

In particular, you will encompass with charitable and helpful thoughts those who are living within the range of the tremendous struggle going on in Europe, some in the middle of it, others at its borders, and many thrown into sad confusion as to principles by its deceptive glamour.

It is an awful scene that is now played on the stage of Europe—an eternal stain on the history of the present age. Let us hope that it is played to its very end so as never more to be repeated.

But after having cast a short glance at these horrors brought about by the hosts of darkness, let us turn our minds to the opposite side, to the Hosts of Light, contemplating their splendour and rejoicing in their irresistible power. We shall then find that there is no occasion for despondency.

Like Arjuna we have resolved to fight and to "give our aid to the few hands that hold back the powers of darkness from obtaining complete victory." And knowing that it depends very much on us whether the victory is far off or near at hand, we have to be brave, persistent and vigorous, trying not only to defend our own strongholds, but to advance boldly and throw the enemy out of his. For us, members of The Theosophical Society, this is—as you know—especially to be done in our inner lives.

May the spirit of faithful adherence to principles be the keynote of all our work in the future, as it is to-day the keynote of the deliberations of this Annual Convention.

With greetings from Comrades in Norway.

Fraternally yours,

T. H. KNOFF.

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Arvika, Sweden.

To the Members of T. S. in Convention assembled:

To-day, when we had our meeting, we get notice of the day for Convention and hope that our humble greetings can come in time.

In imagination we will be with you this day, trying directly to express thoughts of brotherly greetings to all, of good wishes for the future and of warm gratitude for all we have got from you under all years gone, and we hope that you will join with us in thoughts of pity and compassion for all in this part of the world, who suffer so bitterly of the calamities that now predominate in the greatest part of Europe. We may not forget our own part in causing these calamities, nor forget that "the sin and shame of the world is our sin and shame," and that the men and women we are prone to see as wrongdoers are not only our brothers and sisters but really we ourselves.

The world is on fire. May this fire burn away much of the bad weeds that disunite men from men, classes from classes, nations from nations, that the pure crop of understanding and love may be able to grow. May of it come a beginning to "a new heaven and a new earth in which righteousness dwells." We trust that the good Powers can use all events to good ends and believe that it is the T. S. great privilege to help.

Cavé says: "People are as circumstances, we cannot make them over, accept them." We interpret it as an exhortation to try to learn ourselves and so, by degrees, be able to teach other people to understand each other and perhaps once to value and love each other.

We salute you.

Fraternally, for the Branch in Arvika,

March 29, 1916. HJALMAR JULIN.

Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela,
March 22, 1916.

Mr. President of The Theosophical Society, New York City:

DEAR SIR:

The "Rama Altagracia de Orituco" sends its most cordial and enthusiastic greeting to the Convention, whose wise deliberations will resound in the world's heart as a note of happiness.

The events about which this Branch is to report, concerning its movement of the past year, are very few. Our work, in a general way, has followed with the same order and method established from the beginning. The daily meetings and readings have continued without interruption, and only in very rare case have been temporarily suspended. The meetings have until now, had a familiar character, because alone a few, between members and visitors, attend them. There are other members who live far from the city, and whereby, they come but seldom.

We consider with joy the real spirit of brotherhood and mutual tolerance ruling in all our work here.

The chief books and reviews read and studied in our meetings, during the past year in the local of the "Rama Altagracia de Orituco" are: *The Gospels, The Life of Jesus,* THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, *Dharma, Bhagavad Gita.*

It is evident, then, the theosophical method extends greatly its field of influence in our locality, where the fundamental principles of the old wisdom are already enough known and understood by the public. This propagation have been carried out by the works from this Branch.

All our companions wish that the wisdom and power of the Masters illumine all the acts of the Convention in that great day for the Theosophical Cause.

Fraternally yours,

M. DE LA CUEVA.
President.

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London, England.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled:

Heartiest good wishes on behalf of the members of the British Branch. May harmony and accord be with you in every session, and the close of your deliberations bring settlement to all matters in debate.

It is obvious that behind all our thoughts must be the fact of this almost universal world-war. You, meeting three thousand miles away, are no more removed from it than we who are less than three hundred. And we in England, though England is very largely an armed camp, have little idea of the conditions which prevail near the fighting line. Much has been written of the horrors which this war has brought to the surface and of its asserted contradiction of our First Object—Universal Brotherhood. It is quite true that so long as selfishness prevails, and is fostered, there can be no Universal Brotherhood of Humanity. But this is merely a superficial statement of fact. It is necessary to go deeper to find the cause. And with all its horrors externally to the body and mind of man, this war will be a blessing like a surgeon's knife if it causes human beings to awake to the idea that self-abnegation and self-sacrifice is the road by which we must travel if human beings are to be men indeed with a free soul, in place of being a mass of animals separated by a more or less intelligent mentality, on the lines of the Mineral and Vegetable and Animal Monads—a human Monad under materially evil guidance. Mankind has not yet learned by obedience and discipline how to discriminate between material interests and the promptings of the Soul.

And so this war may be made to become the means of liberation—the means of freedom. And to many people in France and Britain, and the British Empire, the smaller issues which began the war have not been lost sight of in the larger vision—the vision of freedom to work out our own Karma—almost the vision of the Pilgrim Fathers—freedom to worship God as we best may. Gradually in these last two years and a half this has become the issue—that no body of men, no nation, shall impose its methods and its will by force upon any others: but it shall be the drawing forth of all that is best in man by the light of the Soul.

In actual external work the Branches here have been handicapped by conditions; many members are away, and meetings have to be held in the afternoon. In winter, the regulations as to light in the streets at night make it dangerous as well as difficult to move about. Thus our meetings are not largely attended. In numbers we are almost the same; a few have joined our ranks—a few have been removed by death. We are thus quietly carrying on the work and preparing for further expansion when conditions are more favourable, and to gather those whose vision has been turned inward by their work for others—in hospital, in munitions, in aiding prisoners in other lands, and above all, those whose vision has been clarified by closer association with danger, sudden death and agony of wounds.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,
General Secretary, British National Branch, T. S.

In the trenches, Russia,
March 19, 1916.

To the Members of The T. S. in Convention assembled:

In the midst of the performance of a bounden duty, I recall that during the latter part of April you will again hold your Convention. Inasmuch as these Conventions were for me—a member of the Aussig branch—always an event of far-reaching importance, in which I participated with my whole heart, I feel impelled to send you personally, out of the trenches, my deep and sincere wishes and to acknowledge that through them I received real help and support. Furthermore, I wish to say that I found the remarks of Mr. Johnston and also those of Professor Mitchell and Mr. Hargrove, which I gathered from the report of

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the last Convention, very significant and inspiring; and a sincere and devoted study of the same gave me a better insight and understanding of the meanings and beliefs that later were expressed in the QUARTERLY. In every case, it was no blind acceptance of strange interpretations, but an intelligent inner acquiescence with those who I know possess a greater insight than I, myself. I wanted, first of all, to understand their help. This method of acquiescence at a time, when I, through my karma, am also involved in outer struggle, and my unshakable belief that the evolution of the Society is protected by the Masters and that the Society, under the Masters' protection really meets its dangers and overcomes its tests, gave me a greater insight and a deeper understanding of its present mission and the far-reaching effect at this time of its existence and work. In every case, I am impressed and convinced of the continued persistence, significance, and meaning of the T. S. to the growth and the evolution of the World; and I, a sincere member, try to arrange my life to support and further its mission, the Cause of the Masters, with all my energy.

I have received all the QUARTERLIES of 1915 and that of January, 1916, and look forward with pleasure to the new numbers. Always, I wish to keep my mind and heart open, which are filled with inner gratitude for all the help that I have received from all of you.

The Masters, in their infinite Love will be present at your Convention and by their invincible power shall they and thereby we, and also I, be nourished and receive new impulses.

I shall participate in your meeting with my whole heart and spirit.

With fraternal greetings, I am, yours sincerely,

OTHMAR KOHBROHLT.

On account of the censorship, I write in the German language. (Translated by a German-speaking member of the T. S.)

Berlin, March 21, 1916.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled:

DEAR COMRADES:

Another year has passed and we are gathered together for a mutual exchange of experiences. It gives me pleasure to offer you on behalf of the "Union of German Branches of The Theosophical Society" hearty greetings and good wishes. I trust you will allow me to express the special wish, that the members of The Theosophical Society in general and of the present Convention in particular may not allow themselves to be influenced by the great World war or to be led away from the great aim: to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood. We must not err in confusing or identifying the war among nations with the individual inner struggle. The outer war is indeed a symbol of the inner struggle but it is not the same.

If we allow our hearts and minds to be drawn into the confusion of war, we leave the plane of reality, enter the plane of illusion and violate hopelessly the principle of Universal Brotherhood, for then we are forced to take sides, to feel sympathy and love for one side and antipathy and hate for the other and to act accordingly. We desire victory for the one side and destruction for the other. These are feelings and actions which can only exist on the plane of illusion and contradict the spirit and principles of Universal Brotherhood which every member of The Theosophical Society accepts and should endeavor to realize.

As our hearts and minds show partiality in the present war, they lose their inner hold and are drawn into the plane where the "pairs of opposites" rule, from

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which the Bhagavad Gita demands that every one who endeavors to lead a "higher life" shall free himself. This partiality in war as far as members of The Theosophical Society are concerned contradicts the views of H. P. B., the founder of the Theosophical Society. In *Theosophist* she writes (speaking of the first four years in India):

> "Empires might have fallen down and arisen anew during that interval, and still our *Journal* as ourselves would not have heeded the catastrophe but given ever our undivided attention to Occult Truths and kindred metaphysical problems."

W. Q. Judge's counsel in *Letters* is "to raise yourself above the storm plane," and we should especially all take to heart Cavé's words in the January number of QUARTERLY concerning the present dark period of time:

> " . . . You must not tangle the inner and the outer. You know what trouble and real grief you have whenever this occurs. . . . Live inside: there is your place, there, where the outer turmoil comes not, nor blindness, nor obscuration. . . . Do not be deceived by any outer thing. . . . Never allow yourself to be carried away by any feeling either for or against. . . ."

In this call to live an inner life, and not to allow a feeling for or against anything to draw our heart and mind away from this place of security, is to be found that attitude of mind which will lead the members of The Theosophical Society safely through the present trials.

Furthermore, let us remember that all the events which are occurring now on the outer plane are only the *effects* of *causes* created in former centuries and especially in the century just passed. According to the manner in which a land accepted or rejected the Messengers of the "Lodge" in the last century, so will its Karma in the present be good or bad.

Although it does not lie in our power to change the effects that now are being brought into manifestation, it is still possible for us to assist in forming a happier future for the nations, by holding fast to the attitude of mind in the *present* to which H. P. B., W. Q. Judge and Cavé summon us.

Trusting that our Convention may be imbued with the spirit of the Causal World, the plane of freedom, on which alone Universal Brotherhood can be realized,

I remain with fraternal greetings,

PAUL RAATZ,
Secretary of "Union of German Branches of the Theosophical Society."

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

DEAR SIR:

I beg to thank you for your kindness in calling my attention to the letter of Mr. Paul Raatz addressed to our recent Convention, which arrived too late to be read there, but which is to appear in the Report of the Convention given in your pages. I shall feel still more deeply in your debt if you will find it possible to print this letter at the same time, as I should not care to have pass uncorrected the inferences drawn by Mr. Raatz from the extract he quotes.

And yet I do not find it easy to make the correction—at least not as I would wish to do in other circumstances,—and for this reason:—

Our German members are at the present time placed in a supremely difficult

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position. The test laid upon them is of the greatest; my own belief is that the future destiny of their country lies to a major extent in their hands,—in their ability to see,—in their ability wisely to act. And knowing one's brother to be in so fateful and dangerous a place, one must indeed hesitate to make the least move which could, by a feather's weight, add to his embarrassment or hazard.

Yet above all things the Truth!—the Truth as each may see it. So I cannot remain silent, though I shall choose my words.

The extract from which Mr. Raatz quotes was taken from a note book of 1897, and therefore did not originally have any bearing whatever upon present conditions. I ventured to use it as a "Fragment" at this time, because it seemed to me so clearly to set forth the attitude of mind and heart essential in a disciple, that he might secure and maintain that clearness of vision, that right balancing of the issues, which the present conflict demands, and which it would be hopeless to acquire were he tangled between the outer and the inner, enmeshed in feeling and emotion, unable to read the symbols, unable to hold even scales, or to judge impartially his own heart.

Mr. Raatz does me the great and altogether undeserved honour of associating me with Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge in his plea. But the quotation given from the *Letters*, "to raise yourself above the storm plane," says in brief what the "Fragment" says more *in extenso;* and the passage from the *Theosophist*, written by Mme. Blavatsky, is merely an annunciation of one of the Theosophical Society's fundamental rules: abstention from politics. War is not an evil of itself, nor a good of itself. No outer thing is. To decide either way is to judge from the outside; to "tangle the inner and the outer." Judging from the inside, "where the outer turmoil comes not, nor blindness, nor obscuration," one sees the *motive*, the reason for the war, determines whether it be good or evil. A political war, even though empires fell and rose, might indeed concern us little. But where a *principle* is at stake, where there is a wrong to be righted, what aspirant to Chelaship dare stand aside? Can a disciple ever be neutral on a moral question, and remain a disciple? The lion-hearted Helena Blavatsky, whose lance was never at rest, can answer us (she actually fought in the ranks under Garibaldi, for the liberation of Italy); and that quiet but no less great warrior, William Q. Judge, who only ceased fighting when he died. No; discipleship will not turn us into "dessicated pansies."

To some of us this present war is one of the great crises in human evolution, when the most fundamental principles of righteousness are at stake: the principles for which one is pledged to give one's life, one's all;—among them the principle of Brotherhood. So feeling, so seeing, nothing but the deepest damnation could await him who stood aside.

But for those who do not so see, there must be another duty, and to that duty let them give themselves, with sacrifice and devotion. If the attitude suggested in the "Fragment" be maintained, each will see his duty clearly, and will find the strength to perform it.

The Master looks into the heart of each. He will see the motive there, the reason for action. He will judge. And to that court all disciples will gladly come, and to that judgment give unreserved assent.

Thanking you for your courtesy, Mr. Editor,

Believe me,

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

CAVÉ.

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STANDARD BOOKS

The classification of these books, as Devotional, Introductory, and Philosophical is for the convenience of those who may wish some guide in making selections; it is only an approximation. Books are bound in cloth unless otherwise indicated.

DEVOTIONAL

Blavatsky, H. P.	Voice of the Silence.	cloth $.50; leather, $.75
Cavé.	Fragments, Volume I.	boards, .60
	Volume II.	boards, .60
	Dream of Ravan.	1.00
Johnston, Charles.	Bhagavad Gita.	Translated, annotated; cloth, 1.00
		limp leather, India paper, 1.50
	From the Upanishads.	paper, .30; leather, .75
	Parables of the Kingdom, The.	paper, .20
	Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.	Translated, annotated, 1.25
	Song of Life, The.	limp boards, .30
Judge, William Q.	Bhagavad Gita.	Edited; leather, .75
	Letters that Have Helped Me, Volume I.	.50
	Volume II.	.60
	Light on the Path.	cloth, .50; leather, .75
Niemand, Jasper.	Vow of Poverty and Other Essays.	paper, .15
	Through the Gates of Gold.	.75

INTRODUCTORY

Hillard, Katharine.	A Primer of Theosophy.	paper, .05
	Idyll of the White Lotus. A Novel.	1.00
Judge, William Q.	Culture of Concentration.	paper, .10
	Ocean of Theosophy.	cloth, .75
Keightley, Archibald.	Theosophy as an Influence in Life.	paper, .10
	Spiritual Life, The.	paper, .10
Keightley, J. W.	Unity of Religions.	paper, .10
Mitchell, Henry B.	Meditation.	paper, .20
	Theosophical Society and Theosophy, The.	paper, .20
Sinnett, A. P.	Esoteric Buddhism.	1.25
	Karma. A Novel.	.75
	Occult World, The.	1.25

PHILOSOPHICAL

Blavatsky, H. P.	Five Years of Theosophy.	(reprints from magazines), 2.50
	Key to Theosophy.	(in question and answer form), 2.00
	Secret Doctrine, The. Vols. I and II and Index.	12.50
Hartmann, Franz.	Magic, White and Black.	2.00
Hillard, Katharine.	Abridgement of the Secret Doctrine.	2.00
Mitchell, Henry Bedinger.	Talks on Religion.	1.50
Walker, E. D.	Reincarnation.	1.00

These, and any other books on Theosophical, Religious, and Philosophical subjects, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York City

N. B.—Temporarily out of stock: Patanjali's Yoga Sutras; The Secret Doctrine. To be reprinted in August, 1916: Parables of the Kingdom; The Song of Life.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN EAGLE PRESS

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VOL. XIV. (No. 2) OCTOBER, 1916 No. 54



THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W., England.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1916

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

SOME SPIRITUAL ISSUES OF THE WAR

SINCE the July number of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY was published, two very noteworthy events in the life of great organized spiritual bodies have been reported, though one of them has not yet been completely authenticated. But what we shall have to say about it concerns rather the spiritual principles than the facts, and the spiritual principles are of permanent significance. This first event, as reported in a cable despatch from Rome is, that His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, who is a scion of the noble house of La Chiesa, and who ascended the throne of Peter since the beginning of the war, has directed the Italian Cardinals (who number almost exactly one half of the Sacred College) to pray in their cathedrals and churches for the success of the armies of Italy, and of the allies of Italy. And this means, of course, that they shall pray for the defeat of the enemies of Italy, and of the enemies of Italy's allies.

Let us consider, first, the political effect of this decree, if such a decree has, in fact, been promulgated. The first enemy of Italy, and in a certain sense the most persistent enemy of Italian national life, has been the Austrian Empire, which, ever since the fall of the Venetian Republic has held, and tyrannously held, great sections of Italian soil, with Italian cities and Italian populations. Through the instrumentality of France, of Napoleon III, who fought the battles of Solferino and Magenta for that purpose, a large part of Northern Italy was wrested from Austria, and added to the new Italian nation. There remained Venezia, the Trentino and Trieste. Just fifty years ago—the fiftieth anniversary was celebrated a few weeks ago by enthusiastic Italian multitudes—Venezia was won at the battle of Custoza, in part in virtue of an alliance between Italy and Prussia, planned by Cavour and Bismarck; Prussia attacking Austria from the north at Sadowa (Königgrätz)

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while Italy attacked her from the west. There remained the Trentino, with its famous city, Trent, where the great Church Council defined the doctrinal issues between Catholicism and the nascent Lutheranism of Germany; and the wealthy seaport of Trieste, on the Adriatic, over against Venice.

Through a long chain of historical circumstances, however, while Austria was the traditional and relentless foe of Italian national life, the Austrian Empire remained bound by very strong and intimate ties with the Papacy. The alliance in reality went back to that Christmas day in the year 800 A. D., when Charlemagne was crowned at Rome by the Pope, and thus revived the principle and fact of the Empire, and the practical union between Church and State, somewhat as it had been conceived and created by Constantine the Great, after his conversion to Christianity.

There was another bond besides this relation between the spiritual and temporal crowns: the possession of large territories in Central Italy by the Popes as temporal sovereigns; of territories which came to be regarded as "the patrimony of Peter," and were generally spoken of as Papal States. When the modern movement for the creation of an "United Italy" began—and Italy is one of the youngest in the family of nations—the Papal States stretched from the Tuscan Sea to the Adriatic, and included the larger party of Central Italy. A first result of the movement for Italian unity, of which Garibaldi and Cavour are the heroes, was to cut off from the Papal States their eastern half, along the Adriatic. Fifty years ago, the western half still remained, with Rome as its capital, and with the Pope as its temporal sovereign. It happened, therefore, not only that the Emperor of Austria, through his coronation, was brought into peculiarly close relations with the Papacy, but that Austria and the Papacy found themselves drawn even more closely together, as common foes of Italian unity, Austria seeking to hold back from Italy, Venezia, the Trentino and Trieste; while the Papacy sought to retain—and therefore to exclude from the Italian union—the still large remnant of the Papal States. This was the problem of the "temporal power": to maintain the political power of the Popes, as temporal sovereigns, over the Papal States, and above all over the splendid historic city of Rome, which was thus, in a special sense, the political as well as the administrative capital, of the Roman Catholic Church.

In virtue of this double bond—that which bound the Empire to the Papacy, and their common hostility to the completion of United Italy, which involved the loss of territory for Austria and for the Papacy alike—the Austrian Emperor and the Pope were practically allies. The Pope supported the power of the Austrian Emperor, and

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particularly his ambitious policy in the Balkans, which, if fully successful, would bring large bodies of the Slavonic and Roumanian races (now Communicants of the Eastern Orthodox Church) much more directly under the power and influence of Rome; and this "union of the Churches," through absorption, is a fundamental part of Vatican policy. On the other hand, the Austrian Emperor supported the Papacy in its claims of "temporal power," very largely, perhaps, through enmity towards the Italian nation, which was doomed to remain incomplete and without its historic capital, Rome, so long as the "temporal power" existed.

This position of affairs was brought to an end by the events of 1870. The armies of Napoleon III who, to further plans of his own, had supported the "temporal power," were withdrawn from Rome to meet the invaders of France; the Italian armies of King Victor Emmanuel at once took possession of "the Eternal City," cutting short the sessions of the Vatican Council, which had been defining the doctrine of "Papal infallibility"; and the "temporal power" came to an end. To the Popes were guaranteed in perpetuity the lands and buildings of the Vatican and the Lateran, and the villa of Castle Gandolfo, outside Rome, in which very restricted territories they are still, in a sense, sovereign, receiving Ambassadors of foreign powers; and in lieu of the revenues of "the patrimony of Peter," the Italian Government allotted to the Vatican a large sum of money, to be paid annually. But the Pope refused to recognize this arrangement: refused to acknowledge the loss of the temporal power; refused to accept the revenues offered, as compensation for that loss, by the Italian Government. And, maintaining this policy of obstinate non-compliance, the Pope made himself, in fact and in name, a "prisoner of the Vatican," practically refusing to admit the sovereignty of Italy, in perpetual defiance of the recorded words of Saint Peter: "Submit yourselves to the powers that be; fear God; honour the King!" So that what might be called an obstinate feud was maintained by the Vatican against the Kings of Italy, with unhappy consequences for those who, being loyal subjects of the King of Italy, were at the same time loyal children of the Roman Catholic Church.

The situation was further complicated by events in France. What were held to be unlawful political activities on the part of the bishops and priests of the French Church, and of the Religious Orders in France, led to an open breach between the State and the Church, to the partial expulsion of the Religious Orders, and the rupture, after a century, of the Concordat, which had maintained a working relation between the French Government and the Vatican. This rupture was given its final form by the law of 1905, which was largely conceived and drafted by the present Prime Minister of France, Aristide Briand. And to his foresight and tolerance its best provisions are due. But one outcome

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of the whole agitation was the development of a very hostile attitude, on the part of the Vatican, towards the French Government, and, in part, towards the French nation. And one result of this, it is said, was that, in the summer of 1903, when Pope Leo XIII died, and the College of Cardinals met to choose his successor, the whole weight of Austria was thrown on the side of Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice, who was friendly to Austria, as against a more famous, more learned and able candidate, suspected of too great friendliness for France.

Such, then, was the situation at the Vatican, when the war broke out in July, 1914. The ostensible cause of the war was the assassination of the Austrian Archduke, Franz Ferdinand, who was believed to be closely identified with the Vatican policy of Romanizing the Slavonic Christians of the Eastern Church, in regions like Bosnia and Herzegovina. This fact also may have had its share in leading the Vatican into an attitude which, if not markedly favourable to Austria and her allies, at least countenanced—by failing to denounce—the grave crimes against right and justice, of which these powers were guilty: the violation of Belgian neutrality, later aggravated by the most cowardly false accusations against Belgium, brazenly backed by forgery; the crimes against non-combatants in Belgium and France; the unspeakable atrocities practised against women and children.

One experiences considerable hesitation, therefore, in attributing to a pure outburst of moral feeling the reported action of the Vatican: the instructions said to have been given to the Italian cardinals, to pray for the success of the arms of Italy and her allies. And one hesitates the more, when one remembers that the Vatican which failed to denounce the dastardly violation of Belgium, the abominable outrages in France, the brazenly plotted and brazenly avowed Lusitania murders, and other foul crimes without number—did at last wake up to a semblance of moral alertness, coming forward with a plea for Christian peace, at a moment when peace would have meant the dishonour of Christendom; at a moment when peace would have played the game of the powers which have flouted every Christian principle of holiness and mercy. One remembers, with a sense of keen shame, that these malignant powers in whose interest, practically, the Vatican intervened, were even then holding out to the Vatican the bribe of the "temporal power," quite frankly and openly, in political addresses, and probably also in diplomatic negotiations. No; the reported "conversion" of the Vatican comes too soon after the wresting of Gorizia from the Austrians by the victorious army of Italy; too soon after the utter collapse of Austria in Galicia; too soon after the failure of great Teuton offensives, before Verdun and in the Trentino. The coincidence is too crude. One doubts whether

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these politic prayers will avail much for the Allies, before the throne of grace, which is also the throne of honesty and justice.

But they may greatly injure the opponents of the Allies—the powers which, holding all men to be as venal and corrupt as themselves, try brazenly to bribe the Holy See. The aged Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary is, in his way, deeply attached to the Church of Rome, of which he considers himself the chief patron and, as was seen in the election of Pope Pius X, in some sense the supervisor. To him, the decision of Pope Benedict XV, if it be as reported, will come as a shock, painful in the measure of his superstitious adherence to the Church. Public prayers for his defeat, for the loss of his armies, the ruin of his ambitions and hopes, will be a blow to this old man of eighty-six, who, during his almost endless reign of well-nigh seventy years, has borne so many blows: a brother executed, a sister burned to death, a wife assassinated, a son a suicide; his power debased by an upstart rival, his realm torn to pieces by internal dissensions, defeated, deprived of valued territories. All these blows, he has borne with unbending pride, with obstinate, imperious will. It remains to be seen whether he will be able to bear, following on the wholesale capture of his armies, and the practical helotry of his nation, this last blow from the Vatican, which he has so faithfully served, and with which whatever there is of devotion in his aged heart is so closely bound up.

There are other Roman Catholic sovereigns who will be equally cut to the quick. There is the King of Bavaria, the great part of whose subjects belong to the Church of Rome. There is the King of Saxony, whose family is devoutly Roman Catholic, though the majority of his subjects are Lutherans. These two sovereigns, we were told, bore a great part in the negotiations which held out the bribe of the restored "temporal power" to the Vatican, as a reward for adherence to the cause of the Teuton Empires; these two monarchs were equally eloquent with the Vatican in the cause of "peace,"—at the moment when peace meant practical victory for themselves. And with them may be aligned the great "Centrist" party, composed of Roman Catholics, in the German Reichstag.

There remains, among those Kings who will be affected by this decree, if it be accurately reported, one more "most Catholic" monarch, the versatile Ferdinand of Bulgaria. On the side of his mother, Princess Clémentine, Ferdinand of Coburg is the grandson of King Louis Philippe of France, a scion of that worthy branch of the Bourbons who played at being Revolutionists in the person of Philippe Egalité; who played at being Restorationists, when there was something to be gained by that. Ferdinand's grandfather was the comedian with the cotton umbrella, who masqueraded as "citizen-King" till the quick-

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witted Parisians tired of his farces and hissed him off the stage. Ferdinand himself has made a shameful comedy of holy things. The Constitution of Bulgaria prescribes that her sovereign shall belong to the Orthodox Eastern Church, as does the Bulgarian nation, though that clause was suspended in Ferdinand's favour. But it became necessary for him to curry favour with the Emperor of Orthodox Russia. So, in spite of his solemn pledge to his wife, the Princess of Parma, that her children should be reared in the Roman Church,—a pledge without which she refused to marry him—Ferdinand arranged for the ceremonial "conversion" to Eastern Orthodoxy, of his eldest son, Prince Boris, when that son was three years old. Unhappily, the Russian Emperor allowed himself to be duped by this comedy, and Ferdinand and his son were received into high favour. Last winter, when Ferdinand's star seemed to be in the ascendant, it was reported that, wishing to see his son Boris espoused to an Austrian Archduchess, Ferdinand had arranged for his re-conversion to the Roman Church. By this time, perhaps, yet another "change of heart" is due. Ferdinand, therefore, with his keen sense of the political value of things religious, will be able to estimate the importance of the reported attitude of the Vatican. The weather-cock does not change the wind, but it shows that the wind has changed; and Ferdinand is enough of a weather-prophet to view with consternation this presage of the coming deluge.

It is a very genuine relief to turn from these rather sordid personages and motives to another aspect of the war which, strangely enough, likewise flows from Vatican policies. But let us go back for a moment to a point already touched on—the loathsome atrocities perpetrated by the Teutonic armies, by the orders of their commanders—before we speak of the superb heroism with which these foul and tyrannous cruelties have been met. Two charges are proved—proved to the hilt by the bragging admissions of German soldiers themselves, in letters and diaries written by them and now on view at the French Ministry of War: the only element of the German army that will ever enter Paris, if we except the prisoners and trophies of war. Two charges, then, are indisputable: that the German commanders ordered their men to place Belgian and French women and children in front of advancing German regiments, as a protective screen against Belgian and French soldiers. The infamy, the dastardly infamy of this, it would be impossible to exaggerate. The second charge—proved to demonstration by the same authentic German documents, which the Germans themselves have not even attempted to deny, though they have tried to justify them—is the murder of women and children, for a supposed "military necessity," with the foul outrages committed on women, outrages infinitely worse than death. But more important even than these acts is the motive behind them, which should be brought out in its stark hideousness and evil. It is this: first, where women and children are

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used to screen an advancing regiment, the motive is, to paralyse the courage, the spiritual will, in their husbands and fathers; to paralyse the spiritual will through the mercy and pity and love in their hearts. It is the deliberate act of devils—and of men given over heart and soul to the powers of evil.

Then the outrages against children and women. Small need to prove these. The dramatic murder of women and children in the "Lusitania" is proof enough—the unrepented, condoned, unpunished murder, coldly planned and coldly carried out. Here, the motive is the same: to cut at the heart of valour, through the fear of abominable evils to be afflicted on one's own women and children: through fear, to paralyse the spiritual will. The devils in hell play no baser part, and use no baser means. And let this also be said: the nation which has deliberately planned, and deliberately carried out this abominable policy, will go down to all future time as a nation of deliberate devil-worshippers, and also a nation of dastardly cowards: dastardly cowards none the less, because they fight ferociously on the battlefield.

If we accept the Roman report as true, the influence of the Vatican is not the only spiritual support which has fallen from beneath the Teuton-Ugrian alliance. For almost at the same time, almost on the same day—reminding us of the calamities heaped upon the shoulders of the Patriarch Job—came the denunciation, by the Shereef of Mecca, of the Sultan of Turkey, Mehmed V, or rather of Enver and Talaat, in whose hands he is a helpless tool. This ends the Caliphate of Turkey, with the possession of the Holy Places of Islam; and one cannot fail to see, as deeply significant, that, one by one, the organized forces of religion are definitely ranging themselves in open opposition to the organized forces of evil. This act of the Arabian potentate is of good omen for the spiritual future of Islam. The Faith of the Prophet has earned a new lease of life.

But to turn at last from this corruption and evil, to something magnificent and superb: to the spiritual valour of the sons of France. We saw that it was alleged by the Government of France that the Church was being used as a mask for plots against the life of the French Republic, and that laws were in consequence passed, against the Church and the Religious Orders. Certain of these laws deprived the priests and bishops of the stipends they had been receiving from the State, in virtue of the Concordat of Napoleon I. Other laws deprived them, by degrees, of the immunity from military service which they had enjoyed as priests of what was practically a State Church, though minority churches and synagogues were also subsidised on equal terms. Under the Third Republic, therefore, while the law of 1872 exempted the priest from military service, the law of 1889 rendered him liable to

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service in the hospital and sanitary corps, while the law of 1905, accompanying the final abolition of the Concordat, subjected the priest, as a citizen of France, to all the obligations of military service: in practice, the law uniformed and drilled him, put a rifle and bayonet into his hands, gave him a box of cartridges, and sent him out to kill, with his own hands, the enemies of France. Let us see how the priest-soldiers are behaving under fire; and what is the spiritual attitude towards war—towards the deliberate killing involved in war—of these pledged Ministers of the Prince of Peace.

It happens that, since the war began, friends of France and of her Church have been gathering the letters which these priests on the firing line have written to their friends at home; and, as was recorded three months ago, in "On The Screen of Time," these letters have been printed and published in a volume: *Lettres de Prêtres aux Armées*. In these letters, one will find many moods: heroism, pathos, righteous wrath against cruelty and sacrilege, literary reminiscence, artistic perception and expression of a high order, manly endurance of suffering, of wounds and privations, dauntless valour in the face of the foe. One mood you will look for in vain, even if you seek from cover to cover: the sleek cowardice of pacifism which holds that it is righteous, and of the spirit of Christ, to refrain from defending the weak and helpless from outrage; to draw the skirts together, and, with the historic Priest and Levite, to pass by on the other side. That mood of refined hypocrisy, by which a poltroon lies to himself, and clothes his cowardice in a cloak of superior holiness, is wholly alien to the spirit of these valorous priests, who would be the first to denounce this as an outrage against their Master; and they do denounce it ceaselessly, by their spirit and by their deeds.

One finds the same high spirit of valour and of devotion—and without valour, devotion is mere hypocrisy—everywhere throughout these letters. One may quote almost at random, certain of the quality of what has been written. Here, for example, is a letter from a priest, whose duty on the field is (or was, for he has by this time probably died on the field of honour) that of a stretcher-bearer, much more hazardous, often, than that of a soldier in the trenches, since it is his function to be shot at, without the power of shooting back, while carrying the wounded soldiers back from the firing line to the field hospital. But the stretcher-bearer does not cease to be a priest, and, as a priest, he celebrated a military service, of which he has given a very moving record:

"Communion services succeeded each other uninterruptedly, between five and nine o'clock (in the morning) at three altars. But the most impressive of all was, without contradiction, the military service, at eight o'clock. The church is absolutely full; the altar surrounded with

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lights, is majestically draped in the folds of a group of flags of the national colours, when, to the music of the organ, the celebrant priest enters the sanctuary, stepping over a heap of ruins, which symbolizes in the transept, in very appropriate fashion, the disasters of war. On these ruins, someone has had the happy idea of planting two tricolor flags, as a symbol of hope: thus France victorious, rejuvenated, more virtuous, repairing her ruins, will rise again in the face of Europe, to spread over her the benefits of civilization, but of a civilization more Christian. What a splendid spectacle is that of these two generals, of these 150 officers of all ranks, occupying the seats in the principal nave, of these thousand soldiers in different uniforms, standing close together in the lateral naves and under the galleries, forming as it were a crown around those who have received the mission of leading them to battle.

"The Holy Sacrifice begins at the same time, the *Creed* is intoned, and the voices of all these warriors who, even yesterday, were under fire, and some of whom are preparing, perhaps, to return there, as soon as the service is ended, alternates with the improvised leadership of soldier-priests grouped in the galleries. At the *Homo factus est* (He was made man), one already feels emotion at seeing the heads of these heroes bowed, and especially the heads of the commanding officers, which, on the contrary are so proudly raised before the enemy, when the time comes to lead their men to the combat. At the Elevation, the Chant *Ave Maria Stella,* which has followed the Creed, ceases in its turn, this chant of praise in which the soldiers of France love also to implore the help of their Mother in heaven, now especially when the Germans have blasphemed her; then each one sinks into the silence of adoration, before the Son of God descending into the midst of his people. Immediately afterwards, a cry comes forth from all breasts: *O salutaris hostia* (O saving victim). Oh! yes, the divine Sacrifice, before which our army bends low in all truth and justice, may that Sacrifice show itself saving, pitiful toward France! Let that Sacrifice give us in the present at least abundant power and courage in the fulfilment of our duty: *Da robur, fer auxilium* (Give strength, bring succour). The chanting of the *Magnificat* then fills our hearts, and the accents of joy which came forth of old from the grateful soul of the Mother of God awake by allegory for us the memory of the past glories with which God has blessed our France. France also can appropriate to herself in a certain measure these noble words of Mary's canticle: "He that is mighty hath magnified me." This France recognizes more and more today, and proclaims it by the mouth of her sons; may she recognize it officially and proclaim it by the mouth of her rulers! 'And holy is his name.' And then God's wrath will be appeased, for even for the victorious nations the war which covers them with glory is a scourge. 'He has remembered his compassion.' And then, also, is the thought which arises naturally in our hearts, France, recon-

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ciled to her God, more than ever will continue throughout the world the works of God, *Gesta dei per Francos* (the works of God, by means of the French).

"We were moved; several times during the service, we saw the tears quietly bedewing the eyes of the congregation; but we were even more moved when, from the depth of the galleries, there resounded, chanted by a voice measured and grave, the *Domine, salvam fac rempublicam et exaudi nos in die qua invocaverimus te* (O Lord, save the State, and hearken unto us in the day when we call upon thee!). The congregation took it up with trembling voice, and the fatherland which we feel in danger, God will save in answer to our prayers, for we pray to Him in France today more than ever: as in the time of Jeanne d'Arc, when Brother Pasquerel was preaching, our soldiers themselves crowd with their commanders into the churches, join in the services, recite the chaplet, take part in confession and communion."

These events on the stage of the world are our text: what lessons are we to draw from them, for ourselves? What is their significance, viewed in the light of Theosophy? First, as regards the Vatican: To what sources are we to trace the "policy" which identified the Papacy with the Teuton Empires, when it seemed that it would be possible for them to restore the "temporal power," and is seeking to identify the Papacy with Italy, now that Italy begins to win? We should, perhaps, think of the See of Rome as the work of two disciples of the Western Avatar, and of the disciples of these disciples: an edifice which should have expressed, in the holiest and purest way, the life of that Master, and the application of his spirit to the spiritual problems of humanity. But "ambition, the first curse," gradually stole in; as power slipped from the shoulders of the Cæsars, it was picked up, and appropriated by the Bishops of Rome. The triple tiara, the title of Sovereign Pontiff, borrowed from the Cæsars, are both symbolical of that insidious invasion of ambition into the holy places. What is the moral, then? If Benedict XV were to renounce the title of Pontiff, and were to send to King Victor Emmanuel the threefold tiara, would that exhaust the matter? It would be a striking and courageous deed, but, if we let our thought end there, we shall have missed the whole significance of the situation.

Its deeper meaning seems to be this: When Masters establish an edifice of spiritual work in the world, they give, of necessity, to their disciples and the successors of these first disciples a very real authority and power, which will have almost endless influence on the life of the world—because the original impulse given by the Masters will continue in the work of their agents. If the hearts of these be pure and high and holy, then their work will bring pure and abundant spiritual good.

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But if evil impulses and selfish motives be allowed to creep in, even along with much that is good, then to this evil also an uncommon power will be given, and its corrupt results will be widespread and most dangerous. Nothing will avail as a safeguard, except complete purity of heart, and that purity can be maintained only by continual sacrifice of all impulses of self-love. But The Theosophical Society, as some of us hold, was founded by Masters, to be "the corner-stone of the future religions of humanity." It therefore has a like potency with that of the movement founded by the Western Avatar—and is beset by like dangers. And there is not one of its members who does not, in some measure, share in both the potency and the dangers. Tolerated evil in us now may mean sinister world-events twenty centuries hence. Sacrifice and aspiration now will without doubt bring spiritual fruit for centuries to come. We should, therefore, consider the "policy" of the Vatican, not in order to condemn the Vatican, but in order to turn the searchlight on ourselves; to make us realize better our great dangers, our magnificent opportunities.

What, then, of the superb chivalry of the priests of France? Where is the lesson for ourselves in this? There are, perhaps, two outstanding lessons. The first is the direct one: their splendid gallantry in self-sacrifice; and no lesson can conceivably be finer than that: the valour of the Warrior's children. But there is a more recondite lesson: the presence of these priests on the firing line is directly due, as we have seen, to Vatican politics and to the reaction against Vatican politics. The motives attributed to the Vatican—conspiring against the government of France—were not creditable; the motives and principles of the French Anti-Clericals were at least equally questionable. Yet out of all this tangle of more than dubious acts and purposes, the Spiritual Powers behind the scenes have been able to bring forth the finest fruits of light and inspiration—just because there was, in the hearts of these priests and in the hearts of so many of the sons of France, an undying flame of the purest devotion, a splendid, self-immolating love for the genuine principles of the Master whom by their lives they serve. Out of all the confusion of outer purposes and acts, the Spiritual Powers have been able, because that devotion of heart was pure and unfeigned, to win results of spiritual fire. So the second lesson is Faith—a strong, wise trust in the Divine Power that, daily and hourly, guides and guards the whole life of Humanity.

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FRAGMENTS

MAN woke one day and said:—"I will be free!" And he arose and slew the tyrants that were over him, from the least even unto the greatest, until all were on a level with himself. But there was one greater than he that he forgot to slay,—perhaps God's angel covered his eyes,—and that was his own Soul.

Still man did not feel free.

And he looked around and saw no more people tyrannizing over him, but things; so he arose again in wrath and sorrow, and strove and strove with those things. But as he destroyed them at night, lo! they sprouted again in the morning; and man's life was more full of bitterness and toil than ever.

Then in the midst of all this strife the Soul of man cried aloud to God for freedom, and that voice prevailed mightily with God, so that He answered.

And then came war, and devastation, and sorrow upon sorrow. But the Soul of man took up those things and entered into them; and behold! men by hundreds and by thousands gave up their lives, gave them gladly, with a song upon their lips, and, God be praised, a prayer within their hearts. And behind the dark clouds of the battlefields, the clouds of materialism and unbelief lifted, and the Master walked there, and took these men by the hand, and spoke to them, and they understood and were satisfied.

For freedom is the reward of self-mastery, and the price thereof is life itself;—life laid down on the battlefield, or life laid down in the counting house, or life laid down in the home: but always life laid down, and the whole of life.

Such is but the beginning of these things,—man's struggle for freedom from that which, because of the angel, he forgot to slay. For the Soul of man lives by spiritual law and in obedience to that law,—the law of the divinity within.

And since the divinity within resides deep in the heart of each, only as man fashions act and thought in accordance therewith can he find his heart's desire.

God is not mocked: He knoweth that which He made, the earth dust of it, and the star dust of it, and the unquenchable spark within.

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LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XXI

DEAR FRIEND:

SO you want me to tell you another story? I can tell you many stories,—ancient legends that have never found their way into our western books, nor been dissected by our so-called scholarship; though I may not be able to make them live for you as they live for me. They are of the East, and as they rise in my memory all that the East holds for me rises with them. But the heart of man is the heart of man, be it East or be it West, and, through the paved streets of this city, the high gods walk as freely as over desert sands. So you too will understand. Surely your own heart has hungered. Listen to the tale of Prince Ramoon, the first-born of King Artessupas and Queen Nephthys, who lived and reigned "once upon a time," beyond the Nile, in upper Egypt, so long ago that then the ancient gods were young.

In the gladness of his heart King Artessupas proclaimed a day of rejoicing to be observed throughout his realm. He made a great feast in his palace and summoned his people to attend. And when they had feasted and slaves had brought gifts to every guest, that they might know the King's heart was glad, he sent to the Queen for the new-born babe, and lifted him high before the people, that they might do worship to him and know him as the Prince of all the land.

One by one the princes and councillors and nobles, the priests and magicians and captains of companies, bowed themselves down before the infant Ramoon, and swore that he should be their Prince. One by one they laid their gifts on either side of him, till they rose like two high mountains from which a man might lay his hand upon the moon. And in the valley between them, the little princeling, held in his father's arms, went fast asleep.

But in her chamber the Queen Nephthys lay upon her royal bed alone. Her soul was troubled though she knew not why. Then she turned her heart to the high gods and prayed:

"Oh ye Shining Ones, what are the gifts and oaths of men to him who is a Prince? Ye, who are great and wise, look with pity on my babe. Not of men, but of ye, do I ask gifts for him this day."

Then drew the gods of shining face about the couch of Nephthys. And because of their shining her eyes were blinded, so that she could not see them; but she knew their sweet fragrance and her heart burned at their nearness. Queen Nephthys was glad; yet in the midst of her gladness, fear rose within her, and asked of her how could she trust her babe to those she could not see. The high gods smiled, looking upon her and upon each other. And one laid his hand upon the store-

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house of her thought and drew thence a web of dreams and fancies, memories and hopes, finer than the finest linen, and made of it veils for himself and for his fellows, so that their shining was dimmed and the Queen's eyes no longer blinded. Thus did Queen Nephthys behold, as in a dream, the high gods standing round her couch.

One by one, to each of the high gods she turned her face and stretched her hands, but whatever prayer she sought to make seemed as foolishness in the light of that veiled shining, and died unspoken on her lips. And the high gods stood waiting.

Then Queen Nephthys laid her will upon her fear and on her tongue, and bringing forth from her memories the prayers that she had prayed while still her son slept in her womb, she prayed them over once again. One by one each of the high gods in turn granted her the prayer she prayed of him, and vanished from her sight. At last all the prayers that she had ever prayed had been brought forth and granted. Yet one, the youngest of the gods, still stood and waited, while Queen Nephthys sought for wisdom to pray aright. And in the great court of the palace her babe lay sleeping between the piled up gifts of men.

"Oh, my son, my little son," cried Queen Nephthys, "thy mother's wisdom is as empty as a last year's gourd. Speak to my heart before it is too late. What is thy greatest need?"

The infant Ramoon stirred within his father's arms and lifted up his voice and wailed. Into the Queen's chamber came that wail of hunger, so that she started up upon her couch, forgetful of her prayer, and of him who waited for it. But falling back in weakness, she remembered, and turned with glad face to that youngest of the gods.

"Of thee," she prayed, "I ask thyself. I ask that when the gifts of men turn to ashes in his mouth, and the gifts of the most high gods have been misused and lost, that he may have thee—with thy immortal love forever in his heart;—that he may draw life from thee, as now he cries for it from me."

As she prayed, the veil fell from the face of the god and he was lost in his own shining.

Years passed, and Prince Ramoon was Prince no more, but King in his father's stead. His were all the gifts of men. His, too, were the gifts of the faithful gods. Yet King Ramoon was not at peace. By day and by night his heart hungered, and the dumb craving of his soul lay deep within his eyes.

From the place of the departed, the spirit of Queen Nephthys, watching, rose up and clamoured at the gates of heaven where the high gods sat, and the high gods sent to the guardians of the gate, asking:

"Why does this woman clamour at our gates with wailings, and accusations against us?" And the guardians of the gate made answer:

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"It is because of King Ramoon, and of the hunger that preys upon his heart." So the high gods sent word to the guardians of the gate, that Queen Nephthys be brought before them. And when she was come, she fell down before the seat of judgment, and clasped with her hands the feet of him who sat therein with hidden face, until his voice bade her rise and speak. Then she rose and said:

"Oh ye who are called the faithful gods, wherefore suffer ye a god to break his faith to me? By day and by night hunger preys upon the heart of Prince Ramoon, till the gifts of gods and men are as ashes in his mouth. Yet there is one who vowed to feed him. Of him I make my plaint."

Then the high gods looked to the youngest of their brethren, and the compassion on their faces deepened as they turned again to the one who spoke from the judgment throne.

"Oh woman, blind are thine eyes and small thy faith. Yet because of thy courage will I ask of thee, also, a question. Thy babe: hadst thou not fed him, how long would he have hungered?"

Queen Nephthys stood within the circle of the gods and pondered. Slowly, as from far distances, understanding felt its way toward her soul; and, with its coming, the courage of her fears slipped from her, till looking up upon that circle of immortals, she trembled, and fell upon the ground. Then he whose face is hidden stretched forth his hand above her.

In the vision of her swoon, she looked out upon a time before this time, and saw the world before this world was born. Seas there were, and lakes and rivers, and fish that swam therein, and reeds that grew along the bank. And men and women dwelt among the valleys, content as were the grazing cattle, building homes and mating, as the fowl beside the river, or like lion or like jackal, making their kill, or whining for their prey. Like the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, they were born, and lived, and died. But high in the zenith, in a space beyond space, Queen Nephthys saw the shining gates of heaven. And as her eyes rested there, she heard the voices of the most high gods as they talked together. The youngest of the gods was speaking:

"Is there no way," he said. "Must men be ever thus as cattle on the earth? Is heaven only for the gods?"

And the elder gods made answer: "In time. In time shall men become as we."

The voices ceased. To Queen Nephthys it seemed she stood beside the gates of heaven a thousand, thousand years. And as she stood, upon the battlements above her the youngest of the gods stood, too, gazing downward. Once more she heard his voice.

"There is a way," he said.

Like light, bursting from the dark rim of a cloud, or like a shooting star, the youngest of the gods plunged from heaven into the depths of space.

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Far, far below, drawn from the utmost Nadir, there rose a cloud of darkness to meet that straight diving ray of light. As it rose it took shape, till Queen Nephthys saw spread out before her the mighty hosts of evil, ranged rank upon rank of chariots and horsemen, spearmen and bowmen, fire-breathing dragons and demons of the pit. Rank upon rank, they rose from the distant pole; yet it seemed they rose not of their own will, but drawn forth by the swift coming of the youngest of the gods.

Midway they met. And now, as when the sun has freed itself from clouds, its rays spread forth covering all the land, so from the youngest of the gods went forth his light, engaging all that mighty host of evil in such combat as the worlds had never seen before. Like rain upon the earth fell the life-blood of the god; like brimstone from the pit fell the bodies of his foes; till naught of all that marshalled host remained, nor light nor darkness reigned.

But as she gazed, Queen Nephthys saw a dim shining, as of moon-beams on a mist, spreading through the hills and valleys, and growing brighter as it spread. To her ears came music, the music of the whole world singing with the youngest god's rejoicing, as his life-blood flowed immortal into all that it contained.

The one whose face is hidden withdrew his hand. Queen Nephthys stood again within the circle of the gods; then fell upon her knees before him of whom she had complained.

"Oh thou, of all most faithful, most compassionate, still let thy pity rest on me and on my son. Hunger and thirst are thy life. On thy life has he fed. Yet when I had fed him at my breast, for a space he was content."

The youngest of the gods looked down with pitying eyes. "Wouldst thou have him content?"

"Nay; I would have him know thy gift. Thou givest; and he to whom thou givest knoweth thee not, but searcheth for what he hath. Is there no way, lord?"

The light in the god's face changed. "There is a way," he said.

The youngest of the gods stretched forth his hand above the ground, and from it fell three drops of blood. One fell upon a straw, and straightway the straw sprouted as though it were the growing stalk, and put forth grain; and the grain fell upon the earth, scattering its seed. But some seeds rolled into the hollow of the straw.

The second drop fell upon the dust and moistened it. A summer breeze blew upon the dust, so that it took form and rose upon the wind a sparrow, perfect in every feather, circling the air with freedom, till it returned as though to feed upon the grain. But Queen Nephthys saw it leave the grain and seize the straw instead, and fly far with it to build itself a nest. And the wind swept the ground bare of the fallen seed, so that the sparrow hungered, but could find nothing.

The third drop fell upon a stone; and the frost came, and the

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winter winds, and worked upon that stone so that it, too, took form and rose upon the air as a great hawk. Queen Nephthys saw it circle high, then swoop, and fall upon the sparrow's nest, scattering it with talons that barely missed their living prey. She saw the sparrow, nestless, quivering still in fright; but finding the seed for which he hungered in the broken straws that had been his home.

"I am life, and the food of life," said the youngest of the gods. "I am the grain built into the nest. I am the sparrow that hungers. I am the swoop of the hawk. Tell me thy prayer for thy son."

Queen Nephthys bowed her head upon her hands, and her voice came low, as though it were the whisper of her soul.

"So be it, lord, of all the most compassionate. Let him continue to hunger more and more, until he find thee in thy gifts; even should his blindness oblige thee to destroy them ere he find."

Friend, my story is told; though of what came to Prince Ramoon the tale is longer than the wanderings of Odysseus. Make from this what you can; and believe me, as always,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

A Soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties; the divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies; so far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition.

J. MARTINEAU.

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THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

In preceding issues of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, *namely, July,* 1912, *January,* 1913 *and April,* 1913, *there were published articles on "The Religious Orders." Those articles cover the period of St. Benedict.*

IV

FROM ST. BENEDICT TO ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

500 A. D. TO 1100 A. D.

IN view of Benedict's numerous family, at Subiaco, as well as at Monte Cassino, it may seem puzzling to say that the 12th century is the flowering season of the Benedictine Rule. The celebrated abbeys of England, alone, Yarrow, Whitby and Wearmouth—the period so lovingly described in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*—are very ponderable objections against that statement. Still, if the image be not pressed too far, nor too literally, it will be suggestive. The period antedating Benedict may be thought of as the season of root formation—Benedict himself is the sturdy stalk sent up into the air—Bernard of Clairvaux and the Cistercians are luxuriant flowers upon that stalk.

St. Benedict is so truly the father of European monasticism that, since his time, the word "monk" has lost its primitive and exact meaning, and has taken on an altogether new meaning. The word comes from the Greek "monachos," and means "solitary." St. Benedict transformed that "solitary" into a member of a community; or, in technical terms, he made of the hermit, a *cenobite* (cenobite comes from two Greek words, *koinos,* common, and *bios,* life).

Though there were several large and justly celebrated monastic centres before Benedict's day—such as Lerins, Marmoutiers,[1] etc.—the independent hermit life was the commoner type for religious aspirants. That life is full of danger.[2] It affords unchecked scope for the development of religious singularity and eccentricity. Perhaps some of the prejudice against monasticism, what is spoken of as the selfishness of monasticism, for example, is rightful but misdirected censure of hermit freaks. Benedict could see that a true hermit—such as Aidan at Farne[3]—is on a higher degree of the spiritual ladder than a cenobite.[4] But,

[1] See THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1913.

[2] The common sense of Aquinas, centuries later, said of the hermit mode: "If such a life be entered upon without training, it is most dangerous, unless grace supply what in others is acquired by training."

[3] See THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1913.

[4] He writes to the hermit: "Going forth well armed from the ranks of their brethren to the single-handed combat of the desert, they are able, without the support of others, to fight, by the strength of their own arm and the help of God, against the vices of the flesh and their evil thoughts."

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in the actual state of things, men were trying to stand on that higher round before they had reached the lower. Benedict aimed to supply the community discipline which is a necessary preliminary. He wanted to draw from his cave, the half-crazed hermit who had loaded himself with chains, and to replace those chains by the mild yoke of Christ.

While Benedict's achievement during his lifetime seems a dazzling success, it must not blind to the slow progress of his idea. Hermits or unattached monks wandered over Europe for centuries after he had formulated his rule. And later Popes were less wise than the Great Gregory, who, in 595, gave official approval to the Benedictine constitution. Gregory the Great saw Benedict's fundamental principle, as few of those who have worn the habit and taken the vows understand it. Gregory saw that Benedict's purpose was to withdraw from activity in the world, a body of men, who, by prayer and meditation, would fill a spiritual reservoir, that, in its turn, would supply, through proper conduits, the pressing spiritual needs of the world. From the view-point of such a secluded or interior body of aspirants, even the Church and its affairs are an activity of the world—external works to which the monks were not to give their interest. Benedict himself was not a priest, but a simple monk. Gregory was drawn from the monastery to be made Bishop.[1] Gregory wished to separate distinctly the monastic and the

[1] In a recently published Anthology, Mr. Bridges, Poet Laureate, includes one of Gregory's letters, in which, from the Papal throne, he turns longing eyes back toward his cloister.

"Being upon a certain day overburdened with the trouble of worldly business, in which men are oftentimes enforced to do more than of very duty they are bound, I retired to a solitary place congenial to grief, where whatever it was in my affairs that was giving me discontent might plainly reveal itself, and all the things that were wont to inflict me with sorrow might come together and freely present themselves to my sight. And in that place, after that I had sat a long while in silence and great affliction, my very dear son Peter the deacon joined me, who since the flower of his early youth has been attached to me by close friendship and companionship in the study of the sacred books. He, when he saw me overwhelmed in heaviness and languor of heart, questioned me, saying: 'What is the matter? or what bad news have you heard? for some unusual grief plainly possesses you.' To whom I answered: 'O Peter, the grief that I daily endure is with me both old and new: old through long use, and new by continual increase. And truth it is that my unhappy soul, wounded with worldly business, is now calling to mind in what state it once was when I dwelt in my monastery; how then it was superior to all transitory matters, and how it would soar far above things corruptible: How it was accustomed to think only of heavenly things, and tho' enclosed in mortal body would yet by contemplation pass beyond its fleshly bars: while as for death, which is to almost all men a punishment, that did it love, and would consider as the entrance to life, and the reward of its toil. But now by reason of my pastoral charge my poor soul must engage in the business of worldly men; and after so fair a promise of rest it is defiled in the dust of earthly occupations: and when through much ministering to others it spendeth itself on outward distractions, it cannot but return impaired unto those inward and spiritual things for which it longeth. Now, therefore, I am meditating on what I suffer; I weigh what I have lost: and when I think of that loss my condition is the more intolerable. For do but look how the ship of my mind is tossed by the waves and tempest, and how I am battered in the storm. Nay, when I recollect my former life, I sigh as one who turneth back his eyes to a forsaken shore. And what grieveth me yet more is that as I am borne ever onward by the disturbance of these endless billows, I almost lose sight of the port which I left. For thus it is that the mind lapseth: first it is faithless to the good which it held,

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ecclesiastic callings, cloistered aspirants from the secular clergy. He therefore decreed that monks should not be drawn from their communities to perform parish duties, that monks who sought and obtained ordination to the priesthood, thereby nullified their monastic contract and should leave the community—except the few who might be necessary for priestly functions within the monastery, and who were made priests at the abbot's suggestion. The existence of such a body of men in a diocese, trustworthy and efficient as they proved themselves, was a constant, tantalizing temptation to the bishop, hard pressed by outer cares. Gregory himself did not adhere to his own regulations, for he summoned from their cloisters the successive bands of monks who civilized Anglo-Saxon England. Missionary colonization is a laudable work; but it is not properly a monk's duty. Later Popes not only followed Gregory's practice, but went further, obliterating, by decrees, that essential difference between the monk and the ecclesiastic. Necessity dictated this Papal action, perhaps; the monks were often the only devoted, unselfish and effective workers to be found.

The distinction between the monk and the ecclesiastic, who, according to monastic standard, is merely a "secular," may seem only one more absurd superstition to the born and bred Protestant. It may, however, be the duty of would-be Theosophists to recognize that distinction and to make it once more of force. We are so accustomed to the "parson's lady," that even the celibacy of secular priests is hard for some to swallow. Yet, if ingrained prejudice could be put aside, how unsuitable it would appear for a spiritual teacher to be involved in provision of silk and laces for his spouse and marriage portions for his daughters! However much local and particular Catholic practice may grate, let it be frankly acknowledged that the Catholic ideal and traditions are not only superior, but are, metaphysically, right, while others are illogical. The Catholic ideal is more compassionate, more charitable. It recognizes among men, social, intellectual and spiritual strata and classes that correspond to the hierarchies of the invisible world. It mercifully ministers to the needs of those classes that actually exist whether men wish to ignore them or not. Catholicism frankly recognizes the low aspirations of the average man, his very limited mental powers, and his wide scope of evil. It therefore proceeds to remove altogether from the field of his interest and concerns the deep and subtle problems of metaphysical theology. It

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tho' it may still remember that it hath forsaken it: then when it hath further strayed, it even forgetteth that good: until it cometh at length to such a pass that it cannot so much as behold in memory what before it had actively practised. All behaveth according to my picture: we are carried so far out to sea that we lose sight of the quiet haven whence we set forth. And not seldom is the measure of my sorrow increased by remembrance of the lives of some who with their whole heart relinquished this present world. Whose high perfection when I behold, I recognize how low I lie fallen: for many of them did in a very retired life please their Maker, and lest by contact with human affairs they should decay from their freshness, almighty God allowed not that they should be harassed by the labours of this world.'"

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asks of him no flights of oratory in prayer. It drills into his embryonic mentality a few childlike prayers, and places in his fingers a chain of beads to aid his feeble memory in repeating those words. It seeks to restrain, within the breaking point of rebellion, man's inclination to evil. Protestantism, hating the saints, because they are living reproaches of its low complacency, preaches its hobby of "every man as good as every other," and quite ignores the special needs of various grades of men.

Monastic Orders offer, within the Church, a school for the training of disciples. The Church itself is a sort of big elementary department from which apt pupils are selected for the higher training.

The slowness with which the Benedictine ideal of community life and discipline developed, not breaking into flower, as we have said, until nearly six centuries after the Founder's life, will be apparent, if one considers two or three successful monastic institutions that preceded the great Cistercian movement under Bernard of Clairvaux.

The Carthusian Order, a branch of the sturdy Benedictine trunk, came into existence seven years before Bernard's birth, namely in 1084. The name is derived, through the Latin form, from the Alpine spot near Grenoble, in which the founders settled, Chartreux; the name of the monastery is (popularly) La Grande Chartreuse. The name, Charterhouse, given to English monasteries of this Order, is a colloquial approximation to the pronunciation of the French word. La Chartreuse became the abode of one Bruno, a native of Cologne who received theological training at Rheims and also a long training in details of practical work. While still connected with diocesan affairs at Rheims, Bruno with two companions, drew up a rule of life which they resolved to put into practice as soon as their outer circumstances would permit. For a time Bruno associated himself with Robert, Abbot of Molesme, the saint who gave the initial impulse of the Cistercian Movement; but finally, with his friends, Bruno started his own foundation at Chartreux.

The Carthusian Order combines two modes of life, the hermit's and the cenobite's. A Charterhouse is not a community, but a corporation of hermits who come together, from their solitary life, for a few religious services in a common Chapel. The *Catholic Encyclopedia,* under the word Charterhouse, gives a large drawing of the old London monastery; that drawing, with all parts of the enclosure clearly numbered and amply described in the text, gives a clear idea of the life. The Editors of the *Encyclopedia* authorize the opinion that the London monastery was a normal type. For the benefit of those who may not have access to the book, the account is here briefly given. The monks lived on an inner quadrangle, protected by two outer quadrangles from contact with the world. Each monk dwelt in his own small cottage and each cottage opened upon its own private garden. The ground floor consisted of a work-room, stocked with tools for whatever pursuits the monk chose to engage in, and a small cloistered passageway that served as an outdoor retreat when inclement weather made the garden unsuitable. The upper

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floor of the cottage was divided into a sleeping-room, or study and an oratory. Within this domain the monk was absolute ruler. What a haven of bliss! surely, a much closer approximation to Heaven than fabled Eden! Each cottage had its supply of water, and, through a sliding trap door in the wall, the weekly provision of food,—bread and vegetables—was passed in. The monk prepared his own simple meals. The use to be made of the garden, and the particular indoor hobby that should fill his working hours were matters for the monk's choice. A lower degree in the Order—Lay Brothers—did all the outward work connected with the establishment. Three times in twenty-four hours, the monk left his private rooms for a service in the monastery chapel—at dawn, afternoon, and at midnight. He slept seven hours a day in two periods, one of four, and one of three hours. The other religious services (and there were many) which it was a monk's duty to observe, he celebrated alone in his private Oratory. Silence was one of the vows. Obviously, this Carthusian mode of life is quite different from St. Benedict's common refectory, and labours shared, either in the field or library, with the eight canonical services held in common throughout the day, at three hour intervals. The Benedictine Rule was adapted to suit the Carthusian arrangements. But the institution was a collection of hermits rather than a Benedictine family.

Bruno, the Founder spent only six years in his cloistered Alpine hermitage. He was summoned to Italy by the Pope to assist in ecclesiastical matters; he did his work so well the Pope was unwilling to let him return into France. Bruno pleaded for a life of seclusion, and the Pope granted a tract of land in Italy where Bruno made a second foundation, dying there in 1101. The Italian establishment did not have the vitality of Chartreux. It united with the Cistercian Order in 1191. The French mother-house continued its existence, not without checks, until the recent act of expulsion.

The Camaldolese Order, an Italian foundation of the 11th century, differs from the Carthusian in this respect. The Carthusians tried to combine two modes of life in one individual. The Camaldolese do not combine the two forms; they maintain them *separately within one and the same organization;* an assembly of hermits is established in one village—while ten miles distant, perhaps, there may be a real community of monks. Both groups are members of the Camaldolese Order; both obey the same central authority. The Order has, however, regarded the hermit part of its work as the more grave and important.

The Order was founded about 1012 by St. Romuald, one of the monks, who, notwithstanding Benedict's Rule and the insistence upon *permanent* residence, wandered all over the face of Europe. The motive of his wandering seems not to have been the wayward caprice and self-will that too often made the religious habit a mere cloak for vagrancy. He journeyed from place to place for the purpose of tightening the screws in monastic institutions where great relaxation prevailed. Legend has it that Romuald had reformed over one hundred of these degenerate

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monasteries before founding his own Order. Let us hope, for the sake of permanency in his reforms, that the legend exaggerates. Romuald finally approached the town Arezzo in Italy. Outside the town he encountered a certain nobleman, Maldolus, by name, who was looking over some fields he owned in that vicinity. Maldolus had recently seen in a dream a ladder rising to Heaven, from one of those fields; monks, in white habits, were climbing the ladder. The upshot of the encounter was the presentation to Romuald of that particular field. The incident gave its name to the Order (Campo, a field, Maldolus, Camaldoli, Camaldolese). The nobleman included in his donation a villa and garden, situated two miles on the other side of Arezzo. That twofold donation influenced the twofold constitution of the Order. In the field, Romuald brought together a corporation of hermits, who, in their mode of life, did not essentially differ from the Carthusian hermits. They lived alone, each with his own garden and meals; they united in a common oratory for a few religious services, celebrating Mass and other services, each in his private oratory. Romuald's avowed purpose in the Campo was to reproduce the old hermit life of the desert, with its extreme practices and harsh asceticism. He put his hermits on a bread and water diet through the whole year save for two days a week when vegetables were added (Benedict allotted two cooked dishes for dinner and one for supper). Benedict had so divided and distributed the Psalter, in the daily services, as to secure its complete reading during the course of a week. Romuald had the entire Psalter read daily. At the Villa, Romuald formed a community which soon became a conventional monastery following the Benedictine Rule. The monastery was subordinated to the hermit village, and had about the same relation to the hermitage as the outer quadrangles bore to the innermost Carthusian cloister. The Villa was to serve as hospice for strangers who might come inquiring, and as residence for the non-hermits, whose labours procured the meagre food and clothing needed by the contemplatives. Romuald wished his hermits to be freed from all distractions.

The Order received Papal sanction in 1072. At that time, under its fourth Abbot, the severe regulations of Romuald were considerably relaxed, in favour of the Benedictine norm. It increased in both forms, and afterwards existed in five different sub-branches. These all recognized the Holy Hermitage of Camaldoli as their centre. It continues today with twenty-one houses and a membership of three hundred.

The year before his death, i. e., 542, Benedict sent his advance guard into France. This was St. Maur, reputed to be the monk most proficient in obedience. The story is told of a brother who came panting to Benedict, after the struggle up the cliff-side, and gasped out: "Placidius (another monk) is drowning in the lake." Benedict turned to St. Maur and told him to run pull his brother out. With unquestioning obedience, Maur rushed down the cliff and out into the lake. He was unable to swim, but his perfect obedience gained the miracle that the waves bore

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him up as he walked. Though it was royal authority that had requested a colony of Benedict, and though Clovis's grandson was generous with a grant of land to St. Maur, those early kings had no understanding of the monastic institution. Montalembert gives a vivid narration of the king's blustering effort to hinder a stalwart leader from disposing of himself in the monastery. The king's bluster withered away at sight of St. Maur, and he bent low to the saint's feet. Very often, in those days, the monastery was looked upon as the proper place for prisoners of war. One pities the Abbot in charge of these unwilling brothers.

Though this early planting in France was successful, the Benedictine Rule produced no great movement there until the tenth century when the monastery at Cluny became a centre of pulsing vitality. The interval between the activity of Cluny and the early foundations, those of St. Martin at Tours, of St. Germain at Auxerre,* and of St. Honorat at Lerins, contains only one striking and commanding personality—an Irishman, St. Columbanus.

He was born in 543, the year Benedict died. He kept France and Switzerland on the qui-vive for three decades. His magnetism drew throngs of followers about him. He was gifted with fire and fascination. But he had no tact, and does not seem by nature either monk or abbot, either docile or apt to teach. He founded more than one monastery, and made them populous. But he seems in his true element as missionary among the half-savage pagans of the Alps—not in a cloister.

He received whatever discipline he could take, at Bangor, where three thousand men are said to have formed a monastic centre. He left there at the age of thirty, seeking a more exciting life. Twelve companions associated themselves with him. He crossed into Gaul, which, at that time, under the sons and grandsons of Clovis, was becoming France. He visited, one after another, the rival relatives who governed the subdivisions of Gaul; he built up a community at Luxeuil which became a celebrated centre of learning. But disfavour with the sovereign caused his expulsion from his own establishment, after twenty years of labour, and, though he fought against that decree, he had to go into exile, taking along with him only those monks who were of Irish or British birth. In Switzerland, they did pioneer work among the savage pagans. When Columbanus decided to cross the Alps into Italy, his most able co-worker, St. Gall, remained in Switzerland to continue the Christianizing of the natives; later, St. Gall founded the historic monastery that bears his name. Columbanus, in his old age, gathered disciples around him in Italy, and actually took part in the construction of new buildings, carrying great logs from the forest. His fighting spirit continued, and he battled against a Unitarian heresy that prevailed among the north Italian tribes. At last, after his "fitful fever," he died (615) in a cave oratory

* Occasionally confused with the better known men of the same name but much later date who are referred to in this issue in the article entitled "Count de Saint-Martin."

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on the Italian lake shore near the monastery he had constructed. The house at Luxeuil revered his memory and his authority. With the decay of Lerins and Auxerre, and also by its prestige for scholarship, Luxeuil became the chief monastery of seventh century France. Yet, notwithstanding its metropolitan character, and the reverence paid to its brilliant founder, Luxeuil, within fifteen years of its founder's death, accepted, side by side, with his Rule of Life, the Rule of St. Benedict. The progress of that discipline had been quite unostentatious, since its introduction by St. Maur. But its quiet and gradual spread was so steady and so sure that, half a century after the death of Columbanus, it was complete. A Council of Bishops at Autun, in 670, recommended for all religious houses the Latin Rule, and made no mention of the meteoric Celt.

It will be apparent, from the foregoing paragraphs that, though Benedict arranged minutely for the constitution and government of the individual abbey, and though his provisions became generally accepted, there was, however, no unification or centralization—no organization of a whole. Under a strong and wise abbot, a particular monastery would produce saints; and then, in a dearth of leaders, fall into utter relaxation. Some wandering saint might then chance along, a man of vigorous hand but of markedly individual bent; while reforming the relaxation he might, at the same time, turn the current of devotion and the manner of life noticeably away from the Benedictine norm. Such deviations are not, by necessity, reprehensible or to be decried. But they make for endless variations, for a multiplication of orders within orders, that are, mostly, cases of strong personal colouring.

A unification and centralizing of authority was added to the Benedictine Rule by the Cluniac Movement. And it was this Cluniac Movement that prepared for and made possible the Benedictine *primavera*, the Cistercian flowers of Clairvaux.

It was not the celebrated national museum of Paris, the Musée de Cluny, that was the seat of government for more than three hundred monasteries. That Gothic monument was merely a lodge provided for the Abbot-General and his Staff when the business of the Order necessitated his presence in the capital. The Abbey of Cluny, the real centre of the movement and the seat of authority, was in the town of that name, fifteen miles from the better known city of Mâcon. The Order of Cluny is, in no sense, an Order apart from the Benedictine. It accepted the Benedictine Rule, and, on the side of external government, added certain provisions for which St. Benedict in modesty, perhaps, had not seen the need. The Abbey was founded by the Duke of Aquitaine in 910, and was richly endowed by him. When this mother Abbey reached the point of sending out colonies, it did not make those colonies independent houses—as all Benedictine monasteries had been until that time—but retained jurisdiction over them. The heads of those colonies were

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called, not Abbots, but Priors; they were appointed by the Abbot of Cluny. The Abbot of Cluny, or his representative, visited the colony houses, once a year or oftener if needed, to watch the life of the house. Postulants who came to the colony house, seeking admission to the Order, were required to spend some part of their period of probation in the mother Abbey, in order that they might become imbued with the spirit propelling the Order. The new system of a central government and authority worked so well in these colonies of Cluny, that many other abbeys that had had no original connection with Cluny, requested to be made part of that system. They surrendered the right to elect their abbot and to manage their own house; they accepted a Prior (or Abbot) appointed by Cluny and submitted to supervision, visitation, etc. Cluny thus became a religious capital regulating the affairs of its dependencies in all countries; and as such a capital, it was a second Rome. Indeed the Abbey Church at Cluny, a structure five hundred and fifty feet long, surpassed anything that Rome could show, and was one of the marvels of Christendom. Unfortunately, outward prosperity brought about the decay of the Order. Its last great Abbot held office from 1122-1156, Peter the Venerable. In St. Bernard's letters, Cluny connotes pride and luxury. A story is told of the scandal caused at Chartreux when St. Bernard visited that mountain retreat. The richness and elegance of the trappings on Bernard's horse occasioned the scandal. It turned out that, absorbed in his meditation, St. Bernard had not noticed the horse, which was lent him for the journey *by a Cluniac monk*. Bernard's opinion of Cluniac standards are very frankly expressed in a letter to his Cousin Robert. This Robert had occasioned a kind of trouble very common at that time, namely the claim of a monastery upon a deserter. The Benedictine vow of permanent residence, should have made desertions—changes, rather,—infrequent; but, on the contrary, they were very numerous. The very foundation of the Cistercian Order was laid in such a desertion; but it was the desertion of a corrupt home to found an austere one. Bernard's cousin had been offered, as an infant, by his parents to the house of Cluny. His family was wealthy and their wealth would probably have gone with their son. But when Bernard was gathering his first followers together, Robert chose to enlist with him. As the Benedictine customs required the parent's offering to be confirmed by the child, when grown, Bernard felt no hesitation in accepting the boy. (Bernard always interpreted the vow of stability in this manner: a monk might justifiably leave a centre of relaxation to seek a more rigorous and austere home; but, if he sought a *less* austere home, his action was entirely wrong). After the boy had had two or three years of discipline under Bernard, certain emissaries from Cluny took advantage of Bernard's absence to entice Robert to Cluny with them. Bernard writes to him in tenderness and sorrow: "Others might reproach thee, doubtless, with the horrible apostasy which has made thee prefer a fine habit, a delicate table, a rich house, to the coarse dress which thou didst wear,

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to the simple vegetables which thou didst eat,* to the poverty which thou hadst embraced." Bernard then enumerates the objections made by Cluny to the Cistercian observances, "digging the earth, cutting wood, and carrying the mire." And he deplores the effect upon Robert of the elegant life at Cluny—the costly garments, etc., etc.

A greater change than that of outward government dates from the Cluny period—though the Abbot and monks can hardly be held responsible for it. This is the overlaying of the original Offices of the Hours with extra services, to such an extent that their celebration has now become a professional choir performance in which it is almost impossible for a non-professional to take any part. The original services, *The Divine Office,* as they are technically called, are simple. *The Divine Office* provides for eight daily services; four of these were fixed, at 6 a. m. (Prime), at 9 a. m. (Terce), at noon (Sext), at 3 p. m. (None). The Latin names of these services, Prime, etc., merely represent the Roman way of dividing the hours. The hours of the other services vary somewhat. The first service of all, called Matins, at the beginning of the day, might come any hour after midnight—in Cistercian monasteries of the present day it is held at one o'clock in the morning of Sundays, and at two o'clock on week days. Matins is followed by *Lauds,* so called because it is made up of the "praise" psalms, *Laudate.* In the afternoon, the service after None, is Vespers; it is said usually between four and six o'clock. The day is closed, completed, by Compline (Latin *ad Completorium*) a service held from seven to nine in the evening. One purpose of the *Divine Office* is evident. It serves as regularly recurring periods of recollection. It draws monks from their labours of any kind, farm or library, to recognize, praise, and thank the citizens of the inner world. The Office serves as a bridge from this world of shadows to the world of light. The services for the different hours are almost uniformly made, and are very simple. They begin with *Our Father* and an Invocation of the Divine Presence. Several Psalms are then read,† and are followed by a brief "Lesson" (often only a single sentence from the Bible) and one or more prayers. The services for early morning and evening, contain, in addition, a hymn. There is nothing like a sermon or address, and there is no leader. The brothers take their places in the choir stalls, and read or intone the service. Twenty minutes, probably, would suffice for reading the service decently. The lamentable addition made during the period of Cluny ascendancy, and still persisting, is that known as *The Little Office.* This is an imitation of the *Divine Office,* and consists, likewise, of eight services to be said at the same hours as those in the *Divine Office.* The *Little Office* is said in honour of the Blessed Virgin. The services are like those of the *Divine Office,* psalms, prayers, hymns. But the effect of saying a second series of

* The Cistercians interpret St. Benedict's Rule to exclude fish and eggs as well as meats.

† The Psalms were so distributed as to be read once each week in the course of these services.

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offices, also of twenty minute length, in addition to the first, has been to substitute a quantitative for a qualitative standard. The services have become so much printed matter to be gone over—to be gone over at chain lightning speed in order to finish them within a reasonable time. They have become like the average service in an Episcopal Church where Morning Prayer, The Litany and the Communion are said together, one after the other—punctuation, meaning, feeling, all disappear. The Minister and his Choir have a duty to be done. If the congregation attempts to take part (sometimes it is requested not to take part, audibly) it does so in a gasping manner, reaching the second half of the verse when the Minister has already started the following verse.

A second unfortunate and harmful effect upon the Offices of the Hours, has been the ascendancy of the Mass. The Mass has come to be the chief thing in the religious life—in Catholic Communities and in those High Church bodies which endeavour so scrupulously to out-Romanize Rome. With its ascendancy, has come about the elevation of the priest's duty and the degradation of the monk's. Who would be willing to remain a simple, praying monk, when, as priest, he can gain control of the miracles attributed to the Mass? The old status of the Benedictine Order is changed—when Benedict was only a monk, leading men to frequent recollection and prayer. The Hour Offices have become subordinate. The zeal of the monastery centres around the Masses, said by as many members as possible, and as often as possible. To secure this first place in the day for the Masses, the old system has been rearranged and fundamentally altered. Prime, Terce, Sext, etc., are no longer regarded as *hours* for recollection; they are services, to be said, alone or combined, whenever Mass makes it convenient. The absurdity of this rearrangement becomes apparent when the practice is known of some monasteries—that say Matins, the service for day-break, after Compline, in the evening.

The decay and corruption of these admirable monastic customs is lamentable—not a subject for censure or ridicule. If their power and charm appeal to any members of the Society and arouse in them a desire to preserve and improve these old traditions, that warmth of feeling will amply justify the publication of the present series of articles.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT

IX

THERE are forty-eight direct references by name to the Holy Spirit in the Gospels, twenty-two of which are quoted as sayings of Christ; to which might be added verse eight of the first chapter of *Acts,* where a speech is also put into the Master's mouth. This is no place for a minute exegesis of what the Gospels have to tell us about the Holy Spirit in man. Nevertheless, the need for a scientific, exact, and truly Theosophical interpretation of the sayings of and about Jesus, is a real need, and one which sooner or later must find adequate satisfaction. The difficulty confronting the student is no easy one, so many are the cross-threads he must unravel, and the omissions he is called upon to supply, before he may hope to possess all the clues and all the truths that must inevitably be revealed in the incarnation and life of so great an Avatar. Where so much is expressed in symbolical language, or by the treatment of words in a specially significant sense through long use in the mystery teaching and sacred rites of untold ages, a knowledge of the times, of traditions, of these peculiar uses of words, and of the significance of the mysteries themselves, is essential before full comprehension can be reached. This knowledge can hardly be gained by a study of history, however exact; undoubtedly the full revelation can only come as the result of actual experience on the part of the student himself;—it is only "If any man wills to do his will," that "he shall know of the doctrine" (*St. John,* vii, 17).

In addition to these more prominent calculations that have to be made, there has to be also a careful analysis of the actual words of the text; always in the English; often in the Greek. The *New Testament* of the King James' or the Revised Version is a growth, not some finished production of an orthodox standard edition issued in some early Christian century. Successive translators, or copyists, often entirely unilluminated men, each impressed upon our text his own individual and peculiar interpretation of all the less obviously understandable portions of the still older manuscripts which may have been available; while even these interpretations have often been strangely confused and altered by careless and ignorant copyists. The result is that without some independent knowledge of what Jesus, or one of His disciples, was probably trying to say, the original meaning in many places is almost hopelessly obscured and the passage in question misconstrued. In the face of these many intricacies the following purports to be, therefore, only one more attempt to suggest certain lines along which study might be pursued with profit.

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Reference has already been made to the fact that modern theology finds comparatively little of the Pauline conception of a Spirit in the teaching of Jesus, or in the Gospel narratives. This has been largely due on the one hand, as we have endeavored to show, to a complete lack of comprehension of what Paul really was trying to say; while, on the other hand, the Master's references to the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, have been used to fit in with speculative theories about the Trinity which had their rise years after the Ascension; and the fact that His whole life and teaching exemplify Paul's doctrine and his clear enunciation of the possibility of an individual Spirit in each man, is wholly overlooked. The importance of bringing Paul's doctrine into entire harmony with the Master's thoroughly well integrated message is not merely one of prime importance, but is an actual necessity if we shall ever hope rightly to understand all that Jesus has left us in the revelation of Himself. For Paul, be it remembered, was a specially chosen instrument and disciple of the Master, selected, no doubt, not only because he was willing to do the work, but also because he was capable, because he had the powers of mind and heart which made him an effective and adequate interpreter of the kingdom of heaven to his fellow men, and especially to men of the Western world. So we must understand Paul to understand Christ; if we do not understand Paul, we fail so far in understanding Christ; if we understand one we inevitably understand the other, because "All things have been delivered unto me of my Father: and no one knoweth the Son, save the Father; neither doth any know the Father, save the Son, *and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to make a revelation.*" (*St. Matt.* xi, 27.) Paul lays direct claim to such a revelation, and the records of his life and his Epistles witness the validity of this claim.

There is one iterated assertion of Paul's which is still a matter of almost hopeless confusion to translators and commentators alike, but which bears an important relation to the mission of Christ. We have seen how he claims the birth of the Spirit in himself; the clearly conscious possession of it. This birth occurred about the time of his conversion, for, in the description of it which he himself gives, he speaks of "the unveiling of Iêsous, of the Christos"[1] within him as the start of his new life.

Now this passage alone offers many points for consideration. ἀποκάλυψις (apocalypse) besides being the word chosen by John to describe his book of *Revelation,* is one that seems to have throughout a direct connection with the divine mysteries. It means strictly to remove a cover, hence, to unveil, to reveal opinions or designs, and is especially used of the inner senses. A good, nearly contemporaneous example, is to be found in the Septuagint *Old Testament,* where Balaam, who was unable to see the angel blocking the way (as was his

[1] Gal. i, 12. δι' ἀποκαλύψεως Ἰησοῦ τοῦ Χριστοῦ. This is according to certain MSS. readings. We have deliberately departed from the Authorized Version.

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simple-minded donkey), receives finally special aid from God;—"Then Jehovah *unveiled* the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of Jehovah standing in the way, with his sword drawn in his hand; and he bowed his head, and fell on his face."[1] Again in *Ruth* there is a similar popular use of the term. Boaz says to Naomi's kinsman "I will unveil thine ear,"[2] meaning, as the Revised Version expresses it, "I thought to discover it unto thee." It is the inner faculty of perception, the astral or truly perceptive senses within the physical sight and hearing which are referred to. Paul uses the word specifically in this sense elsewhere, as, for instance, in reference to his vision when he was "caught up even to the third heaven," saying "but I will come to visions and *unveilings* of the Lord." "I know a man in Christ . . ."[3] he adds significantly, but we shall return to this passage later. So again, still more directly, "Howbeit we speak wisdom among the perfect: yet a wisdom not of this age, nor of the rulers of this age, which are coming to naught: but we speak God's wisdom [θεοῦ σοφίαν = theosophia] in a mystery, that which hath been hidden, which God foreordained, before the ages unto our glory: . . . For unto us God *unveiled* it through the Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."[4]

The other *New Testament* writers frequently use this word with this specially interesting signification. Thus St. Luke tells us of Simeon "and the Holy Spirit was upon him. And it had been *unveiled* unto him by means of the Holy Spirit, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Christos of the Lord (or of a Master)."[5] And Simeon, full of the traditional expectation of a new dispensation and of a new revelation about the Spirit, calls the Christos "a light for the unveiling of the Gentiles." So also we find St. Peter speaking of "the unveiling of Iêsous Christos," about which the prophets, "searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christos which was in them, did point out, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them. To whom it was unveiled, that not unto you did they minister these things, which now have been announced unto you in the Holy Spirit sent forth from heaven; which things angels desire to look into." (*I Peter,* i, 11-12.)

Now there is a second frequent use of this word, which brings us to another point in the phrase of Paul first quoted, "the unveiling of Iêsous, of the Christos" within him. This is a reference to the so-called "second-coming," or presence of Christ, already examined briefly in section III, October QUARTERLY, 1915. Paul speaks of "the unveiling of the Lord Jesus from heaven with the angels of his power

[1] *Numbers,* xxii, 31, Sept. ἀπεκάλυψεν τους ὀφθαλμοὺς.

[2] *Ruth,* iv, 4, Sept. ἀποκαλύψω τὸ ους σου.

[3] *II Cor.* xii, 1, *ff.*

[4] *I Cor.* ii, 6, 7, 10, cf. iii, 13, and *Romans,* viii, 18.

[5] *St. Luke,* verses 25, 26, and 32. This last phrase is usually translated "the Lord's Christ," an interpretation devoid of parallel usages, and without any precedent that I can find.

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in flaming fire . . . when he shall come to be glorified in his saints."[1] Again, he speaks of the Corinthians as "waiting for the unveiling of the Lord of us, Iêsous Christos."[2] And Peter, who speaks of himself as "also a partaker of the glory that shall be unveiled," writes "but insomuch as ye are partakers of the sufferings of Christ, rejoice; that also at the unveiling of his glory ye may rejoice with exceeding joy. If ye are reproached in the name of Christ, ye are blessed; because the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you."[3]

The close and repeated connection of this word ἀποκάλυψις with the mysteries and with the glory revealed in the Holy Spirit brings us to the further complex and difficult problem as to what Paul meant by these names, "the unveiling of Iêsous, of the Christos" within him. We know that divine names had a very rich meaning to the initiate,—that their lettering and syllabification were true symbols in themselves of the principles and powers which reside in man—the "image of God." So when Paul speaks of "the Christos" born in him in one place, and of "a Spirit" born in him in the same sense and used almost synonymously, in another, there rises a natural query as to whether there must not be some real connection in his mind. If the Spirit (Pneuma), which is the new, the heavenly man, perfected in righteousness, and the Christos, are in some sense synonymous, then we obtain at once a luminous point of contact between Paul's Spirit doctrine and the living incarnation of the Christos, of the divine-human Jesus Christ. For the man Jesus, being also the incarnation of the Christos, lived the perfect life of the Spirit, or of the Christos, which Paul is constantly exhorting his disciples to do. And subsequently, Paul and these disciples, who would inevitably partake of the same Spirit as that of the Master on whose ray they were, would speak quite naturally of the Spirit in them as also the Christos in them, and as identical with it. We remember Paul's descriptive phrase: "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christos, he is none of his" (*Rom.* viii, 9).

Paul of course does not limit this birth of the Christos in himself, to himself alone. To the Colossians he writes of "The mystery which hath been hid from the ages, and from the generations, but now is made manifest to his saints, to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery in the Gentiles, which is Christos in you, the hope of glory: which we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in the Christos." (i, 26-9.) While again: "For as in Adam all die, so also in the Christos shall all be made alive" (*I Cor.* xv, 22); and, to the Galatians, "My little children, of whom I am again in travail until a Christos be formed in you" (iv. 19).

The determination and proper translation of these passages is very

[1] *II Thess.* i, 7-10.
[2] *I Cor.* i, 7.
[3] *I Peter*, v, 1; and iv, 13-14.

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difficult, as the obvious confusion of the texts handed down to us leaves Paul's original intention almost undiscoverable. Yet the very juxtaposition of these few phrases shows that Paul at times certainly meant more by the use of the name Christos than a simple recognition of the man Jesus. So that after struggling with the many variations of the various manuscripts and codices, it is left to the student to select such as fit in best with his own scheme of interpretation,—which, after all, is what the learned, if not greatly illuminated, Biblical critics themselves are forced to do. In the nature of the case this would have little value unless certain principles which governed Paul's choice of words—his forms of thought,—were discoverable, and, once discovered, were reapplied to the unfixed and infinite records of what he wrote.

Now there are three things that Paul could mean by the terms Iêsous and Christos. He might be referring to the particular personality who incarnated in Palestine; he might be speaking of the overshadowing principle in Nature which is represented by the second person of the Trinity in all religions, under whatever name; and he might be referring to that aspect of this universal principle which has its correspondence in man—especially in the disciple—"made in the image of God." That the average commentator has no such distinctions in his own mind, and therefore does not see them in St. Paul, is patent on the face of it.

The first and most obvious departure from Paul is in the very accounts given in *Acts* of his conversion. The Greek of the manuscripts followed by the Authorized Version reads literally "And straightway he preached *the* Christos in the synagogues, that he is the son of *the* God."[1] The Authorized Version omits rendering the definite article before Christos without any cause or explanation; while the Revised Version, omitting likewise the article, chooses from remaining, and equally authoritative, manuscripts, the name Iêsous, and substitutes it for Christos. So in the matter of the resurrection there is confusion upon confusion. The A. V. reads in *Romans* viii, 34, "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again." The R. V. inserts "Jesus," rendering it "It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead." Now the Greek contains several variations, but taking simply those accepted by these commentators as most authoritative, we get "It is *the* Christos that died, and rather also rose out of death."[2] If we followed the R. V., it would be impossible to say whether Paul is dealing with the mystic doctrine of the descent of Spirit into matter, or not; while the A. V. again omits the article, which makes it impossible to judge whether Paul is dealing with the universal Christos or with *the* Christos, type of what all mankind must experience in the course of evolution and spiritual growth. So again we find a little further on, "For to this

[1] *Acts* ix, 20.

[2] Cf. back, Section VI, on Paul's use of the word νέκρος for spiritually dead. Cf. also immediately preceding in Chap. vi, 13 of *Romans*, where Paul tells them "neither present your members unto sin as weapons of unrighteousness; but present yourselves unto God, as alive from the dead" (or "from death").

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end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living,"—which in the Greek is far less a reference to the personal resurrection of Jesus than to an episode in the drama of spiritual life which the great avatar lived as an example;—for the Greek reads "To this end the Christos died and lived, to be master of (or to master) both death and life" (*Romans*, xiv, 9).

Another striking example of this is to be found in the *Epistle to the Ephesians*. The A. V.: "But God . . . even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved) . . . ," while some manuscripts read "But God [ὁ θεός —with the article does not mean quite the same thing as the term "God" with us. Mr. Johnston has translated it "the Eternal"] . . . even when we were dead through our sins, quickened us together in the Christos (by grace ye have been saved)." Now this translation, and, unless specified, all our renderings, follow the same Greek text used by the compilers of both Versions.[1]

The inference to be drawn from even these few instances is surely, not that Paul was ignorant or careless, but that the scribes have done such unintelligent work that there is no certainty at all as to what Paul really wrote,—whether "Iêsous," or "the Master," or "the Christos." It is the mould of anthropomorphic dogmatism into which Paul's message has been cast that is responsible for the constant confusion of these terms. First the ancient scribes; and now their successors the Bible critics (whose qualifications are usually limited to a knowledge of standard theologies and the Greek language, and which unfortunately do not extend to the religious life or the mysteries of the kingdom) have had their minds so full of the usual view of the Master that they quite naturally read into Paul's phrases their own one-pointed views, and saw nothing reprehensible in adding very frequently to the text itself, in order to make clearer what they believed to be his meaning. But as a fruit of our study we can probably see that Paul had in mind a quite other and deeply mystical teaching; that he spoke often of the Master by name, but that he also was expounding the descent of the Universal Spirit, typified by Christ, into man,—and its entering not merely into mankind in general, but into each man,—an individual incarnation, at the second birth, of a Christos, a Spirit, in him. Paul was a mystic; while our Bible, through which we have to approach Paul, is the seasoned product of the theologian with no understanding of his mystical teaching. We are therefore justified in believing that they have read their theology into his mystical words; and as they were in the habit of making changes in the text, as we know they were, we are justified in attempting to restore what can still be detected of mystery teaching where we are able to find it.

[1] For a few more similar examples compare the A. V. with the R. V. in any of the following instances: *Rom.* x, 17; xii, 11; xiv, 5; xv, 8; *I Cor.* v, 5; x, 9; *II Cor.* iii, 17; *Ephesians*, iii, 6; *Philippians*, ii, 30; *Colossians*, iii, 13-16; *Jude*, verse 4.

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In the preceding sections we have seen the oldest *Old Testament* writers speaking of a Spirit breathed into man, of prophets, kings, and priests possessed of it;—while the Kabala, the Talmud, and Philo record the carrying down to our era of the same experience. It is in Philo that we get the philosophical linking of Greek with Hebrew thought, and it is Philo who identifies the Spirit and the Logos for us. Now St. John uses the Logos as one with Christ, and speaks of the Logos made flesh and dwelling among us. St. Paul, moreover, just after saying "that the children of Israel could not look upon the face of Moses for the glory of his face," so that he had to "put a veil upon his face," and suggesting at the same time—"how shall not rather the ministration of the Spirit be in glory," says that now this veil "is done away in the Christos. . . . But whensoever a man shall turn to the Lord, the veil is taken away. Now *the Lord is the Spirit:* and where the Spirit of the Lord is, is freedom"[1] (or liberation in the Eastern sense). Here we have another strand woven into this chain of interrelated arguments. Paul characteristically adds "But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord, the Spirit."

These three men, then, Philo, John, and Paul, give us three interlinking factors, by means of which we may gain far greater comprehension, both of the Master's purpose in His incarnation, and of the Holy Spirit. Philo shows that the Spirit and the Logos meet in man; Christ and the Logos are identified by John; while Paul speaks interchangeably of the Lord or the Christos being the Spirit which is born in us at the second birth. Each overlaps the other and contributes a necessary link in the chain of reasoning which will enable us to realize on the one hand, the numerous correspondences between the three great national currents and types of thought represented by these men,—and on the other hand, to form by this combination a new and enlarged conception of the meaning and scope of Christ's life and doctrine.

Theology does not recognize these correspondences in at all the same degree. This is partly due to the desire to belittle or prove heretical the works of a pagan like Philo; and partly to the already mentioned ignorance of what both Philo and Paul were presenting. The inevitable result of this is to have established a thoroughly distorted view of Christ's true importance—his universal significance. It is not enough to have given Christ the highest place after the Father; theology has diminished and contracted its universe to such a degree that it is still unable to cope with the almost entirely material science of the age, and is still blindly ignorant of the mysteries of the kingdom of which it claims to be the custodian and interpreter. Christian theology is an expression of but a part of the truth, though in the light of other knowledge it can be seen to contain "all things necessary to salvation."

[1] *II Cor.* iii, 7, 8, 13, 14, 16-18.

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Christ Himself, then, and all of His teaching, can, and *must* some day, be understood in the light of a larger knowledge than that usually held. How great this knowledge may be is indicated by Madame Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine*. But the only method possible of attaining this knowledge is to master it bit by bit, first through study, and then through the living of it out in daily life—thereby transmuting merely mental cultivation into the heart and essence of our enduring consciousness. Once we begin to do this, Christ's life and teaching will become the example and guide in that life of the Spirit about which Paul also wrote so much. For Christ's life was the supreme example of the life of the Spirit in man,—fully conscious and endowed with all its powers. In this way Paul's doctrine, and Christ's life and discourse will be seen as pieces of one whole, expressions in kind, though of differing degree, articulations of the same fundamental facts of spiritual life and the spiritual kingdom.

It does not fall within the scope of this study to examine what might be termed the ethical and practical side of the subject. The Sermon on the Mount, addressed only to disciples, or the great utterance on charity with its correlations in St. John's *Epistles,* or the discourses during the Last Supper,—these things are the practical rules which govern the life of the twice-born man. It remains for us to discover in the more clearly marked utterances of Christ His own corroboration of that body of doctrine about the Spirit which had preceded Him, and to which, through Paul, He gave new clearness; and also, finally, to relate it with what Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, and other writers have written on the same subject. JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*To be continued*)

A man's chief care ought to be turned within himself: the renunciation of self-will is a greater thing than the raising of the dead to life.

—S. IGNATIUS.

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PAUL THE DISCIPLE

III

On the Road to Damascus

WE have three narratives of the decisive event in the life of Paul the disciple, his meeting with the Master, to whom he thenceforth dedicated all the strength and ardour of his indomitable soul, laying, under the Master's immediate personal supervision, the foundations of the new world.

And it happens that, of these three detailed narratives, two are found in a part of the record which is regarded by all critics as especially accurate and objective: the passages in the *Acts* which embody the diaries of Luke who, during much of this period, was in the company of Paul, and one of his most trusted friends. The division of the *Acts* which directly incorporates Luke's travel diaries begins with *Acts* 16, 11: "Setting sail therefore from Troas, we made a straight course to Samothrace, and the day following to Neapolis; and from thence to Philippi, which is a city of Macedonia, the first of the district, a (Roman) colony: and we were in this city tarrying certain days. And on the sabbath day we went forth without the gate by a river side, where we supposed there was a place of prayer; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which were come together. And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, one that worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Master opened, to give heed unto the things which were spoken by Paul . . ." A second passage of the travel diary begins with *Acts* 20, 6: "And we sailed away from Philippi after the days of unleavened bread (March-April), and came unto them to Troas in five days; where we tarried seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when we were gathered together, Paul discoursed with them, intending to depart on the morrow; and prolonged his speech until midnight. And there were many lights in the upper chamber where we were gathered together . . . And after these days we made ready our baggage and went up to Jerusalem. And there went with us also certain of the disciples from Caesarea . . . And when we were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received us gladly. And the day following Paul went in with us unto James (the brother of Jesus)."

In the same simple, direct way, Luke's travel diary goes on to relate that Paul was attacked by the Jews and rescued by Claudius Lysias, the Roman military tribune; that Paul asked and received permission to address the Jews. Standing on the stair of the Roman guardhouse, Paul spoke, in the current dialect of Hebrew:

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"Brethren and fathers, hear ye the apologia which I make unto you . . .

"I am a Jew, born in Tarsus of Cilicia, but brought up in this city, at the feet of Gamaliel, instructed according to the strict manner of the law of our fathers, being zealous for God, even as ye all are this day: and I persecuted this Way unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women. As also the High Priest doth bear me witness, and all the estate of the elders: from whom also I received letters unto the brethren, and journeyed unto Damascus, to bring them also which were there unto Jerusalem in bonds, for to be punished.

"And it came to pass that, as I made my journey, and drew nigh unto Damascus, about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

"And I answered, Who art thou, Master?

"And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest.

"And they that were with me beheld indeed the light, but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me.

"And I said, What shall I do, Master?

"And the Master said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do.

"And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came into Damascus. And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, well reported of by all the Jews that dwelt there, came unto me, and standing by me said unto me,

"Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And in that very hour I looked upon him. And he said,

"The God of our fathers hath appointed thee to know his will, and to see the Righteous One, and to hear a voice from his mouth. For thou shalt be a witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard. And now why tarriest thou? arise and be baptised, and wash away thy sins, calling on his name.

"And it came to pass, that, when I had returned to Jerusalem, and while I prayed in the temple, I fell into a trance (ecstasy), and saw Him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: because they will not receive of thee testimony concerning me. And I said, Master, they themselves know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on thee: and when the blood of Stephen thy witness was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting, and keeping the garments of them that slew him. And he said unto me, Depart: for I will send thee forth far hence unto the Gentiles . . ."

We have here, therefore, the account in Paul's own words, as reported by his friend and companion Luke, who was present and who recorded Paul's address in his travel diary with the same careful accuracy

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with which we have found him narrating the details of their common journeys.

Paul was speaking with chains on his wrists, and these chains echo through many of his letters: "Paul the prisoner; Paul in bonds; remember my chains . . ." On the following day he was again confronted with his accusers, when Paul was in danger of being torn to pieces. Once more rescued, he was brought to the Roman guardhouse. "And the night following the Master stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer: for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

Paul was thereon sent, with a guard of nearly five hundred Roman soldiers, to Caesarea, the seat of the Roman governor, Felix, a city on the seashore half way between Joppa and Mount Carmel; they made the journey thither in two stages of some twenty-five or thirty miles each, stopping at Antipatris on the way. At Caesarea, Paul was fully heard by Felix, remanded, and kept under arrest for more than two years, Luke being still his companion. Then, when King Agrippa, of the family of Herod, came to Caesarea, Paul was given an opportunity to set forth his case before the King. At this time also he gave an account of the great event on the Damascus road:

"I think myself happy, King Agrippa, that I am to make my apologia before thee this day touching all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews: because thou art especially expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

"My manner of life, then, from my youth up, which was from the beginning among mine own nation, and at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; having knowledge of me from the first, if they be willing to testify, how that after the straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand here to be judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers; unto which promise our twelve tribes, earnestly serving God night and day, hope to attain. And concerning this hope I am accused by the Jews, O King! Why is it judged incredible with you, if God raise the dead?

"I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. And this I also did in Jerusalem: and I both shut up many of the saints in prisons, having received authority from the chief priests, and when they were put to death, I gave my vote against them. And punishing them often times in all the synagogues, I strove to make them blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto foreign cities.

"On which errand as I journeyed to Damascus with the authority and commission of the chief priests, at midday, O King, I saw on the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice saying unto me in the Hebrew tongue,

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Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the goads.

"And I said, Who art thou, Master?

"And the Master said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But arise, and stand upon thy feet: for to this end have I appeared unto thee, to appoint thee a minister and a witness both of the things wherein thou hast seen me, and of the things wherein I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom I send thee, to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive remission of sins and an inheritance among them that are made holy, through faith in me."

"Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision . . ."

Luke makes it quite clear that he was present as Paul's companion at this time also, and that we have here once more a page from his diary, for, relating the result of this address, he says:

"The King rose up, and the governor, and Berenice, and they that sat with them: and when they had withdrawn, they spake one to another, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. And Agrippa said unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Caesar.

"And when it was determined that we should sail for Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners to a centurion named Julius, of the Augustan cohort. And embarking in a ship of Adramyttium, which was about to sail unto the places on the coast of Asia, we put to sea, Aristarchus, a Macedonian of Thessalonica, being with us. And the next day we touched at Sidon: and Julius treated Paul kindly, and gave him leave to go unto his friends and receive attention. And putting to sea from thence, we sailed under the lee of Cyprus, because the winds were contrary . . ."

Paul's narratives, therefore, both at Jerusalem and at the Roman station of Caesarea on the seashore, come to us as a part of Luke's diary, taken down at the time, and in all likelihood submitted to Paul himself for any necessary revision or correction. So we can feel certain that we have Paul's own words.

Paul, speaking first under the very shadow of the revered Temple at Jerusalem, in which he loved to pray, makes it quite evident that it was his intense love of religion, as he understood religion, that armed him against the teachings and the disciples of the Master Jesus. We have seen Paul sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, his mind already prepared by an early touch with the ideas of Hellenic philosophy, since the Platonists, the Epicureans and the Stoics all had their famous teachers and their public discourses in Paul's native Tarsus. And indeed there was deep study and appreciation of Hellenic thought and philosophy among all the more studious Jews at this period, the period of Paul's student

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days. Philo, the most eminent living Jewish thinker, had published his widely read works which interpret the older Jewish scriptures according to the thought of Plato's idealism, and his writings had met with immense success, so that he came to be regarded as the representative man among the Jews.

Whether from his teacher at Jerusalem, the learned and liberal minded Gamaliel, or through study and reading of his own—more probably the former—Paul was very familiar with the thought, the Platonic idealism, of Philo, and also with his method of interpreting the Old Testament narratives as allegories. Both the process and the word are found in Paul's letters, as when, writing to the Galatians, he says: "Which things contain an allegory; for these women are two covenants . . ."

But Paul was even more deeply attached to the older, more literal view, and, above all, to the promise made by Jehovah to Abraham: "And he brought him forth abroad and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, so shall thy seed be . . ."

It was because Paul's fiery zealous heart, passionately bound up in the sacred tradition of Jehovah's doings with Israel, was so full of ardent longing for the promised Messiah who should restore the throne of David, making Jerusalem a splendid capital as in the days of Solomon, and spreading the sceptre of Israel over all the nations of the earth, precisely because of this fiery longing for the coming King and Kingdom, that Paul could not endure the Way of the Nazarene, nor for a moment tolerate the claims of his disciples.

For Paul, with the zealous and ardent among his countrymen, looked for a Messiah, a King, strong and mighty, wearing, like David, a crown of gold. These men offered him a King indeed, so announced by Pilate's mocking inscription, but crowned with thorns, with a reed in his right hand for a sceptre; and, instead of a triumphant kingdom, that should rule over all nations, a sect persecuted, reviled, contemned, despicable. Instead of David's throne set up once more on Zion, the Cross set up on Golgotha. We cannot tell for certain, but Paul may have been one of those who cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" But every fibre of Paul's zealous and deeply believing soul was outraged and enraged by the claim that this was the fulfilment of the promise to Israel. Rather than accept this King of mockery and disgrace, he would stamp out the very memory of him from among men. So, breathing fire and slaughter, he went down, with armed men and with authority from the High Priest, to Damascus.

On the road, the Master met him. It was no vision of the night, but an appearance in broad daylight, about midday. The Master, Paul's narrative makes it clear, did not appear as a physical body, but in a radiant form, which was so full of light that he and the men with him, blinded, fell on their faces on the ground. We are instantly reminded of that earlier self-revelation of the Master: "He was transfigured before them:

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and his face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as the light . . . behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased . . ."

It is evident that, in both cases, the one before, and the other after, the Crucifixion, the Master made himself visible in the "spiritual body;" what Paul, writing to the Corinthian disciples, calls the "celestial body." To make clear Paul's own understanding of this, we shall quote what he himself says:

"Now if Christ is preached that he hath been raised from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? . . .

"But some will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased him, and to each seed a body of its own . . .

"There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial . . .

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body . . ."

This, then, is Paul's teaching concerning the Master: the natural body was laid in the tomb, in corruption, in weakness, in dishonour; the Master rose in the spiritual body, in incorruption, in glory, in power. In this spiritual body, he appeared to the older disciples who had known him in the flesh; only after a time, did they completely recognize him, but, even before that recognition, their hearts burned within them, as they talked with him in the way.

That last wonderful phrase, from the journey of the two disciples to Emmaus, strikes the keynote of the Master's subsequent appearance to Paul, on the Damascus Road. He did not enter into any disquisition concerning his Incarnation, or his Messiahship, of Paul's own misunderstanding of the spiritual kingship of that Messiah and the future kingdom of Israel. His appeal was directly to the heart: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And Paul's heart burned within him, as he talked with him on the way.

It must be remembered that Paul was neither irreligious nor indifferent; on the contrary, he was full of a fiery zeal for religion, as he understood it. He was not careless or forgetful of the hope of Israel; rather, he was neglecting every material and temporal interest, in tireless, merciless efforts toward the coming and the triumph of the Messiah, the spiritual King.

And as, burning with fiery zeal for the coming King and his reign among the nations, Paul, at full noontide, came near to Damascus, then as now a city embowered in gardens and groves of trees, but approached

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through a desert, the Master appeared to him, not a King of mockery and contempt, as, perhaps, Paul had seen him before Pilate, but in the full radiance of the spiritual man, "his face shining as the sun, his raiment white as the light," announcing himself: "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest."

And, seeing and hearing, Paul's heart burned within him till the wrath and enmity against the Master and his disciples was melted into a fiery devotion, that was to last his whole life long. And so blinding, so overwhelming was the vision, that for three days Paul went about as one bereft of sight, led by the hand of those who were with him. In one sense, there was no great change in his thought and spirit. He who had said, with ardent and impatient heart, "The King is coming," now reverently whispered with wonderstruck heart, "The King has come." But in another sense the change was so complete and sweeping, that Paul was indeed a new man, his whole past washed away, as symbolized in the rite of baptism, awakening to the consciousness that the kingdom had come, not in conquering might but in lowliness, not in triumph, but in humiliation, not upon the throne but upon the Cross. Paul, once brought into touch with the Master, never again lost that living, interior contact. We have already recorded, in connection with the first narrative of his vision, two later and most critical occasions, both at Jerusalem, on which the Master appeared to Paul, speaking to him words that have been exactly recorded. But Paul's relation to the Master meant, on his own testimony, very much more than these striking appearances divided by intervals of years: it meant a continuing inward communion, the mind of the disciple being blended with the mind of the Master, so that Paul could truly say, "We have the mind of Christ." It meant, throughout all the remaining days and years of Paul's life, and especially during the three days' darkness, during which he was as one blind, a deep union with the Master's suffering also, a real sharing of his crucifixion, so that "we being dead together with Christ, shall rise together with him."

In this inner death and rising again, through the final and complete giving up of the external Messianic hope, the dream of the triumphant earthly kingdom, the dream, perhaps, of a personal share in its domination and glory; and the acceptance, instead, of the outcast lot of the rejected Nazarene,—in this inner transformation, this softening and dissolving of Paul's whole nature through humiliation, lies the essence of that death and new birth which thenceforth formed the centre of his thought and teaching. And in this inner transformation we find the second and more general meaning of the sentences already quoted: "it is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body . . . The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is of heaven . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the

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image of the heavenly . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

It is in this sense that Paul writes to the Galatian disciples: "I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me . . ." And he looks for exactly the same inner transformation and renewal in the case of those disciples: "My little children, of whom I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you . . ." and to another group of disciples: "that ye may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith . . . till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

The subjection of the will is accomplished by calmly resigning thyself in everything that internally or externally vexes thee; for it is thus only that the soul is prepared for the reception of divine influences. Prepare the heart like clean paper, and the Divine Wisdom will imprint on it characters to His own liking.—M. de Molinos.

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WHAT ARE WE?*

"What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man, that thou visitest him?"—PSALMS, 8; 4.

I AM neither a teacher nor a philosopher; only a student seeking for the answer to Pilate's question, which is indeed only the query of the ages,—"What is truth?"

There are times when writing seems to be helpful to me in this search, but aside from any question of personal helpfulness, I have two other reasons which prompt me to write:

(a) I may happen on some thought that will show some new facet of many sided truth to some other student; and,

(b) Whether I am right or wrong, what I write may reach the eye of someone who *knows,* and who will see in it an appeal for help.

One who attempts to write on any philosophical or metaphysical subject can hardly avoid being either consciously or unconsciously a plagiarist. We are likely to give as our own, ideas that had their birth in the minds of others, perhaps centuries ago. It may not be a conscious plagiarism, for the thoughts may be really and truly original in so far as we are concerned. Their re-appearance in our mind seems to confirm the statement of the Hebrew poet who calls himself "the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem":

> "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.
>
> "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

We plume ourselves on some thought that to us is new, and which we believe is not only original but is an addition to the sum of human knowledge. We turn the pages of some book,—perhaps the Bible, the *Bhagavad Gita,* Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, or it may indeed be the work of any one of a thousand other minds, and our idea which we thought new and original calls out to us from the printed pages. Old, old it may be, as the buried centuries, and probably clothed in language more strikingly beautiful and diction more grand than anything of which we are capable. What I shall say, therefore, will be said with full knowledge that I am traversing one of the threshing floors of the ages. My highest hope will be that I may here and there chance on a grain of truth that those who preceded me have overlooked.

* Read before Psychical Research Section of Woman's Dept. Club, Indianapolis.

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I realize also that in such an attempt we all labour under a handicap,—a handicap greater than we are apt to realize. We may imagine ourselves open-minded and unbiased, but it is doubtful if we ever are. We all have more or less pronounced opinions concerning many matters, which give us a bias hard to overcome,—especially hard because we are as a rule unconscious of its existence. Heredity, education, and environment, all play their part in the creation of these pre-judgments. With most of us there are certain things which we have always taken for granted. We have never reasoned about them, because we have assumed that the door for argument concerning them was closed. It will be well for all of us if we adopt as our motto, "Nothing can be higher than Truth." Paul's advice to the Thessalonians is well worth remembering: "Prove all things, hold fast only that which is good."

We feel that we are enveloped in mystery. Our outlook is on a changing universe, while we speculate on what lies back of the changes. Even the rock-ribbed mountains are only less changing than the clouds that float across the sky. Unseen forces are constantly building and constantly breaking down the structures built by other unseen forces. We turn to ourselves, and we find that our bodies, like everything about us, are also changing, and we know that sooner or later the entire structure will crumble and disintegrate. I am able to think of the end that will certainly come, and can tell with reasonable certainty just what the process will be that will end in the complete disintegration of the physical thing I call my body. But here arises a question: Is it really my body,—a something I possess? If so, I am a something separate or separable from it. Otherwise it is not *my* body, it is I, and I am simply a body, a something that has as one of its faculties the power to do what I am pleased to call thinking and reasoning. Either I am a something that can think and reason, a something that possesses and inhabits the body and has power to use its wonderful mechanism, its combination of nerves, of bones, of muscle, sinews, and glands, to give expression to my thoughts and transmute them into action, or else I am a mere automaton, a wonderful piece of mechanism, and no more. I am either an invisible, intelligent entity, the temporary occupant of that piece of mechanism, with the power to use it, or my so-called thoughts and my boasted reasoning are no more than the products of a cunningly contrived machine. In the one case the real I and my body are separate entities, and I am in control, with the power to choose and direct my course in life, and to compel my body to obey my will. In the other, there is no "I" separate and apart from my body. My body and I are one and the same thing. I have been built and set to running by an unknown power, with no choice as to what I may do. The time and manner of my running rests with that unknown power. I am the merest puppet of a relentless fate, destined to run until I run down, and then I shall cease to be. Which of the two am I? In either event, my actions are directed by an intelligent control. The question is,—is that controlling intelligence an

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independent entity that inhabits my body, or has the intelligence and power which planned and designed my body done its work so skillfully that I only *seem* to possess an intelligence, a will and a power of my own, when in reality the intelligence and power all come from without?

The biologist traces the evolution of physical man back to a primordial germ. But whence and how the germ came, he cannot even guess. Nor can he tell the source or the nature of the power that is able to start with that germ and build from it a human body. He knows only that it is one of the many modes in which that which we call force or energy manifests. He gives that mode of force a name and calls it life, but strives in vain to solve the mystery of its genesis or of its action, except that all organic structures owe their existence to its work, and that when it ceases to act they disintegrate and dissolve into the various elements from which life had gathered and organized them. The mind of man can reach far, but here it reaches a borderland beyond which lie a multitude of unsolved mysteries,—mysteries that are not only unsolved, but that to the scientific mind appear to be unsolvable. By the dictum of modern science they are styled the unknown and unknowable. Unknown they certainly are, but to say that they are unknowable is hazarding much. In recent years the area of human knowledge has expanded fast, and the frontiers of the known are daily crowding back the dividing line between the known and the unknown. Notwithstanding this, the things we know are few compared with the immensity of the unknown, and there are but few things concerning which we can afford to be dogmatic. Hundreds of great minds have sought to explore this mysterious unknown, and have essayed the solution of the mystery of the universe and of the origin, the nature, and the destiny of humanity. A vast literature is the result; but the student who plods through this field is likely to find only perplexity instead of enlightment in the maze of materialism, idealism and realism, with their by-products of monism dualism, pluralism, etc., and as he lays down each book he is likely to exclaim, in the language of the Lord as he answered Job out of the whirlwind,—"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Unable to choose between these would-be guides, if he would find the Truth he must search for it himself. It seems to me, however, that there are some things we are justified in saying we know, and coupled with them are certain inferences we are justified in deducing therefrom. For instance:

We know that the great universe is, and we feel justified in inferring that it is boundless not only in space but in duration.

We know matter or substance, and force or energy, and as we never find the one without the other, we infer that they are inseparable, and on this point we can agree with Moleschoot and other proponents of materialism when they say:—"Without matter no force, without force no matter"; but we feel that they have failed to appreciate and give due weight to the following facts which we also know:—

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We know that all things in the universe that are within our observation, act in accordance with law; from which we infer that the law is universal, i. e., everywhere present and everywhere controlling.

We know that in so far as we are able to observe and investigate, this great law is perfect and provides for very possible contingency,—from which we infer that it is the product of an infinite intelligence, and therefore, that the universe is pervaded and ruled by an infinite intelligence.

We know that this infinite and perfect law is conjoined with infinite power. We therefore infer that the dominant thing in the universe is a something in which is combined infinite intelligence acting with infinite power.

We know that the *visible* universe,—the universe as we are able to take cognizance of it by the aid of our physical senses, is transitory. It is made up of forms that are constantly changing. We are assured by science that even the various so-called elementary substances of which these forms are composed, are themselves impermanent and owe their forms to the manner in which certain things to which we give the name "electrons" have combined to make them, and that a different combination of the same "electrons" would have given us a substance quite different, which is sufficient to justify the inference that all substance or matter, in whatever form it presents itself, is all reducible to one simple primordial essence, or elementary substance.

We know substance in many forms. Science, in the past, has told us of a large number of so-called elements or elementary substances. Now it is telling us that these many elements or so-called elementary substances, are, after all, only varying combinations of this one elementary substance.

We know force or energy under many guises. We speak of many forces, but we have learned much and are fast learning more of the way in which one mode of force or energy may be transmuted into another, and the inference logically follows that there is but one elementary force or energy, and that like the so-called elementary substances, the many forces so-called are only differing modes in which this one elementary force manifests. Life is one of these modes of force.

We know that all organic forms are the product of certain of these modes of force acting on matter and under the control of that dominant intelligent, and law-observing power.

We feel that we know these things, for many reasons. It is true that while we have learned something of the great law, in accordance with which this all-controlling power acts, the things we have learned have only opened vistas into a vast beyond that is still shrouded in mystery. We have, however, devised instruments with which we reach out through millions upon millions of miles into space that is apparently boundless, only to find that great law governing every movement of every visible body. We have devised other instruments by which we are able to discover and observe the minute things as well as the great ones, and

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we have again been confirmed in our inference that not only is nothing of the visible and tangible universe so vast, but that nothing is so small that it can escape the operation of this law, or evade the grasp of the power that is behind it.

We have devised processes by means of which we have learned somewhat of the invisible side of nature, and of the various forms or modes in which energy or force manifests, such as gravitation, light, heat, electricity, etc., and while we have not yet learned the real secret of these various manifestations of force, we have learned enough to know that the great law rules here, as elsewhere, and we find that in so far as we are able to observe, all of nature, the invisible as well as the visible, —matter in all of its protean forms and energy in all its modes of action, —all are subject to that same infinite and intelligent control. We feel justified in the inference that the action of that law is as boundless as the universe, and that it is a manifestation of an Infinite Intelligence acting with infinite wisdom and infinite power. In this infinite combination of intelligence, wisdom and power, we find, not simply the first cause, but the infinite and eternal cause of all manifestation, and we call it "God."

As we look out into space we find stars and worlds innumerable, apparently in varying stages of development, with still other suns and worlds "in the making". We learn that our own world is but a minor attendant on a minor star in a boundless galaxy of stars. The astronomer traces its development from the fire mist of a nebula, until it becomes a satellite of the sun. The geologist traces its development from a glowing heated mass, to a time when it had cooled sufficiently for life to begin its work. The geologist and the biologist, thenceforward working hand in hand, read the story as they find it inscribed on literal "tables of stone", and tell us how life on our earth, beginning with the simplest of organic forms, reached the culmination of its power in a riot of tropical vegetation, teeming with gigantic and gross animal and reptillian monsters. They tell us how the present higher forms of organic life have been developed from some of those earlier, grosser, and more primitive forms. They tell us of primitive man, and how the man of to-day not only shows advancement in his physical organism, but that he possesses intellect. The psychologist joining in the work at this point, discovers in man, in addition to the matter of which his body is composed, with the life force that has built it, other elements which seem to constitute a distinct entity, inhabiting the body, but apparently separable from it. To this apparent entity seemingly belongs in some way all of our various concepts of that which we call the spirit of man, and of the things we know as being in some way associated with or derived from it,—as soul, mind, intellect, consciousness, thought, memory, will, etc.; and while these various words are not synonyms, it may be convenient at times to use one or the other of them as embracing all that they collectively represent. If I should at times use one of these words in a sense apparently broader than its strict definition would warrant, let it be remembered that it is used for

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the sake of brevity and convenience, as a symbol embracing all of the various things which we mentally connect with that apparent entity—the soul.

In this connection I venture a query and a suggestion: May not that which we call "spirit" bear to the so-called immaterial or supersensual universe, a relation similar to that which life bears to the material or the sensual? Life, while a form of energy, may be the highest or ultimate expression of energy, as we know it,—energy in the material or sensual universe, and spirit the highest or ultimate expression of a corresponding power in the immaterial or supersensual universe,—the supreme source of all power.

This other seemingly separate entity is not matter, as we know matter; it is not force or energy, as we know force or energy; nor is it both combined. On the contrary, it seems able to and does control and mold matter and control and direct force. Dare we say, however, that this entity which we call the soul may not after all be a higher form of substance, vitalized by a form of energy above and beyond any of the forms in which either substance or energy are known to us? Dare we say that when we have demonstrated the existence of the "ion" or the "electron", we have reached the genesis of substance and the ultimate expression of force? We have doubtless reached that point in so far as substance and force are known to us, but may there not be forms of substance and modes of energy to which the "electron" is coarse and gross, and may not that which we call the human soul, with its many attributes, be composed of such forms of matter, acted upon by such other modes of force? Memory, which is one of the mind's attributes, long outlives the substance of the brain that first took notice of the thing remembered. Does not this suggest that the incident was recorded on something more enduring than cerebral gray matter. While the brain is an instrument used by the mind, dare we say it is the only agency thus used? The psychologist tells us that in seven years all the atoms that compose our bodies at any given time will have disappeared, their places being taken by others; or, in other words, that our bodies are changed throughout and renewed every seven years. The octogenarian who remembers the incidents of his early childhood, is therefore using a brain more than ten times removed from the incidents remembered. Where was that record inscribed, and how has it been preserved? Surely the record was not written on that brain that disappeared more than three score and ten years ago. This separate entity seems to partake of the nature of that intelligent, infinite, and eternal cause of all manifestation, and to possess a measure of its power. We learn that it, like the body it inhabits, has undergone and is undergoing a process of evolution.

As I have said, while students of evolution claim to be able to trace the development of the physical body back to a primal germ, or to primal germs, from which all physical organisms have evolved or developed, they have there apparently reached a limit beyond which they cannot

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pass. Their work begins with the germ, and perforce they are compelled for the present to be content with the knowledge that all physical organisms begin with a germ. They are aided in their investigation of physical evolution by the fossil remains preserved here and there in the various geological strata which form the crust of the earth. One who seeks to learn the mysteries of the evolution and development of the human soul, has no such aids.

The history of physical evolution deals only with organisms and organic life. It is a history of the development of forms and types of mechanism,—low and simple forms gradually changing by the stress of environment into higher and more complex forms, which involves a gradual exaltation in the germ. The evolution of the soul, however, seems to be a mere unfolding,—the development of an intelligent but inorganic entity, which leaves no fossil remains by which we can trace the various steps in its growth.

True, since man learned the art of architecture, and began to build, since he began to fashion instruments and weapons of stone, of bone, or of metal,—since he began to make pictures and carve statues, and to produce works of ornament as well as of utility,—since he learned to write and began to leave inscriptions on stone and baked clay, on parchment, papyrus, or paper, we are able to take some measure of his progress. But as the student of physical life is compelled to pause when he reaches the germ or germs with which life begins its work, so the student of psychology must pause, for a time at least, with knowledge of the fact that there seems to be an entity that is separable from the physical body, and that it is the seat of man's intelligence. As the evolution of the physical organism has been along physical lines, and has involved gradual changes and transformations of material physical forms, we find visible material and physical evidences of the various steps in such changes. But he who would demonstrate the existence and trace the evolution of the non-physical man, must find evidence of a different character. The evidence he finds in the work of man of past ages, is only an index to an unwritten scroll. They are at best only symbols and hieroglyphs in which mind must read the workings of those other minds that conceived, that planned, and that directed their making. It seems to me that the evidence shows that this invisible and non-physical man does in fact exist, and that in its development it is as obedient to the control of the great law as is the physical. The thought is, of course, not original, nor is it new. It is one of the commonplaces of the philosophy of the far East, and is not unfamiliar to Western thought. Sir Edwin Arnold, writing of "Death and Afterwards", says:—

> "It seems within the range, and not beyond the rights, of the imagination to entertain confident and happy dreams of successive states of real and conscious existence, rising by evolution through succeeding phases of endless life. Why in truth,

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> should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—molding, governing, and emancipating them?"

As we have said, the biologist has an advantage over the psychologist, for this entity to which we give the name soul has left no fossil remains by which its development and its progress can be traced. We know of its existence and of its development only by the remains we find of man's handiwork through the ages past, and by the evidences handed down from age to age by tradition and by written record, whereby his growth intellectually, spiritually, morally, and socially, can be traced. Like the physical man, in one respect its origin may have been in a germ, but if so that germ must have partaken of the essence of that immortal and eternal consciousness that we know lies back of all manifestations. As all of the potentialities of the mighty oak are enfolded in the acorn,—as all the magic beauty of the flower rests in the tiny capsule of its seed,—and as all of the delicate and complex mechanism of the human body sleeps in a germinal dot, so may not all of the wondrous potentialities of the immortal soul have been enfolded in an atom of that causeless first cause, a germ of thought from the mind of Divinity, thereby partaking of the immortality of its divine source? It has always been; but, as the physical man has gradually been evolved and developed from the primal unicellular organism to the wonderfully complex organism of the man of to-day, so that primal germ of Divinity has evolved and developed into the soúl of man. It will no doubt be said that in making this suggestion, I have wandered from the solid foundation of things we know and of the things we may legitimately infer, and have allowed my imagination to lead me into a field of pure fancy, and that my suggestion of a germ of thought, consciousness, or mind, is beyond the boundaries of possible knowledge, evidence, or inference. I might answer, as another has well said, that imagination is the advance guard of discovery, and that the pioneers of scientific discovery have ever been men with imagination. I should be quite willing to claim this suggestion as original if I could, but I can not.

As to evidence, however, this depends upon what we mean by evidence. It seems to me that this is another case where what we know justifies the inference. What constitutes the difference between materiality and immateriality? Where can we draw the line? What is substance or matter? I have referred to one of the latest pronouncements of Science, viz.: that matter as we know it is only an appearance created by the behavior of certain centers of energy, to which have been given the name "electrons", the difference between the so-called elementary substances being due to the different manner in which the electrons have combined to form the several atoms of the different substances. (I will frankly say here, by way of parenthesis, that in making this statement, I am accepting the dictum of Science. I can conceive intellectually what it means, but as a

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fact I am compelled to take it as the great majority of us take many other things—"on trust".) The various germs which mark the initial step in the formation of different organisms, are therefore simply varying combinations of these electrons, or of the resulting atoms, plus life. They all hark back to something which to our consciousness is immaterial. If it is true that matter as we know it, from the dense substances like gold, platinum, or lead, to the non-ponderable gases, or to the ether that pervades space, consists of mere aggregations of electrons, then all of the so-called material things are in their ultimate essence, to our present consciousness, immaterial. They exist on planes that can not be reached by normal human consciousness. If science is right, they do thus exist, but the evidence of such existence is not as strong as the evidence of the existence of an infinite power by which they are controlled, and that mind is the agency through which that infinite power reveals itself and directs such control. The conduct of mankind is regulated in accordance with the evidence of our senses, and, unless we reject all of the evidence thus furnished us, mind is not only an attribute of the Infinite Intelligence that pervades the universe, but is also the agency through which man exercises control over material things. True, the materialists tell us that mind has no existence save as a function of the body, or of one of the body's organs, and that thought is a mere secretion of the brain. Cabanis, the distinguished French physician, expressed the idea in this way. He said: "The brain is determined to thought, as the stomach is to digestion, or the liver to the secretion of bile." The German, Voght, expressed the same idea in the following language: "Thought stands in the same relation to the brain, as the bile to the liver, or the urine to the kidneys." Büchner, another German, says: "Mind, like light, heat, electricity, or magnetism, is a movement of matter." Haeckel, the famous German materialistic biologist, in his book *The Riddle of the Universe,* says that neither mind nor soul have any origin, because, he says, sensation is an inherent property of all substance, and that conscious soul is a mere function of the brain. His latest pronouncement is found in a book written by him since the beginning of the Great War, and now being translated and published serially in the *Truth Seeker.* He says: "Physiology, whose province is the study of life itself, refutes the belief in immortality as positively as the comparative psychology of man and the other vertebrates. So, also, does the history of the development of the brain and its functions. The immaterial soul is nothing but a function of that organ, and the work of the material brain. Pure reason cannot admit the idea of the eternal duration of the soul."

It is worth something that these gentlemen recognize that mind has an actual existence, even if they do degrade it to a mere function of one of the bodily organs. In animal physiology, a function of an organ of the body is simply its normal mode of action, and therefore necessarily involuntary and automatic. The bodily organs all have their functions. The heart, the lungs, the stomach, the liver, and the kidneys, have each

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their functions or their normal mode of action; and none of them can voluntarily refuse to act or change the manner of its acting. They act automatically. The action of the mind, therefore, according to them, is simply the normal automatic action of the brain, as digestion is the normal and automatic action of the stomach. In animal physiology, a secretion is a substance existing in the blood, which is prepared and separated therefrom by glandular activity or by the action of the epithelial cells, as milk is separated from the blood and secreted by the mammary glands. To follow their argument to its legitimate conclusion,—as all the organs of the body are built from the food we eat, and perform their functions by the power thus generated, and as all the bodily organs are produced from that same food, mind and thought really originate in the stomach, and that organ is the abiding place of the soul.

According to these learned gentlemen, therefore, immortality is but an iridescent dream. The soul, as an entity, capable of voluntary and independent action, is non-existent, and the mind a mere function of one of the organs of our body, as digestion is a function of another. Our much vaunted thinking and reasoning is only a secretion that oozes from our brain, as the tears ooze from our lachrymal glands while we weep over the dismal hopelessness and purposelessness of human existence as thus pictured by these scientists; and their erudite productions are no more than material exudations from their material brains.

The works of these materialistic writers, showing as they do that they are the result of much study, are alone sufficient to refute their conclusion. This is particularly true of the work of Ernest Haeckel. His work is not the production of a mere automaton. When we read the record he has made of his life-time studies in the field of biology, we know that it is not a record of the mere involuntary working of a bodily function. Every page evidences purpose and design; an individual and personal purpose and design that could not possibly find its origin in a mere bodily function. The existence of this purpose and this design is as obvious in that work as is the existence of purpose and design in the work of the Infinite Intelligence that is over all. The immediate and impelling power by which the various bodily functions perform their several offices, is life,—that force which builds the body. But life only follows the plan it finds in the germ with which its work begins. It never changes that plan, or makes the mistake of developing the human germ into some other type of animal. Every function of the body is potentially present in the germinal dot from which the body grows. The various secretions of the different bodily organs are also automatically produced and their normal character is potentially determined when life begins its work with that germinal dot. The liver cannot secrete tears, nor can the lachrymal glands secrete bile. Whatever there is of purpose or of design that determines the character of these secretions, must be sought in the work of that Infinite Intelligence which lies back of the germinal dot. If thought is nothing but a secretion of the brain, we can

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no more originate and direct that secretion than we can originate and direct the secretions of other organs;—there can be no such thing as an intention of thought, and our so-called reasoning is a mere involuntary discharge of an involuntary secretion, as free from inherent intention, or from voluntary and independent purpose, as is the urine or the bile.

With all due respect for the learning and sincerity of these materialistic biologists, I feel that in Bunyan's *Man with the Muckrake,* we find their counterpart. Says Bunyan:—

> "The Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muckrake in his hands. There stood also one over his head, with a Celestial Crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muckrake; but the man neither did look up nor regard, but rakes to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor."

They find the beginning of all organic life in a germ or germs that in some way appeared in primordial slime. They find that these germs have developed throughout countless ages into a myriad forms of life, and among these forms they find the physical man of to-day. They may be right as to this, for physical man is still "of the earth earthy," and can hardly deny kinship with the slime. Keeping their eyes on that slime of the distant past, and on the life force that stirred its depths when that germ appeared, they seek only in the dust of the ages and in that life force for the origin of all the qualities they find in the man of to-day. They might as well attribute the secret of Canova's genius to the marble of Carrara, or the inspiration of Michael Angelo or Raphael to the pigments they used. If they will but lift their eyes from the dust, and study the harmonious rule of that power which governs the universe, they will find the source of the crowning glory of humanity. "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." As the mysterious thing we call "magnetism" may enter into the apparently inert needle of steel and give to it a new quality or power, and as magnetism's mysterious relative, electricity, when it is sent coursing through a wire, imparts to the filament in the bulb the power to emit light, so man, at some point in the course of his development, has had imparted to him a power beyond anything that can originate in the form of force we know as life. Life acts automatically, but this new power enables man to originate action; to think, to reason, to decide, and to do. To this new power or quality belong all the things we conceive of as attributes of soul. Common sense is a most excellent possession, and common sense would dictate that in searching for the origin of mind we should look where we know mind to be. One would not search for tropical flowers

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at the north pole, nor for icebergs at the equator. We know that mind exists independently of our bodies. We know that Infinite Intelligence rules the universe, and common sense would suggest that we look toward that Infinite Soul of the universe as the source whence the soul of man has come.

It is not my purpose to try to explain in this paper how the soul became associated with the physical body. I have sought to limit myself to things which we all know, to inferences which I believe we are justified in drawing therefrom, and to demonstrate by legitimate argument, if possible, the fact that the soul is a definite entity, and that mind, instead of being a mere function of the body, is its superior and its controller, and therefore that I am right when I speak of *my body*. I am an immortal soul. My mind is not a mere function of my brain, but is that through which my soul makes itself known. My brain is its servant, the instrument through which it speaks and through which it transmits thought. It is in obedience to the command of that *I*, that my hand now writes these words.

R. M. McBride.

Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience, and little duties make the will dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, heart and conscience. We need not to be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.

H. G. Manning.

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COUNT SAINT-MARTIN

*"The only initiation which I preach and seek with all the ardor of my soul is that by which we may enter into the heart of God, and make God's heart enter into us, there to form an indissoluble marriage, which will make us the friend, brother and spouse of our Divine Redeemer ('the violent take it by force.' Matt. xi. 12.) There is no other mystery, to arrive at this holy initiation, than to go more and more into the depths of our being, and not let go till we can bring forth the living, vivifying root, because then all the fruit we ought to bear, according to our kind, will be produced within us and without us naturally; as we see is the case with earthly trees, because they are adherent to their own roots, and incessantly draw in their sap."**

IN the midst of the atheism and materialism of the revolutionary and pre-revolutionary period in France, among men who declared that there is no God, whose pride of learning had blinded their eyes and deadened their hearts, Count Saint-Martin spent his life in the endeavor to waken in his fellow-men the memory of their "imperishable being, all shining with eternal splendor." Through all his books, a dozen or so in number, his endeavor is the same, to bring to man a realization of his fallen and degraded condition and to recall him to his allegiance to "the First and the Prince of the Warriors of the Spirit." But not to the pen alone was his effort confined; he realized fully the power that lies in living the life. "Do not forget," he writes, "that, in the state of aberration in which Man is, you have a duty to perform for your fellow-men, more urgent than writing books; that is, so to live and do, as, by your efforts and desires, they may get ears to hear them. This is what is most needed by mankind." And his books were written and his life was lived in a spirit of consecration to the Masters' work.

Born of a noble family in Amboise in 1743, he was educated for the magistracy but remained in that profession only a short time, preferring instead a military career, since it would afford him, in time of peace, more leisure for study and meditation. As an officer in the army he was stationed in 1765 in Bordeaux and there met Martinez de Pasqualis, a Portuguese of oriental, presumably Hebrew, origin. The latter lived a life secluded and withdrawn; none of his teachings was made public, and little is known of him except that he was a Gnostic Christian, and the chief of a sect, the Martinezistes (often called Martinists), into

* Correspondence between Count Louis Claude de Saint-Martin and Kirchberger, Baron de Liebestorf.

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which Saint-Martin was introduced with many rites of initiation and "theurgic operations."

This was an age of especial activity in regard to spiritualistic, magnetic and so-called somnambulic phenomena. The Martinezistes, soon greatly increased in numbers and making their headquarters at Copenhagen, experienced wonders so singular and of so great a variety as to rouse wide-spread interest and comment. It was the same age that saw the demonstration of Mesmer's theories and the strange careers of the mysterious Count Saint Germain and Cagliostro. Spirit communications and prodigies of all sorts were so frequent as to become almost common occurrences. And in connection with this wave of spiritualism, it is worthy of note that it preceded by just a century, the similar wave, this time in America, that again prepared the soil in which the Theosophic seed was sown.

Saint-Martin, who had always been of a mystical turn of mind, found the spiritualistic operations of the school distasteful, and in a conversation with Martinez, is quoted as saying, "But, Master, is all this necessary, to gain a knowledge of God?" It was through this agency, nevertheless, that he found the spiritual path, for the spiritualism received here became for him, not a mere science of spirits, but a science of God. In later years he expressed the belief that his teacher, Martinez, possessed the key to the higher truths, had his pupils been able to receive them. As for the spiritualistic communications, he writes (also at a later date) that he too had his share and that there was every indication of the presence in them of the "Repairer" or "active Cause." "But," he adds, "unless things come from the centre itself, I do not give them my confidence. I can assure you I have received from the inward way, truths and joys a thousand times higher than those I have received from without." Elsewhere, he occasionally mentions some statement which the "agent" has made to him, or special preservation that has been accorded him (this during the revolution). But never is there more than a hint in passing. His tendency is always to discourage in his followers their interest in marvels of a lower order and to turn their minds to higher things.

It is interesting to note in passing that Martinez's school after his death, was reopened in Paris, in 1784, under the name of the Philaléthes and it was of the Philaléthes that Cagliostro agreed to take charge, later refusing because they would neither adopt the Constitutions of the Egyptian Rite, nor consign their archives to the flames. There is no indication, however, that Cagliostro and Saint-Martin ever came together. The latter refused to enter the new lodge, for he regarded its members, according to his friend and biographer, M. Gence, as "seeking less the truth than the secret of the *philosophical work*," speaking and acting "only as freemasons and not as real initiates, that is, as united to their Principle."

In 1771, Saint-Martin retired from the army, feeling called to what he termed the Great Work, and devoted himself to meditation, to writing

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and to the study of man, "the only book written by God's own hand." Shortly after this, Boulanger advanced his view that religion is the result of fright occasioned in mankind by the catastrophes of nature. And to combat the work of the Encyclopedists, Saint-Martin began in 1775, his first book, *Des erreurs et de la verité,* asserting that, inherent in the nature of man, is the knowledge of an active, intelligent cause. All his books dealt with subjects closely allied to this, with the exception of one entitled *Ecce Homo.* This little volume was written with a special view to the needs of his friend the Duchess of Bourbon, towards whom he acted more or less as spiritual director; and purposed to turn her and others like her away from their undue interest in spiritualistic marvels.

His doctrine is a difficult one to summarize adequately; it is not a simple theocracy, nor is it a simple mysticism, but a genuine theosophy on the government of things divine and human. He is deeply mystical with a mysticism of a quality new to that day. On this point M. Gence writes: "The mystics of the middle ages and those of Fénèlon's school, by uniting themselves by recollection or contemplation to their Principle, according to the doctrine of their master, Rusbrochius, were absorbed in God through affection. Here (meaning in Saint-Martin's teachings) the entrance is higher; it is not the faculty of affection only, it is the Divine intellectual faculty itself, which knows in itself its Principle, and through him the pattern of that Nature which Malebranche saw, not actively in himself, but speculatively in God; and of which Saint-Martin discovers the type in his interior being, by an active and spiritual operation which is the germ of all knowledge." As Saint-Martin himself expressed it, he taught the new birth by the Gospel way, as contrasted with the well-known contemplative way.

He wrote under the name *"un philosophe inconnue,"* and an unknown philosopher he remained to the end of his life, so far as the mass of mankind was concerned. In a surprisingly brief time, however, he had a considerable following, but drawn, unlike those of Martinez, almost entirely from the aristocracy. To such a degree was this the case, as to cause one biographer, in alluding to his various sojourns in London, Rome and several of the cities of his own land, to remark that at first sight he would appear to have gone only to visit the most notable families. For the good of the Great Work he made it a point to seek out some of the most renowned thinkers of the day. Among these was Lalande, the astronomer, whose work appealed to him especially because of his interest in the science of numbers. But the theories of neither man were acceptable to the other and their acquaintance was brief. A meeting which he had arranged with Voltaire was prevented by the death of the latter; and Saint-Martin wrote: "It is impossible not to admire this extraordinary man, who is a monument of *l'esprit humain*—Voltaire was neither atheist nor materialist. He had too much understanding (*esprit*) for that; but he had not enough of genius or of light to believe in anything more."

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Among his personal friends were men and women of widely varied types, representing the keenest, most brilliant and most scholarly minds of the day. Indeed, his position was a singular one; he possessed, it is true a pleasing appearance, great charm of manner and an air of distinction, yet withal he was but a young army officer, a member of the lesser nobility, possessed of a very modest fortune and no great learning or renown. To find him so widely sought after and playing so considerable a role in so large a number of the greatest houses of France is remarkable in itself; and it becomes all the more so in view of the fact that he was in every sense of the word, in the world but not of it. "I am so afraid," he writes, "of moving without my guide, and so much would I wish never to separate myself from my source and ground, in thought, word, or act. In short I would have no will of my own and I feel how far I still am from this. Nevertheless, that is my aim." His was a simplicity of soul, a serenity and detachment, far removed from the spirit of the people among whom he lived. He loved mankind, but in his friendships and in his social life he saw a reminder of that perfect understanding and intimacy which all might enjoy in perfect unity with their divine Principle.

Matter, in his *Saint-Martin,* claims that the philosopher, sought after though he was, received even among his friends and followers little genuine support. They were eager for his teachings, they listened to them, but not with the desire to make them their own—rather as a sort of curiosity. And Matter explains this attitude as entirely characteristic of that generation, "sceptical, incredulous, materialistic, sensual above all. In this charming century they gathered about the light, but all wished it to be sweet and agreeable. They rejected it if it were austere in form or difficult to understand. They fled above all if it were presented in shadowy or mystical form."

The years 1788-1791 were, without doubt, for Saint-Martin the most important years of his life. During this time he stayed in Strasbourg and through his friend Madame de Boecklin, became initiated into the mysticism of Jacob Boehme; whom he regarded as the greatest human light that ever shone. To give an account of his doctrine after this period would be to give an account of the teachings of Boehme, for these teachings became his very life, filling out and completing for him all the work of his earlier years and opening up untold stores of spiritual wisdom. After devoting himself completely to this study, he declared that all his own writings hitherto had been mere child's play, and began his greatest book *Le Ministère de l'Homme-Esprit.*

In it he teaches the doctrine of the principles in man and also of the indwelling presence of God in man as a potentiality. Man and not the universe is the witness of Divinity, the means of demonstrating the Divine Essence. But man as he now is, imprisoned in matter, is a degraded being clothed in garments of shame. His first fall came about through weakness, the weakness of allowing himself to be "struck, attracted and penetrated by the spirit of the world, whereas he was of a higher order,

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and a region above this world." He must regain that first state, be made over again in the image of God and know by the light of his own inner being, Divinity in its living glory. "Now, we have the prerogative of forming, after the similitude of the All-Wise, an indissoluble, eternal alliance between our minds (*esprits*) and our sacred hearts, by uniting them in the principle which formed them; and it is only on this indispensable condition that we can hope to become again the images of God."

There are seven forms of Nature, according to his teaching, even to the eternal root of all. Through man's fall, the universe, originally in harmony through all its seven parts, suffered from the entrance of foreign elements and substances. And the universe is now groaning on a bed of pain; nay more, it is dying, is in its grave. And man, the Spirit-man to whom the book is addressed, has been commissioned by God to be the rectifier; he must help nature to enjoy her rest, *i. e.*, to develop her seven powers naturally. This is to be done not by man as he now is, however, but by man denuded of self, with his own seven powers naturally developed.

"O man! stop in the middle of this abyss in which you are, if you will not plunge still deeper in. Your work was quite simple when it came out of your First Principle's hands; it has become threefold, through your imprudence and the abominations you have committed: you have now, first, to regenerate yourself; secondly to regenerate the universe; then thirdly, to rise to be a steward of the eternal riches, and to admire the living wonders of Divinity."

Somewhat the same thought, given in paradoxical form, is found later on: "Man takes different characters at each step of this sublime undertaking. At first, he may be regarded as Nature's master, and he ought to be so, in fact, for her to derive any comfort from him. At the second he is simply the brother of his fellow creatures, and, rather as a friend than as a master, he devotes himself to their relief. Lastly, at the third, he is nothing more than a servant, a mercenary to the Word, to which he ought to bring relief; and it is only when he enters the lowest rank that he becomes specially the Lord's workman."

Elsewhere, also he speaks of "*sublime workmen* or mighty servitors," among whom he is far from being able to reckon himself.

This regeneration, first of man and then of the universe, is the Great Work, toward which he bent every effort of his life and to the pursuance of which his books were meant to draw his fellow-men. But this regeneration could be brought about only by a new birth, not at the resurrection as Saint-Martin interprets St. Paul's teaching to mean, but here and now in accordance with the teaching of Christ.

This new birth must be threefold, a new soul, a new spirit, a new body, and the transmutation becomes possible only "in pains of bitter anguish, and a sense of profound and complete desolation."

"We must feel the spirit making furrows in us, from head to foot, as with a mighty ploughshare, tearing up the trunks of old trees with

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their roots interlaced in our earth, and all foreign substances which impede our growth and fertility. Everything that has entered us by charm and seduction, must go out of us by rending and pain."

In the correspondence with Baron de Liebestorf, the latter submits for Saint-Martin's approval the following—his summary of that part of Saint-Martin's teaching:

"I look upon the divine part of ourselves as the vehicle, the birthplace of the Repairer, who ought to be engendered in us. The Word, once engendered in us, is, I believe the means by which we have communication with the Father, and I believe that, by the flux and reflux of communion between the Word and the Father, the procreation of the Holy Spirit takes place in us, which, then, leads us into all truth. Thus everything depends on the one thing needful, the birth of the Word within us."

Many passages in the book, giving admonition and encouragement to the seeker after light, remind one in spirit, and frequently in expression as well, of parallel passages in *Light on the Path,* or the *Voice of the Silence.*

"Try even to feel that perhaps the only science worth studying is to be without sin; for possibly if man were in that state he would manifest all lights and sciences."

"Even the obstacles and dangers we meet with in our work, and which become our crosses when we recede from them, are steps and means of rising, when we surmount them. Wisdom in exposing us to them meant that we should triumph."

"Listen very attentively to this word sorrow, when it speaks within you; listen to it as the first helping voice that can make itself heard in the wilderness; gather carefully this precious specific, as the only balm that can cure the nations."

"It is not an earthly but a spiritual change of place that can serve us. And, without stirring from our material place, we ought to reflect incessantly, painfully, on the cold, dark spiritual place we are in, that we may go and make our dwelling in one that is warmer, lighter, happier."

And the life which would result from such an effort, the aim for which Saint-Martin himself worked with never failing zeal, is best expressed, again in his own words:

"Not a desire, but in obedience;
Not an idea, which is not a sacred communication;
Not a word, which is not a sovereign decree;
Not an act which is not a development and extension of the vivifying rule of the Word," or to put it in more homely phraseology, it is simply "reducing ourselves to the condition of a cannon waiting for the match to be applied."

This book was published in 1802, but long before its completion, the French Revolution had begun, through all of which stormy period Saint-Martin maintained the same detachment which he had previously

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shown. Holding himself aloof from party opinions and considerations of birth, he not only did not emigrate, but remained in Paris until forced to leave by the decree of the 27 Germinal, expelling the nobles.

He then withdrew to a retired country district where he lived in considerably straightened circumstances. And here, far from being unduly disturbed by the storm and stress of the time, his mind was still occupied with the Great Work. In his Theosophic Correspondence with Kirchberger, written at this time, he refers to himself as the Robinson Crusoe of spirituality, and adds, "When will it please Providence that I may find people to whom I may communicate these treasures! His will be done." And again, "Be thankful therefore to Providence that you are in a free country, in a quiet position and surrounded with men of desire. I know, by want of these advantages how precious they are." And, showing that he found work to do wherever he went, he writes humorously of certain "little chickens which come, from time to time, for their crumb —fresh souls" whom he aided in his capacity of theosopher and religious philosopher.

But that he may not be thought a dreamer or neglectful of his duty, be it said that he contributed as one of the citizens to the expenses of his commune; he served in the Garde Nationale, being on duty in the Temple during the imprisonment of the young Dauphin, and immediately after was appointed to catalogue the books in the suppressed religious houses. Furthermore, in 1794, notwithstanding the interdict against the nobility, he was chosen by the district of Amboise as its representative in Paris, in the Normal Schools instituted to train masters for public instruction. This post he accepted because of the possibilities which it offered for the Great Work. He hoped that, with the aid of interior guidance, he might combat successfully the anti-social and materialistic philosophy of the day. And his hopes were justified in a disputation with one of the learned men of the day, from which he returned with the conviction that his effort had not been made in vain.

Although he regarded with horror the anarchy and despotism by which he was surrounded, he nevertheless believed that the Revolution itself served a definite purpose and would bring good in its train. His view on this point is of special interest in the light of present day events. "Do not believe," he writes, "that our French Revolution is an indifferent thing upon the earth; I look upon it as the revolution of human nature —France has been visited the first, and that very severely, because she has been very guilty. Those countries which are no better than she, will not be spared, when the time of their visitation arrives. I believe, now, more than ever, that Babel will be pursued and overthrown progressively throughout the globe; which will not prevent her again throwing out new shoots, which will be uprooted at the last judgment; for, at the present epoch, it will not be visited to its centre, because, fortunately for us, its centre is still hidden; and woe to those who will be present when this centre pours out its infection!"

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Much of the time during these later years of his life Saint-Martin spent in caring for his sick and aged father in Amboise. Here he devoted himself to the translation of the works of Boehme, for his eyesight was rapidly failing and he explained that during his old age he wished to have these much-loved books read to him in his own tongue. But the need for such a thing was never to come. For some time before his death, he felt convinced that he had not long to live, and in 1803 he died at Aunay near Paris, still *un philosophe inconnu,* for at his death he was so little known as to be confused, in the public announcements, with his early master, Martinez, who had died nearly a quarter of a century before.

JULIA CHICKERING.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But we must live in a palace; well, then, he can also live well in a palace. MARCUS ANTONIUN.

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

TOWERING above and dwarfing all other things which the Screen reflects at the present time, stands the long battle line, east and west, north and south, where the heart of the world is centred. There can be nothing more inspiring, more instructive, or more moving.

Yet what, in truth, is taking place there? We get such different reports. Some see nothing but horrors. Others see mere brute forces, hurling themselves this way and that. Others tell us of heroism, magnificent, sublime.

There are those, however, who find these unspeakable horrors, these most brutal of brute forces, and who see this most splendid heroism; but also, with these things and transcending them, as the Resurrection is seen in the Crucifix, they find Eternal Life.

It is inevitable. We find what we bring. We see, always and everywhere, that which in fact we are.

The Crucifixion does not perfectly illustrate this law, except in retrospect, because no one who stood there and watched it could see the joy, for the sorrow; the light, for the darkness; victory, because of what seemed such terrible defeat. Easter opened their eyes, as it ought to have opened ours, as it ought to have opened the eyes of those who watch this war,—as it has opened the eyes of some. And yet, even among those who stood there, gazing at that Cross of life, what a difference! There were those who enjoyed the suffering—brutes who jeered. Some were hardly conscious of it: they were indifferent, immersed in self. Others saw pain and horror: perhaps they sympathized; perhaps, when humanitarian, they vowed that so far as in them lay, crucifixion as a practice should cease. Others—so few—wept their hearts out in agony of love and pity. But did they see beyond? Did they see Discipleship? Did they see an undying victory of soul? Did they, through that veil of death and anguish, see the redemption of mankind—even of the butchers who did it, of the fiends who ordered it—the betrayed, saving the betrayer—the victim, by his heroism, atoning for those who tortured him?

They could not have seen that, we believe, until later, when the Victor gave them his peace.

But we, today, who have studied that drama of the soul; who have sought the secret of that Great Soul's elixir,—we have no excuse for blindness; we ought to understand.

Yet,—we find what we bring with us; we see that which we are.

Here, for instance, is an American boy, William J. Robinson, who

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enlisted in England at the outbreak of the war, and who writes very entertainingly of his experiences (*My Fourteen Months at the Front*).

"If those persons," he says, "who speak of the glories of war could really see it in all its dirtiness and nastiness and utter misery, they would perhaps speak less glibly about the good it does a nation to go to war."

Robinson, as he says, had decided that he "might do lots of worse things than to see a little of the biggest scrap the world has ever known." So he enlisted, and, while at it, behaved bravely and in all ways well. But, acting from such a motive, how could he possibly have seen any more than he did see? True, he saw more than "nastiness"; he saw heroism and he says so. But he brought that with him, at least to some degree. He was not blind to that. Beyond that, however, he saw nothing. He was not giving his life for a Cause loved more than life.

Then there is Philip Gibbs, in a despatch to the New York *Times* of July 18, 1916, dated from the British front on the Somme, who concludes by saying:

"If any man were to draw a picture of these things or tell them more nakedly than I have told them, because now is not the time nor the place, no man or woman would dare speak again of war's 'glory' or of the 'splendor of war,' or any of those old lying phrases which hide the dreadful truth."

They see what they see. But the husk is not the grain; it is the husk.

Of course ideals differ, as well as vision of facts. Mr. Cyril Brown, presumably an American, and in any case Staff Correspondent of the New York *Times*, telegraphing on July 25th from "Great Headquarters of General von Linsingen's Armies in Volhynia," and praising everything he sees, particularly the General in command, is so far dominated by his environment that he flatters in terms which would make officers of any other army feel at least uneasy. Yet it is what those officers like to think of themselves as being:—ruthless!

Doubly and trebly censored by German staff officers, this American correspondent describes his meeting with von Linsingen in the midst of a "family blowout." The General was dining with his staff. All of them were singing. The General, being the hero of the occasion, is made to out-sing the others (it was of course "Deutschland über alles") "with a loud, deep roar." And then: "again and again the sound of the Jaeger cheer and huntsman's cry—a triple 'horiddo' which *the whole pack* gave with a lusty will," supposed to strike terror broadcast. Then this description of the General's staff officers (one can see the staff censors swelling as they read): "I felt almost sorry for Brusiloff and his Cossacks as I studied this Linsingen brood of lean, keen-eyed, determined-jawed, saturnine, ruthless fighters, flushed as with victory"!

But the question of ideals is another matter. We are concerned, for the moment, with the vision of what is. There were those, doubtless,

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who found in the Jewish hangmen a more noble figure than in Christ. For they, too, were ruthless; it is possible they were saturnine; they may even have been "flushed as with victory."

Where, then, shall we turn for better, truer vision?

As against the view which sees only the horrors of the Crucifixion and nothing of the Resurrection which those horrors contain and bring to birth, there is another view, set forth by many participants in this great war, all of whom—these men who see—have the spirit and something of the knowledge of disciples. For the most part they are priests, whose profession requires them to lay down their lives in advance. To the extent that they have done so—their lives, their comfort, their personal desires—to that extent they have constituted themselves disciples. Then, called upon to fight for God and their country (they have reason to believe that the cause of one is the cause of the other), they carry with them, into this outer warfare, the same devotion, the same nobility of self-surrender, the same rejoicing when their Master calls for what they have given, and the same ability to see the things of eternity overshadowing the things of time. We have a right to expect a truer vision from them, and we find it. Yet, because they do see more truly, we shall find no mitigation of the horrors—realism could hardly be carried further; we shall find no effort to "deny" the pain. There is light permeating the darkness, and they see it because they have it. The soul is mightier than iron, and they see that because they have lived it, have proved it, and are willing at any moment to prove it finally by dying that they may live.

In addition to the books mentioned in the last "Screen of Time," there is one which is at least as remarkable as they are. It is entitled *Impressions de Guerre de Prêtres Soldats,* collected by Léonce de Grandmaison, published by Plon-Nourrit et Cie, Paris. It contains the letters and diaries of a number of priests, some of them still living, others now dead. These letters were not written for publication. They were addressed to friends, and often to the Bishops or religious superiors of those who wrote them.

Here is the Chaplain of the N^{e} Division, the Abbé Benoît E..., who speaks of the number of conversions among men at the front.

"It is not simply the prospect of death which brings about these conversions at the front. It is much more often the steady performance of duty. He who forgets himself for his brethren and for the service of his country, is very close to the Kingdom of God. It is not so much fear as the habit of right living which makes our soldiers better Christians at the front."

What an example their officers set them! This same Chaplain gives many instances. He tells of the fighting on the 9th of May. "The N^{e} was not, it seems, adequately supported. The losses are considerable. The colonel, Commandant H..., a splendid Christian, with whom lived the Chaplain of the regiment,—is dead. He was sublime,

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they say. When his battalion gave ground, he turned over his command to a captain, and alone went back, facing the enemy, wishing, doubtless, to give his men an ineffaceable lesson in heroism. So he went forward, confronting inevitable death. And he was riddled."

Another detachment came to the rescue. It happened to contain two deacons, a number of seminarists, and several members of a religious association for young men, a majority of whom fell, facing the enemy. And what was the cry of those who returned? Was it of horror, of grief? No. *"Ah, que c'était beau! que c'était beau, Monsieur l'Aumônier! Jamais on ne verra rien de si beau!"* (Ah, how beautiful it was, how beautiful it was, Sir Chaplain! Never will anything so beautiful be seen!). And the Chaplain adds: "What enthusiasm! One would say that for them, the survivors, the others are not dead at all!"

And here is the Abbé Léonce Marraud, of the diocese of Paris, "killed facing the enemy" in September, 1914, writing as a sub-lieutenant of infantry.

"I love this life. It seems to me that for the first time I am in the full sense a man. I love passionately the duty which Providence has given me, in spite of all the pain, all the anguish which it has brought me: perhaps in fact because of them. There was that terrible retreat . . . There was above all the suffering of my men who endured unutterable misery (to understand it one must have passed through it). Then there are those who have fallen . . . And I cannot say how much I loved them. They were my friends, whom I saw fall, and with the anguish of asking myself whether it were not due to some fault of mine. Oh! that wringing of one's heart before a battle, when one sees all those eyes turned on you with a mixture of anxiety and affection, seeming to say: 'It is our lives that we intrust to you'; and when one knows that one is going to send not a few of them to death and that one must nevertheless inspire them and give them courage. Nor could anyone understand, unless he had experienced it, the depth of the bond of affection between a commander and his soldiers, particularly in the infantry, after a month when there has been fighting every day, and companionship in the same intense emotions. . . . There is a serious note to it, without sadness, full of a courageous resignation which is really very splendid. And it would be impossible to imagine the fineness that one meets with, in such circumstances, in men of most commonplace aspect, wishing to express to you their silent devotion. I would not give this brief, crowded period for all the rest of my life. . . .

"And even in a material sense this life is full of beauty. The organism reacts with an extraordinary intensity. The joy of the body benumbed by night as it recovers life and heat; of the harassed body as it relaxes; and the joy of some effort carried out to the very end, is very great. And what marvellous surroundings, tragic and picturesque

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by turns! I am in wonderful autumnal woods, which border a peaceful valley, the gentle lines of which contrast sharply with the atmosphere of devastation in which we live. I sleep tonight in a charming old house. It has been pillaged and is abandoned. I am alone in it, and move around as if it were my own. It is exquisite and infinitely touching in its distress. Tomorrow I shall go and sleep in the woods. At other times I have passed the night in the street of a village in flames, where shells were falling. More often than not, on the horizon, villages blaze. Combine with that the wounded, the blood, the dead horses, the heavy ammunition wagons, as one heroic theme after another. Ah no! I would not give this life, in spite of its heartrending sorrows, for all the years I have lived.

"And then it has been such a joy for me to see, in this constant presence of death, souls uplifted, drawing closer to God; to feel, and to feel with such intensity, that most of those who have fallen there, were in a state of blessedness, lifted to the highest moral level they could attain, united, by their humble self-abandonment, to the divine sacrifice,—I would willingly endure the worst kind of life to feel that always."

Then there is the diary or report of Père André de Guilhard-Bancel, sub-lieutenant of infantry,—evidently addressed to his religious superior. He writes from the front trenches:

"This morning, at about three o'clock, I came back to my shelter. The sentinels have been posted; all orders given. Before resting . . . while bullets whiz and shells burst around me, I recite slowly and with love the words of my pledge (vows). The weather was overcast, no stars in the sky; and yet what a festival (*fête*) in my heart."

Later: "I am happy, being—

Tout seul avec, Jésus, Jésus seul avec moi
Dans le secret du cœur et la paix du silence."

[What food for meditation in those words! Who is the Master on whose Ray you shine? Then, not only are you alone with him, but he, whether you know it or not, whether you grant him one thought or not,—he, mystically though in truth, is utterly alone with you!]

He was killed on December 12, 1914. On December 6th he wrote:

"One word of *adieu* or of *au-revoir,* I do not know which. One of these days perhaps I shall give a 'kick' with my section, and what will become of its commander? God alone knows. I am neither anxious nor troubled: quite the contrary. But this morning, at the holy communion, I prepared for the *grand passage.* Do you know the joy which fills my soul when I think of it? Only one feeling, and a deep one too, contends with joy in these moments blessed by God;

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and that is the feeling of my unworthiness. But confidence quickly gets the mastery over everything, and I believe that *there* lies my duty and the truth. Confidence, confidence always."

The Abbé Joseph G..., sub-lieutenant of infantry, writes from the front trenches:

"The apostleship of joy, of gaiety,—here, that is the apostleship which takes first place. A priest at the front is inevitably a reservoir of joy, of good cheer. Always ready to give his life, which he surrendered to God once for all on the day of his sub-diaconate, the priest can live in perfect serenity in the midst of war. We, priests, cannot be afraid of death, and our serenity is contagious."

And this is how the same priest, on May 8, 1915, speaks of an approaching battle:

"Before the great days when probably we shall die, I want to thank you for all the good you have done me. The great days draw near in fact, and I feel in my heart the same joy and the same peace as on the eve of my ordinations. . . . To die young, to die a priest, as a soldier, during an attack, marching forward, while performing the priestly function, perhaps while granting absolution . . . to give one's life for the Church, for France, for all those who carry in their hearts the same ideal as I do, who are quickened by the same faith . . . and for the others too that their eyes may at last be opened to the light and that they may know the joy of believing: Ah! truly Jesus spoils me! How glorious it is! (*Que c'est beau!*) . . . If I fall, above all do not weep for me: it would be so wrong. Envy me, rather, and pray, pray much for me. I shall go with but one regret, that of having done so little good; of having given so little after having received so much. Yes, I have lived as a spoiled child of the dear Lord . . . So, *au revoir* whether on earth or in heaven . . . You will perhaps find this letter sad, you who read it at the rear. I who write it while facing the *Boches,* find it very cheerful."

The next is just a touch, but it speaks. It is the close of a letter from a lieutenant, a priest, who has been describing a charge to the north of Arras.

"I am still amazed not to have been left back there, and I am almost ashamed to have been neither killed nor wounded! Really *le bon Dieu* cannot wish to have me, and it's very humiliating. At least pray for me that soon, if God permit, I also may give my life for France on some fine day of perfect victory."

Then there is the following:

"Ypres! One should pray in that town as in a temple," writes the Abbé Philippe P... "It is a reliquary, a relic. With equal respect and as on the same footing, one passes from the ruins of a house to

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the ruins of a church, from the ruins of a church to the ruins of the Halls. All is sacred.

"Literally, not a house that has not been struck, torn open, shot to pieces, ripped up, without doors, without windows, without a roof. The remnants of walls; piles of stones; here a broken pillar, there a portico; everywhere the stigmata of shells.

"They destroyed for the sake of destroying. There is no excuse for such devastation. The churches, the Halls, the booths, the small houses of the small shop-keepers,—why have vented their rage against all that? There was no possible strategic reason. Why such fury against a Belgian city, the city of a people involved in the war in spite of themselves, of whom—so it was pretended—only a right of way was asked, and against whom the only possible reproach is that they were loyal to the point of sacrifice? It was rage, it was hate, it was insanity. It was devilish.

"A thousand times the name of Pompeii has been mentioned in connection with Ypres. It springs automatically to the lips. But at Pompeii far more things have been respected. They have found charming statuettes unharmed. You would not find them at Ypres. And then, at Pompeii, it was a force of nature; it was a volcano; it was the earth in some sort of childbirth; and on the horizon it created a beauty which Pliny could contemplate . . . At Ypres, it was the work of man against man, human brutality against justice and against beauty; heavy shells of Teuton metal, each shell seeking a house, guided by human will, the work of science in revolt against humanity and against art. No excuse for it. Nothing but horror. There is but one word that explains it all:—sin. That word haunts me like an obsession. And knowing that God alone has the power to pardon, the act of contrition rises from my heart to my lips with a sob. . . .

"They still shell it occasionally,—a few every day, almost nothing. But since their domination is based on ruins, they need, of course, to affirm it. . . .

"Someone near me asks: 'What will be done with these ruins after the war?' And I answer mechanically,—'A museum. And there will be placed at the entrance: Kultur.' It is the invariable thought in the presence of such devastation.

"If in me there were some irony, it did not last so much as a second. It was frozen by my visit to the churches. Tears were in my eyes. It was as if a hand of iron were gripping my heart. I could hardly breathe. I could feel my own pallor. I was made physically ill. I was ill in my very soul. I wished I had not gone in; that I had not seen it. The most terrible verses of Scripture are there, confronting one. . . .

". . . Those devastated churches! Man has hurled himself against the place where God had given him *rendez-vous*. That of which he has need is there, and he breaks it between his hands. It is the

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crime of crimes. To look into the depths of that thought makes me dizzy.

"I wish that all those who revolt against God and who blaspheme him because of this war, were here. They would not dare to continue accusing God when seeing him the foremost victim. They would feel too strongly that the war is the work of the spirit of evil against all that is of God. If there be heroism and beauty, it is because there are defenders of the divine, it is because the divine powers in man are drawn up in the struggle, it is because of God's own divine power to bring good out of evil. Just as, a few minutes ago, the flowers which I saw among the ruins seemed to me a continuing triumph of life in the midst of death, so these many heroic sacrifices are the affirmation of beauty among the horrors spread broadcast by the spirit of evil. The spirit of evil! One knows here that he is no abstraction; he is a living being, who works with method.

"God is therefore the first victim. His house is exposed to the same ruin which threatens our own. He enters into all our sufferings. And that is why we can come to him to ask for consolation for the griefs he knows so well. And we must also enter with pity into the sufferings of his divine heart. Not one among us can have measured, as he has, the depth of sorrow into which the world is plunged; not one can have suffered as much, and not one of us longs for the end as he does. As he suffers and allows such suffering, it is doubtless because everyone is not yet open to his compassion."

The Abbé Ruffier, a Captain of infantry, was asked for by a wounded soldier, who had learned, the Abbé writes, how to consecrate his sufferings. "The utility of suffering," he adds, "is a truth full of consolation, but it is very difficult to bring it home to those whose faith is feeble or a void. It is a truth which would do much to develop military virtues if one could spread it abroad."

Constant thought for the spiritual welfare of his men, did not interfere with the performance of the Abbé Ruffier's military duties. Twenty-six years of age, he had already received the *croix de guerre* and the Legion of Honour, and had been mentioned four times in despatches (*citations magnifiques*). "There is not a captain in my division," an army chaplain writes of him, "who enjoys to the same high degree the admiration and gratitude of his soldiers." But he too is now entered, "Killed, facing the enemy."

Another priest, Paul Aucler, who writes from the front in Belgium, during February, 1915, concludes by saying:

"Witnessing such generosity in sacrifice, I often think of what a Belgian priest said to me not long ago. He was referring to the N... family, the most virtuous and the most sorely tried that he knew of in the town of Ypres. 'This war,' he said, 'though it lets loose before

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my eyes a world of horrors such as never before were seen, produces, in far greater degree, fruits of holiness so marvellous that only in heaven shall we be able properly to appreciate them.' "

Father Aucler, who was military chaplain until his death, was thinking, not only of his experience at the front, but of the wonderful spirit shown by those whose suffering certainly surpasses that of the combatants—of the mothers and wives of men who die. He quotes a letter received from a mother who had just heard of both her sons as "missing":

"If our trials and our sacrifices help to save souls and contribute to the regeneration of our dear country, we must hold ourselves as honoured by having been called to such a mission; though, at certain hours, the sacrifice is very dreadful, the agony very great."

Or what do you think, he asks, of this letter, written by a young woman who, only a few months before, had married a man remarkable both for his charm and for his piety, and with whom she had been associated since her childhood? She had just heard of his death, a prisoner in Germany.

"All that I ask of God is to give me courage until we shall be reunited forever. I pray my husband to obtain for me, by his prayers, the strength to say without reserve 'Thy will be done,' now that God has taken back the happiness of all my life. I want to be worthy of my husband, whose pure and beautiful soul was my strength and my support. With him I had two months of happiness like that of heaven. Often I said to him: 'I am not worthy of the happiness that God has given me: the dream of all my life realized.' And always we gave heart-felt thanks to God. Now that he waits for me above, he will fortify me with his prayers and will help my poor broken heart. *I am going at once to help the wounded,* and shall try to do for them that which I was not able to do for my dearly loved husband."

The next and much longer extract paints one of the most vivid pictures of the war that we have met with. Certainly it lacks nothing in realism. Some people would call it gruesome. None the less, how clearly the writer shows us the resurrection and the life!

It is a letter from the Chaplain of the N^{e} battalion of Light Infantry:

"Yes, I have the luck, or rather the great honour, to find myself with the pick of our soldiers and at that corner of the field of battle (Notre-Dame-de-Lorette) which is perhaps the most appalling of the three thousand kilometers of battle-front which intersects Europe. You would like to have the more recent pages of my campaign diary? Willingly; but it would need the style of Dante to engrave on the unresponsiveness of words this chapter of the infernal tragedy.

"First I must present to you the characters and the scenery:

"The characters? Light infantry (*chasseurs*), those *diables bleus*

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about whom everything possible has been said and who can never be praised sufficiently. Splendid troops, embodying the marvellous French bravery: gaiety, youth, dash, forgetfulness of self, endurance, and (this being their finest quality and the one most praised by their chiefs) a feeling for discipline which is exemplary and really moving.

"The scene of their heroism? It is here that one must confess oneself powerless. It passes all imagination. No description, no photograph, no painting, nothing, nothing could suggest the frightful reality.

"Picture to yourself a corner of one of the little valleys of Artois. After the scientific upheaval of picks and shovels, shells by hundreds of thousands have fallen on this soil. The earth is burned, calcined, blasted and reblasted, churned by steel, sown with lead. The trees—for there were not a few small woods on the slopes—when they remain standing, are hideously mangled, like giant matches, half blackened, from which hang piteous shreds. At this time of rising sap and in this very fertile district, not a leaf anywhere, and with the exception I shall mention later, not a blade of grass. It seems as if a wave of fire had passed over the land. That which the fire has not consumed, an explosion has killed, the flame of a shell has scorched. Indescribable chaos! . . . One detail: quite close to us a national highroad passes through a wood, a real wood planted with tall trees. Well, it is impossible now to distinguish the road from the wood.

"But that which makes the supreme horror of this dreadful vision is that one finds oneself in the Kingdom of Death. Death towers over this corner of earth; it grasps you; it seems to call you with a thousand furious voices and to tell you that merely by entering this domain, you, like all other things there, shall become its prey. On all sides dead bodies and more dead bodies: in all possible attitudes, in every corner, in heaps, or singly, whole or mutilated. They are in the trenches, in the dug-outs, on the parapet, in the parapet, before, behind . . . It is overwhelming. It is in truth, as an officer said to me, 'a carpet of corpses.' And the shells still belabour them, and the spades of pioneers must open a way, at night, gropingly, through this poor earth, frightful amalgam of human flesh, of tattered clothing, of unnameable fragments pounded to dust or kneaded into bloody mud.

"Consider that right here, close to us, within a radius of from 1,500 to 2,000 meters, there are 100,000 dead bodies (for the most part German), as several officers have told me; 60,000 as a minimum, according to the most conservative. . . .

"No living thing, except some fearless martins, whose razor-like flight seems to defy that of the shells, and also—it is not the least of sufferings—myriads of big blue flies which range indifferently from dead to living and which are insupportable in this heat.

"Over and above all this, the ceaseless fire of machine guns, which pulverizes the last lumps of clay, rips open sand-bags, pounds the ruins,

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mangles the corpses, reduces to ribbons everything it encounters and seems actually to wish to add still further to the horror of this inferno.

"In this inferno, none the less, live men . . . Christians, the children of God. Emaciated, earth-sodden, burned by the sun, huddled together so as to make themselves smaller beneath the hissing blows of flying steel,—poor bodies shaken and exhausted, but souls transparently strong in their look of untamed energy; always on the alert, and ready at a sign from their chief, to spring forward, in broad daylight, to recover for their country a few hundred meters of that arid plain.

"There you have the existence of those heroes for the past eleven months, and particularly during the month just passed.

"Would you now like to hear in detail some account of their 'works'?

"*Thursday, 17th June.*—Since midnight, our battalion occupies the first line: trenches recently conquered, completely destroyed,—a difficult position. Everything is in such confusion for the moment that we are enfiladed more or less from all sides: uninterrupted shelling (*marmitage*). Impossible to work during the day; the smallest spadeful of earth precipitates a salvo of shells. I try to move up further forward. Imprudent and useless. No one will pass at daytime, not even the stretcher-bearers, not even the munitions: only the wounded come back . . . when they can, to the advanced dressing station.

"An oddity of the battlefield, this station, and really notable. Imagine a long ditch, from 4 to 5 meters wide by 300 long, in the middle of a field, bordered with verdure on each bank. In this oasis are installed the six or seven dressing stations with their population of stretcher-bearers. Here debouch three or four communication trenches, through which perpetually pour company reliefs, gangs of sappers, of those who bury the dead, fatigue-parties with cartridges, trench-torpedoes, grenades, rockets. Everyone passes there. Many of them stay awhile. They talk, they sleep, they play—a real village street on market day.

"From high above, the *Taubes* see this stir, where sometimes five or six hundred men are crowded, and signal word of it perhaps. Shells frequently arrive: 30 meters in front, 30 meters behind; never any nearer. Nevertheless, some four or five hundred meters away, there is that frightful butchery; on each side, at 300 meters, the communication trenches are among the most dangerous; in the rear, and even in the village where the more permanent stations are situated, constantly there are victims, sometimes many. Here, not one; absolute security, day and night. Why? No one has ever known; one confines oneself to testifying to what has been the fact for months.

"So, then, our wounded arrive. Some are all broken up: the nervous system, over-strained for so long, relaxes, and all that is left is a human remnant. But as a rule it is quite the contrary: smiling energy or at least an admirable resignation. Epic sayings spring to their lips; one might make a splendid anthology. 'If my leg gets in your way,' said a

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shattered knee to the stretcher-bearers, 'put it on my stomach: it will arrive just the same!' 'But be brave,' I said to one who was growling furiously while his four bullet wounds were being dressed; 'a *chasseur* does not complain like that!' 'But I'm not whining; I don't care a hang about my wounds; but to see that *Boche* there, quite near.' And he accompanied his glare with a furious gesture in the direction of a poor *Feldwebel* who was lying there, in pretty bad condition moreover. . . . And this one, about the attack of May 9th: 'There was the cry, "Forward!" Good, I step out with the crowd (*avec les copains*) and there we are started. At the end of fifteen paces, zst! . . . there she goes! . . . one in the thigh. Oh! I said to myself, it's only one. I'm not going to stop going for one ball. . . . So I went on. Zst! . . . zst! . . . a second and a third. Now, I don't know any more how many I have.' The poor fellow; he had so many that his legs were literally riddled; they had counted more than thirty. The bones were shattered. At each jolt of the wheeled stretcher the pain tore from him a groan. At last, as if ashamed of himself: 'And now, zut! . . . don't bother about me; you go right on; so much the worse if I do go dead of it.'

"'For a lucky one, I'm it,' said a little man covered with earth. 'A shell buried me, but right there, seriously. I thought I was done for. Not a bit of it. Another arrives which carries away most of it, and here I am. . . . But you know, my back is broken!'

"'Do not pity me, *Monsieur l'Aumônier* (chaplain),' said a young non-commissioned officer all covered with blood. 'There are others more unfortunate. So far as I am concerned, it is all right: here I am—arrived!'

"And alas! it was true. There are those who are more unfortunate: those who do not arrive; those who die between the lines, in long and dreadful agony. For a day, for two days, they move, and then no more: a rigid body; an arm stiff for ever in a supreme appeal,—that is what their unfortunate comrades thereafter contemplate, dug in behind them, at some twenty or thirty meters' distance, sometimes less, and yet utterly unable to help them. Nearly always the shells or the fire of the machine guns cut short these tortures.

"'I was way out there, close to the Germans, with my thigh broken. So I tried to move toward them; but I saw them shoot at and kill the wounded comrades around me. So I hid myself in a shell-hole, and every night, between the flares of rockets, I dragged myself a little nearer to you. . . . Oh! how thirsty I was, how hungry, how tired!'

"He crawled like that, poor wretch, for four days and four nights, with nothing to live on except the biscuits on the dead whom he encountered.

"*Friday.*—The same situation out yonder. Companies are melting away,—melting always a little more under the inexorable rain of bullets.

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The sections of one of them will consist tomorrow of 14, 9, 17 and 21 men respectively.

"Is there any heroism comparable with such as this? To give one's life once, in the intoxication of a charge, amidst the flash of swords, and carried along in a wild dash,—that is splendid, yes; but to hold fast, right there, in that burning dust, behind a mound of earth perpetually overthrown; to be inundated with steel, buried alive, almost disintegrated by frightful noises, splashed by putrifying corpses with which the shells cover you and whose fetid odour clings to your beard and clothing; to suffer from hunger, thirst, for three days and three nights, to feel yourself more and more alone as death or wounds leave emptiness around you . . . and, to hold, always to hold, without a word, without a murmur, without as much as a thought of quitting,—is not that the climax of heroism?

"It is what I have seen attained by these men, and with what absolutely simple abnegation, what heart-moving ignorance of their own grandeur! Yes, truly, it must be said again: 'How beautiful is the France who fights!' (*Que la France qui se bat est belle!*).

"Such living is sublime: sublime in generosity and in forgetfulness of self. Our *chasseurs* are at the height of that glory. And yet, who are they, these children? For the most part small peasants who were living in their corner of the country in a self-centred round (*traintrain*), from which the deeper virtues seemed lacking. Prodigious elevation of man! A harvest of heroism in souls whom one would have thought so near to earth! Come into the furnace where God melts over again the soul of France and, in spite of the miseries to rear-wards, you will believe in her resurrection.

"*Friday, 10 p. m.*—It must hold and it is held! A position of importance, connecting two formations and link in a chain which envelops the Germans. How many? . . . is not known. In any case they are there at twenty meters' distance; very troublesome, but even more troubled. So, toward evening, they call the commandant of the nearest [French] company and negotiate. 'Can they come out?' 'Yes, one at a time, without arms, at 10 o'clock tonight.' And here they file past: 1, 2, 3, 4 . . . so on up to 279. A nice catch! Not so many had been hoped for. At the head of them, the officers,—eight big fellows, stiff, impassive, but very sheepish for all that, particularly when confronted with the quizzical curiosity of our *chasseurs*. They have the nerve to ask for their servants. . . . For two hours, on account of over-crowding in the communication trenches, they remain near us in the strange surroundings I have described. I am able to question them freely. . . .

"At once our battalion is full of merriment. The sacrifices of preceding days are better understood. Fatigue is forgotten. . . .

"*Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.*—Relief. In reserve some four miles to the rear.

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"Thursday.—The order to move arrives. We must go back up there. Already! Happily, a respite is granted, though not for long. We shall not yet have any Sunday. Let us make one out of tomorrow! I announce it at evening assembly. For tomorrow, at six o'clock. While I am speaking, difficulties arise. Our mass must be postponed until eight o'clock. Next day, at seven, I arrive. 'You have missed it,' the Senior Chaplain tells me. 'They came at six o'clock. Many communions, even. You will have no one at eight; better countermand it.' Too late; the invitation had been given. I notify a few cantonments: we shall have what we shall have. At eight o'clock, a group arrives, then a second, a third . . . the church is full. They remove some of the chairs. The stream continues. It becomes necessary to guide it toward the big circular tribune, where they crowd around. After the elevation, I mount the pulpit: a few words, then an act of contrition, of renunciation, of self-abandonment, most carefully prepared. 'My God, I am nothing before you. . . . I have hurt you. . . . Pardon for ——, for —— (here, a review, brief, but suggestive for a soldier). Pardon these weaknesses in a soldier of good will who promises you amendment. . . . I am yours, Lord; protect me, protect my family. . . . Nevertheless I abandon myself to you, now and in the future. Such as you will it to be, so I accept it, with its pains, fatigues, privations, blood spilled, and more than that perhaps. . . . For me, for my country, for your glory.' A minute of real emotion. We are so completely in the midst of the real! Not one of these children who can promise himself so much as twenty-four hours of life.

"Solemnly, I give the general absolution after having indicated the conditions. 'Those who wish to communicate may draw near.' How many will there be? Perhaps five, perhaps a hundred, I had said to the Senior Chaplain. From all directions they move forward: four hundred and sixty *chasseurs* received our Lord that day, and under conditions that must have rejoiced his heart. Next day, many of them appeared before him. During the three following days, more than two hundred shed their blood for France.

"What consolation and what moral force for these beloved young men! I asked one of them, seriously wounded and greatly suffering, if he had thought of offering it to the good Master; if he had been present at mass. 'Oh, *Monsieur l'Aumônier* (chaplain), I should say so; I have thought of it all day long. It gave me courage.' Evidently. And for them it is a need. They hunger and thirst for God. 'They are greedy for God,' as my neighbour, the Irish Chaplain, says. He often organizes ceremonies of this kind, for which purpose it is necessary to follow the men, and so to have regimental or battalion chaplains.

"June 26, 27, 28.—We return to our trenches, but after torrential rain. The commandant passes the night hunting for a hole in which to establish his post as commandant. Everything is drowned. It has to be left to the vigorous arms of the sappers who will build it up again

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during the following night. I visit our *chasseurs*. A charming journey: four miles of trenches to reach them, and what trenches! Wretched ditches, demolished at that, where—like it or not—you have to crouch to the level of your knees, sometimes lower, dragging yourself flat on your stomach; where you have to get down into shell-holes of unknown depth, squeeze between gabions, sand-bags, broken carts; crawl over decomposing bodies, crush the maggots that have fallen from bodies on the parapets and that wriggle at the bottom of the trenches; look out for the *marmites* (shells) that pour down and that will make the way you have come unrecognizable on your return; prop yourself with hands and feet against the sides so as not to sink quite to the bottom of the trough . . . there you have some slight idea of the comforts of the journey.

"Moving along the trench, I salute the company in support: men wrapped in tent canvas, crowded against one another to get warm or curled up in little holes in the ground. *'Eh bien, les gars, ça va?'* (Well, boys, how goes it?) 'Oh! very well, *Monsieur l'Aumônier*. We are happy here; we could well finish the campaign right here!'—Dedicated to those who, in spite of a good cigar, pyjamas, and a fresh shave, find that 'It's very long.'

". . . A pleasing incident as a change from this recital of horrors. One evening recently I passed two worthy cooks, bent as usual beneath their burden. The bucketful of coffee, which constitutes the inevitable and necessary addition to the bucketful of *pinard*, seemed to me to be full to overflowing. 'All that for your squad,' I said; 'but each of them will have half a quart!' 'No; not all of it is for the boys. The fact is, *Monsieur l'Aumônier*, we are constantly meeting the poor, unfortunate wounded. So we drew on our reserve and loaded up some more, and now can offer a cup of coffee. It pleases them; so ——'

"Is it not evidence of the real and touching fraternity of arms?

"*June 29*.—The days follow on. Alas! they are alike. Today like yesterday and the day before, repetition of the bloody combats of the previous week.

"An example of the indomitable heroism of our *chasseurs* and of their leaders:

"A young sub-lieutenant, eighteen and a half years old, instructed to seize with his section an important point in advance of our line, and to hold it, holds fast there with his thirty-five *chasseurs* in an embryonic trench which is cut up nightly. A terrific bombardment. Their sole communication with their comrades—a small communicating trench, hastily constructed—is annihilated. Caught on the flank and in the back, cannon and machine guns cut them down one by one. The hours pass: 6 o'clock, 30 *chasseurs;* 9 o'clock, 23 *chasseurs;* noon, 15 *chasseurs;* 6 p. m., 5 *chasseurs*.

"Sub-lieutenant D. crawls to the rear, creeping from shell-hole to shell-hole; reports on his mission and returns at 9 p. m. with another

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section. Only 3 *chasseurs!* Thirty-one were dead or wounded without its being possible to remove one of them before night-time; but the three survivors 'held' just the same.

"Isn't it splendid? And what simplicity!

"The general presented each of them with the military medal.

"Invited that night to dinner by the commandant, I heard from one of them this reply to felicitations: 'If it had to be done again, *mon commandant,* it would be done again.'

"Here is one of the official citations: 'Sub-lieutenant D., an officer of nineteen. On June 29th, by his courage, his coolness and his energy, was able to maintain, for twenty-three hours, under violent artillery and machine-gun fire which reduced his section to three *chasseurs,* an important point entrusted to him.'

"Alas! Death was to take him too. He fell mortally wounded a few days later. He was a child of God,—one the more with whom to people His Paradise of heroes."

Now do you understand, you people who complain—and which of us does not? Now do you see what discipleship means? Now do you see the difference between vision and blindness; between dull duty and the same act performed in the radiance of love? Now do you see, as those priests see, shining through the darkness of life—through its suffering and defeat—divine and creative purpose?

One man sees hell, and the other sees that, but sees heaven too; one sees horror, the other, looking deeper, sees horror more horrible, but through it and because of it and transcending it, he sees also eternal life and the vast majesty of God. What they look at is the same. The difference lies in the seer: not in the thing seen.

By the one class we are reminded of these words: "And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Esaias, which saith, By hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive. For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should be converted, and I should heal them."

By the other class we are reminded of words very different: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord."

What is it that makes the difference? Perhaps that question can best be answered by another. Do you and I, in daily life, see self-sacrifice as a stern and terrible necessity, or, each step toward heaven being heavenly, do we see it as the next goal for which we strive?

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The flesh is weak and the flesh will shrink. But how is our will set? What, fundamentally, is our belief, our desire? There is the Cross. Daily it confronts us. Do we seek to avoid it? Do we desire the strength and the love to embrace it? Or do we, by faltering hesitation, fall between two stools and spend our lives in calculating evasion, in qualified acceptance,—in profitless misery?

Up to a certain point, beyond which it would be futile for the mind to travel, the degree of discipleship attained may be gauged by love of the Cross and by the joy found in it. For it is Beauty, though some see it as ugly; it is Truth, though some see it as a lie; it is the supreme Good, though some see it as wholly evil. Those priests have learned to love it, and it would be sad indeed if we, reading such records, should fail to draw from them the courage and fervour we now lack, so that we too, on our "front"—office or home, with the enemy of self entrenched within us—may fight more valiantly and gladly, giving all things and no longer only a part.

Can we not imagine the Master they recognize saying to us also—"Try to live it. For the Cross is where I am. On it I am. Whoso would dwell with me must dwell with me there. And where I am is Paradise, because where I am the Father is also."

Try to live it! Yes, we must try. Then will come to us the meaning of something "Cavé" wrote not long ago:

"The disciple, if truly a disciple, must also be a Priest. He will live in such close communion with the Master, that he will make of each common act or detail of life, a sacrament, and so turn the bread and water into the Eucharistic flesh and blood,—make of himself a channel that Christ may use to feed with the bread of life (which is himself) all those who approach him.

"To pass this Communion chalice to others, we must first drink of it ourselves, and so we must watch with the Master in Gethsemane, and be able to pray his prayer there, from our hearts. Not all of us can hope to reach Calvary, where we can say 'It is finished'; but the Garden is offered each one. Mostly we turn away from it, and leave him to suffer there alone for us. Can we not bear in mind this priestly function in even the smallest contact with others, for love of him,—making of ourselves tabernacles where the veiled Christ lives perpetually, to minister to all who approach the sacrament of his love?"

Understanding that, we too may carry life and hope to the spiritually dying, comfort to the wounded, new valour to those who fight.

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XII

DISCIPLES

THE sign of discipleship is ability to communicate with one's master. It must not be thought, however, that the problem is solved when this power is attained. It marks only the beginning of discipleship. There is a very long and arduous road to travel after that point is reached. Fortunately for all of us we reach that point, not by any merit of our own, but by the divine compassion of the masters themselves, long before we are really purified, long before we have really mastered our lower selves, long before we have completed our self-conquest. The masters are much more anxious to reach us than we are to reach them, and when they see a human being making even an initial effort, beginning to try to live according to his ideals, incorrect as those ideals may be and usually are, they at once differentiate that person from the general mass, and begin to give him individual treatment, care, and help. They guide his life and his circumstances so as to nourish and water the little shoot of spiritual growth which is so precious. This does not mean that that person will have an easy, sheltered life from then on. It often means just the contrary. The masters are more interested in our Souls, than in our personalities. This point cannot be stated too often; we need to repeat it, in different terms, until it becomes a fixed part of our consciousness. A real belief in it, a full realization of it and of its implications, will save us much needless confusion, rebellion, and pain. We *resent* suffering; we resent unpleasant circumstances; we resent hardships and discomforts; and we are very likely to discharge this resentment against Providence, against the divine powers which we believe to be guiding our lives—unless we have a very clear understanding of the fact that it is we, not the divine powers, who are responsible for all our troubles, and for the complications of life, and that they do their very best to help straighten out these complications as quickly and as smoothly as possible. Resentment and rebellion on our part are as foolish as they would be on the part of a man who swallowed a lot of typhoid fever germs, and then blamed the doctor who came to tend him, for his fever, disabilities, and pain. The doctor could give morphine until the patient

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would not suffer, but he does not do so because he knows it would retard the recovery, which he wants. So the masters can manipulate events and even control our reactions to them, so as to prevent our suffering, but it would be harmful and not helpful, so they do not do it. But just as the doctor *will* give a man in intense pain a hypodermic injection, to tide him over a crisis, so the masters will, at times, give us help long before we deserve, or have earned it, in order to help our poor struggling Soul in its ceaseless conflict with the lower self.

Thus, long before we have reached the actual spiritual stage of discipleship, long before we have the true gift of inner vision, long before we have built up that portion of our inner self which is the normal means of communication, the masters will use their powers to come down to our own level and render us some aid of which we stand in need. This type of communication, which takes a great variety of forms, while frequent in fact and perfectly genuine as a spiritual experience, is essentially different from the true and normal communication which exists between master and disciple; and it is governed by the very complicated law of reactions which must be carefully noted and guarded against by the master who gives the help. Very often, no matter how desirous he may be, our condition is such that he cannot safely do anything of which we can be conscious. It is said that it is a constant crucifixion for the masters to be so infinitely desirous of helping us, and to have to stand by and see our misunderstanding, our confusion, our ignorance, our pain, and yet not be able to respond to our prayers in any way that we can understand—because to do so would actually make things worse instead of better.

The two or three lower stages of real discipleship are the only ones of which we can now get even a glimmer of comprehension; we have not entered upon them as yet; they are what we are working towards, but have not reached. Still, just because we are working towards them, we are intensely interested in them, and wish to know all we can about them and the rules and laws which govern those fortunate and rare individuals who have reached them.

The devotional books of all religions are efforts to set forth the Way *towards* true discipleship, but we are told that there is no essential difference between these rules and the rules of discipleship itself save in the degree of perfection in which they must be lived. Take one example;—meditation. The neophyte is told he must meditate; as he progresses, the length of time he must devote to this necessary spiritual exercise is lengthened and lengthened; the actual disciple, of the higher grades at any rate, must be in a state of constant meditation, whatever that may mean. So too with Recollection. We must practise recollection, at first at our prayer time, then more often; then as often as we can; but the disciple must maintain an attitude of *continuous* recollection that has no breaks, not only from morning until night, but day and night, forever. Needless to say that he does not do either of these two

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things with our ordinary human faculties, for that would be impossible; he does them with parts of his nature, or with latent faculties, which his manner of life has aroused, and with which the ordinary man has such slight acquaintance that he frequently denies their existence altogether.

Discipleship, as has been often said, is becoming something, and one of the things we become is a being capable of doing more perfectly those things we are all trying to do. As Pope Boniface said: Holiness consists not in doing heroic things, but in doing common things heroically well. The Rule of Life of a disciple, therefore, is not essentially different in kind from the Rule of Life of a would-be disciple; it differs only in degree; in the perfection in which it is lived. That is very fortunate, for it means that every effort we make now is training us in the most direct and positive manner, in just those qualities and virtues which we must have to reach our ultimate goal. Nothing is wasted, no effort, no self-conquest, no sacrifice, however small.

Those who have read the earlier articles in this series will remember what was said about the hierarchical system; that each individual is "on the ray" of a master. That means, among other things, that they have—the master and the disciple—certain common possessions. Each also has other possessions which both do not share. The master has an infinite range of powers and qualities which the disciple cannot reach, and the disciple has a lower nature, with its powers and qualities, which is his own creation and for the making of which he alone is responsible.

The point where the two natures merge is above the plane of the personality, is in fact in the manasic principle. This is not easy to explain, for various reasons, one of which is that we have no English words for these things, and another, that we are talking about states of consciousness, or activities of the Soul itself, which are outside of the range of ordinary experience. Put in another way, it is said that the manas of the disciple is merged into the manas of the master; the master therefore knows instantly everything the disciple says or does or thinks. The converse, however, is not true. The manas of the master is not merged into the manas of the disciple; the disciple contacts only so much of the manas of the master as can be contained in his type and character of vehicle. His general purity and progress determines this. He therefore knows very little of what the master does, says, and thinks. But he *does* know that little; there is a very real identification of consciousness, which becomes increasingly widened in scale as the disciples advance along the Path. True communication with one's master, therefore, only becomes possible after this identification of manas has begun, and it can only begin when the disciple has equipped himself in many different ways. One of the things he must have accomplished is such purification of his mind that he no longer thinks thoughts, he is no longer capable of thinking thoughts, that would be in dissonance with the master's nature, for any thought he

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thinks will instantly be in the master's consciousness also. Another thing,—he must have so trained himself in obedience that he is no longer capable of disobedience, for disobedience would mean a rending of the nature, a house divided against itself. Of course he must have acquired such control of his lower nature,—no, that is not it,—he must have so changed and transmuted his lower nature, that in one sense he no longer has any lower nature left; in other words, he must be so good and pure that he is incapable of the lower desires and passions. He must be *safe* in all those respects. Of course there are whole ranges of less base but still ignoble activities which are no longer possible for him; they will be evident if we simply catalogue the list of human faults.

It must not be understood that the disciple, in these lower stages, has already made a complete conquest of his lower nature, and is no longer capable of sin; but it does mean that very real and substantial progress must have been made in that direction. The disciple can fall from his high estate so long as he has any personality left at all, and when he has none left, he is no longer a disciple, but has "attained," and enters a new cycle of progress beyond our ken. Even the very highest disciple can fall back, and so very terrible are the consequences of such a fall that the utmost precautions of divine wisdom are used to prevent it. One rule often referred to is that a disciple must have shown, by actual practical experience, his ability to live according to the rules of a higher degree before he is endowed with the rank, prerogatives and powers of that degree. That means that until life has tested and tempted him in all fundamental ways, he cannot be trusted;—not because the masters are unwilling to take the risk, but because they are unwilling that he should take the risk.

It stands to reason that if a disciple reaches the point where his consciousness is merged with the consciousness of the master, even in the smallest degree, there comes to him a great influx of power, of force, of knowledge, which is really the master's and not his own. But he and the master are both responsible for the use which is made of increases of power. The master cannot afford to have his force degraded or misused, while the disciple now has a double responsibility, his innate responsibility for his own spiritual welfare, and his newly acquired, his hardly earned privilege, of being responsible for some of his master's spiritual essence, which has been poured into him. Woe to the disciple who fails under this glorious burden. He has proved himself unworthy of his divine heritage, and Karma wreaks a terrible vengeance. He falls to depths which correspond to the heights from which he fell, and it takes him long ages of suffering and effort to struggle back to the point he had reached before. Therefore discipleship, with its responsibilities, is a very serious thing and not to be lightly undertaken. There must be no turning back, once the hand has been set to the plow, and the first furrow turned.

The Eastern books are full of descriptions of the "powers" which are the concomitant of discipleship, and those who are curious about

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this phase of the subject can read about them in such a book as *Patanjali's Yoga Sutras*. Not so much stress is laid on this side of the subject in Christian literature, and the Western scholars have not studied the psychology of discipleship as has been done so thoroughly in the East. But still, Christian records are full of accounts of the "miraculous" powers of the saints, and when analysed it will be seen that these powers do not differ from those treated of from such a different point of view and called by such different names, in the books of the East.

Clairaudience and clairvoyance are common, and normal marks of discipleship. When the soul of man is no longer "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by its personality, it simply cannot help having these powers *on the higher planes of consciousness*, for they are part of its very nature, but they may find expression farther down. You do not have to cultivate these powers, and you should not try to do so. They are innate, natural functions of the Soul, and when the time is ripe they cannot help coming into activity. It will not be a healthy and normal activity if they are developed, as they can be, before the rest of the nature has also been developed to the corresponding degree. The moral nature in particular should have reached the proper level, for otherwise these powers, which can function on several planes, will awaken to a dangerous and pernicious activity.

Anyone who cares to do so can find examples among Christian Saints and mystics of any, or of all the phenomena described by Eastern psychologists. The laws of the universe are quite the same whether in India or in Europe.

The really important thing about these "powers" is that their development increases one's ability to help others. For the first time in the aspirant's career, he is beginning to acquire the ability really to render effective and intelligent service. He commences to understand himself, and through that understanding to understand others. His sympathy is aroused. I do not mean his emotions, or his pity; I mean the real quality of sympathy,—the ability to put himself in another's place and to understand what that other is experiencing, and therefore what he needs. His power truly to love also awakes. He gradually acquires real knowledge of human nature and of the constitution of man. He sees life, for the first time, in proper perspective; he can give circumstances and events their true place in the table of values, and be free himself from the glamour of worldly possessions. In a word, he begins to accumulate a little fund of wisdom, and so is equipped to handle life and people with growing hope that he will not do more harm than good. He acquires the "gift of tongues" and the "healing fire," which does not mean the ability to speak all languages and to cure diseases, but the ability to discern what is really the matter with a sick soul, and to announce the remedy, to speak to its condition, and to bind and heal its wounds. The disciple's privilege is the privilege of service, therefore his gifts are those powers which enable him to render more and more effective service.

C. A. G.

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REVIEWS

Life of Fr. Paul Ginhac, S.J., published by Benziger. This is a book of 380 pp., and makes by no means easy reading. Also it is very Roman in tone and treatment. There are but few students of Theosophy who would benefit by its study. But it is the life of a modern saint, and a saint of the old school of heroic penances and unceasing mortification. We refer to it chiefly because of certain illuminating passages which should prove helpful to the devotee of any religious system. Incidentally, Father Ginhac was born in 1824 and died in 1895, and was a Jesuit. Incidentally, also, we should judge individuals by what they prove themselves to be, and not by a name or a label. This man in any case was a saint.

Prior to his Profession he writes in the diary of his retreat: "It seems to me that when I shall have given up all by the three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, I shall receive as my reward Jesus Christ Himself, and that He will say to me: 'Behold, I am here; I wish to be thy riches, thy delight, thy glory, and thy liberty.' What a thought that is!" It is a great thought, and should be just as precious to a Buddhist as to a Christian.

Years afterwards, when he became a Superior, he wrote this prayer for his own use: " . . . I know that you love me, and that you have suffered for me. Keep me from all danger, enlighten me in my doubts and in my difficulties, sustain me in my weakness. May I ever act with a right intention; may I be wise, prompt and firm in my decisions, vigorous and constant in all my actions! May I live united to God, may I walk in the sight of Jesus Christ, your son, and imitate his example! Grant that I may show myself full of discretion, gentleness, and charity towards my brothers; never let me listen to self, to my passions, or my imagination, but let me despise self and devote my whole life to others. It is not for myself, but for souls, for the Society, and for God, that I am placed in this position."

In a diary of a retreat he writes: "Let us meditate chiefly with the heart. To do that, let us love our Lord. When one loves, words do not fail. Consequently, let us have no will but God's will; let us will simply and sincerely all that He wills, and as He wills it; let us will nothing but what He wills, and hate that which He hates. May our Lord give us a new will, may He create in us a new heart, may He give us His own Heart. When He asks for our hearts . . . it is that He may give us His. We must, in fine, do everything from our hearts."

We are reminded of the *Bhagavad Gita:* "In thy thoughts, do all thou dost for Me; renounce for Me; sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me; live in the faith of Me. In faith of Me, all dangers thou shalt vanquish by My grace, but, trusting to thyself and heeding not, thou canst but perish." In the one case Krishna, in the other Christ: but the heart of the disciple must be the same.

A certain Father Morel, we are told, "relates that during his Novitiate, whilst seated at his work-table, he heard a voice saying: 'The Father Master wants you.' He looked about him; no one was in the room, and the door was shut. After a moment or so he heard the same call, but louder. Thoroughly frightened, he sought the Master of Novices (Ginhac), who, as soon as he saw him, said: 'Why did you not come at the first summons?'"

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It is assumed by the biographer that the voice was that of the saint's Guardian Angel. Similar phenomena occurred frequently.

"Father Ginhac united with the religious gravity he always maintained an exquisite politeness. Visitors went away greatly edified by his supernatural spirit, but still more touched by his kindness and dignity, I might almost say by that heavenly urbanity, found only amongst the saints."

From notes made during a Retreat, as reminders for his own use:

"Work with the Divine King, for the Divine King, as the Divine King, is the whole secret of the saints."

"The Divine King calls me to the combat: to a war of defence, a war of attack. Defence against the world, the demon, and the flesh. No quarter!—nowadays particularly, when everyone yields. Yield in nothing. If you yield, you are lost. War of attack: you will conquer the world, the demon, and the flesh in others, in proportion to the number of defeats they will have suffered in your own soul. If you have not conquered them in yourself, and you try to attack them in others, they will laugh at you."

Then from notes made by others of instructions he gave:

"Do you wish to persevere?—then do not say: 'I wish to persevere.' Say: 'I wish to advance every day.' Without that, you will not persevere. Do not be of the number of those who are content with being known as 'good fellows.'"

"Learn to mortify natural curiosity. Do not read at once a letter received; leave it for a little while on your table. This is a habit to be gained, for otherwise, later on, one is overcome by curiosity, instead of remaining master of oneself."

"Desire to suffer everything for our Lord. Aspire to every martyrdom; long for the conversion, not of one soul, but of the whole world. If the field be restricted by obedience, it is because our strength is limited; but *desire should know no limit.*"

"Amongst other means recommended by him to insure victory in the struggle, was to limit the time. 'By such a date, with the help of divine grace, I will have corrected such a fault, and, if not, I will impose a penance on myself.'"

"'Forgetfulness of self; to leave self in order to lose oneself in God'—this maxim Father Ginhac made the rule of his life."

"A great number remain in mediocrity because they wish to act alone. They are not open with Superiors."

"When you have a sermon to preach, let your first and principal care be to put generously in practice yourself the virtue on which you are to speak, or try to imprint in your own heart the dispositions you wish to imprint in the hearts of your audience. We should preach to ourselves, penetrate ourselves deeply with the subject, and make it altogether ours, before we preach to our neighbour, and the latter's change of life will depend on the change in ourselves."

"In your prayers ask for saints; they are God's instruments for the salvation of nations."

With far less incentive, much narrower opportunity, such a man puts most of us to shame. If only for that reason, we should find him stimulating and encouraging; for his comment would have been: Then up and onward! E. T. H.

Le Sens de la Mort by Paul Bourget.

This has been translated under the title: *The Night Cometh.* That title is euphonious but inaccurate in rendering Bourget's words, which are, simply, *the meaning of death.* People who read novels regularly are full of scorn and ridicule for this work which they call a moral sermon coated with fiction to make it go down. Those who seldom read novels may find it quite worth while. Briefly it is the story of two men whom death faces, and their reaction upon that fact. To the

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surgeon, who is a materialist, it means an end of things. "Things" are represented to him by the love of his young wife; to cheat the absurd thing, death, of complete triumph, the surgeon accepts his wife's offer of suicide, in order that they may go out together into the "nothingness." The second man is a soldier, a Christian, a cousin of the surgeon's wife. He passes weeks of intense suffering in serene fortitude, with the intention that his pain may be used as vicarious atonement for his cousin, who, since her marriage, has accepted her husband's materialist opinions. The soldier's sacrifice is effective, and the woman is saved.

The story is in the form of a note-book record made by the assistant-surgeon of the hospital where all the events take place. This assistant has had laboratory discipline—he can credit only facts that he has observed. The facts associated with the deaths of the two men force themselves upon his attention. He is forced to a conclusion—that, at the least, one attitude toward death was shameful and harmful, while the other was constructive.

May we not hope that this laboratory attitude toward religion may become prevalent? Let men and women test spiritual law as they would do laws of hygiene. If they seek, they shall find.

THEODORE ASHTON.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 202.—*What do the Masters do with free will?*

ANSWER.—If we are thinking of the Masters as our great and very kindly Elder Brothers, who through a long course of discipleship have reached that point "when all desires that dwell in the heart are let go," and "when all the knots of the heart are untied," then, perhaps, it matters little whether we think of them as totally devoid of free will because in perfect union with the freedom of the divine Will, or as the only beings in the universe who have achieved complete free will and also complete responsibility for every act of will; not only responsibility for their intentions but for the ultimate results of every act.

"The sages say this path is hard, difficult to tread as the keen edge of a razor." Do we think of the Masters as treading a less dangerous and difficult path than our own? Because they are immortal, do we think of them as just safe and happy somewhere? Does not immortality imply a limitless ability to labour, an endless capacity for joy and for pain? What do the Masters do with free will? I think that they sacrifice it on the altar of our seemingly endless capacity for self will; and it is a fortunate thing for us that they have an infinite sense of humour.

K. D. P.

ANSWER.—*The Voice of the Silence* has some passages on renunciation which may prove helpful. But to be more practical: What does a wise human parent or teacher do with free will in a child? Do they not make it unprofitable for the child to use selfwill and profitable to obey? The child's will is not broken but it is trained. If I look manfully and honestly at my "misfortunes"—yes, and my sorrows—will I not find evidence of a loving Guidance that is training my will? Is this not the work of the Masters?

S.

ANSWER.—Whose "free will"—the soul's or the lower man's? Of the former may we not say they strengthen it. Of the latter may we not pray that they thwart it.

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—It was by the right use of their own free will, by bringing it into harmony at every point with the Divine Will, that they made themselves Masters. In us they respect free will sacredly. It has been said that free will is the one gift of God to man that is never withdrawn. All other gifts at one time or another may be taken away, but we may will what we will at all times. It is this respect for our free will and refusal to infringe upon it that explains the continuance in the world of so much apparently unnecessary suffering and evil. In this sacred regard for our free will may we not find the answer to the age-old question of how the existence of evil can be reconciled with the ominpotence of an all-loving Father.

But if Masters respect our wills, they also show us the true meaning and inevitable result of what we think is our will. The Masters are the Lords of Karma

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and Karma reveals to us the content and result, the harvest, of each desire. We may plant what seed we will in our field, but be it nettles or wheat, we must harvest the crop of that field and not another. Next time we choose more wisely. M. B.

QUESTION 203.—*What does a Theosophist mean when he speaks of the will of God?*

ANSWER.—Perhaps one can find the answer in this quotation: "This, then, is of faith, that everything, the very least, or what seems to us great, every change of the seasons, everything which touches us in mind, body, or estate, whether brought about through this outward senseless nature, or by the will of man, good or bad, is overruled to each of us by the all-holy and all-loving will of God. Whatever befalls us, however it befalls us, we must receive as the will of God . . . For if the least thing could happen to us without God's permission, it would be something out of God's control . . . Almighty God would not be the same God; not the God whom we believe, adore, and love." (E. B. Pusey.)

The will of God can be learned only by obedience, not by speculation; inwardly, through the conformity of our wills to the Divine will; not by mental consideration, as of something separate from us.

Perhaps one may say that the "will of God" is Buddhi, the manifestation of the macrocosmic Buddhi, called Mahat.

C. J.

ANSWER.—As a student of theosophy I would suggest this answer—a recognition that Something knows more than I do, and has picked out this particular time, place, environment, situation and daily job for me to work out my individual salvation by doing my own duty and not neglecting my duties in the endeavor to do another's duties, neither to try to make him do his while I am neglecting mine.

S.

QUESTION No. 204.—*What are the first steps toward becoming conscious of the invisible world? Is there not something that one may do to develop the vision for the spiritual world and the powers to function in it?*

ANSWER.—Every Saint whose life I have been privileged to read, seems to have attained such consciousness through the Three Vows: poverty, by surrendering all selfish desire; chastity, by a purity even in unconscious intention; and an obedience complete and entire—all uniting to permit the joyous participation in and sharing of the Master's Passion—yet the Saints, though suffering, have been joyous—seemingly because they share His sufferings. S.

ANSWER.—There is an old saying: "Would you see the Invisible? open your eyes upon the Visible." The road into the spiritual world opens up right before every man's eyes. All he has to do is to enter the path *of his greatest interest,* and walk there with energy. That path may be any form of business or art, or invention, or good works, or what not. If a man feels he is already doing this, let him consult some friend (who, he is sure, will be honest) with this question: "Do you think I am interested in music (or something else) because it *pleases* and *interests* me, or for the sake of the music itself?" The correct answer will, almost, invariably be: "You are interested because the thing pleases you." The man will then have to begin the job of transferring his interest completely from self to the thing loved. When that task is accomplished the man will be a citizen of the spiritual world. That world is not far off. It is, literally, at hand. S. M.

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ANSWER.—The spiritual world is *within* the material, not separate from it. The way to enter is to follow the highest spiritual light that we can see. If we live up to it, it will lead us back to its source. Perhaps the first step toward becoming conscious of the spiritual world is attention to it, the watching for the spiritual content in each outer event. We enter it in proportion as we deny ourselves and try to serve others selflessly. I should expect that the power to function in that world would develop as needed to enable us to help others. J. M.

QUESTION No. 205.—*What can be done to influence, consciously, the condition and place of our next incarnation?*

ANSWER.—Do your duty completely in your present incarnation.

Q.

ANSWER.—According to *Light on the Path* either love or hate will do this. Yet would it not be well to be rather cautious? When I was a small boy some of my little friends wanted to be horse-car drivers. If they had persisted consciously in this desire they might be motormen today. Do we know enough of all the facts to let mere brain consciousness decide what we want? How would it do to love the Master and to try consciously to earn the right to serve Him, leaving it to His advice, and to our souls' desire under the influence of His love, to determine "the condition and place of our next incarnation?"

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—Everything that a man does must tend to influence "the place and condition of his next incarnation," but, fortunately for him, while his motive remains self-gratification the amount that he can do "consciously" is very small. Life is far too merciful to let our self-will play with its machinery. But the case is different if his desire is to be "reborn in the house of pure and holy folk" or, indeed, to be "born in a family of seekers for union, full of wisdom," that there he may possess "the same soul-vision that he won in the former body, and thenceforth strive again for the perfect attainment." What he can do consciously in that case is beautifully set forth by Krishna in the sixth book of the Bhagavad Gita, and by every spiritual writer who ever wrote as well. J. M.

QUESTION No. 206.—*How can one escape from one's past?*

ANSWER.—By facing it squarely in the present, recognizing it, and, if it be unpleasant, by saying: "Wretched thing you have dogged me long enough. Now, I am going to *do* you." Act accordingly. Carry out your resolve. "One's past" is usually an omitted duty that pursues clamorously. Fulfil that duty in the present, and thus, make it really "past"—forever. L. N.

ANSWER.—Why try? Why not use your past? You have, so to speak, invested much of yourself in it. Why not make it a paying investment by looking at it fearlessly for its lessons and then acting upon them? S.

ANSWER.—"When I became a man I put away childish things." Do your parents still treasure against you your childish aims and misdeeds? If you love the Master; if you want to go to Him, are you not passing out of a childish state, and will He not forget and forgive your past? Is it not your present He is interested in? But the best answer is to be found in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, where our Master so lightly veils His own passionate yearning that His children may leave the swine-husks, their past, and betake themselves to Him. Go to Him—then there will be no past to escape. G. M. McK.

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ANSWER.—In so far as one wishes to escape from one's past—from one's sins and blunders and all that is painful to recall—I should think the only way of assured and permanent escape would be spiritual progress. The student escapes from grade A as he progresses to grade B. But not until we entirely kill out the root of a sin shall we escape it—kill it out with the thoroughness of which Note I in *Light on the Path* speaks. "It is easy to say I will not be ambitious; it is not so easy to say when the Master reads my heart he will find it clean utterly."

T. M.

ANSWER.—From what would we escape? From the memory of the past? We do that with each incarnation until we need that memory for our further progress. From the barriers to spiritual progress that we have raised by our past sins? We can escape them by doing our duty in the present, but sometimes that seems to be a very long and a very slow task. Love is the power which moves the world. "When even a chief of sinners loves Me with undivided love, soon he becomes altogether righteous," entering ever into peace. And the road to love is obedience.

Too often our desire to escape from the past means simply a desire to escape from the painful consequences of our acts. There is no escape from the consequences of what we do. Fortunately for us Karma is too wise and too merciful to let us evade the lessons it would teach us. But whether or not they will be painful may depend upon us. At least mystics have said that at the heart of pain lies joy. Perhaps if we welcome our lessons with eager gratitude for what they teach us, we may find the most painful turn to joy.

J. F. B. M.

QUESTION 207.—*Does reincarnation include the idea of transmigration—not the transmigration of a human being to a lower animal form but the gradual evolution of the lower forms up to the highest?*

ANSWER.—Biology, especially in its sub-division of embryology, would seem to indicate an affirmative answer, if this be a universe where all Law works alike.

G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—As put, the question is answered with a Yes. But the term transmigration, as defined in dictionaries and generally understood, is wrongly used. Transmigration has the connotation of aimless wandering, of interchange between animal and human kingdoms, of drifting from life to life outside of any conscious law of development. Reincarnation properly commences with personal consciousness, with the human epoch in cosmic evolution. Madame Blavatsky's definitions refer to the "Soul"—*a* soul, as reincarnating; and she further indicates that animals do not reincarnate, as do men. At the same time it is suggested that every atom will some day develop to manhood, even to Mahatmaship; so that there is a sense in which reincarnation includes trans-migration, *i. e.*, migration across the line that divides the kingdoms.

N. B.

QUESTION No. 208.—*What did the Master mean by "Those that take the sword shall perish by the sword?" How can this be reconciled with His command: "He that hath not a sword, let him sell his cloak and buy one."*

ANSWER.—Perhaps He meant that those who are unwilling to perish by the sword have no right to take the sword. If a man would not gladly give his own life for a cause, he has no right to take the life of another for it. The cause must be greater than physical life, one's own or another's, to justify war.

It would seem, too, that the conditions under which He told Peter to put up his sword should be borne in mind. There is a tradition, apparently well-founded, that in addition to the apostles there were with Him in the garden of Gethsemane,

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a number of women disciples. An armed resistance to the soldiers and to the mob would have put the women present in grave danger, which He, the very soul and inspiration of chivalry, would not permit in defence of himself. That He was thinking of the safety of those with Him is shown by His saying as He did to the soldiers:

"I am he. If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way."

It is not strange that He, who all His life waged ceaseless warfare against the active powers of evil in the world, should have told His disciples to sell their very cloaks to buy swords wherewith to fight. What is strange is that modern pacifists should be so blind to His warrior spirit.

J. F. B. M.

QUESTION 209.—*It is said that the only way to know the doctrine is to live the life. How can one live re-incarnation, for instance?*

ANSWER.—Would a man really believing in total annihilation live as pure and good a life as a man believing in re-incarnation? So that I should think one would live reincarnation by daily acting as if one were to carry the results of the efforts of that day through the ages.

T. M.

ANSWER.—Why should one want to? If the soul be on a pilgrimage, it would not want to stop still and contemplate its progress, so it would not want to know the good things of its past experience. It would want to know its faults and failures. I, for one, would hesitate to ask to live over my failures. Suppose I ran away once and cost the life of my leader—am I strong enough to re-live that experience without getting depressed and discouraged? I run away from enough duties now. Why not seek out faults and defects manifesting today and not waste energy in dwelling in the past. Is not the real doctrine expressed in the Two Great Commandments?—perhaps when one may say one has lived them, it may be time to take up such corollaries as re-incarnation.

S.

ANSWER.—As we have all lived reincarnation many times our souls do know it. The problem is how to get that knowledge of the soul into the personal, brain, consciousness. This can be done by acting, thinking and as far as possible feeling as if we knew it for a fact, precisely as a scientist acts on a hypothesis. Accepting it tentatively as true, he applies it to the facts of whatever department of life he is investigating. If it explains the facts and accords with them he accepts it, if not, he rejects it. Try this with reincarnation. Interpret your life and that of others in its light and that of its twin doctrine of Karma. Ask yourself what desires and qualities you would like to take with you to another life and then live accordingly. Live as if you were, not a body swayed by a conflicting mass of shifting, meaningless desires, but an immortal soul to whose growth and splendour there is no limit. Then see whether or not the knowledge of the truth of the doctrine comes.

J. M. R.

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T·S·ACTIVITIES

Some Branches hold their meetings throughout the summer months, but in most Branches the members are scattered during the hot weather, and Branch meetings are consequently interrupted. So the fall usually marks the beginning of a new year's work; the summer has given individual members larger opportunity to study and to make new applications of the laws of life; there is, therefore, new material and new incentive brought back to enrich the Branch in its season's work. While such reinforcement is the most valuable, it may perhaps be helpful to review, at this time, some activities of different Branches during the past year, as given in their annual reports to the Secretary T. S.; thus each has an opportunity to profit by the experience of others.

The KARMA BRANCH, of *Christiania,* might have been envied by some Branches because it was able to maintain a sustained series of lectures at its public meetings, a procedure which Branches often feel would bring them many recruits, were their members equipped to lecture successfully. Evidently the lectures given by the Karma Branch were successful in the ordinary sense for they were excellent lectures and were well attended by visitors who came repeatedly. But the members came to question this work; they found that it was barren in the sense that it brought almost no accessions. "The outsiders," the President writes, "were attracted by the strangeness of the Theosophical Doctrine and touched by the charming talk on Brotherhood, in the same shallow way as many church-goers are touched by the sermon of an eloquent preacher. But they have not come into closer contact with the Branch and have not been enkindled by the fervour of its members. They remain outsiders to the T. S. and to Truth, as they are outsiders to the true Church of Christ. So we planned another scheme of procedure, and made the meetings as informal and homelike as possible; one member reading something on a selected topic from a book, or from the QUARTERLY, and commenting on it from a Theosophical point of view. Afterwards there has been an animated discourse on the matter in question. The door has been kept open for all. We have found this method of work very good. It has also brought the attending members closer to each other and has made them feel more vividly the true spirit of Brotherhood. When this spirit is powerful in a Branch, it will not fail to draw new members; while without that power neither eloquent lecturing nor any other form of eager propagandism is able to create more than a temporary, formal and undesirable rush into membership. So we are now following up this scheme of work, leaving the results to the Masters."

AURORA BRANCH of *Oakland,* reports: "For a nucleus of study we chose the *Bhagavad Gita.* Our aim is toward a comparative and deductive interpretation, therefore our reading ranges over a variety of sub-topics, as they present themselves for our consideration. We have adopted the plan of taking one thought from the *Gita,* and using it as the subject of daily meditation for one week, and have been interested and helped by comparing results. Also, we just began the reading of "Ancient and Modern Physics," by Willson.

The Secretary of the PACIFIC BRANCH, *Los Angeles,* writes: "The public meetings are taken charge of by the members in rotation; each announces his or

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her subject at the prior meeting, and on the following night of meeting opens the subject and passes it on to each person present, enabling each to express his or her ideas relative thereto. We have no platform lectures and no visible head for any one to lean on or to look to as an oracle. Every subject presented is spoken to from the inner or spiritual aspect, and we all take a keen delight in doing that, hence, our meetings are full of enthusiasm. We have a circulating library and books are taken out by the visitors; we have the T. S. QUARTERLY on sale at book stores, and we hope to increase those sales. Besides some of the members conduct personal correspondence with interested persons residing in other places, who are seeking the help that Theosophy offers."

The VIRYA BRANCH of *Denver* gave its first meeting last fall to a report from one of its members on the T. S. Convention. All Branches cannot send delegates to make a personal report, but since the Convention is designed to strike the keynote for the next season's work, a review of its most significant features, as given in the Convention Report, might well furnish Branches with material for a stimulating meeting. In the Virya Branch, they took up the spiritual results of righteous wars, drawing illustrations from the wars of Cæsar, Charlemagne, and others, and emphasizing "the difference between right and wrong attitudes towards peace in our own country." Other meetings were given to discussions of a practical and devotional character, with questions arising especially from "Letters to Friends." The Branch has carried a number of subscriptions to the QUARTERLY for libraries and universities; and the Secretary says that non-members have been glad to join with members in meeting the cost of these subscriptions. In passing, it might be noted that, in different parts of the country, a number of non-members who are subscribers to the magazine also subscribe regularly for friends.

The MIDDLETOWN BRANCH reports one of its customs that might well be extended to other Branches. It is common for all the resident members to take charge of meetings, in rotation, but in Middletown the sharing of the work does not stop there; they have some devoted members who are living far away from the Branch center, and these members prepare papers, or lists of questions, for discussion at the meetings that would fall to them were they able to be present.

No Branch reports as many different activities as the CINCINNATI BRANCH: Each season it has some thirty odd regular public meetings; preceding these there is a half-hour Study Class in the *Key to Theosophy*, for visitors and members; an afternoon Study Class for members, meeting weekly; and a monthly class for inquirers. "The fundamentals of the *Secret Doctrine* have been the basis of many of the papers and discussions . . .; an earnest effort is being made to comprehend and bring before the public the ancient but ever new Archaic Truths."

In addition to the many Branch reports, from which it has been possible to make only a few quotations, there were also reports from members-at-large who are trying to fulfil the old T. S. maxim that each solitary member should cease to be solitary by making himself the center of a new Branch. The organizing of a Study Class is one of the most fruitful methods of doing such work. A member in Oregon who is using that method writes: "A Study Class in Theosophy was formed here last October. At our first meeting seven were in attendance. Since then more have been coming in. Sunday evenings we take up the *Ocean of Theosophy*. We also meet on Thursday evenings, and at that time we have been studying the *Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine*. At both meetings all have the privilege of asking questions. We are getting many people interested in Theosophy by loaning them books. The object of our work is not to form a large Branch, but to interest those who are ready to support the Theosophical movement, and the Masters."

There is one bit of testimony, running through all the reports, which cannot be repeated too often: it is, that fruitful work is not determined by the size of the Branch or by the ambitious nature of the work it undertakes, but by the oneness of heart that animates its members, in their lives, and in their united work.

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STANDARD BOOKS

The classification of these books, as Devotional, Introductory, and Philosophical is for the convenience of those who may wish some guide in making selections; it is only an approximation. Books are bound in cloth unless otherwise indicated.

DEVOTIONAL

Blavatsky, H. P.	Voice of the Silence.	cloth $.50; leather, $.75
Cavé.	Fragments, Volume I.	boards, .60
	Volume II.	boards, .60
Dream of Ravan.		1.00
Johnston, Charles.	Bhagavad Gita.	Translated, annotated; cloth, 1.00
		limp leather, India paper, 1.50
	From the Upanishads.	paper, .30; leather, .75
	Parables of the Kingdom, The.	paper, .20
	Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.	Translated, annotated, 1.25
	Song of Life, The.	limp boards, .30
Judge, William Q.	Bhagavad Gita.	Edited; leather, .75
	Letters that Have Helped Me, Volume I.	.50
	Volume II.	.60
Light on the Path.		cloth, .50; leather, .75
Niemand, Jasper.	Vow of Poverty and Other Essays.	paper, .15
Through the Gates of Gold.		.75

INTRODUCTORY

Hillard, Katharine.	A Primer of Theosophy.	paper, .05
Idyll of the White Lotus.	A Novel.	1.00
Judge, William Q.	Culture of Concentration.	paper, .10
	Ocean of Theosophy.	cloth, .75
Keightley, Archibald.	Theosophy as an Influence in Life.	paper, .10
	Spiritual Life, The.	paper, .10
Keightley, J. W.	Unity of Religions.	paper, .10
Mitchell, Henry B.	Meditation.	paper, .20
	Theosophical Society and Theosophy, The.	paper, .20
Sinnett, A. P.	Esoteric Buddhism.	1.25
	Karma. A Novel.	.75
	Occult World, The.	1.25

PHILOSOPHICAL

Blavatsky, H. P.	Five Years of Theosophy.	(reprints from magazines), 2.50
	Key to Theosophy.	(in question and answer form), 2.00
	Secret Doctrine, The. Vols. I and II and Index.	12.50
Hartmann, Franz.	Magic, White and Black.	2.00
Hillard, Katharine.	Abridgement of the Secret Doctrine.	2.00
Mitchell, Henry Bedinger.	Talks on Religion.	1.50
Walker, E. D.	Reincarnation.	1.00

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

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The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN EAGLE PRESS

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VOL. XIV. (NO. 3) JANUARY, 1917 NO. 55



THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W., England.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the **nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction** of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1917

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EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

A Theosophical Need

MR. JUDGE writes, in one of the closing chapters of *The Ocean of Theosophy*, that "there is no Western Psychology worthy of the name . . . Real psychology is an Oriental product to-day . . . for the present day psychology in its true phase belongs to the Orient . . ." Mr. Judge was writing of the "psychology without a soul," which grew up as an adjunct and extension of physiology; of the official psychology of the schools. This he shows clearly, when he says, among other things, that "the Roman Catholic branch of the Christian Church is in some respects an exception, however. It has always admitted the existence of the psychic world. . . ."

The purpose of these Notes is to try to show that there is, in the West, and in the direction indicated by Mr. Judge, a very considerable volume of genuine psychology, of experimental spiritual science; that it very closely resembles that psychology of the Orient which has been spoken of above; and that all that is needed, to bring out this resemblance, amounting very often to complete identity, is the translation of the terms of the one body of experimental spiritual science into the terms of the other: a task which students of Theosophy may very profitably undertake, not only as a lawful exercise in "the Theosophic method," but also because extremely valuable results will be gained, and without any undue labour or difficulty.

There is an obstacle at the outset: the students of this experimental science of things spiritual have been constrained to use, to set forth the results of their observations, the only available terms—for the most part, the terms of popular theology; more than that, their observations have very often been influenced by the fact that their minds and imaginations were deeply coloured by the images of popular theology, and, since these observations must of necessity be made through the medium of the mind and the imagination, that colouring adheres to most of their results. This

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had one great advantage: it made much of their most valuable work immediately intelligible and acceptable to those whose minds were coloured in the same way; available, therefore, for popular use, for the needs of daily life. But there is, to some degree, a corresponding disadvantage: those whose training has given their minds a different colouring will have difficulty in separating the facts of spiritual life observed from the traditional colouring of the medium in which they are recorded; they may even feel inclined to turn away from them, because of that colouring. But, as has been said, this would seem to be exactly the opportunity for students of Theosophy, for those who seek to put in practice the Theosophic method.

We may, perhaps, illustrate this colouring by an extreme case: a passage from *The Revelations of Saint Gertrude:* "At the Antiphon, she beheld the heavens opening, while the angels descended and placed a magnificent throne in the centre of the choir, whereon the Queen of Glory was seated, and manifested how lovingly she received the prayers and devotion of the religious on this Festival. The angels stood round this throne, attending the Mother of their God with the greatest respect and joy. The Saint also saw an angel standing by each of the religious, with a branch in his hand; and this branch produced different kinds of fruit and flowers, according to the devotion of the sister who was thus attended. At the conclusion of the Office, the angels brought these branches to the Blessed Virgin to adorn her throne. Then Gertrude exclaimed 'Alas, kind Mother! I do not deserve to be thus united with the choirs of the blessed.' She replied: 'Your good-will suffices; and the devout intention which you had at Vespers far exceeds any corporal work; to assure you of this, I will present your branch of fruit and flowers to the adorable Trinity, as an oblation of the highest merit.' At Matins she beheld how the angels gathered the flowers and fruit of the different intentions of the religious, and presented them to the Virgin Mother. The flowers appeared more brilliant and beautiful in proportion to the earnestness of each; and the sweetness of the fruit corresponded with the purity and fervour of their devotion. . . . On another occasion, when the same Response was chanted, Saint Gertrude saw a troop of demons, who surrounded the religious, showing them the pomps and vanities of the world. But at the words, *Regnum mundi . . . contempsi,* the demons fled in confusion. . . ."

Had Gertrude been a Buddhist, instead of a Christian nun, she might have interpreted and expressed her spiritual experience in some such terms as these: "When the dispensation has disappeared, the relics of the Buddha will come from every place; from the serpent world, from the world of the gods, and from the Brahma-world; and having congregated together at the throne under the Great Bo-tree, they will make an effigy of the Buddha and perform a miracle resembling the

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double-miracle, and will teach the Doctrine. Not a single human being will be found at that place; but all the gods from ten thousand worlds will come together and listen to the Doctrine, and many thousands of them will attain to the Doctrine. And these will cry aloud, saying, 'Divine sirs, on the seventh day from now our One Possessing the Ten Forces will pass into Nirvana.' Then they will weep, saying, 'From henceforth we shall be in darkness.' Then the relics will put forth flames of fire and burn up that effigy without remainder. . . . But who shall not behold Maitreya Buddha, the Blessed One? and who shall behold Him? One who creates a schism in the church, as it is said, 'Devadatta remains in hell for the entire world-cycle,' as well as all others born in the Avitchi hell, from the performing of the five crimes that constitute 'proximate karma,' those cherishing wholly heretical views, and those who slander the noble disciples, shall not see Him. The naked ascetics who create a schism by denying the congregation allowable privileges shall not see Him. All other beings who give gifts, keep the precepts, keep fast-days, fulfil their religious duties, found shrines, plant sacred fig-trees, parks and groves, make bridges, clear the highways, take their stand in the precepts, and dig wells, shall see Him. Those who, in their longing for a Blessed One, shall make a gift, even if only a handful of flowers, or of a single lamp, or of a mouthful of food, shall see Him. Those who further the religion of the Buddha, prepare the pavilion and the seats for the preachers of the Doctrine, bring forward the fan, make offerings of cloth, canopies, garlands, incense, or lamps, or are stanch sustainers of the ministrations of the Doctrine, shall see Him. . . ."

Had Saint Gertrude been an orthodox Hindu, the terms of her vision might have run somewhat thus: "I behold the gods in Thy body, O Divine One! and all the hosts of diverse beings; Brahma the Creator, seated on the lotus throne, and all the Seers and Serpents of wisdom. . . ." But in each case, we should have, it would seem, an entirely real vision of the spiritual world and its inhabitants, a vision coloured by the mind and imagination of the Seer, but none the less, embodying the most vital truths of spiritual reality. For it will easily be seen that, apart from this difference of colouring, the three visions which we have quoted are essentially the same; are genuine revelations of the world which is hidden from the eyes that see not, but in whose midst we dwell.

Or one may take a passage of quite different character, as abstract and intellectual as the revelation of Saint Gertrude is concrete and full of feeling; a passage like this, from Father Augustine Baker's *Sancta Sophia,* in the edition called *Contemplative Prayer:* "Experience teaches us that in good Christians there are two internal lights or teachers, namely, the spirit of corrupt nature, and the Divine Spirit. Both offer themselves in our deliberate actions, and even strive with one another

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for the mastery over us. Each seeks to lead us into a path and to an end contrary to the other. The natural spirit, on the one hand, teaches us to gratify our sensual desires or worldly aims, which are most hurtful to the soul. The Spirit of God, on the other hand, discovers to us the folly and danger of following such a guide. It teaches us that our happiness consists in renouncing it; in turning into paths leading in a contrary direction; in abandoning sensual pleasures and our own convenience, in so far as they are a hindrance, or rather, not an aid, to the knowledge of God and spiritual things. For this must be the object of our desires and efforts whereby alone we can arrive at eternal happiness and union with God . . ."

Had Father Baker been, not a good Christian, but a man of like spirituality in a far earlier age, he might, instead, have phrased his teaching thus: *"Death speaks:* The better is one thing, the dearer is another thing; these two bind a man in opposite ways. Of these two, it is well for him who takes the better; he fails of his object, who chooses the dearer. The better and the dearer approach a man; going round them, the sage discerns between them. The sage chooses the better rather than the dearer; the fool chooses the dearer, through lust of possession. Thou indeed, pondering on dear and dearly-loved desires, O Nachiketas, hast passed them by. Not this way of wealth hast thou chosen, in which many men sink. Far apart are these two ways, unwisdom and what is known as wisdom. I esteem thee, Nachiketas, as one seeking wisdom, nor do manifold desires allure thee. Others, turning about in unwisdom, self-wise and thinking they are learned, fools, stagger, lagging in the way, like the blind led by the blind. The great Beyond gleams not for the child, led away by the delusion of possessions. 'This is the world, there is no other,' he thinks, and so falls again and again under Death's dominion. . . ."

The holy Benedictine, from whose *Sancta Sophia* we have quoted, cites, from Cardinal Bellarmine, these sentences: ". . . Yet after all this, they are so devoid of devotion and the Spirit of God, so earnest in the love of secular vanities, so filled with impatience, envy, and all inordinate desires, that they seem to differ not one jot from secular persons wholly taken up with the world. The only cause of these disorders is that they do not seriously enter into their own hearts by exercises of introversion, but only esteem and regard the exterior. . . ."

Had the learned and pious Cardinal written instead in the language of the Upanishads, he might, perhaps, have said: "The Self-Being pierced the openings of the senses outwards; hence one looks outward, not within himself. A wise man looked towards the Self with introverted sight, seeking immortality. Children seek after outward desires; they come to

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the net of widespread Death. But the wise, beholding deathlessness, seek not for the enduring among unenduring things. . . ."

Again, we find the author of *Sancta Sophia* writing: "For this reason devout souls are to be exhorted to keep themselves as much as possible in solitude and abstraction, so that they may be able to discern the Divine voice. And if they yield themselves faithfully to God's guidance, He will not be wanting to them in anything. . . . And if we are capable of learning God's will in such things—and who can doubt it?—acting thus, in the spirit of resignation, without haste, passion, or self-love, must surely be the best and safest way of attaining to that knowledge."

If he had written in the tongue of the Upanishads, he might have said this: "Let him find the pathway of the Soul. Finding it he is not stained by evil. He who knows is therefore full of peace, lord of himself; he has ceased from false gods, he is full of endurance, he intends his will. In his soul he beholds the Soul. He beholds all things in the Soul. Nor does evil reach him; he passes all evil. He is free from evil, free from stain, free from doubt, a knower of the Eternal. . . ."

Or we might take from Father Baker a passage like this: "The soul must be careful not to entertain a hope that God will manifest His Will to her in an extraordinary way, as by an angel or a revelation. Ordinarily such hopes could proceed from nothing but pride; and were God to grant her wish, it is to be feared it would only increase her pride and do her much harm. There are two ways in which God ordinarily intimates His Will to His servants. The first is by clearing the understanding and infusing into it a supernatural light, through which the natural reason sees something new or something it had not rightly understood. By this light of supernatural discretion the obscurities which hindered the reason from seeing the truth are removed. These obscurities are generally caused by sensuous images which have taken possession of the imagination, or by natural interests which have engaged the affections. By these reason is pushed on to form a judgment and choice before the soul has weighed maturely and impartially the circumstances, so that reason devoid of the supernatural light kindled by charity determines in favour of the side to which the imagination or passions incline her. . . ."

We might be inclined to compare this with certain of the rules of the sage, Patanjali; for example, these rules, from his first book: "Memory is the holding fast to mind-images of things perceived. The control of these psychic activities comes through the right use of the will, and through ceasing from self-indulgence. The right use of the will is

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the steady effort to stand in spiritual being. This becomes a firm resting-place, when followed long, persistently, with righteousness. Ceasing from self-indulgence is conscious mastery over the thirst for sensuous pleasures here or hereafter. The consummation of this is freedom from thirst for any mode of psychical activity, through the establishment of the spiritual man. . . ." Or we might choose these sentences, from the fourth book: "The psychic nature, universally adaptive, takes on the colour either of things seen, or of the Seer. The psychic nature, which has been printed with mind-images of innumerable things, exists now for the Spiritual Man, subordinate to him. For him who discerns between the mind and the Spiritual Man, there comes perfect fruition of the longing after the real being of the Self. Thereafter, the whole personal being bends toward illumination, full of the spirit of Eternal Life. . . ."

Father Baker expresses the same consummation thus: "This is the best and safest light a man can have. And we must acknowledge it to be supernatural, because it illuminates us in supernatural things, discovers to us the relation between the action and our supernatural end, and extinguishes the light of carnal reason by which the things of God are not seen or are esteemed foolishness. It is to be accepted as the very light of God's Holy Spirit, a light which cannot be obtained by study, nor instilled into us by the most spiritual person in the world. Moreover, this light exceeds the efficacy of the ordinary permanent light of faith by which we see supernatural objects in a general manner only, and the means leading to them. But by this lamp kindled in our understanding by prayer and charity we clearly discern the relation and capacity of each action and circumstance to dispose us to perfect union with God by love. . . ."

One may find, too, a very great likeness to the great Adwaita Teacher, Shankaracharya, in such a passage as this, from a treatise by Saint Francis de Sales, *Of the Love of God:* "When the sun rises red and turbid, or sets pale and watery, we say there will be rain. Yet in truth the sun is not subject to any such changeableness, and its light is invariable and perpetual; the appearances which alter its brightness are but those mists and clouds of earth which rise up before our mortal sight. Even so with God: we are wont to speak of Him not as He really is, but according as we behold Him through the mists of our earthly vision. We speak as though He possessed various qualities and characteristics; we talk of His Justice, His Mercy, His Omnipotence, His Truth, His Wisdom. Yet, verily, there is no variation in God, He is One sole, uniform perfection; whatever is in Him is but Himself, and the many qualities we define in Him are Unity. Just as the sun has but one clear brightness infinitely beyond all the colours we attribute to it, a brightness which in reality gives them their manifold hues, so God is One All-pervading Excellence, far above all our notions of perfection,

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and imparting whatever perfectness is to be found in all such perfection. Nor is it within compass of anything created, whether human or angelic, fitly to name this Supreme Excellence; even as we are told in the Apocalypse that 'He has a Name, which no man knew but He Himself.' And so the Fathers have said that there is no real theologian save God, inasmuch as none can truly know the Infinite Greatness of His Divine Perfection nor fitly speak of it save Himself. . . ."

If, then, God be thus in Himself unknown, unknowable, how are we to know Him, to find union with Him?—We come thus, of necessity to the teaching of the Divine Incarnation, called in the East the Avatar doctrine. We may illustrate it by the popular version found in Buddhism: "When it is known that after a lapse of a thousand years an omniscient Buddha is to arise in the world, the guardian angels of the world wander about, proclaiming: Sirs, after the lapse of a thousand years a Buddha will arise in the world, in order to save the world. . . ."

Or we may take the more abstract version of the same teaching in the *Bhagavad Gita:* "Though I am the Unborn, the Soul that passes not away, though I am the lord of beings, yet as lord over My nature I become manifest, through the magical power of the Soul. For whenever there is a withering of the Law, O son of Bharata, and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides, then I manifest Myself, for the salvation of the righteous, and the destruction of such as do evil; for the firm establishing of the Law I come to birth in age after age. He who thus perceives My birth and work as divine, as in truth it is, leaving the body, he goes not to rebirth; he goes to Me, Arjuna. . . . Nor am I visible to all wrapt in My magical glamour; this world, deluded, recognizes Me not, unborn, everlasting. I know all beings, Arjuna, the past, the present, those that are to come; but Me none knows. . . . They whose darkness is gone, who are workers of righteousness, free from the delusion of the opposites, worship Me, firm in their vows. They who strive for freedom from age and death, taking refuge in Me, know the Eternal, the All, the highest Self, the perfect Work. They who know Me as the highest Being, the highest Divinity, the highest Sacrifice, even in death perceive Me, their hearts united in Me. . . ."

One may cite, for comparison with this, a very beautiful development of the same doctrine of Divine Incarnation, as applied to the Western Avatar: "The supernatural life comprises two elements: *sanctifying grace,* a true participation in God's nature which transforms the soul; and *actual grace,* God's real action within us, which sets our transformed faculties in motion.

"But, to produce this transformation and impart this motion is a work reserved to God.—Why reserved to Him? There is an excellent

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reason for it: this work requires omnipotence, and it is superior to that of creation.

"But then, what part does Jesus play, and on what ground can we call Him into our life?

"In Jesus, there are both the divinity and the humanity. The divinity retains all its infinite attributes, and fulfils all its proper acts. The humanity is made, like ours, of body and soul. As it does not constitute any personality, it enters into the personality of the Son of God.

"His divinity can do nothing but what is divine: it cannot abase itself nor suffer nor adore nor submit. Although it knows our feelings and joys and sorrows in an eminent manner, it is incapable of experiencing them. Nor could it win merits; and, although it can pardon, it cannot expiate.

"It is wanting in these powers, and the sacred humanity supplies them to it. The sacred humanity has our manner of feeling and loving. Its condition bids it submit, and enables it to suffer, and binds duties upon it; and these duties are carried out freely by its holy soul; and hence it wins merits.

"But these merits borrow a really infinite *value* from Jesus' divine personality; and although they are not by nature divine, they have the worth and splendour and scope of the divine. It is no mere name that covers them, but it is a personality that takes possession of them and transforms them. . . . His soul, which has its merits so far as concerns the infinite, has none so far as created things are concerned; but it is in this human soul of His that all these wonders are perpetually occurring. *He ever lives to make intercession for us.*"

We had thought, at the outset of these Notes, to quote rather passages which are, on the face of them, experimental, the fruit only of experience which, with due care and pains, we can repeat for ourselves. But the passages shaped themselves in a somewhat wider channel. Yet, if we look deeply into it, even those of largest sweep and scope are the result of experience and experiment; they are the fruit of that higher power of knowledge, that illumination, of which Patanjali and Father Baker write, in nearly identical terms. And the proof of this would seem to be that, once we set aside the local colouring of this or that period, the results, the great principles, are always and everywhere the same. This, indeed, is both natural and inevitable, since they are drawn from observation of the same eternal models; they are built upon the same spiritual experience, nay, on the life of the Soul itself, in union with the One Divine.

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FRAGMENTS

I

"All of my gifts are two-edged swords; also my graces. Dedicated to my purposes, they are road-ways to the star-strewn skies, elements of Eternal Life. Prostituted to self, they become magnets of the devil, sure agencies of hell."

How can a sword become a roadway, Master?

"By obedience: try it against yourself and you will see."

And how can your graces become magnets of the devil?

"When the force within them is imprisoned in the metallic hardness of material life."

II

Master, the way is dark.

"Walk in my light; that shall be sufficient for you."

Master, the way is hard.

"Yet only as you lie upon the hard bed of the Cross shall you wake to the morning of Resurrection."

Master, give me strength for these.

"In my will is strength, the strength of Gethsemane's victory."

Master, must I then drain this cup?

"I, when I had drained the Father's cup, found it sweet, and in its strength went to Calvary."

Yet on the way, three times you fell.

"Yea, child, and so I compassionate your falls, and show you how to struggle up and on again. Since I have trodden the way, can you not trust me to know it?"

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

"O child, into my sure keeping I receive thee."

CAVÉ.

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LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XXII

DEAR FRIEND:

SO you did not understand my story of Queen Nephthys and the most high gods, and I am to tell you, "without any parables," just what it means? No, that I cannot do; for, until the experience comes to us that makes all telling needless, there is no way, save that of parables, in which we can be told of life. We must read these eastern tales in the light of our own hearts, and in accordance with that light is the meaning that they will have for us.

But in truth you have more light than you recognize, and, perhaps, if I try to meet your request by asking you to look back into your own memory and heart and mind, you will find there the experience that will both illumine and be illuminated by this ancient tale of the answer of the gods to the prayers and needs of men.

Let us begin at the beginning: with the great feast made by the King for his infant son, and the Queen lying alone in her chamber. Can you not remember times in your own life when you were as she was then,—alone, helpless, with no apparent part in the rejoicing that you had suffered and laboured to make possible, with no apparent power to influence the issues that were still at stake? Surely that is an experience that must have come often to all of us, and it is seldom, perhaps, that we have been able to pass through it without a sense of disappointment and of loss. But the reality is quite other than the appearance. It was not to the feast in the great court, but to the silent chamber of the Queen that the high gods came that day. It was there they gave their gifts to her son; there that the issues were determined. And this is always true. Neither distance nor accident can separate us from the reality of that which we love, nor prevent our playing our true part in a cause that is our own.

Is not the lesson clear? And is it not one that comes home to all of us? Apply it to your own position in this great war,—where all for which your soul has laboured through the ages is at stake, where men to whom it means far less are laying down their lives in selfless simplicity, and you stand far off from it in an alien land, with the shame of impotency and safety gnawing at your heart. Your shame is only that you feel shame. Your impotency only when you believe yourself impotent. Your safety the figment of your imagination, for the life of your soul is at issue. Had Queen Nephthys wrapped herself in such thoughts of self as these, do you think the high gods would have come to her that day? Her love had no place for thoughts of self, and only self can stand between us and what we love. Powerless in every other way, she used the one supreme power to which all

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being responds,—the power of love in prayer. I have been on many battlefields, where were fought out the destinies of nations, but the victory was won first, not there, but in some soul in prayer. And now that we are called to that crucial inner struggle, against the evil in our own natures that is the same as that which threatens all we love, shall we deem ourselves cut off and impotent? Or, to turn from great things to little, if we are prevented from attending some meeting where we had hoped to be, shall we feel ourselves left out? No one can leave us out from that to which our hearts turn, and we have not yet begun to realize the power that lies in prayer.

Again, how often have you not felt, in times of meditation, as though the Masters were close beside you, only hidden by some veil so that you could not see. And because you could not see you have feared to trust, feared really to believe. But in truth there was no veil, and it was because there was no veil that you could not see. For we have not yet learned to see the real, but only the veils around reality. Pure lights blinds us, as we are as yet; and so, in pity for our doubts and fears, many times the high gods come to us in the veils of our own thoughts and fancies, taking on the forms in which we picture them, speaking the language that is ours, using the terms and symbols of the religion to which we were born, or the philosophy with which we are familiar. I know that this has proved a stumbling block to you in reading the lives of the Christian saints. Their language, the language of their church and day, is not your language. And because Christ spoke to them in their language, as your Master speaks to you in your language, you have had difficulty in believing the truth both of their experience and your own. It is strange that we should find it so hard to realize, that the Masters are gentlemen, and that we should make stumbling blocks of their exquisite courtesy. It is, perhaps, particularly strange that members of the Theosophical Society, who talk so much of the Theosophic method of meeting each man on the ground of his own truth, should so often fail to recognize this method in the revelations made to the saints and seers of different times and races. Let us remember that it was from the Masters themselves that we were taught this method,—and that they practise what they preach. The form is of man and of the time; but the essence is of the gods and of eternity.

There are two other points here, that I know are within your own experience, though I doubt whether you have realized their significance and universality. When the gods had come in answer to Queen Nephthys's prayer, and stood before her waiting to grant her what she asked, "whatsoever prayer she sought to make seemed as foolishness in the light of that veiled shining, and died unspoken on her lips." We are dumb before the real, dumb even as we are blind. The things that we had thought so great become suddenly small before the vastness of what is open to us,—before the tremendous issues of the serene infini-

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tude of Being. We have not learned to think or pray in terms so great as these. It is the smallness of our desires that holds us dumb. Our prayer is so small a thing beside that which the Master prays for us; our love so little in comparison with his; what we ask so insignificant a part of what he waits to give. And yet, our prayers are all we have. It is they that have brought us to him, and, small though they are, they are all that we have learned how to ask. And so, "laying our will upon our tongue," and taking courage from the love that is so much greater than our own, we pray our prayers over, one by one.

It is the same thing that is manifest in every great crisis. When the moment comes it is too late to plan anew. Our past rises in us and acts through and for us. It is in literal fact a day of judgment. We ask what we have asked; and can do naught else.

But, in the compassion of the law, that judgment is not final. We can learn to desire more greatly, to ask for greater things,—even for the supreme thing that the Master longs and waits to give,—himself. Thus, when like Queen Nephthys, we have brought forth all the prayers that ever we have prayed, we know that there is one who still waits to give us more than these.

Was I not right in saying that this was within your own experience? It is somewhat harder to define the second of the two points I had in mind, but I am sure that it, too, is known to you, though you may not be able to say just how and where you realized its truth. There is a knowledge that is love's own, and has no part in self. Usually it is hidden from us, covered by that of self which mingles with our love. But when self is stripped away, when we see our own unwisdom and powerlessness to plan or judge rightly, and yet do not let ourselves be caught and held by that sense of inadequacy (for this is to sink still deeper into self), then from beneath all our own hopes and fears the knowledge that is love's may rise to consciousness. It is not a belief or a judgment. It is knowledge. It has nothing to do with what we ourselves may have wanted for the one we love. It is the need of that one's soul, its destined way, the Master's will for it, in which alone it can find its fulfilment and its peace. And because it is these things, it is our love's will also; at least in that moment of selflessness, of truth to the real self in us, *our* will as well,—the glad, deep, whole-souled prayer of our hearts. It is well for us if we store it in our memories and rest our acts upon it, for to fight against it is to fight against the one we love.

So much for the coming of the gods to Queen Nephthys and of her prayer for her son. Now for what followed, of which you say you "understood no single word." Well, perhaps no single word was meant to be understood. It is the sequence of them that is meant to convey a meaning, and sometimes we forget this. It is not what is written that is of moment, but what we ourselves think when we have read what is written. Do you remember, it must be now five years ago, the meeting to which you took me, and at which X—— spoke, and my telling you

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that he seemed to me the ablest speaker that I had heard in your country? You did not agree with me entirely, or thought you did not, for you replied that he always seemed to you just to miss saying what he should; and you illustrated what you meant, in answer to my question, by pointing out place after place in his address where your own thought had run on to some telling point, some important corollary or definite conclusion, which he might have drawn but did not. You were younger then than you are now, and had I smiled it might have hurt you. But neither you nor I had had those thoughts, had seen those telling points, before we listened to him. It was he who had given them to us, but so given them that it was easy for us to think them our own. That is the art of speech, and of writing. Not to make points, but to make other people make them; not to give your thought as yours, but to evoke it as his own in the mind of your reader.

I think, if you will look at the matter in this way, that you will see you have understood more than you admit. Had you not, I doubt whether you would have written me just such a letter as now lies before me, nor have quoted in it Christ's saying to Nicodemus: "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven"; and I feel quite sure you would not else have coupled with this the passage from St. Augustine: "And I perceived myself to be far off from Thee, in the region of unlikeness, as if I heard this Thy voice from on high: 'I am the food of grown men; grow, and thou shalt feed upon Me; nor shalt thou convert Me, like the food of thy flesh, into thee, but thou shalt be converted into Me.'" For in these two quotations lie the sum and substance of that ancient story-teller's tale,—the very heart of his meaning that you say you "did not understand."

You do not want me to give you a philosophical discourse on the duality that is inherent in all manifestation. Look where we will, we still see matter and spirit conjoined. Yet we know that there is nothing in matter, as such, capable of evolving or producing spirit. As life is born only of life, so is spirit born only of spirit,—born in matter only through the incarnation of the spirit. The Incarnation is more than the central fact of human life. It is the central fact of cosmic life, as well. And it is these two aspects of the Incarnation, the human and the cosmic, that it seems to me this story of the youngest of the gods portrays. It is the self-giving of the spirit to matter,—the laying down of the life of the god, that it may rise again, lifting to its divine heritage all into which, in its death, it has entered. It is the story of Osiris, of the Christ,—the eternal drama of the spirit,—the gift to men and to the world of the seed of immortal life.

What is the spirit? For what do we pray when we pray that the Masters' life may live also in us? I cannot answer. Yet something of the answer each one of us can feel. It is a life that aspires ceaselessly to its source: an aspiration that is the motive power of all evolution: an undying hunger and thirst for the things that are its own. Can we not,

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in thought, place ourselves beside Queen Nephthys in the vision of her swoon, and look back to what this world would be were mankind without this hunger of and for the spirit? As cattle we should be born and live and die, and nowhere would the gulf between heaven and earth be bridged. Only that which has come down from heaven can ascend to heaven; but as that ascends, it can draw with it all that it has made its own. In the hunger of our hearts is the life of the spirit, the life of the Master living in us. In that hunger itself is that for which we hunger.

It is hard for us to realize this. There are times when we seem to search in vain; when our prayers meet no return, when him to whom we pray seems infinitely remote, and our desire comes back baffled to itself. We suffer in such times as these. But could we keep our hold upon the truth we know, I think we should not suffer,—at least, not as we do now. For we should realize that in the very fact of our desire was the evidence of the Master's presence. Without him, we could not desire him. We know this, yet again and again we forget it, and "clamour at the gates of heaven against the faithful gods."

But there is more to the matter than this. Not only is the life of the Masters within us, it is within all about us. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." This is the second, the cosmic aspect of the Incarnation. The inner world is within the outer, its soul and heart. Turn again to the Gita, and read once more what Krishna tells of himself to Arjuna. "I am taste in the waters, . . . I am light in moon and sun; . . . I am sound in the ether, and manhood in men. I am the sweet scent in the earth, I am the glow in fire; life and I in all beings, and fervour in men of fervour. Know Me as the everlasting seed of all beings, the thought of the thinking, the radiance of the radiant. . . . I am all-consuming Death; I am the birth of things that shall be; I am honour, grace, voice, among things feminine; and memory and wisdom, firmness, patience." We are not left without food for our hunger. The Master offers himself to us in everything we contact, in every circumstance and happening of our daily lives. At the heart of them all is his life, laid down and poured into them for us.

Why is it, then, that we still hunger? Or rather, since hunger is the very life of the soul, why do we still feel that we have found nothing on which that hunger can be fed? You have yourself answered that question in your quotation from St. Augustine: "Nor shalt thou convert Me, like the food of thy flesh, into thee, but thou shalt be converted into Me."

Tell me, Friend, how often do those whose souls hunger, and who deem they have no food, draw near to life's table with this thought in mind? When we find "manhood in men, honour, grace, voice, among things feminine, the sweet scent in the earth, and the glow in the fire," do we seek to give ourselves in them to the Master, to let them convert us into him? Or do we seek to seize them for ourselves, to

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convert them, like the food of our flesh, into us? In them is his life, the food for our souls. What do we do with it?

We know the answer. Like the sparrow, we leave the grain and seize upon the straw, to build it into the nests we make for our own ease and pleasure. And, because we use it so, we do not see that even in the hollow of the straw the grain still lies,—the grain for which, even in our comfort, our souls hunger. All about us, in our homes, in our loves and fellowship, in our work and daily round of duty, in all that we have taken for ourselves, the Master has offered, and still offers us, himself. But to find him, we must seek him—seek *him*, and not ourselves, use his gifts to draw near to him, to be converted into him, and not to fatten self. And to make this change, to learn to use rightly that which we have used wrongly, to learn to see him where we have seen self, to learn to find the very thing we have,—it may be necessary that it should be taken from us. This, too, is the Master's gift to us. "I am all-consuming Death; I am the birth of things that shall be."

Is the parable of the sparrow still meaningless? Are the faithful gods, still unfaithful in your eyes? Or is this letter as obscure as was the tale on which it comments? If you think it is, remember X——'s address, and instead of looking to what is written, look to your own thoughts when you have read.

Believe me, as always,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

Thine own self-will and anxiety, thy hurry and labor, disturb thy peace, and prevent Me from working in thee. Look at the little flowers, in the serene summer days; they quietly open their petals, and the sun shines into them with his gentle influences. So will I do for thee, if thou wilt yield thyself to Me.—G. Fersteegen.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT

X

The Self of Matter and the SELF *of Spirit can never meet. One of the twain must disappear; there is no place for both.*
Voice of the Silence, p. 13.

For narrow is the gate and straightened the way, that leadeth unto life, and few be they that find it.
St. Matthew, vii, 14.

Man tends to become A *God and then—God, like every other atom in the Universe.*
The Secret Doctrine, vol. I, p. 159.

A KABALISTIC axiom quoted in *Isis* (vol. I, p. 301, note) reads: "A stone becomes a plant; a plant, a beast; a beast, a *man;* a man, a *spirit;* and the spirit a god." The preceding study has developed, along the more familiar lines of Christian thought, the teaching about this next great step in man's evolution,—his rebirth a new creature—a self-conscious Spirit—into the world of Spirit. The term Holy Spirit has been seen to bear this specific meaning; and out of the writings of St. Paul and of earlier Hebrew tradition have been culled references that concerned directly the achievement of this new birth.

But the term Holy Spirit in more modern Christian writings, and especially as familiar in the current thought and creeds of today, is rather a metaphysical term, connotating a universal principle, and but very dimly connected with anything other than the most general operations in the individual human being. Theology recognizes to a certain extent that a discrepancy exists between early Christian teaching about the Spirit in man, and its own vague speculations and theories; but its method of reconciliation is to explain away St. Paul and early tradition entirely.

Now the reason for this confusion of ideas about the Holy Spirit—the inclusion in this one term of both a metaphysic and a more or less specific process or step of man's evolution,—is hinted at by Madame Blavatsky in the third of the italicised opening sentences. To make this a little clearer, compare with it another sentence, also in *The Secret Doctrine.* "There is naught higher than man in the Universe: everything has been, is, or tends, to become man."

If this be so, man's evolution will not stop even at the rebirth into the new world; and spiritual man will take his place among those higher orders of beings about which Christianity so far knows so little, but about which *The Secret Doctrine* has again afforded some hints, withheld heretofore in this cycle.

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We have already seen that Christ in his "mystical body" has an immediate and close connection with the nascence, the upbuilding, the whole life of the Spirit in man. The identification is so close that the two words Spirit and Christ (*Χρίστος*) are interchangeable throughout St. Paul. Beyond pointing out this fact no detailed explanation has so far been offered. But when we try to interpret the Gospel accounts of Christ's life, his recorded utterances about the Spirit, and the manifestations of the Spirit in certain critical events in his life, some attempt at an explanation becomes essential or else the significance of his revelation is entirely lost. In fact, it is the loss of any really spiritual understanding of Christ's incarnation that is so sad a feature of present-day Christianity. The interpretation put today upon the life of the Galilean Master, based as it is almost exclusively upon its merely human aspect, and without any insight into his mystical life, has become so narrow and fixed, that Christian belief has even built up a crystalized orthodox code explaining those events, such as the Virgin Birth or the Transfiguration, that are avowedly transcendental, and, like the first aphorisms of *Light on the Path,* have "remained sealed as to their inner meaning." The Church has agreed on an orthodox statement of its ignorance, so to speak; and while acknowledging a mystery, it has surrounded the mystery with an interpretation suitable to its own ideas of what should or must be.

But complete explanation there is; and Madame Blavatsky, without actually stating what in itself is inexplicable in terms of an intellect untrained and unenlightened by the experience of the religious life, has in a multitude of ways sought to demonstrate the rational and philosophical necessity for at least assuming the existence and recognizing the *genre* of this spiritual life. She has dealt specifically with Christ's mystical life, not only in *Isis, The Secret Doctrine,* and the *Glossary,* but also in repeated allusions throughout her writings. Especially to be recommended are her notes to G. R. S. Mead's translation of the Gnostic *Pistis Sophia,*[1] and a very valuable series of articles on "The Esoteric Character of the Gospels."[2]

The life of Christ may be looked at in two ways. The Master's words and actions may be taken as our ideal, as an example of how we should act, or should hope to be able to act some day;—and we derive as much inspiration from considering his life in this way as we put hearty devotion into our study. We may likewise derive inspiration from the biographies of mystics, saints, and disciples of every age,—who have proclaimed their rebirth and demonstrated with varying completeness the realization on earth of the higher life of the Spirit. But Jesus' life was more than this; he was more than the incarnation of a Master; he was an Avatar, a special Divine Incarnation, whose mission it was and is to act for this race at once as ideal prototype,

[1] *Lucifer,* Vol. VI, April, 1890, *et seq.*
[2] *Ibid,* Vol. I, November, 1887, *et seq.*

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and as initiator into the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." Jesus Christ was a human man; that is, he was all that we should and ought to become, for "as many as received him, to them he gave power to become the sons of God [children of God], even to them that believe on his Name";[1] to which Paul adds, "For as many as are guided by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." But Jesus Christ was also the Logos, one person of the Trinity; and it is the mystery of this dual nature that stands backs of all the Church's complicated and misconceived theories about the Trinity, and what is known as scholastic metaphysics.

The study of the doctrine of Avatars is extremely complex and difficult, but certain phases of it bear direct relation to our subject. The Virgin Birth cannot be understood without it. And as the very first verse of *St. Matthew,* after the genealogies, tells us that, "Now the generation of the Christos[2] was in this wise: when his mother Mary had been betrothed to Joseph, before they came together she was found with child *of the Holy Spirit,*"—it would seem that this problem might as well be faced now as later. Mr. Johnston in the October QUARTERLY of volume IX, p. 218, discusses the Virgin Birth as "really an integral part of a much wider doctrine, a doctrine fundamental to all religion: the doctrine of the Incarnation of the Divine Man." He gives as illustrations of the universality of this belief parallel narratives from other great religions,—to which might be added the comparisons between Hindu, Egyptian, and Christian Virgin-Birth litanies cited by Madame Blavatsky in *Isis* (Vol. II, p. 209ff). The latter in the *Glossary* emphasizes this idea in a paragraph on "Incarnations (*Divine*) or *Avatars.*" "The Immaculate Conception is as pre-eminently Egyptian as it is Indian. As the author of *Egyptian Belief* has it: 'It is not the vulgar, coarse, and sensual story of the Greek mythology, but refined, moral, and spiritual'; and again the incarnation idea was found revealed on the wall of the Theban temple by Samuel Sharp, who thus analyses it: 'First the god Thoth . . . as the messenger of the gods, like the Mercury of the Greeks (or the Gabriel of the first *Gospel*) tells the *maiden* queen Mautmes, that she is to give birth to a son, who is to be king Amunotaph III. Secondly, the god Kneph,[3] the Spirit . . . and the goddess Hathor (Nature) . . . both take hold of the queen by the hands and put into her mouth the character for life, a *cross,* which is to be the life of the coming child,' etc., etc. Truly divine incarnation, or the *avatar* doctrine, constituted the grandest mystery of every old

[1] *St. John,* i, 12; and *Romans,* viii, 14.

[2] The usual translation is "of Jesus Christ." But the Greek text, "presumed to underlie the Authorized Version" by the Revisers, does not contain the word Ἰησοῦ,—although the latter keep the phrase "Jesus Christ" in their own translation, merely noting the omission of "Jesus" as a possible variant. Neither the A. V. nor the R. V. had any criterion by which to establish such renditions other than textual criticism. I have chosen the above translation to conform with my own interpretation of what the Gospel writer himself meant, which is based on the results of this whole study. *Cf.* Section IX; and also the subsequent discussion.

[3] *Cf.* back Section VII, p. 32. Kneph is identified with the Logos by Eusebius, etc.

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religious system!" H. P. B. also says under "Avatar,"—"There are two kinds of avatars: those born from woman, and the parentless, the *anupapadaka.*" [1] The Galilean Master was one of the former, in recognition of which he is called "the Christos" by St. Matthew.

The distinction of meaning between the man Jesus, and "the Christos" has been utterly lost by the Church. In the ancient mysteries, long ante-dating Christianity, there were two well recognized terms, Chrestos, and Christos. Madame Blavatsky spends twenty out of fifty-seven pages in comment and elucidation upon the use of these terms in *Lucifer,* showing the importance she attached to them. "In Bockh's 'Christian Inscriptions,' numbering 1,287, there is no single instance of an earlier date than the third century, wherein the name is not written *Chrest* or *Chreist*" cites H. P. B. (p. 308) from G. Massey's article in "The Agnostic Annual" on *The Name and Nature of the Christ.* Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius, Clement of Alexandria, and others spelt it in this way; while Lactantius (A. D. 260-330) says of the name Christ (*Χρίστος*) that it "is not a proper name, but a title of power and dominion; for by this name the Jews were accustomed to call their kings, . . . on this account we call Him Christ, that is, the Anointed, who in Hebrew is called Messias. Hence in some Greek writings, which are badly interpreted from the Hebrew the word *ἠλειμμένος* is found written, from the word *ἀλείφεσθαι,* anointing. But, however, by either name a king is signified: not that He has obtained this earthly kingdom, the time for receiving which has not yet arrived, but that He sways a heavenly and eternal kingdom." [2]

On these names, H. P. B. further says: "Christos is the crown of glory of the suffering Chréstos of the mysteries, as of the candidate for the final UNION, of whatever race or creed"; and again, "One has *to die in Chrestos, i. e.,* kill one's personality and its passions, to blot out every idea of separateness with one's 'Father,' the Divine Spirit in man; to become one with the eternal and absolute *Life* and *Light* (SAT) before one can reach the glorious state of *Christos,* the regenerate man, the man in spiritual freedom." [3] Perhaps one long and condensed quotation from the *Glossary* under "Chrestos," will sufficiently outline what is meant by this distinction, or difference, of use. Madame Blavatsky calls Chrestos "The early Gnostic form of Christ. It was used in the fifth century B. C. by Æschylus, Herodotus, and others. The *Manteumata pythochresta,* or the 'oracles delivered by a Pythian God' through the pythoness, are mentioned by the former (Choep. 901). *Chrésterion* is not only 'the seat of the oracle,' but an offering to, or for, the oracle. *Chréstos* is one who explains oracles, 'a prophet and soothsayer,' and *Chrésterios* one who serves an oracle or a god. The

[1] *Vide Secret Doctrine,* Vol. 1, first one hundred and forty pages, for repeated reference to the anupadaka.

[2] *The Divine Institutes,* Bk. IV, Cap. vii. *The Ante-Nicene Fathers,* Vol. VII, p. 106.

[3] "Esoteric Character of the Gospels," *Lucifer,* Vol. I, pages 309, and 308, second note.

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earliest Christian writer, Justin Martyr, in his first *Apology,* calls his co-religionists *Chréstians.*[1] 'It is only through ignorance that men call themselves Christians instead of *Chréstians,*' says Lactantius (lib. iv, cap. vii).[2] The terms Christ and Christians, spelt originally *Chrést* and *Chréstians,* were borrowed from the Temple vocabulary of the Pagans. *Chréstos* meant in that vocabulary a disciple on probation, a candidate for hierophantship. When he had attained to this through initiation, long trials, and suffering, and had been *'anointed'* (*i. e.,* 'rubbed with oil,' as were Initiates and even idols of the gods, as the last touch of ritualistic observance), his name was changed into *Christos,* the 'purified,' in esoteric or mystery language. In mystic symbology, indeed, Christés, or Christos, meant that the 'Way,' the *Path,* was already trodden and the goal reached, when the fruits of the arduous labour, uniting the personality of evanescent clay with the indestructible INDIVIDUALITY, transformed it thereby into the immortal EGO. 'At the end of the *Way* stands the Chrestés,' the *Purifier,* and the union once accomplished, the Chrestos, the 'man of sorrow,' became *Christos* himself. Paul, the Initiate, knew this, and meant this precisely, when he is made to say, in bad translation: 'I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you' (*Gal.* iv, 19), the true rendering of which is . . . 'until ye form the Christos within yourselves.' But the profane who knew only that Chrestés was in some way connected with priest and prophet, and knew nothing about the hidden meaning of Christos, insisted, as did Lactantius and Justin Martyr, on being called *Chréstians* instead of Christians. Every good individual, therefore, may find Christ in his 'inner man' as Paul expresses it (*Ephes.* iii, 16, 17), whether he be Jew, Mussulman, Hindu or Christian. Kenneth Mackenzie seemed to think that the word *Chréstos* was a synonym for *Soter,* 'an appellation addressed to deities, great kings and heroes,' indicating 'Saviour,'—and he was right. For, as he adds: 'It has been applied abundantly to Jesus Christ, whose name Jesus or Joshua bears the same interpretation. The name Jesus, in fact, is rather a title of honour than a name—the true name of the Soter of Christianity being Emmanuel, or God with us (*Matt.* i, 23).'"

The incarnation of an Avatar, of a fully developed or achieved Christos, is connected in all religions with a Virgin Birth. The modern dogma, as Mr. Johnston suggests, can be seen to rest "on a misunderstanding, a materialization of a spiritual truth." Marcion, a Gnostic

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[1] *Opus cit.* Cap. IV. The translators in the *Ante-Nicene Fathers* completely misapprehend and mistranslate this chapter. The following note speaks for itself. "Justin avails himself here of the similarity of sound of the words Χριστὸς (Christ) and χρηστὸς (good, worthy excellent). The play upon these words is kept up throughout this paragraph, and cannot be always represented to the English reader. [But Justin was merely quoting and using, *ad hominem,* the popular blunder of which Suetonius (*Life of Claudius,* Cap. 25) gives us an example 'impulsore *Chresto.*' It will be observed again in others of these Fathers]." The last sentence in square brackets is the additional note of the American editor of this Series, the Rev. Dr. A. C. Coxe.

[2] This is a very free rendering of the text, to say the least.

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"heretic," contemporary with Justin, maintained similarly that orthodox Christianity was simply a *"carnalization* of metaphysical allegories and symbolism, and a degradation of the true spiritual idea." Along with other Gnostics he accused the Church Fathers, as Irenæus himself complains, of "framing their [orthodox] doctrine according to the capacity of their hearers, fabling blind things for the blind, according to their blindness; for the dull, according to their dullness; for those in error according to their errors."

The symbology of the Virgin Birth may be regarded in two ways. It is an allegory of a metaphysical fact in the Universe, and it corresponds with the birth of the Divine or Heavenly Man in us at our second birth. The correspondence, again, with the Christ, is made in one sentence by Madame Blavatsky: "The 'Heavenly Man'—please mark again the word—is the 'Logos' or the 'Son' esoterically." Philo makes the same interrelation, for the Logos is the image of God, and man is the image of the Logos, "Hence the Logos is the Mediator, the Heavenly Man." St. John says (i, 14) "and the Logos became flesh, and dwelt [literally "tabernacled"] among us (and we beheld his glory, glory as of an only begotten from a Father), full of grace and truth."

These statements of Philo and St. John round out the long series of prophetic utterances with reference to the Messiah. Christian doctrine follows the Hebrew tradition in grounding the necessity for the coming of the Messiah on the "fall" of man. This fall, allegorically set forth in *Genesis,* is a figure for that process in the evolution of humanity, where the spiritual man fell into incarnation in physical life. Adam, representing generically the whole human race, "fell" from his original state of mindless and self-consciousless innocence by eating of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. Man as a pure spiritual being can only become self-conscious through experience of "good and evil," that is, through a descent into matter and physical life, passing through the lower planes of cosmic life and consciousness, and finally, by receiving mind, becoming able to see himself reflected in the personality he has forged in the phenomenal world of manifestation. "For as in Adam all die, so also in the Christos shall all be made alive." "If the Christos hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain." "He who aroused the Christos from the dead will raise (quicken) also your mortal bodies." [1]

In the older philosophies, in the Egyptian ritual and the Hindu system, the nature and symbolism of the trinity, though using an anthropomorphic conception and human relationships to set forth divine mysteries, yet escapes the danger into which the Christian dogmatists fell. With the latter the symbolism of the Jewish tradition as well as of all Virgin Birth allegories, is altogether forgotten, and hopelessly degraded by making the *divine Son* the physiological offspring of a human virgin. St. Thomas Aquinas curiously reflects traces of the

[1] *I. Cor.* xv, 22, 14, *Rom.* viii, 11.

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real mystery teaching and tradition, which perhaps he got from fragments still surviving in the earlier Fathers, but most likely from his own inner consciousness, though in an obscured way through the almost unyielding scholastic thought-moulds. His desire in all ways that Christ should be absolutely pure in body and soul was in essence a recognition of the purity necessary for the second birth, for the incarnation of the Heavenly Man. He says: "This indeed was befitting for three reasons. First, because this was in keeping with a property of Him whose Birth is in question, for He is the Logos (Verbum) of God. For the word is not only conceived in the mind without corruption, but also proceeds from the mind without corruption. Wherefore in order to show that body to be the body of the very Word of God, it was fitting that it should be born of a virgin incorrupt."[1] If we compare this with a verse in the *Voice of the Silence,* the fundamental truth can be seen even through St. Thomas' "materialization." "Before that path is entered, thou must destroy thy lunar body [the *Kama-rupa*], cleanse thy mind-body [the *Manasa-rupa*], and make clean thy heart. . . . Let not thy 'Heaven-Born,' merged in the sea of Maya, break from the Universal Parent (SOUL), but let the fiery power retire into the inmost chamber, the chamber of the Heart, and the abode of the World's Mother." The note adds: "The 'fiery power' is Kundalini. The 'Power' and the 'World-Mother' are names given to Kundalini—one of the mystic 'Yogi powers.' It is Buddhi considered as an active instead of a passive principle (which it is generally, when regarded only as the vehicle or casket of the Supreme Spirit *Atma* [and when it is a *feminine* principle]). It is an electro-spiritual force, a creative power which when aroused into action can as easily kill as it can create."[2]

St. Thomas further recognized that Christ's birth was to prefigure that which we in turn must go through. He says, as a reason "that Christ should be born of a virgin"—"Fourthly, on account of the very end of the Incarnation of Christ, which was that men might be born again as sons of God, ***not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God*** (*John* i, 13)—*i. e.,* of the power of God—of which fact the very conception of Christ was to appear as an examplar."[3]

Traces of these indistinct echoes of the truth are to be found throughout even the orthodox Church writers, which shows that religious experience is the same, quite regardless of what men think about it, or think it ought to be. Tatian, an Assyrian Christian living approximately A. D. 110-172, of the school of Justin and Irenæus, tells us, for instance: "And as the Logos, begotten in the beginning, begot in turn our world, having first created for himself the necessary matter, so also I, in imitation of the Logos, being begotten again, and having become possessed of the truth, am trying to reduce to order the confused matter

[1] *Summa,* III-II, Ques. XXVIII, Art. 2.
[2] *Opus cit,* pps. 11 and 9.
[3] *Summa,* III-II, Ques. XXVIII, Art. I.

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which is of a kindred spirit, with myself. . . . For the heavenly Logos, a spirit emanating from the Father, and a Logos from the Logos-power [Kundalini?] in imitation of the Father who begot Him, made man an image of immortality, so that, as incorruption is with God, in like manner, man, sharing in a part of God, might have the immortal principle also." [1] To show that Tatian knew what he was writing about, we quote the first sentence of chapter XII, which serves merely as an introduction to a lengthly discussion, but which will also act as a link with his more important concluding remarks on the "Necessity of a union with the Holy Spirit" (Chap. xv). "We recognize two varieties of spirit, one of which is called the soul (ψυχή), but the other is greater than the soul, an image and likeness of God. . . ." Then, further on (Chap. xiii) he says, "For the soul does not preserve the spirit, but is preserved by it, and the light comprehends the darkness. The Logos, in truth, is the light of God,—but the ignorant soul is darkness. On this account, if it [the soul] continues solitary, it tends downwards towards matter, and dies with the flesh; but if it enters into union with the Divine Spirit, it is no longer helpless, but ascends to the regions whither the Spirit guides it: for the dwelling place of the Spirit is above, but the origin of the soul is from beneath. Now, in the beginning the Spirit was a constant companion of the soul, but the Spirit forsook it because it was not willing to follow. . . . But the Spirit of God is not with all, but, taking up its abode with those who live justly, and intimately combining with the soul, by prophecies it announced hidden things to other souls."

In some very ancient *Hymns On The Nativity* probably written by an oriental, one Ephraim Syrus, about 350 A. D., we find, besides some obscure sun and moon symbology, these verses:

> The two things thou soughtest, in Thy Birth have been done for us.
> Our visible body Thou hast put on; Thy invisible might we have put on:
> Our body has become Thy clothing; Thy Spirit has become our robe.[2]

These two examples, taken almost by chance, reveal the fact that Christianity has in its own possession the clues to its lost wisdom, if it have but the "ears to hear."

In closing a word remains to be said about the Christian Trinity in comparison with other conceptions, which will perhaps throw a little further light on the Virgin Birth.

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[1] Tatian, *Address to the Greeks*, in Chaps. V and VII. Vol. II of the *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, p. 66.

[2] *Opus cit.* XV, v. 39. *The Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers, Second Series*, Vol. XIII., p. 255.

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In Christian theology the trinity consists of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, but in all other trinities it is Father-Mother-Son. In the Christian trinity there is no female principle; and to suit the exigencies of the case the Son is made the second person instead of the third, while the Mother of Christ is raised to the position of Mother of God, introducing practically a fourth element. In *The Secret Doctrine* Father-Mother are the dual aspect of Spirit and Matter. It is the infinite co-operation of these which produces the third aspect, the divine "Son"; or more simply the manifested universe. Now "Father" and "Spirit" are often symbolized by fire or by light; and "Matter" or "Mother" are symbolized by "water" or the "deep." "Darkness radiates Light, and Light drops one solitary ray into Mother-Deep" (*Book of Dzyan*).

This is exactly the same symbolism as found in the first chapter of *Genesis:* "Darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be Light." Here the "deep" and the "waters" are synonymous, and are the female principle, the "Mother-Deep"; while the "Spirit" is the "Father."

With the birth of Jesus we get an exact parallel. Mary is *Mare,* the sea; representing again the "waters," or the "deep." She is "found with child of the Holy Spirit" (*St. Matt.* i, 18);—and in *Acts* ii, 3, we find that fire is the symbol for the Holy Spirit. The "Father" of Jesus is then the Holy Spirit; and we find that this agrees with this use of the term Father throughout (*vide* next section). Mary may further be identified with the Hindu *Maya,* the Chaldean Mar-Ri, and the Egyptian Isis. But such identifications might be carried on almost indefinitely.

Jesus Christ, then, is first the man Jesus, perfect as man; and then he is the Christos, our divine Prototype, the Heavenly Man, an Avatar. His life is the perfect life of the Spirit, because one with the Logos, the "Son," "who is the image of the invisible God, the first born of all creation [spiritual as well as material]; for in him were all things created, in the heavens, and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities, or powers, all things have been created through him, and unto him; and he is before all things, and in him all things consist" (*Col.* i, 15-18).

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*To be continued*)

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—F. W. Faber.

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MEN OF THE OLD STONE AGE*

HOW old is man? This is a matter of such perennial interest to that curiosity which is, and always has been, one of the strongest motive powers of human action, that Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborne's book, though a ponderous volume, full of illustrations, tables and cuts, written for scientists, and costing $5.00, has, within about a year, passed through two editions. It has been very extensively reviewed; Mr. Roosevelt, among many others, having written a special and very commendatory article upon it.

From the standpoint of the Theosophist, scientific speculations about man's origin and antiquity are always correlated with what Madame Blavatsky wrote in *The Secret Doctrine,* and a review of such a work, in our magazine, would properly be a comparison between the latest views of science and such revelations of the secret doctrine as have been given us. This is not easy, for neither the speculations of science nor the revelations of the secret doctrine, are clear cut and definite, and this initial confusion is increased by the fundamental difference between the two points of view.

Science is only beginning to throw off the shackles of orthodox theology which taught for centuries, that the world was created some 4004 years B. C. While considering this fantasy of the past as too puerile to be worthy even of denial, it is curious and interesting to observe that science is still swayed, unconsciously, by the mental bias in favor of *short* periods of time, which is the result of centuries of thinking along such lines. This is carried to such an extent that scientific men have an instinctive bias against anyone, even of their own number, who announces opinions contrary to this general drift. The constrictive power of this inherited influence will have to wear away, and scholars will have to learn to think in terms of millions of years instead of in terms of tens of thousands of years before their speculations can hope to approach the truth.

Geologists and certain schools of evolutionists are less imbued with "short time" theories than other branches of science, for the very simple reason that enormous periods of time are obviously required to explain the observed facts of their science; so we occasionally unearth the truly ridiculous situation of a paleontologist, say, who finds a fossil in a certain strata which gealogists say is 100,000,000 years old, and who would rather dispute the accuracy of the geology than acknowledge that his bone could be so old. He knows of no reason why it should not be, save that it is not according to the trend of thought.

I think the first impression one gets from reading Prof. Osborne's book is the extraordinarily small amount of data which they have upon

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which to base their opinions. "In more than ninety years of exploration, only *three* skeletal relics of man, have been found in the ancient 'river drifts'; these are the 'Trinil,' the 'Heidelberg,' and the 'Piltdown.'" And in these three cases what did they find? A Dutch Army Surgeon, Dubois, excavating for fossils in the Bergawan River in central Java, found a molar tooth in a deposit of numerous mammal bones. A meter away he found the top of a skull. At the close of the rainy season, he found another molar tooth and a left thigh bone about 15 meters from the spot where the skull was found. That is all! But upon those two molar teeth, and a bit of skull and a left thigh bone, modern science has constructed a prehuman race, a half man, half ape species, known as the Trinil Race of Java. One cannot help but admire the extraordinary learning, industry and ingenuity which are shown by the students who can concoct a whole race from such remains and get sensible people to give serious attention to their conclusions.

I do not know whether such a race as the Trinil Race of Java ever lived or not. From the Theosophical standpoint it would have none of the significance which it has for science for the very simple reason that Theosophists believe that races in different stages of evolution inhabit different parts of the earth, and even the same parts of the earth, at the same time. This perfectly simple—indeed, in view of what we see under our noses in the present day, it seems fair to say, this perfectly obvious,—idea never seems to have penetrated the intellects of the most learned scientists. They one and all take for granted that in prehistoric times, the earth was peopled at the different times, by the primitive peoples of which they find these scant remains, and by no one else. This has caused them to face some very strange and inconsistent facts which they make no attempt to explain. For instance, the neolithic man of Europe was cannibalistic; the paleolithic man of Europe, who lived ages before, was not; and yet, according to their theory, man has gradually evolved from a lower to a higher type. Again, everyone has heard of the drawings of prehistoric animals, many of them of extinct species, which have been found on the walls of the cave dwellings of these early people. It is not so generally known that some of the best of these (and the best are very good drawings, indeed, better than you or I could do, unless we happen to be trained artists), are not by the later, but by the earlier, the much earlier, races.*

To some extent the same objections, or inconsistencies show through the size and shape of skulls, which is one of the standards used by science to estimate the point on the scale of evolution reached by a given specimen. On the theory that we are descended, either from monkeys, or that we and the monkeys are both descended from a common, but now extinct ancestor, science measures the degree of progress upward, by how nearly a skull approaches in contour and character to the skull of

* Many of these prehistoric drawings are reproduced in Prof. Osborne's book, and some readers might miss the bit of humor on the title page of the volume where the name of the illustrators are given, including the "upper palaeolithic artists"!

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an ape, or to the typical skull of the modern Western man—the *Homo Sapiens*. It is not a very satisfactory theory even to science, and still less so to skeptical Theosophists, who want to know whether the three famous Trinil, Piltdown and Heidelberg skulls were average skulls, or whether they happened to be unusual. We can find typical Trinil, Piltdown and Heidelberg skulls, at the present moment, walking and working around New York City. They are not the average, it is true, but we can find the essential characteristics of each type.

Furthermore, the leading authorities differ in their reconstruction of these pieces of skulls; and, it should be pointed out, several savants point-blank deny that the piece of skull, and the molar teeth and the left thigh bone of the Trinil discovery, have anything to do with each other. They say, with many learned arguments to back up their opinions, that these relics belonged to two or three different animals, and they even hazard the guess as to what the animals were! The Piltdown and Heidelberg skulls are also both fragments of skulls only.

Other skeletal remains of primitive man have been found, but in caves and places where there were no geological or other reasonably sure guide to determine their age. That is the reason why the Trinil, Piltdown and Heidelberg relics are so famous. Efforts are, of course, made to identify one or another of these remains, which can be approximately dated, with other groups of remains, and some of the most profound researches and ingenious and convincing work of modern science has been done in this direction. One has nothing but admiration and respect for the painstaking and exhaustive study which these subjects have been given, even if one fails to agree with the conclusions.

In addition to the actual bones of primitive man, he left much more abundant evidences of his existence in his words. Europe especially, perhaps because more carefully explored, is full of deposits of flints and implements of one kind or another, or of the drawings on cave walls, or remains of dwellings, like the Lake Dwellers of Switzerland. Many of these can be given approximate dates, and for this purpose all the resources of geology, paleontology, anthropology, archæology, geography, meteorology, climatology, and zoology, as well as kindred sciences, are called upon. A prodigious learning is a necessary equipment before one is qualified to investigate this subject, and one thing that makes Prof. Osborne's book remarkable is that he has drawn together the most recent contributions of all these sciences to the age of man.

It would be a fascinating task to try to show, however briefly, how each of these special methods of investigation is made to yield its quota to the final result, but space and time forbid, besides which, Prof. Osborne has already done it, and those who are sufficiently interested can read about it there. I want to refer to a few of the more remarkable things, and I want to perform what I regard as a real service.

To begin with this latter: I have found in what little reading I have done on this subject, a hopeless confusion and tangle of unfamiliar names.

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We have all heard of the Stone Age, and a sentence will begin about the man of this age; a few words later, he is called paleolithic, and by the time we have correlated those ideas, we are confused by a reference to the Ice Age, then confounded by some reference to the Pleistocene Age, condemned by a casual remark about the Quarternary Age, utterly cast down by having our man called Aurignacian, and we wonder where in Heaven's name we are at when the sentence ends, by stating that all this conclusively proves that the Neanderthal man lived 100,000 years ago.

The not very simple explanation is that each of the several sciences mentioned above has its own nomenclature, and a man like Prof. Osborne, who knows them all, is careless in his use of terms. He will refer to Pleistocene man (geological term), then to the same fellow as living in the Stone Age (zoological term), then as a Paleolithic man (anthropological term), then as Aurignacian man (archæological term), then as a Neanderthal man (palæontological term), and all the while he means the same thing, although no one would suspect it. So I have prepared a table which shows the parallels, so far as they can be indicated, and at the same time I have put in the approximate time in years which the consensus of opinion gives to the various periods. It is interesting to point out at once that *The Secret Doctrine* substantially agrees with the ages given by science to the geological periods. It is only man's place in them that is a matter of complete disagreement.

Prof. Osborne is essentially a "short term" scholar, and in common with his school, places the entire evolution of man during the half million years of the Pleistocene Epoch, and expresses the positive opinion that even in late Pliocene times man had only reached a stage similar to the pre-human Trinil race of Java. Worse than this, he thinks human beings sufficiently evolved to make the simplest implements are not over 125,000 years old, and that really modern men, with instincts and impulses like our own, date from about 25,000 years ago. Other students, equally entitled to our consideration, including Dr. A. Smith Woodward who took a leading part in the discovery of the Piltdown race, put man back into early Pleistocene times, thus giving him an age of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 years. To show how complicated the question is, and how much room for an honest difference of opinion there can be, we first have the geological question of the age of the gravel bed where the Piltdown skull was found. There is lack of agreement about this. Then, on top of this, comes the question of the age of the worked flints and other man made relics found in the same gravel bed. Opinions differ, but even the "short time" school concede a great antiquity to them. Then come the data obtained from the remains of animals found near the skull. Some of these are extinct animals who ceased to exist a very long, but an unknown time ago. Opinions differ about this. Opinions also differ, as in the case of the Trinil skull, whether certain important fragments of bone found near the large piece of skull, really belong to

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ZOOLOGICAL	CHRONOLOGICAL	GEOLOGICAL	ANTHROPOLOGICAL	ARCHEOLOGICAL	PALÆONTOLOGICAL	NOTES FROM "SECRET DOCTRINE"
PRIMORDIAL EOZOIC OR AZOIC ARCHEAN AGE (LIFELESS)	171,200,000 YEARS	LAURENTIAN, CAMBRIAN, SILURIAN { OLDEST FOSSILS FOUND HERE				FIRST SECOND AND HALF OF THIRD RACE TOOK 200,000,000 YEARS TO EVOLVE
PRIMARY OR PALÆOZOIC AGE (ANCIENT LIFE)	103,040,000 YEARS	DEVONIAN, COAL, PERMIAN				
SECONDARY OR MESOZOIC AGE (MIDDLE LIFE)	36,800,000 YEARS	TRIASSAC, JURASSIC, CRETACEOUS } AGE OF REPTILES				THIRD RACE APPEARED IN JURASSIC AGE. BONE MAN APPEARED 18,000,000 YEARS AGO. EUROPE AGE 10,000,000 YEARS AGO. FOURTH ROOT RACE BEGAN 4,000,000 YEARS AGO
TERTIARY OR CAINOZOIC AGE (RECENT LIFE)	7,360,000 YEARS	EOCENE, MIOCENE, PLIOCENE } AGE OF MAMMALS & MODERN PLANTS	EOLITHIC			
	1,6000,000 YEARS	PLEISTOCENE { DAWN OF MIND ART & INDUSTRY		PRE-CHELLEAN, CHELLEAN, ACHEULEAN, MONSTRIAN, AURIGNACIAN, SOLUTREAN, MAGDALENIAN, AZILIAN OR TARDENOISIAN		FIFTH ROOT RACE BEGAN 1,000,000 YEARS AGO.
		OR				
	320,000 TO 840,000 YEARS	ICE AGE	OLD STONE AGE — PALÆOLITHIC		TRINIL RACE 475,000 YEARS OLD; HEIDELBERG RACE 375,000 YEARS OLD; PILTDOWN RACE 150,000 YEARS OLD; NEANDERTHAL RACE 50,000 YEARS OLD; PRO-MAGNON OR BRINN RACE 25000 YEARS OLD	
QUARTERNARY AGE	100,000 YEARS	POSTGLACIAL { EXTINCTION OF GREAT MAMMALS, NEW STONE AGE	NEOLITHIC	CAMPIGNIAN, SWISS LAKE DWELLERS		
	5000 TO 10,000 YEARS		AGE OF BRONZE	HALSTATT, LA TÈNE		
	4000 TO 6,000 YEARS.	HOLOCENE { IRON AGE OR AGE OF MAN				
	2000 TO 4,000 YEARS					

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the skull, or to some other animal. So we can see how obscure is the whole subject, how doubtful the guesses as to the real age of the remains.

But more important still from the point of view of the Theosophist is the belief that nothing very significant would be proved, if the age of the skull could be accurately determined. True, we should know when the Piltdown man lived; but we should not know whether he was typical of his period; whether he represented the highest or the lowest kind of men who lived in his age; whether he was the degenerate remnant of an old and worn out race, or the primitive precursor of a race on the upward swing of the tide. The age of that skull really proves nothing but the age of that skull. The whole tendency of science to people the ancient world with primitive races, and only with these primitive races, does not seem to be justified by the very meagre facts which are all the western student has to go upon. One hundred thousand or 500,000 years from now, our present civilization will have been scraped off the face of the earth by repeated glacial ages. If by any chance the scientist of that remote time should come across a human relic of this age, it is more probable that he would find the thick and massive skull of some southern negro, preserved in the swamps where he lived and died, or the bones of a red Indian sheltered from the destructive effects of time by the lime-bearing waters of the cave where he was buried, than the highly developed and more perishable remains of the highest type of our civilization, which are nearly always buried where they would be most exposed to the action of the elements, or the even more destructive hand of man. Only a few of the most elaborately protected bodies of the ancient Egyptian Kings, placed in ponderous granite sarcophaguses and in specially excavated caves running half a mile into the heart of solid mountains, have come down to us. These 3,000 or 4,000 years, without any intervening Ice Age, have been sufficient to dispose of most of them. Another 5,000 years and all of them will have disappeared.

Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine,* discusses many of these problems at considerable length, but she is not able to reconcile the theories of science with the teachings of the East. Consequently we are forced to contrast scientific theory, not with other theories, supported by data which would be recognized by science, but with dogmatic assertion, based solely upon occult tradition. According to her, man as the complete organic being he now is, dates from middle Atlantean times and is several million years old. She says the main Atlantean Continent perished several million years ago in Miocene times. The last great Atlantean Island went down in the late Pliocene age, about 850,000 years ago, after which there was no great submergence until the remnant of Atlantis, the Island mentioned by Plato, disappeared 11,000 years ago. On the other hand, the general consensus of scientific theory and hypothesis is to give what we may call fully developed man an age that varies from 25,000 to 125,000 years, and primitive man an age of 850,000 years. A few evolutionists contend, with considerable force, that

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very much longer periods than these are required by the observed facts of their science, but they are in a minority and the other sciences are inclined to ignore these claims. Some evolutionists say that it must have taken at least 20,000,000 years for man to have evolved from his remote animal ancestor; that the slow processes of evolution could not have produced such a variation in a less period of time.

As already stated there is a much greater agreement between science and *The Secret Doctrine* as to the age of the world than there is about the age of man. Indeed in speculating about the age of the world some scientists have gone beyond the extreme limits suggested by the Eastern tradition. One modern geologist calculated that it would take 648 million years for certain sedimentary rocks to be deposited. Others speak of 500 million years as necessary, but sufficient, to account for all known facts. These estimates are made in several different ways and check each other fairly well, although several favorite methods of calculation, having to do with the length of time it would take the world to cool off, or the probable heat and age of the sun and the time such an incandescent mass would arrive at its present temperature, have been entirely upset by the very resent discoveries of radium and its properties.

The table on page 229 gives as close a correlation of the length of the different geological epochs, from the point of view of science and *The Secret Doctrine,* as it is possible to make. To this may be added certain general and a few specific statements. Madame Blavatsky says that the First, Second and half of the Third Race took about 300,000,000 years to evolve. The Third Race appeared in the middle of the Jurassic or Reptilian Age. Our table shows this to have been about 36,000,000 years ago. Of course it must be understood that these early Races were not physical human beings like ourselves, so there was no difficulty about their living on an earth still hot, or still a vast morass, peopled only with the gigantic reptiles of which we have some few astonishing remains. It was not until the middle of the Third Race that man took to himself a physical body, and it was still many millions of years before that body took on any semblance of modern human shape. Lemuria, the continent inhabited by the Third Race, perished many hundreds of thousands of years before the commencement of the Tertiary Age. *The Secret Doctrine* says that *bone man* began to appear 18,000,000 years ago in the Eocene epoch or early Tertiary period, and that the Atlantean or Fourth Race began in the Miocene or middle Tertiary period.

This sketch would be incomplete if we did not include the surprising statement that man was the *first* mammal to appear on earth; nor must we fail to remind our readers that according to *The Secret Doctrine* man is the product of two or three separate streams of evolution, one of his astral and physical body, another of his mind and still a third, perhaps, of the monad or soul, although his mind and soul are often treated together. The apes and other manlike animals are not

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the progenitors of man, but are the product of unlawful intercourse between early, mindless men and animals. There was at that time a sufficiently close zoological kinship between this primitive mindless man and the existent animals, to make such association possible.

A final word or two must be written upon the scientific theories about the geological, climatic and other changes affecting the surface of the earth and its flora and fauna; and how these theories agree with what is said in *The Secret Doctrine* about cataclysms and other great terrestrial disturbances and changes. On the whole there is more coincidence of belief than one would expect. *The Secret Doctrine* says that there are a series of major and minor disturbances, some caused by water, some by earthquake and fire, some by cold, which profoundly affect all forms of life on this planet: that these changes occur periodically, according to cyclic law, and that mankind has lived through very many of them. The fundamental cause of these changes is not given. The surface of the earth at different periods of the past, is described in some detail, and these periods and the continents pertaining to them are correlated with the earlier Races of mankind; Lemuria, stretching from Africa across the Indian Ocean, and joining Southern India, and Ceylon, with the Islands of the South Pacific, being the home of the Third Race; and Atlantis stretching from America to Europe over the central Atlantic Ocean, being the home of the Fourth. We are told that modern Europe rose from the sea 10 to 15 million years ago.

The speculations of Science as to continents that must have existed in past ages, to account for the distribution of plants and animals, and for the presence of the same kinds in places which now have no connection with each other, closely agree with *The Secret Doctrine*.

The Secret Doctrine speaks, guardedly and by hints only, of climatic changes brought about by the shifting of the earth's axis, every sidereal year, which is 25,868 solar years long. In a table on page 23 of Prof. Osborne's book, is given the durations of the several ice ages which Europe is known to have experienced. The unit of time accepted by science in these calculations is 25,000 years. Each of the glacial periods is put down as having lasted 25,000 years (a sidereal year?), and the inter-glacial periods are measured in multiples of 25,000. The average inter-glacial period is about 150,000 years, or six sidereal years, thus, with the Ice Age itself, completing a cycle of seven.

It is exceedingly interesting to note that a reduction of only seven degrees in the average mean temperature is all that is required to bring about an Ice Age. When that reduction of temperature takes place, and, of course, it happens very slowly, the ice line on the mountain tops begins to creep down, until it descends 1,000 or 1,500 feet. The upper valleys of the Rhone and the Rhine in Europe are filled with huge glaciers, and the Juras, the Vosges, and other low-lying mountains, are covered with perpetual snow. Life does not cease. The lower valleys and the plains of Europe still support life, but the character of the flora

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and fauna gradually changes from that of the temperate zone to that of the sub-arctic and arctic zones.

But that is not all. Science also records the fact that just as we have ice ages, so also we have tropical ages. Europe has been periodically inhabited by the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the crocodile and many other tropical animals and plants. Remains of both arctic and tropical animals and plants have been found so associated with human remains that there is no doubt but that they lived contemporaneously. To make it altogether certain, however, we have the mural drawings of these animals in places where they have long ceased to exist but where we know they once ranged freely.

Science also confirms another teaching of *The Secret Doctrine*. Nothing is more fundamental than the law of ebb and flow, of breathing in and out, of the tides. Now science comes along and says that the so-called solid earth is anything but solid; that it has its rhythmic movement; that all over the earth we have unmistakable evidence that the land is slowly rising, or falling. The level of the Mediterranean Sea has been both several hundred feet higher and several hundred feet lower than its present level. It is probably higher during the cold periods and lower during the warm periods. England, Ireland, and even Iceland, are periodically joined solidly to the European continent, and Italy and Spain to the northern shores of Africa. The Baltic Sea ceases to exist and the Mediterranean becomes a series of lakes.

At Stockholm, where measurements have been kept for a very long period, the movement is nearly two feet in each 100 years. The land around the Great Lakes in our country is tilting south-west at the rate of six inches in every 100 years and it is estimated that in 500 or 600 years more, Lake Michigan will inundate Chicago, and the Lakes will drain into the Mississippi instead of into the Atlantic Ocean, as at present.

It is estimated that the Mississippi basin has risen 1,000 feet in six million years. Many places show a comparatively recent emergence from the sea of 100 feet or more.

Science does not know why these changes take place, but it knows they do take place, and so far it supports the theories and contentions of the Secret Wisdom; but the facts which it has available for the fabrication of its theories are so incomplete and so limited that it does not, of course, begin to teach the full theory or regular cyclic changes which *The Secret Doctrine* propounds. Nevertheless it is getting there. Already, in geology, where it has the most comprehensive data available, it is in almost complete agreement, and there is no reason to doubt that as data accumulates, and as old prejudices and theories are abandoned, even the "short time" theorists like Prof. Osborne will approach nearer and nearer to the truth. In the meantime he has written an exceedingly interesting book.

 C. A. G.

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NOTES ON ROUNDS AND RACES

THE vast developments of spiritual life have been divided, for convenience of study, into greater periods, called **Rounds**; and these have been further subdivided into lesser periods called Races.

A Round is a succession of developments round the seven planets of a chain, of which our earth is the fourth and most material; the three which precede the earth, and the three which follow, are invisible, because too ethereal for our vision. To Masters, they are plainly visible and more real, because less material, than our earth.

Seven times, the Life-wave, the sum of spiritual life, sweeps round the chain of seven planets, each circular journey being called a Round. We are now in the Fourth Round, with three Rounds behind us, and with three more to come, after this Fourth Round is completed. Of the meaning of the future Rounds, we may form some idea, if we remember that an adept has been called in *Esoteric Buddhism* "a normal Fifth Rounder"; and that a Master of Masters has been called "a normal Sixth Rounder." This makes clear that Masters are now what humanity is to be later.

It would seem that each Round completely develops one of the Seven Principles. We may suppose, therefore, that, in the First Round, the mineral principle was developed; chemical elements, in ethereal forms (such as, perhaps, they now wear in the solar atmosphere), being developed on the seven planets; one group of elements on each planet. We may imagine that the Hydrogen group was developed on the first planet (Planet A), and that the gold group, the heaviest, was developed on our earth, the fourth in the chain (Planet D).

The Second Round was, we are told, the vegetable Round, in which the already prepared chemical elements were worked over again, in a new way, under the play of new forces, resulting in internal growth and propagation.

The Third Round was the animal Round, distinguished from the vegetable by locomotion, requiring the development of forms fitted for movement from place to place, and, for that reason, more complete and self-contained. Animal life carries forward and develops much of vegetable life, such as internal circulation, nutrition and propagation.

The Fourth Round is the Round of Man, possessing a body made of chemical substances (prepared in the First Round), with the powers of nutrition and propagation (developed in the Second Round), and with the power of locomotion and a self-contained form (reached in the Third Round). Man, the normal Fourth Rounder, is distinguished by fuller self-consciousness and individual will, with wide powers of choice.

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He stands at the mid-point of the whole progression, at the half-way division of the Seven Rounds; and, in virtue of his self-conscious power of choice, he is able to choose to go on, or to go backwards. A large possibility of choice is given him, through a long epoch; on his decision rests his future fate. If he chooses to go back, he chooses evil, for the essence of evil is retrogression, degradation. If he chooses good, angelic destinies await him. He stands today at the point of choice. Each one of us stands at that point of choice; our whole future, throughout eons, will depend, first, on our choice, and, second, on the succession of efforts we make, to realize our choice. To go forward, we must become in succession, the disciple, the Adept, the highest Master, who represent, as we have seen, the development proper to the Fifth and Sixth Rounds.

What is true of the Rounds, is true, on a lesser scale, of the Races. Each race develops and perfects one of the Seven Principles. Perhaps it will not be misleading to say that the First Race develops the First Principle, a body "luminous, semi-ethereal, cold, lifeless, translucid," which, like the world it inhabits, only later becomes opaque; the Second Race develops the Second Principle, adding vital warmth, so that the body is no longer "lifeless," though it is still semi-ethereal. The Third Race adds the Third Principle, gradually making of the new man a complete physical animal. The Fourth Race develops the Fourth Principle, Kama, the energy of desire, containing the power to choose between good and evil. The mid-point of the Fourth Race, in this Fourth Round was, in fact, the turning-point of the whole progression, the period of choice between good and evil, and the condition of the world today is the immediate result of that choice. The Fifth Race, to which we belong, has begun to develop, and will develop, the Fifth Principle, Manas. The Sixth Race will develop the Sixth Principle, Buddhi. The Seventh Race will fully manifest the Seventh Principle, Atma.

But these higher principles will be developed only so far as is possible in this, the Fourth Round. The perfect development of the Fifth Principle will be the work of the Fifth Round; that of the Sixth Principle will be completed only in the Sixth Round; and so with the Seventh.

This is made clear in *The Secret Doctrine* (Volume II, edition of 1888, page 301): "We are only in the Fourth Round, and it is in the Fifth that the full development of *Manas,* as a direct ray from the Universal Mahat—a ray unimpeded by matter—will be finally reached. Nevertheless, as every sub-race and nation have their cycles and stages of developmental evolution repeated on a smaller scale, it must be the more so in the case of a Root-Race. Our race then has, as a Root-Race, crossed the equatorial line and is cycling onward on the Spiritual side; but some of our sub-races still find themselves on the shadowy descending arc of their respective national cycles; while others again—the oldest—having crossed their crucial point, which alone decides whether a race, a nation, or a tribe will live or perish, are at the apex of spiritual development as sub-races."

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Let us now try to give life to this rather shadowy outline. We have seen that each Round takes over, and carries forward, the harvest of the preceding Rounds. For simplicity, we considered only the more external part of that harvest. But the process holds equally of the inner and spiritual heritage. Our Round inherited not only the mineral, vegetable and animal progress of the past, but also its angelic progress. That past, we may, perhaps, say, had produced as its harvest, a host, a multitude of angels, of divine beings, embodying the higher spiritual principles. The East has called this angelic host the Devas (literally "Shining Ones"), or Solar Lords, or Manasa Putras, or Agnishwatta Pitris. But the reality is more important than the name.

One may say that the work of the earlier Races (the First, Second and part of the Third Race) consisted simply in the preparation of suitable bodies for these angelic hosts of Devas; bodies for these living souls. And the essence of the matter is, that, while their incarnation *began* in the middle of the Third Race, it was not completed then; it is not completed yet; it is still going on. In each one of us, the Deva is struggling to incarnate, and that struggle is the substance of our spiritual life. Each day, in each hour, by each act, we are either helping or hindering that incarnation. Hence the very import of every act. The spiritual part of all religions enjoins the acts which aid the incarnation of the Deva, and forbids the acts which hinder it. From this point of view, the Disciple, the Chela, is the incarnating Deva; the Adept, the Master, is the incarnate Deva. Therefore, it would seem, the Divine Incarnation is the centre of the religion of the Western Avatar; the Avatar doctrine, embodying exactly the same truth, being the centre of the Eastern religions. Each of these religions gives us a living model of the future spiritual races, who, by his life and teaching, makes clear the way in which we must reach the same development.

It may be useful to go over the ground again, quoting, for each stage, the passages of *The Secret Doctrine* which describe it. (Quotations are made from Volume II, edition of 1888.)

In order of materiality, the Physical Body (Sthula Sharira) is counted the First Principle, counting from below upwards. It would seem that, in order of time, the Linga Sharira (the Form Body) is the first, the earliest principle, and that the First Race developed the Form Body (Linga Sharira). This ethereal body was put forth, emanated, or projected from earlier beings, called the Lunar Pitris, who thus conveyed to this Round and Planet the harvest of previous Rounds and Planets. In *The Secret Doctrine,* the ethereal body of the First Race (which took millions of years to develop fully) is thus described: "the model of the physical, the astral man" (p. 79); "the lunar spirits were the *ancestors of his form, i. e.,* of the model according to which Nature began her external work upon him" (p. 102); "thus primitive man was, when he appeared, only a senseless Bhuta (ghost) or phantom" (*ibid.*); First Race man was a "luminous, incorporeal form" (p. 112); "these

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'shadows' were born 'each of his own colour and kind,'" (p. 97). The "man" of the First Race would seem, therefore, to have been what the Linga Sharira is now, though of huge dimensions; or, to put it in the opposite way, the Linga Sharira (Form Body) in each one of us would seem to be a condensed First Race man; this is our inheritance from the First Race.

It would seem that the Second Race infused into this shadowy man the Principle of Prana, vital heat, the breath of physical life: "the vital electric principle residing in the Sun" (p. 105); "the *animal electric* and solar fires, which create animals, and could thus furnish but a physical living constitution to that first astral model of man" (p. 102); the 'Solar' *Lhas,* Spirits, warm them, the shadows" (p. 110).

The Third Race added the completely physical body, though very much larger than our present bodies; just as the body of the adult is much larger than the body of the infant, though it is in reality the same body. In this sense, the Sthula Sharira (Gross Body) would seem to be the contribution of the Third Race and the present representative of the Third Race in ourselves.

We come now to the central, vital fact of the whole teaching. We have outlined only the external, physical evolution and its harvest: the fully formed animal man. There was also a vastly greater interior and spiritual evolution, which had for its harvest an angelic host, a multitude of Devas ("Shining Ones"), united in a harmonized Divine Life.

Concerning this angelic host, *The Secret Doctrine* says:

"These Beings were returning *Nirvanees,* from preceding Maha-Manvantaras—ages of incalculable duration which have rolled away in the Eternity" (p. 79-80).

"What is human mind in its higher aspect, whence comes it, if it is not a portion of the essence—and, in some rare cases of incarnation, the *very essence*—of a higher Being: one from a higher and divine plane? . . . man is an animal *plus* a *living god*" (p. 81).

". . . the Angel in him incarnated . . ." (p. 88).

"Some of these were *Nirmanakayas* from other Manvantaras" (p. 94).

"There is an eternal cyclic law of re-births, and the series is headed at every new Manvantaric dawn by those who had enjoyed their rest from re-incarnations in previous Kalpas for incalculable *Æons*—by the highest and the earliest *Nirvanees.* It was the turn of these "Gods" to incarnate in the present Manvantara; hence their presence on Earth . . ." (p. 232).

The divine plan would seem to have been that the first three Races should prepare fitting forms for these descending "gods," who, incarnating in these forms, should then begin a splendid cycle of spiritual evolution, through the subsequent races: "Having passed through all the kingdoms of nature in the previous *three* Rounds, his *physical* frame was ready to receive the *divine Pilgrim.* . . ." (p. 254).

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But the divine plan was not fully carried out: ". . . of the Host of Dhyanis, whose turn it was to incarnate as the *Egos* of the immortal, but, *on this plane, senseless* monads—some 'obeyed' (the law of evolution) immediately when the men of the Third Race became physiologically and physically ready, *i. e.,* when they had separated into sexes. These were those early conscious Beings who, now adding conscious knowledge and will to their inherent Divine purity, *created* by *Kriyasakti* the semi-Divine man, who became the seed on earth for future adepts."

"Those, on the other hand, who, jealous of their intellectual freedom (unfettered as it then was by the bonds of matter), said:—'We can choose . . . we have wisdom' and incarnated far later—these had their first Karmic punishment prepared for them. They got bodies (physiologically) inferior to their astral models, because their *chhayas* had belonged to progenitors of an inferior degree in the seven classes. As to those 'Sons of Wisdom' who had 'deferred' their incarnation till the Fourth Race, which was already tainted (physiologically) with sin and impurity, they produced a terrible cause, the Karmic result of which weighs on them to this day. It was produced in themselves, and they became the carriers of that seed of iniquity for æons to come, because the bodies they had to inform had become defiled through their own procrastination. This was the 'Fall of the angels,' because of their rebellion against Karmic Law. The 'fall of *man*' was no fall, for he was irresponsible" (p. 228).

Or, to put the same thing in another way: It would seem that part of the Angelic Host which incarnated fully in the Third Race became the nucleus of the Adept Hierarchy: "That class of the 'Fire Dhyanis,' which we identify on undeniable grounds with the Agnishwattas, is called in our school the 'Heart' of the Dhyan-Chohanic Body; and it is said to have incarnated in the Third Race of men and made them perfect" (p. 91).

But many did not then incarnate. The bodies (animal men) brought to their culminating point by the development of the first three Races, should have been ensouled and inspired by the Host, and should have gone forward to ever increasing heights of spiritual glory. But, lacking this divine guidance, and having acquired momentum by their immense periods of development, they plunged forward into animalism, and descended into the depths of bestiality. And, since love debased contains the seed of hatred, they developed, with impure desire, the instincts of destruction: "When the Third (Race) separated and fell into sin by breeding men-animals, these became ferocious, and men and they mutually destructive" (p. 201).

Under this terrible impulse, they were carried forward into the Fourth and even the Fifth Race, "the psychic being guided by the animal, and both putting out the light of the spiritual" (p. 413).

It would seem that, as each new Race begins while the preceding Race is in its prime, and for ages runs parallel with that earlier race,

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so each principle has its beginning within the preceding principle, and within the period assigned to that principle; so that (just as during the Third Race period, the Fourth Race had its origin and much of its development), the Fourth Principle, Kama, had already begun its development during the period of the Third Race; and that that development was enormously accelerated by the failure of the divine plan: the failure of the Devas to incarnate, and undertake the guidance and control of the new principle of Desire. In the Fourth Race, the Atlantean, that principle had an enormous development, so that Atlantis was called "the land of Sin" (p. 322).

The Fifth Race began about a million years ago, while the Fourth Race had still long ages to run. So, it would seem, the Fifth Principle, Manas, began to develop within the Fourth Principle, as a spark of spiritual intelligence illumining Desire; so that to the result the term Kama-Manas would rightly apply. But the Karma of the Fourth Race bore very heavily upon the Fifth; it was carried into the Fifth Race by the incarnation in that Race of the souls who had sinned in the Fourth—by ourselves. We have, therefore, within us at this moment the impure and defiled Kama-Manas which is our inheritance from the great epoch of evil; and the Deva, who is still striving to incarnate in us, has to lift, combat and conquer that heavy burden of sin. This would be an almost impossible task, were it not for the help of those Divine Beings who, incarnating at first, free of the evil Karma, went forward on their destined spiritual way, becoming those Masters who are now able to help the masses of humanity, and in particular those who are seeking to become fit vehicles for the incarnating Deva—those who are seeking to live the life of the Disciple.

The "Kama Rupa and Mayavi Rupa" would seem to be our Atlantean and early Fifth Race inheritance: the embodiment of the Karma of Desire and external mind which we accumulated during the long æons of these races, when we should have been guided and ensouled (but were not, in fact, guided and ensouled) by the incarnating Dhyani or Deva. This complex of Karma, therefore, must be, in a sense, dissolved, purified, rebuilt; thus providing "a permanent individual vehicle for the occupation of the Soul or Higher Ego"; that is, for the Dhyani or Deva, who is at last given an opportunity to complete his long-delayed incarnation. This purification is "the Augean task." But it would seem that there is a brighter side to this dark picture. The divine law finds its gain even from so much failure, for "Perfection, to be fully such, must be born out of imperfection, the incorruptible must grow out of the corruptible, having the latter as its vehicle and basis and contrast" (*Secret Doctrine* II, 95).

Perhaps we have here also the clue to the vexed question of true and false personality. The Third Race men in whom the Divine Beings incarnated at the right time, and "made them perfect," possessed true

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personality from the beginning: an intensely personal and individualized life expressing the divine and spiritual consciousness. But the Third Race men who, not thus ensouled, were carried forward through the Fourth Race and into the Fifth Race, formed a false personality, a nexus of Atlantean Karma, an individual self of impure desire. If this be so, then, in order that the true personality (the individual consciousness of the incarnating Deva) may be developed, the false personality must be "dissolved," as is taught in *Light on the Path;* when this is done, then "the Warrior" will fight in us; the Deva, the Divine Being, will fight his way into full incarnation. When that incarnation is complete, Adeptship has been reached; the process is Discipleship.

If this be so, it would seem that the Disciple, the Chela, must pass (ahead of the mass of humanity) through the development of the Sixth and Seventh Races, with their splendid spiritual attainment; just as Adepts and the highest Masters pass (ahead of the mass of mankind) through the development of the Fifth and Sixth Rounds; the Seventh Round bringing a perfection quite incomprehensible to us. So that Disciples and Masters simply outstrip the rest in the race of spiritual perfection; and, so doing, can mightily help their slower brethren. From one point of view, perhaps, this is the purpose for which Masters and their Disciples exist.

It would seem, then, to be the part of wisdom for us to recognize every aspiration in ourselves, every spiritual prompting, as the voice of the Dhyani, the Deva, seeking, at this late day, to come into incarnation; the part of wisdom equally to recognize the evil in us (the sensual, the selfish, the demonic) as our Atlantean heritage: the deadly impediment in the way of the Deva's incarnation; and, with this clear vision, and relying on the help of those in whom the Divine is already incarnate, to set ourselves even at the eleventh hour, to retrieve the great calamity: to purify, dissolve, subjugate, the false personality, bringing it at each point and in each particular, into subjection to the true, the Divine Being who seeks to use us for his vesture, to incarnate in us.

A STUDENT.

Resign every forbidden joy; restrain every wish that is not referred to His will; banish all eager desires, all anxiety. Desire only the will of God; seek Him alone, and you will find peace.—François de la Mothe Fénelon.

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GOD KNOWETH BEST

ONE day Servetus came to me, full of a talk he had had with his beloved Mentor. They were at lunch, and he had been struggling desperately to attain that silence which was urged upon him; but so many questions buzzed into his mind about which he needed light that it seemed to him that eternity itself could not give time enough for answering them—and silence now seemed a loss. Somewhere inside of himself, he knew that this was a misunderstanding of the value of silence, and it was really as a cry for help that he finally said:

"If I only had a different environment, I know I could make a start on the Path. If I could only give up business and go into some cloister."

His Mentor, he told me, looked at him for a moment with that loving smile, full of sympathy, and tried but unflagging patience, and then said:

"So long as you are cock-sure that you know more than God does about what is best for you, I am afraid there's little hope of your making even a start. Until you see that Divine Love has picked out the ideal time, place, and circumstances—just as, and where, you are now situated—for you to conquer yourself, you are wasting your time in even talking about the Path. I mean this—for dreaming about what you could do, under other circumstances, is as bad for your soul as feeding poison to your body."

When Servetus first told me about this, I revolted at the doctrine implied; my own experience had, I felt, taught me that there could be no progress in discipleship apart from congenial religious teachers, religious surroundings, and a religious atmosphere. It was not long, however, before Fate, or Karma, as I understand you T. S. members call it, gave me a chance to test my theory. The circumstances in my own life changed, and I had to move on to new surroundings.

I had been living in a religious community, and had been permitted to aid in some of its activities, though I had not been allowed to cloister myself by taking the vows. It was a delightful life. There were times when the physical reactions of it carried me back to my boyhood days when I had lain outstretched on the golden sands in the flaming sun of California, gazing out over the loveliness of the Pacific, revelling in pictures of the Orient, across the dreamy waters; intoxicated with warmth and health and the vital vigor flooding into me from air and sun and earth.

Day after day I shared in Offices and Services; day after day I listened to the teaching. I enjoyed that instruction as I had, in those

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younger days, enjoyed the life beyond the mountains. My Confessor did not, however, appreciate that type of religious experience; when I painted to him the delights of religion in the terms of my love of nature, he would say: "Smith, can you not see that you were lying down in laziness then, and that you are just as lazy now? You talk about the Life; but you do not lead it; and you do not even try to lead it. When you get up on time; when you eat in moderation; when you write that book you have been talking about; then I shall begin to believe that you do feel what you claim to feel."

This used to make me blazing angry. But I prided myself on my good manners and I felt that I owed the Brothers outer courtesy while they allowed me to stay with them. My desire to stay seemed to me, in part at least, unselfish. I felt that the House needed me; needed my experience; the experience of an educated and successful man of the world, who had travelled much and who had had many adventures, and who had, as I believed, made his mark.

The Prior, of whom I was very fond, although I felt that he was often stiff-necked in his obstinacy and unnecessarily frank in expressing his views, would say to me: "Brother Smith, you are slipping back all the time. There is nothing religious in staying here when you ought to go out and look after your property. That is your most important job, for it involves others. You have no right to leave it to subordinates. I only hope that you amount to enough so that God may give you a lesson in time. I pray often to good St. Francis that he will take this matter in hand."

"But, dear Brother," I would protest, "I want to be a disciple and I cannot be a disciple if I distract my mind with worldly things."

"Duties in the world are not worldly things," the Prior would reply with sternness. Often I felt that to argue the question, since all the arguments were on my side, would only amount to making it still more difficult for him to control his trying temper, so I would find some excuse for withdrawing.

Yet there were gloomy moments, when I felt that I was not making the progress that I really wanted to make. These times did not come after my talks with my Confessor. You see, in those days, I was so proud of my self control while he was pitching into me, that there was room in the universe for nothing but my pride in being so meek. Hence it was, as I now see, that, while my ears heard him, he was right when he used to say: "Brother Smith, it is self-indulgent for you to come to me so often, for you do not do the things you ought to do; you know what they are as well as I do."

Usually I was able to lull the cry of conscience, to avoid the nettles of unpleasant truths. This was particularly easy when I gave myself up to absorbed enjoyment in contemplating the beautiful lives of the members of the Community. It gave me some comprehension of what our Lord's life must be like, to see them practising, daily, "love's divine

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self abnegation," and enjoying sufferings and hardships. Yes, enjoying them. It was wonderful to watch the Brothers. No lovely landscape was ever half so beautiful as their lives.

How trying it was, at such times of bliss, to have the Prior ask: "When are you going to begin?" or to hear dread words from the Abbot: "I am not sure that it is best for you, Smith, to let you stay on here." Then I would realize what I risked losing. If I could not make spiritual growth there, in that sunny, sheltered garden spot, how could I, out in the world? For a time I would write to my relatives; would eat less; would look at time tables and plan to go to see my man of business. Also I would redouble my reading of good books. Under one such reaction I memorized beloved á Kempis' *Imitations,* and drew, in rapt feeling, upon them as I had been wont to draw upon the blazing sun—and moved as little, too!

In the outer world there were troublesome days, particularly in the horrific world of finance. Several times the Abbot gently urged me to go forth and to see for myself how things were. Each time I told him that I dared not leave the Community, knowing so well my own weaknesses, but that if he would give me an order I would obey. Each time he sadly told me that he could not command me, that the suggestion was further even than he felt he should go. My affairs were, after all, my affairs, and it was not for him to meddle, beyond counselling me to go forth. But I was afraid to go. Besides, despite all he said of the limitations upon him, I waited for a formal command. That was my excuse to myself.

The great crash came; perhaps some of you remember it. Word reached me that most of my income was swept away. Fearing lest those dependent upon me should suffer, I sent word to my lawyers to sell out the little property that was left, and to supply them with funds, as needed, until I had made plans and provided other means. When the old Porter said to me that day: "I suppose we shall be losing you soon, Brother Smith?" I answered: "I fear so, Brother, but not for some time," and walked on.

The Prior joined me—"Why—'not for some time'?" he asked.

"What profiteth a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul," I answered in sorrow; thinking how utterly unworthy I was to fare forth from that haven of hope and peace and knowledge.

"Smith, Smith, you can never save your soul by neglecting your duties," and the Prior swept on.

I was moved even to tears. I was neglecting my duties. My kith and kin did need my help. They should have it. Had I not faith? Could not faith move mountains? I would pray for help for him. I was privileged to use the Oratory for prayer, and into its holy precincts I hurried; precincts fragrant with the veritable Presence of the Master; that Master who is more than Lord and King; that Master who is loving Father and protecting Friend. To Him, in my need,

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I poured out my heart in an agony of petition that he save and succour those of my own people who were now threatened with poverty and privation through the loss of my estate.

Great was the comfort that I experienced; great the relief from that hideous sense of personal responsibility. I went to my Confessor for counsel, but he shook his head: "Brother, you know I may not advise you in such matters, and I can give you no more counsel than I have already given." Thus neglected, as I then felt, I turned back to the Oratory to take comfort from my prayers. More and more time did I spend there; more and more fervent grew my petition.

Coming out from the Oratory one day, I met the Abbot and the Prior. "We are glad to see you looking so happy," said the Head. "Are your affairs turning out better than you had expected?"

"Worse, if anything, just now," I answered, with a gaiety that was not assumed, since it came from the heart. "You see, I have taken it to the Lord in prayer. I feel that I have no longer to worry, that He will look out for us as He does for the sparrows—and for you, dear Brothers. It's a test of my faith."

Never before had I seen our Abbot, that most perfect of born aristocrats, forget his breeding (as I then, so foolishly, felt). He gave me one blazing look—"You fool," he said, "are you sleeping in sloth, or drunk with self-indulgence?" And he passed on without another word. But I could not bear to have him leave me so. "O Abbot," I cried, "it is not as bad as that. There is still some property left, enough to last until I turn to making money. I have made it before, and I can again; this time I am going to make enough so I may come back for good, with no outside responsibilities."

Brief and enigmatical was the first reply: "Responsibilities—or opportunities?" I did not see an obvious answer to this somewhat platitudinous remark, so I kept still.

"You think you can make money. I fear you will have hard work even to earn your daily bread, in the condition into which you have allowed yourself to sink."

This was so unjust to himself, to the Community, and to all the great advance that they stood for in my life,—that I could not help smiling with pride in the Abbot's unfailing humility. He had regained control of himself and with his customary courtliness he bowed me farewell. The Prior lingered an instant: "Are you going to follow his instructions and leave? I could arrange for you to go down tonight."

"You can't shake my faith," I replied with renewed gaiety, as I thought I saw through their plan of testing me to the uttermost.

The Prior said: "Smith, there is something to you, or you would never have been allowed to stay here, but I fear that the Lord will have to love you enough to let you and your loved ones starve to death before you will really put your feet on the road that leads to Calvary

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and its glory." Then he too left me. I was left fighting those devils of doubt, depression and discouragement whose grandsire St. Michael slew, with his valiant, ringing laugh. Cheered by remembrance of the old tradition I too laughed, and I went back into the Oratory to pray; to pray desperately for immediate and instant help. Though I knew it not, this was to be the last time for many a weary month that I was to pray in the holiness of the Oratory. The very next morning I was called away, literally summonsed out. I left with the blessing of the Abbot and the prayers of the Prior and the Brothers.

The details of the next few years would be boresome. I first found that I could not keep my mind off "religion" and on business. Then I found myself recognizing that this was flagrant disloyalty to the faith I held, for I believed that an earnest follower of the Master should by that very fact be made stronger on all planes. Somewhat waked up, I went back into the stock market—only to lose what little I had left; either I had lost my cunning, or else the Heavenly Powers felt I was not again to be trusted with prosperity—the latter was the comforting suggestion in one of the letters from the Prior, who had taken up writing to me. I never lost my faith that the Master would take care of me, and with this conviction as my inner security, I did not hesitate to borrow outwardly, and so kept my cousins going. The Prior drew out this fact and then wrote that, for the first time, he was beginning to doubt the sincerity of my faith and desire.

This remark had troubled me so much that, when I was offered a district sales agency for a sewing machine, I did not refuse at once, but went to a nearby city, where I knew the Prior was conducting a retreat. I told him of what had been offered to me, explaining that if I took it I felt I should be forever cut off from my old line of work, and should have no further opportunity there, or with my old associates and customers. The old friend who offered me the place was sales manager of the concern and one of its owners. I told the Prior that Jones had promised to teach me himself, and that Jones believed that I should make a success.

"Are you making any money now, or are you living on what you borrow?" I confessed to the latter state of affairs and further confessed that I was daily finding it harder to finance myself on credit. I pointed out that my debts had grown so large that I could not see any way of paying them in the new business, and that my only hope was in one of the lucky investments that I used to make, when I was in my old business life; the proposed departure would shut me off from all such chances.

"Have you anything else in sight?"

I had to admit that there was nothing else, and that all my friends thought it was my duty to take the opening, but that I felt I should be doing an injustice to my creditors, in cutting myself off from any chance of paying them, for years.

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"You are earning nothing; you have no other opening; and yet you don't see what to do?"

"But I hate it so, and I do so want to pay my debts, that I feel I haven't any judgment left. I don't know what to do."

"There seems but one plain, simple, obvious duty before you; but I may not take the responsibility of giving you an order—beyond what I have said. Are you still in doubt?"

"I don't know what to do. Please tell me."

The Prior was silent for a moment. Then he said. "The Abbot is here. He will help you—if you will let him."

When the Abbot saw us, I went over the whole matter of my doubts as to my duties. The Abbot asking many searching questions, and then said:

"Are you still desirous of coming back to us and taking the vows?"

"I am."

"Why?"

It seemed impossible for me to pick out of the whirlwind that swept in upon me the answer that would best express all I felt. Then there came before me, as in letters of fire, certain immortal words, and I quoted them as my answer:

"'Man is created to praise, reverence, and serve God our Lord, and by this means to save his soul.'"

"You have so desired and have so prayed in faith?"

I bowed my head.

"Then in Heaven's name, my brother, why not take the means that your prayers have brought you? The Prior has shown you the Path. Step out upon it boldly, and may the Master's blessing be upon your obedience."

So I became a sewing machine salesman, with a weak hope that I should find in it what I had refused to take in the House of Holiness, a step towards discipleship.

Jones took me to Chicago that he might keep him near me. His very first talk surprised me. For months it savoured to me of hypocrisy. He said: "Some of your friends have thought that your interest in religion has unfitted you for business life. I do not feel so. If a man does not have a feeling of altruism in his work there is no hope for him. You ought to be able to sell sewing machines better, and to teach other men how to sell them better, because you appreciate what it means to women in saving them time, and strength, and labour. I should not have taken you if I did not count on this."

How shocking this sounded. Yet I have learned that all successful salespeople feel that they are helping their customers. No one, I find, lasts in the "selling game," who does not so feel and believe, whether it be selling bonds, or real estate, or notions across a counter. The sincerity required for success in business is a lesson to any religious aspirant.

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I went to work, feeling myself better than my job. It did not take me long to learn that I was not. Then I discovered that I must be in earnest. Jones was anxious to make me succeed. It was not for months that I knew that he was trying to win the hand of one of my cousins, and so was sincere, and loving even, in his desire to be of service to me. I had thought of all business as selfish and uncharitable; the selling end particularly so. Yet, from the beginning, no member of the T. S. could have preached brotherhood more strenuously than did Jones. He told me never to criticise a rival machine. "You have been to the factory. You know that no better machine is built. All modern machines are good and no one will really suffer who buys any up-to-date machine, so don't criticise machines or methods of paying for them. Criticism never helps make a sale and it does hurt the industry. Besides every one is suspicious of a backbiter."

"Work with others?" Jones cried. "No man ever gets ahead alone. Don't be always looking for what you can get out of helping the other men. It will all work out in the wash, when they find that you are really trying to help them and not to work them. Besides it helps you to learn to get on with people. If you think all the time about yourself you won't be able to think about the other person, to put yourself in his place, to figure out what he or she really wants—and that's all that counts in selling—what you think or want will never make anybody else buy. You have got to learn to love people before you can learn to sell and to teach others to sell."

At the Community great had been the emphasis placed on the need for cultivating the power of silence and on the dynamic strength that silence would bring. I had thought that popular selling meant much talking. You may again appreciate my surprise when Jones declared: "Never talk much. Think all the time, especially when you are selling. Many a man talks people into a sale and then talks them out of it. Never talk much. You are a good talker, and I am afraid of that. I am afraid that you will get people interested in you, instead of interesting them in the machine. That's your job—to sell the machine. Nobody is really interested in you. Every one is interested in himself. If you put yourself forward too much you will end by making people distrust you or even dislike you."

I had to succeed, so I tried to follow these directions. The process brought back to me many of the counsels of my Confessor at the House. I found myself applying his teachings in my daily business intercourse. I wrote him once, speaking of the way in which I was thus "degrading" his teaching. He wrote back that I made him feel more than ever that he had failed to help me, for I ought to be able to realize that spiritual laws and practices are of universal application, and that, if true anywhere, they should serve in all situations in life.

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One feature of the Community life had never appealed to me, and I had taken advantage of my position as a guest to dodge it. That was the insistence upon an exact and momentary rule of life and the close attention, amounting even to interference, paid to the details and minutæ of dress and manners. But no novice master was ever stricter than Jones, not only with me, but with all his active salesmen. "You have no right to dress as you please, or to act as you please, so long as you are selling our machine. When you go to people, they judge us. They don't think of you. If you wear too loud clothes; if you are careless or slovenly we suffer; you don't." Jones had never heard of "singularity," against which all great Abbots have fulminated, yet even St. Benedict was no more severe on this sin of selfishness than was Jones.

He took as much interest in our food and table manners as if he were Head of a Community, instead of being head of a selling force. "The man who eats too much, can't work. The man who eats irregularly will work irregularly. Have a time for everything and do it at the time that you have planned. Go to bed on time whenever you possibly can, but, whatever you may have done the night before, get up on time."

Morals, too, proved to be a business asset, indeed a business requirement. Jones was as strict as the Prior, and as jealous of the good name of his House. "Never do anything that you haven't planned. You do need recreation, but take it as part of your plan, do not make it a matter of laziness; if you do it will upset you, and you won't work as well. Keep a daily record; keep track of your hours. Plan ahead for each day; on Saturdays plan, so far as you can, for the week ahead. Tell me what you are doing. Tell me your mistakes. I have no use for a man who makes no mistakes, but I won't keep a man who does not tell me about them. Make me your Confessor. The only way you will ever learn to be a good salesman is to study your mistakes and blunders to see what was really behind them, so you will not be making them again.

"You'll get discouraged; you'll often think that there are a dozen better machines on the market. That's all right. It won't hurt you—if you keep on working. The more you work the better you will work, and the easier it will be to work. It is only when you loaf that you really get tired and inefficient. That's why I want you to keep a record, so that you will know when you are not working. It is easy to fool yourself, with some good sales, into thinking that you are working, but in the long run you need day-by-day selling; not some big orders."

Jones watched the style of living of his force. He used to say that an extravagant man could not be a good salesman, for the habit infected his whole life, and cropped out when he came up against his customers who distrusted the extravagant man, even when they did not

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know the real reason for their distrust. He insisted on obedience, in all matters, or resignation. "I should not be kept as manager if I didn't know enough to help you."

All the training, regulation, and discipline that I might have had at the House, were given to me as a part of Jones' selling force; and I was growing to be proud of holding my place in what was a noted organization.

Many things interested me in the parallel, which I found growing more and more apparent. What really interested me the most was the way that Jones' teaching brought back the instruction at the House. There were times when I could hear tones of the Abbot's voice, and recognize tricks of expression, characteristic of that great and holy man, as I listened to Jones. First, I found that what I had learned at the House was helping me as a salesman. Then I found that what I was learning and practising as a salesman, was helping me to understand what the Brotherhood had been trying for years to make me see and do. In short I found that in keeping myself at work, efficiently and persistently at work selling sewing machines, I was actually beginning to make a start toward discipleship. I had dreamed of doing this but I had only dreamed until I put myself in Jones' hands, worked as he wanted me to work, and worked in order to support those who were dependent upon me.

Jones put especial emphasis, again, on enthusiasm; which must be well-tempered and always considerate of others' feelings; and upon courage. In fact, one day, after one of his sales-talks on courage, I found myself searching my memory for certain familiar words that I felt could best express in brief the key-note of his address. Finally there came back to me that ringing warning and stimulus from the Revelations of the Sacred Heart to the Blessed Margaret Mary, ". . . Lukewarm and cowardly souls I abhor." I had heard the Abbot preach on that, but his great sermon was no more direct an exposition of the text than that sales-talk to a group of men selling sewing machines. As I compared the sales office and the Community I felt like paraphrasing the Mussulman's cry and saying, "There is but one God and Mohamet is His prophet."

When I was sojourning (I no longer dare call it "living") at the House, I was wont to talk a great deal about my feeling that our Lord is a real and living Actuality in the world to-day, taking a personal interest in His children; even giving them individual and closely detailed attention. But I have never really and truly believed this until now. The kindness, the "loving-kindness," shown in taking me out of my pleasant surroundings, when I refused to profit by them, and giving me the same opportunities in other surroundings, proves to me that I am given personal attention.

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Not long ago I went back to the House, to spend a brief vacation. I had no difficulty, this time, in entering into the routine; in fact I enjoyed it, for I had learned the wisdom on which it is founded, and the vital help that discipline gives.

"You seem more like one of us now than you did when you lived with us," said one of the older Brothers to me one day.

"He is," said the Prior, who was standing nearby, "for he is trying to do the Lord's will in the Lord's way, and that is by the royal road of obedience."

I may never get back into the House. That is for the Lord to decide. If He thinks it will help my soul to union with His will, I shall yet be one of the professed Brothers, as I should enjoy being. But, if He thinks that the second opportunity would be as bad for me as the first, then I shall not be given it. In which case I shall go on selling sewing machines and shall try to be the best salesman—not only in Chicago—but in all the world, for that will be the best way of expressing my gratitude to Him for showing me that courageous and unflagging obedience is the best way in which man may fulfil the purpose of his creation and "praise, reverence, and serve God our Lord, and by this means to save his soul."

And it is the obedience, I believe, and not the surroundings or occupation, that actually counts.

X——.

In order to mould thee into entire conformity to His will, He must have thee pliable in His hands, and this pliability is more quickly reached by yielding in the little things than even by the greater. Thy one great desire is to follow Him fully; canst thou not say then a continual "yes" to all His sweet commands, whether small or great, and trust Him to lead thee by the shortest road to thy fullest blessedness?—H. W. Smith.

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THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

V

ST. GERTRUDE

The Poet of the Benedictine Order

IN the third section of the *Divine Comedy,* Dante pictures the venerable St. Benedict, and his monks, on the Golden Staircase that forms the Heaven of Saturn—the abode of contemplative spirits. Much lower in the celestial spheres, according to the poet, were found such illustrious souls as Francis of Assisi, Thomas Aquinas, Dominic, Augustine, and others who had distinguished themselves by active warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil. The humbleness (relative) of the station assigned to these four great leaders, is significant of the esteem rendered to the contemplative as compared with the active religious life. As the holy patriarch, Benedict, looks down from his Golden Ladder, upon the evil of the world, he expresses profound regret at the moral misfortune that had overtaken his unworthy descendants: "My Rule is as waste of paper; the walls, which used to be an abbey, have become caves; and the cowls are sacks full of bad meal." It is refreshing to know that what is probably the brightest luminary of the Benedictine constellation shot out its rays from that very dark spot mentioned by the poet—the period of his own life-time. St. Gertrude was a contemporary of Dante; she was born half a century after the founding of the two Orders of Preaching Friars, by St. Dominic and St. Francis,—new Orders made necessary because St. Benedict's Rule had not been able to curb and transform the vicious immorality and selfishness of the world.

By an error in one of the early biographies, St. Gertrude is credited with having been Abbess of Delphos. Whether there was a convent by that name in mediæval Germany or not, it is certain that St. Gertrude was never in charge of it. Yet that error has perpetuated itself in a very curious manner. In the Breviary Office which commemorates the Saint, she is mentioned as the *Delphic* Gertrude (there are other Saints with the name Gertrude, notably, in France). Unintentionally, the liturgical compilers exactly characterised the Saint with that curious, mistaken epithet. She is a divinely inspired (a truly inspired) poet, a poet of religious adoration and union. She invokes, and not vainly, her God and Master, as the Greeks called upon Apollo; and her rapturous songs are in honour of Him who answered her appeals, and granted to her living companionship and face-to-face intercourse.

In secular literature, there often occur single poems, and sometimes an author's whole production, of which the intellectual content is *nil.* Such poems are the bane of the average lecturer, if his curriculum dooms

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him to mention them. They afford nothing to talk about—no mythology to be explained, no rhetorical structure to be analysed. They are appropriated and savoured only by a taste keen for essences; others find them uninteresting. Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," and Arthur Symons's "The Return," are examples of such poetry.

In the substantial literature of religion, St. Gertrude is such a poet. She is the distillation both of religion and of poetry. But she is devoid of all those qualities and accessories that give to many other saints a power to interest people of the world, as well as those who have seriously undertaken to fulfil their baptismal vows. She had not the slightest connection with the events that took place in the world during her life time. She was not the counsellor of prelates and sovereigns, as St. Catherine was. She did not reform a great Order, as St. Teresa did. She was not persecuted, like Ignatius. She has not the picturesque setting of St. Francis, or St. Cecilia. She has not the playful humour of Soeur Thérèse. She was, almost, not in the world at all. Born, and bred, and died, in a convent—that is the history of her seventy-one years. Yet, for all her "colourless" biography, as some would call it, she is a saint of fiery essence, the predilection of those who, believing in the Master Christ's continuous humanity, are enkindled with aspiration to come into His Living Presence, to hear His Voice, to see His Face. "The Revelations of St. Gertrude," a sympathetic editor writes, "indeed differ from, or rather are distinguished above, those of other saints, in the familiarity and frequency of these heavenly communications. We shall not read of marvellous miracles, of ecstatic flights, of long-continued raptures, of prophetic announcements, though such events are recorded occasionally; the Saint—if we may be permitted the expression—lived at home with her Spouse; and hence her life was one continued and almost uninterrupted succession of the highest states of spiritual life."

Her records are accessible in three volumes. Two of these are very small devotional books, namely, *The Exercises of St. Gertrude,* and the *Prayers of St. Gertrude.* The third volume is a *Life and Revelations,* very carefully and very lovingly prepared for publication by some Franciscan Sisters of Kenmare, Ireland, who, in this labour of love, offer gratitude to the Benedictine Order for the protection and kindness given to Franciscan nuns when St. Francis was first arranging their foundation.

The *Life and Revelations* is divided into five parts. St. Gertrude wrote part two, only. The third, fourth and fifth parts are comments upon her experience by nameless individuals (probably confessors or nuns.) Part one, also, is similar comment, with meagre biographical details infrequently given. Part two differs markedly from the other four. The saint gives very simply her narrative that covers years of intimate intercourse with her Divine Master. Though there are, at least, two very extraordinary incidents in the long acquaintance, yet even those two are narrated in sober tones. It is noticeable also that what she gives as actually spoken by her Lord is brief, usually only a sentence;

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and that these spoken words are not frequent. On the other hand, parts one, three, four, and five might be described as the mediæval "vision" type. They are laudations of Gertrude's virtues—praises that, undoubtedly, are quite deserved, but that seem extravagant in their phrasing. Then, too, these four parts are full of glowing visions, visions granted (it is stated) by the Master in order that His high esteem for Gertrude may be known; and there are long discourses from the Master. The difference between Gertrude's own writing and that of her friends is so marked, that one suspects the latter of a certain amount of self-delusion. These brief writings and the commemorative services to be found in Breviaries of various Orders, are the source of all we know.

Gertrude was born in 1263 (Dante, in 1265), one of several children of a German Count. She left the cradle, one of the Breviaries puts it, for the convent, entering the Benedictine Abbey of Rodersdorf, in her fifth year. Her admission at that early age, it is of course understood, was into the Abbey School, for an education; a younger sister, afterwards St. Mechtilde, came later to the Abbey School, and, also, remained for life. Gertrude became proficient in secular literature, and seems to have used her literary gift and her literary studies as food for vanity. There is no indication of when her school life ended and her vocational work began. Her own narrative begins with her twenty-sixth year. She was chosen Abbess of her own convent when she was thirty; the next year, for some reason not stated, the whole community made a change of residence. Gertrude, of course, went with the community, and remained its head until her death, forty years later. She received final vows from one hundred nuns during this long period of service. Her uneventful outer life closed in 1334.

Though she had for many years been wearing the Benedictine habit as a pledged recluse, she dates her conversion from a Monday in her twenty-sixth year, when, after the closing service of the day, the Master came to her for the first time. The Master's appearance seemed to her (as it did to St. Dominic, also), that of a young boy—a youth of sixteen. Gertrude had gone to the dormitory for the night. Meeting an aged Sister, Gertrude bent to her in salutation. As she raised herself from the greeting, the Master, standing there, said: "Thy salvation is at hand; why are thou consumed with grief? Hast thou no counsellor, that thou art so changed by sadness?" His presence and these words created in her an impression that she was kneeling in the community Chapel, in her accustomed place; but she was clearly aware that she had not stirred from the dormitory. The Master said further: 'I will save thee, I will deliver thee; fear not." And He gave His hand in ratification of His words. But there seemed to spring up at once, separating Gertrude from her new-found Friend an interminable hedge, bristling at the top with thorns too sharp to be surmounted. She recognized, without delay, that it was her sins that took this barrier-like semblance before her eyes; she wept over their result, and with great longing, yearned for the Presence that was

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hidden by the thicket. At once, she was again aware of His hand grasping hers, and now perceived on it, the scar of the nail-wound.

From that Monday evening, until her death, some forty years later, the Master never left her, save for one period of eleven days, as the result of a worldly conversation in which she had indulged. Her sin brought with it the usual blindness, so that she was not aware of her loss. But on the eleventh day, her heart was touched by a prayer, and in finding her Friend again, she found at the same time, that she had withdrawn herself from Him.

Gertrude very modestly and very carefully qualifies her words about the Master's continuous presence with her. She does not say that she was always aware of Him, or that her perception was at all times equally clear. She means that whenever she looked for Him, she found Him. She admits that she was not always looking, and that for the one period of eleven days, her disobedience, her aversion, had expelled Him. There were times, too, of clearer and of dimmer sight, times of silence, and times of brief speech. But, whatever her distractions (she accuses herself of many), "after some hours, after some days, and, alas! I must add, after whole weeks, when I return into my heart, I find Thee there; so that I cannot complain that Thou hast left me even for a moment."

Modesty, reserve, soberness are the qualities that impress us in Gertrude's narrative. Those characteristics predispose one to credit some of the extraordinary demands she makes upon our belief—demands that might be entirely disregarded, if her narrative were, throughout, a tissue of marvels and miracles like those in the other four parts of the volume. One such extraordinary demand is the statement that she writes in obedience to the Master's express wish, and that He suggested, day by day, the form of her narrative. A statement of so extraordinary a kind should not be dismissed, either with "yea" or "nay," without some examination as to its possibility and probability. Thoughts that influence to a favourable consideration of her words are, first, her recognition of an ulterior motive in the Master's mind. She did not believe (as her associates in the convent did) that the Master came and spoke to her by reason of her merits and as a reward of the same. She felt that He wished to give some further teaching, some knowledge of Himself to the world, and that, for that purpose, He chose her as an instrument; in her own judgment, He could have found among His professed servants, no one more unsuited than herself. She did not at all plume herself as a specially favoured, and specially worthy object. Secondly, she was unwilling to write; and her unwillingness proceeded from the fear of misrepresenting the events she would have to describe. She realized how easy it would be to put herself first in the narrative, and the Master in second place—to make her personal delight seem His end, rather than the manifestation, to a hard-hearted world, of His intensely personal Humanity. Thirdly, the soberness and moderation of the narrative does seem, in comparison with what we may call St. Gertrude's own composi-

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tions, namely her *Exercises* and *Prayers*, a *suggested* soberness. In her *Exercises* and *Prayers* she is addressing the Master, not the world; and she speaks *à toute bride*. She does not have to win His ear and heart, His credence, as the world's must be won. To win credence from the world, some things need to be suppressed, the tone lowered, and drab laid plentifully over gold.

Nothing spectacular, nothing in the nature of a "vision," nothing that at all recalls the frenzy of the ancient prophetess of the tripod, is meant by the statement that the Master gave directions about her narrative. Her account of this particular incident is very quiet. She had, it seems, for some time been weighing the *pros* and *cons* of writing down her experiences. Finally, she decided against the project, and planned to give herself to other occupations. The very day she so decided, these words were said to her: "Be assured that you will not be released from the prison of the flesh until you have paid this debt which still binds you. I desire your writings to be an indisputable evidence of My Divine goodness in these latter times, in which I purpose to do good to many." These words overcame her repugnance. But there was another difficulty—how describe her *intimate* experiences without giving scandal to the world. At this point it was intimated that she would receive guidance in her writing. It was guidance very direct and very simple: "for four days, at a convenient hour each morning, Thou didst suggest with so much clearness and sweetness what I composed, that I have been able to write it without difficulty and without reflection, even as if I had learned it by heart long before; with this limitation, that when I had written a sufficient quantity each day, it has not been possible for me, although I applied my whole mind to it, to find a single word to express the things which on the following day I could write freely."

The experiences of which she feared to speak for fear of scandal, are no other than such as mark most intimate human relations. Yet people today, people who esteem themselves entirely reasonable and balanced, are scandalised by her words, and they speak, reprovingly, of St. Gertrude's "continual love-affair." What is there objectionable or scandalous in the following paragraph: "I render thanks to Thee, through the union of mutual love which reigns in the adorable Trinity, for what I have so often experienced, and that Thou hast deigned to favour me with Thy caresses; so that while I sat meditating, or reading the Canonical Hours, or saying the Office of the Dead, Thou hast often, during a single Psalm, embraced my soul many times with a kiss, which far surpasses the most fragrant perfumes or the sweetest honey; and I have often observed Thou didst look on me favourably in the condescending caresses Thou didst give to my soul. But though all these things were filled with an extreme sweetness, I declare, nevertheless, that nothing touched me so much as this majestic look of which I have spoken. For this, and for all the other favours, whose value Thou alone knowest, mayest Thou rejoice for ever in that ineffable sweetness surpassing all comprehension, which the Divine

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Persons communicate mutually to each other in the bosom of the Divinity."

The culminating experience, as recorded in her narrative, seems to be a very close and clear sight of the Master in outer form, not "dimly as at dawn" or through a cloud of light, but so minutely and plainly that His eyes and features were perceived. "A marvellous and inestimable coruscation illuminated my soul with the light of Divine revelation, and it appeared to me that my face was pressed to another face, as St. Bernard says: 'Not a form, but forming; not attracting the bodily eye, but rejoicing the heart; giving freely gifts of love, not merely in appearance but in reality.'

"In this most enchanting vision, Thine eyes, bright as the solar rays, appeared opposite to mine, and Thou alone knowest how Thou, my dearest Lord, affected not only my soul, but even my body and all my strength. Grant, therefore, that as long as I live I may prove myself Thy humble and devoted servant.

"But even as the rose is more beautiful and gives forth a sweeter fragrance in the spring, when it flourishes, than in the winter, when it is dried up, and, like the remembrance of a joy that is past, rekindles in us some pleasure to think of it, so I desire, by some comparison, to declare what I felt in this most joyful vision, to extol Thy love, so that if those who read this receive similar or even greater favours, they may thereby be excited to acts of thanksgiving; and I myself, by recalling them frequently, will inflame the negligence of my gratitude beneath the rays of this burning-glass. When Thou didst display Thy most adorable Face,—the source of all blessedness, as I have said, embracing me, unworthy,—a light of inestimable sweetness passed through Thy Deified eyes into mine, passing through my inmost being, operating in all my members with admirable power and sweetness: first, it appeared as if the marrow were taken from my bones; then, my flesh and bones appeared annihilated; so much so, that it seemed as if my substance no longer had any consciousness save of that Divine splendour, which shone in so inexplicable and delightful a manner that it was the source of the most inestimable pleasure and joy to my soul."

The narrative discriminates clearly between experiences in which individuals of the spiritual world are brought within the range of her perception (besides the Master, she relates that angels and saints visited her at times), and such subjective experiences as are the fruit of meditation. The following paragraph, even the most unwilling reader would admit, is concerned with nothing more than might happen to any one who broods intently upon some passage of reading, or a picture, or a beautiful landscape. "It happened on a certain day, between the Festival of the Resurrection and Ascension, that I went into the court before Prime, and seated myself near the fountain,—and I began to consider the beauty of the place, which charmed me on account of the clear and flowing stream, the verdure of the trees which surrounded it, and the flight of

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the birds, and particularly of the doves,—above all, the sweet calm,—apart from all, considering within myself what would make this place most useful to me, I thought that it would be the friendship of a wise and intimate companion, who would sweeten my solitude or render it useful to others, when Thou, my Lord and my God, who art a torrent of inestimable pleasure, after having inspired me with the first impulse of this desire, Thou didst will to be also the end of it, inspiring me with the thought that if by continual gratitude I return Thy graces to Thee, as a stream returns to its source; if, increasing in the love of virtue, I put forth, like the trees, the flowers of good works; furthermore, if, despising the things of earth, I fly upwards, freely, like the birds, and thus free my senses from the distraction of exterior things,—my soul would then be empty, and my heart would be an agreeable abode for Thee."

The *Prayers* and *Exercises* are St. Gertrude's exclusive work, though that adjective must not be thought of as applying to the Holy Spirit; His presence pervades her prayers. The word exclusive is used, however, to mark the difference between these little volumes and the narrative that was suggested to her in the manner already mentioned. The reserve and restraint that, for a definite purpose, it would seem, characterize the narrative, disappear. The prayers are prolonged raptures, lyrical utterances. The nearest approach to them, in secular literature, is the poetry of Gertrude's contemporary, Dante. As in the *Divine Comedy,* so in these prayers, there is a mingling of colour, sound and fragrance. These qualities seem to proceed from some force higher, on the scale of being, than human. Here is part of a "Prayer to Jesus":

"Hail most loving Jesus, life-giving Germ of the Divine Honour, unfading flower of human dignity, my consummate and my only salvation. Thou art my Creator and my Redeemer, and Thou has so loved me as to leave all Thy bliss and Thy glory, and to purchase me for Thyself with the anguish of Thy death.

"O Thou most excelling King of kings, Prince of glory, my loving Jesus, thou art the life of my soul; may all the affection of my heart be inflamed with the ardour of thy love, and for ever united to thee. May it sink back baffled and exhausted when it would love aught but what tends to thee alone; for thou art the brilliance of all colour, the savour of all dainties, the fragrance of all odors, the charm of all melody, the soothing repose of all love. O thou overflowing abyss of Divinity, in thee is pleasure most enrapturing, from thee ever-gushing streams of plenty spread around, towards thee a gentle force irresistibly attracts, through thee our souls are inundated with thrilling gladness. O King of kings most worthy, sovereign Lord of all, Prince most glorious, most clement Ruler, thou most mighty Protector; thou art the vivifying germ of human dignity, O most wonderful in Thy working, gentlest of Teachers, Wisest in counsel, most kind and effectual Helper, Friend faithful unto death. No union is so intimate, so beatific, as thine, O thou transporting, soothing Lover of souls, most tender and chaste Spouse

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of thy chosen. Thou art the spring Flower of noble gracefulness, O my brother most fair, ruddy, and comely in thy youth, most winning companion, Host most munificent in thy provision; I choose thee in preference to all creatures, for thy sake I renounce all pleasure, for thee I run with joy to meet all adversity, and in all I do I seek no other praise than thine. I acknowledge with heart and mouth that thou art the root from which these and all good things spring. With the energy of thy fervour I unite my intention to that of thy most availing prayer, that in virtue of this divine union every movement of rebellion may be quelled and crushed within me, and that I may be led by thee to the summit and pinnacle of perfection."

The quasi-rubrical comment upon these prayers says that while St. Gertrude was offering them "she seemed to see them under the form of roses hung around with golden bells, the fragrance and tuneful harmony of which touched the Sacred Heart with ineffable delight. Those which had been recited with devout intention gave forth a most ravishing melody, while those which had been said carelessly uttered a low and wailing sound."

The *Exercises* surpass even the foregoing prayers, in their aspiration, rapture and wonder of lyrical expression. They are of that order of literature upon which it is impossible to comment. Upon reading it, one either blazes with reverent admiration, or turns coldly away in aversion and dislike. Portions from one of the *Exercises* will be given here, in conclusion, in proof of the statements made about Gertrude's heights and depths, and also, if it were possible, to lead readers to familiarize themselves with these two devotional volumes.

The *Exercises* are a set of devotions to cover the period of a week. They include the whole inner experience of an incarnation, from Baptism to Death. Portions of the Fifth Exercise, "Acts of Love to God," are here extracted. The Editor writes in a preface:

"The aim of this Exercise is to excite in the Christian soul the dispositions necessary for fulfilling with the utmost possible perfection the first and great commandment, ***Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.*** The seraphic soul of St. Gertrude reveals itself therein without reserve; and it is scarcely possible to hear her express the transports of her love for the Supreme Good without being moved, and without asking ourselves how we fulfil the obligation of loving the infinitely good God, who has condescended to reveal himself as our last End, and to draw us to himself in ways so manifold and so marvellous.

"In this lofty lyric the depth of the thoughts is as striking as the beauty of the poetry in which they are expressed, and St. Gertrude is always and unconsciously sublime. But in her school we have other work than to admire merely. It is no barren speculation that she brings before us. She teaches us by her example how we ought to love God, who is our first Beginning and our last End—God, who hath first loved us—God, our Mediator and our Redeemer, the Spouse of our souls.

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"And if by reason of our frailty we cannot follow her to the heights whereon she already possesses the Object of her love in the most intimate union to which the creature can attain on earth, let us at least gather up the crumbs which fall from the table of this queenly bride of the great King. Her transcendent holiness enabled her to love more than others; but there is not one among us who is not called to love God with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength."

The Exercise is composed of three parts, a long prayer, for the morning, for midday, and for evening; shorter prayers for the Canonical hours (6 a. m., 9 a. m., etc.) and brief ejaculations for use between these stated periods of recollection. It should be carefully noted to how great an extent St. Gertrude speaks of the *beauty* of the spiritual life. One of the Dominican writers has aptly said that "Beauty is the smile on the face of Truth." The following sentences are from the morning prayer: "O my Love, who dost not only enlighten but deify, come unto me in all thy might; come and gently melt my whole being. May all that is of me be destroyed utterly; may I wholly pass into thee, so that I may no more find myself in time, but may be already and most intimately united to thee for all eternity.

"O my Love, thou art that peerless beauty, thou that sovereign splendour, on which none upon earth can gaze, except as veiled by the wings of seraphim. O when shall I be renewed by the vision of thine incomparable loveliness? O thou morning star, who dost shine forth in thy supreme majesty with a radiance all divine, when shall thy light enlighten me?

"O beauty so worthy of love, when wilt thou make me wholly thine? O wouldst thou but send down on me one least and faintest ray! Then should I have a foretaste of thy sweetness, and anticipate the blessed inheritance which awaits me. O Flower of flowers, bend down thy face on me, that I may for one brief moment feast my eyes upon thee."

The prayer for midday contains the following petitions: "O that it were given me, miserable as I am, to rest but for one moment beneath the shadow of thy love! Then wouldst thou strengthen my heart with one of the thrilling, consoling words of thy mouth; then should my soul hear from thee the glad assurance: 'I am thy salvation; the sanctuary of my heart is open to thee.'

"O compassionate Love, why hast thou loved a creature so defiled and so covered with shame, but that thou hast willed to render it all fair in thee? O thou delicate flower of the Virgin Mary, thy goodness and thy tender mercy have won and ravished my heart.

"Let me not be confounded in my hope; but grant that my soul may find its rest in thee. Nothing have I met so to be desired, nothing known so to be loved, nothing have I seen so to be longed for, as to be pressed to thy heart, O Love, and to rest beneath the shadow of the wings of my Jesus; to dwell with him in the tent of his divinest love.

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"O that it were given me to come so near to thee that I might no longer be near thee only, but in Thee. Beneath thy genial ray, O Sun of justice, all the flowers of virtue would spring forth from me, who am but dust and ashes. Then would my soul, rendered fruitful by thee, my Master and my Spouse, bring forth noble fruit unto perfection. Then should I be led forth from this valley of sorrow, and admitted to behold thy face, so long, so wistfully longed for; and then would it be my everlasting happiness to think that thou hast not abhorred, O thou spotless Mirror, to unite thyself to a sinner like me."

The evening prayer is like the final triumphant leaping of flames, transforming into their own pure essence the foreign substances they surround: "O love, whose kiss divine hath such sweetness, thou art that fountain after which my thirsting soul doth pant. Thine are all the transports of my soul. O thou boundless, shoreless Ocean, why delayest thou to receive into thy fulness this feeble, tremulous drop? All the desire of my soul, impetuous even in its calm assurance, is to come forth from myself and to enter into thee.

"O Love, who art very God, amidst the crash and ruin of earth open to my soul a sure refuge in thee. Cover it over as with a garment, encompass it that I may come and appear before the eternal Bridegroom with the wedding-garment and the dowry of mine espousals.

"O when wilt thou show thyself unto me, that I may see thee as thou art, and drink of thee with rapture, thou Fountain of life and my God? Then shall I slake my burning thirst, then shall I be inebriated with those living waters, whose fair source is the excellent beauty of him towards whom my soul aspires.

"O thou beauty most ravishing, when wilt thou fulfil this yearning desire? Then shall I go into that wondrous tabernacle where mine eye shall see God. But I am still at the portal, and my heart pineth and moaneth by reason of the length of its exile. When wilt thou consummate my bliss by showing thyself to me arrayed in all thy loveliness?"

The brief prayer for six o'clock in the morning makes a petition that she may become a "wise and understanding child" of Love. If St. Gertrude's prayers seem so far above us, or, possibly, so repellent, that we cannot appropriate them for our needs, may it possibly be that we have not made a start at becoming children?

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

How shall we rest in God? By giving ourselves wholly to Him. If you give yourself by halves, you cannot find full rest; there will ever be a lurking disquiet in the half which is withheld.—Jean Nicolas Grou.

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WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

IN order to tell why I joined the Theosophical Society it seems necessary to give experiences both before and after joining. As a child I was taken to church and Sunday School regularly. In the little church I attended a very simple child-like faith was taught, and the Master was presented to us as our very best friend. As I grew older the very literal meanings I had given to the church teachings did not seem quite so plausible, nor did they agree with things I had observed outside of the church. Gradually my simple understanding and trust disappeared, until all that remained were outward forms of worship—the attendance at church, saying prayers and reading the Bible every morning. These had become a mere habit by this time. The prayers were entirely mechanical; reading the Bible was also done just to ease my conscience: I did not feel comfortable if I had not read one chapter a day, for I had been taught to do this when very young.

These forms were continued for some time, partly from habit, mostly from a fear of consequences; my belief in that side of my early teachings persisted longest. Later the absurdity of reading words with no thought as to their significance, and saying prayers that meant nothing, penetrated my consciousness, and it was with intense relief that I dropped all forms of devotion. In the meantime I had become interested in my studies and in reading, and also in "having a good time." I fluctuated from one to the other, always wanting something, though never knowing what I was seeking; not even conscious most of the time that I was seeking anything. At one time all my energies would be put into my studies; at another time, everything was sacrificed in order to enjoy life and amuse myself. The sciences were of special interest to me, and as the religious side of life seemed unnecessary, I was concerned only with the materialistic view of things, and tried to build up a theory of life based entirely on materialism. Naturally this view of life was very unsatisfactory. Try as hard as I would to make the most of things, there really was no incentive and no hope. Even then I envied the religious faith of some of my friends; it seemed so comfortable to take everything on faith and without wanting to know why.

After my so-called education was finished, I devoted myself entirely to my work, thinking that it, at last, was the goal for which I had been searching. I had a sentimental idea of wanting to aid my fellow beings, though again purely from the materialistic viewpoint; for to me no other side existed; so I took up "social work." I was now

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brought into contact with the poorest people of New York as well as the more pitiable and destitute poor in some of the surrounding states. The poverty, ignorance, feeble-mindedness, disease and crime were unspeakably horrible and heartrending. There seemed no justice in the fact that a few could have everything and others nothing: that the lives of some could be filled with so much happiness and the lives of others with only unhappiness.

About this time I had been invited to attend a service in a small church in New York. I went merely from curiosity to see what kind of a church it could be that so attracted my friends and made them willing to give up their time to its service. The church breathed peace and quiet, and a something else which I could not define, but which seemed very real. It was a year or more before I went to another service there, although I did not forget that first service. About the same time some theosophical books and the QUARTERLY came to my attention, and I read them eagerly, though understanding very little of some of them. The doctrine of Reincarnation seemed very natural and the only possible explanation of much in life. Karma was harder to understand, but after my first T. S. meeting, where this subject was discussed, it seemed as if a new world lay open before me. In spite of myself I returned time and time again to the church services, much against my will, because I did not want to become too interested, nor did I want to be converted back to Christianity again: I was sure Christianity could never be of interest to me. I watched carefully to learn why the people, engaged in this work, were so unlike others in their attitude toward their duties and their pleasures.

I was still reading theosophical books, but I could not connect Theosophy and Christianity, and I was not able to do that satisfactorily until my study of Theosophy gave me some glimpses of insight into the meaning of the church's teaching, and into the spirit of the Life around which the church is centered.

For some time I had wanted to attend the T. S. meetings which I knew were held regularly. I had understood that only a few—those who could meet certain definite requirements—were allowed to go. So when a kind friend invited me to attend, I was delighted at the opportunity. I attended two meetings and I knew I must join. I was told that I could go to these meetings without becoming a member, but that was not enough for me. I felt that I must become a member as soon as possible. I asked permission to join and was most kindly received. When I joined I could not definitely state "why." I knew that that for which I had been searching for a very long time could be found there, and I knew that the T. S. stood for ideals far surpassing any I had found elsewhere. Since then I have discovered many additional opportunities and advantages in the Society, and am increasingly glad to be counted among its members: but as for

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telling "why" I joined, *why* that inner compulsion was upon me, I do not yet understand it entirely.

One distinct barrier to my decision was the notion that each person who made application for membership was required to present with his application a careful statement as to why he wished to join. If his reasons were satisfactory, he became a member and his statement was published in the QUARTERLY. But even this ordeal could not keep me from joining; and, of course, I promptly learned the incorrectness of my notion. A. M.

WHY did I join the T. S.? As I ask myself that question, I feel as a traveller might who journeying to a far distant country is stopped and asked by what turnings of the road he has come. The traveller intent upon his goal and fully occupied with the difficulties that confront him and with the constantly widening vision before him, feels his starting point almost forgotten.

Looking back over the wide expanse of plain and lifting his eyes to the far distant mountain peaks ahead of him, that hem in his narrow footpath, he tries to recall in thought, the way. At times he has felt as he stopped to look around, that like a treadmill, the ground beneath him has revolved, that all about him is unchanged. He has, seemingly made no progress, and has wasted time and energy. Many times he has lost his way, and by painful effort has retraced his steps. Many times darkness has obscured it, as he stumbled forward. His heart has seemed to him at times, a heart of stone, and he wonders why he has not long since ceased to move, why he has not lain prostrate in the grip of circumstances and events.

What is it that constantly calls him in accents without form, but none the less ceaseless and compelling? Why, when bound by the sins of untruthfulness, impurity, pride, vanity, blindness and coldness, has he not long since been beaten? Why, indeed, except for the love of that Master, who loved him first, and never ceased to call him with the hope that he will hear, and turn his heart to Him.

He asks himself what was it that started him on his way? Was it because of those calling themselves brothers and sisters, whom he found living a life of self surrender and service? Was it that he might enter his name with that of his much loved friend? Was it that he saw that it must be, that journey for each soul out of unconscious to conscious union with the Master? Was there not also the feeling that Divine Love had breathed into him the breath of life and then forever after, through countless lives had fanned the spark, until step by step, his soul moved forward and upward through suffering, pain, disappointment, sin, towards repentance and a longing to love as he himself was loved?

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Looking about he is amazed at the depth and breadth, the immensity of all that surrounds him; at the beauty unknown but dimly felt; and though he knows he has travelled only the merest fraction of the distance that lies between him and his goal, still he knows aspiration has again and again filled his heart, and on its wings has desire sprung into being. He knows he has determined, no matter what may later confront him as difficult or painful, that he must ever continue on his way; and there wells up within his heart the feeling of thankfulness that he is permitted yet another day in which to press on, even though his progress seems as nothing, and there rises to his lips a prayer that life may be lent him, till he find the entrance gates to the Divine mystery which shall at length unite him to the heart of Christ.

The traveller having looked back over the way in which he has come turns his face again towards his goal.

Did I choose to join the T. S. or was it my higher self, and Divine Love, conspiring together, that brought me into membership with a body whose study of religions, and whose wisdom and understanding, had made me able to see that beneath outer events there is always their source to be found in feeling and thought, and that Theosophy, apart from the society of that name, contains the divine wisdom underlying all religion, and therefore the Secret of life.

Churches never interested me, they seemed empty and unreal. God was so distant I could not find him. The contradiction in the explanations of Bible passages and careful avoidance of such passages which, except from a Theosophic standpoint have no explanation, left me unsatisfied as to the meaning of life.

Frequently I heard very excellent sermons on the Christian life, but the two most vital points were omitted, namely, Christ as living in His humanity exactly as after the resurrection, and how, definitely and concretely, to become like Him. Week after week would pass with no clearer idea of how to begin and with no consciousness of growing nearer to my ideal.

For instance to be told "love thy neighbor as thyself" might, from the ordinary church's point of view, lead one into sentimentality, or into indiscreet and harmful charity, or worse still, to an effort to regenerate the world. Into all three of which I fell.

From the discussions I heard in the T. S. and from the QUARTERLY I gained on this point, of "loving my neighbor as myself," the consciousness that only to the extent to which one has gained in will and character can one teach another, or help another.

Putting this teaching to the practical test, I began discarding all my past activities, conceits and preconceptions, and tried to become as a little child that I might in time find The Kingdom of Heaven which is within.

At first it was very discouraging to look back over years of activity, that had brought me no deep and abiding life and joy; to realize the

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littleness of my conceptions, in the light of Truth as through Theosophy it unfolded before me.

There were also many personal problems and situations, so-called tragedies of life, but Theosophy made it possible for me to understand that in all things there lives and reigns an eternal law that has its source in love. How different all things appear when seen as under the law of Love, when events and circumstances are looked at as having been created by my own self-will, through all the many existences through which I have come to my present incarnation, and that Divine Love offers each moment, with what it contains, an opportunity for destroying some of the denseness and darkness that prevent me from being conscious of the spiritual world so close at hand and to which I am born as a child of God.

It is strange how loath we are to look upon life this way, and how easily we accept the groundless belief that we are spiritual just because we attend church, or read good literature or practise charity, or sentimentalize over, let us say, the Great War.

How unreasoning to call ourselves Christian or spiritual when we at the same time deny the conditions which Christ himself imposes—namely, to take up our cross daily and follow him; to deny self that He may live in us.

I was impressed deeply this summer with something I read from M. L'Abbe Ratisbonne's "Life and Times of St. Bernard."

It was an abbreviated account of a treatise on Grace and Free Will written by St. Bernard. After the statement, "all good owes to grace its beginning, its progress and its perfection," and the objection, "where then our merits, where our hopes?" St. Bernard continues, "Do you think to be the author of your merits, and to save yourself by your own justice, you who can not even pronounce the name of Jesus, without the grace of the Holy Spirit? Have you forgotten the words of Him who said, "You can do *nothing* without Me?" (*John* XV, 5).

And again, "This depends not upon him who willeth, nor upon him who runneth, but upon God, who showeth mercy? But, you will ask me, what then becomes of free will? My reply shall be brief, *It works out its salvation.*" (A purely theosophical point of view it seems to me based upon Karma and Reincarnation.) St. Bernard states that every good action supposes the co-operation of the human will with divine grace; and that the work of salvation cannot, therefore, be accomplished without the concurrence of these two things—grace and freedom—grace which *gives*, and freedom which *receives*, which admits, which acquiesces, which consents; so that to work out our salvation is to consent to grace (that is to place our wills parallel instead of across the Divine will).

"Nothing then but the will—that is, the *free* and *unconstrained* consent of the will, can make a man either happy or miserable, according as he turns to good or evil (choice of will to sacrifice the demands of the lower nature). This *consent*, therefore, is, with great reason, called free

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will, as well on account of the inalienable freedom of man as because of the inseparable judgment of the reason which always accompanies its exercise. This consent is free in itself from the nature of the will; and is a judge of itself because of the nature of the reason. How indeed, could good or evil be justly imputed to him who is not free, since necessity serves as a lawful excuse in all cases? Now, it is certain that where there is necessity there is no longer freedom; that if there be no freedom there is no merit, and, consequently, neither reward nor condemnation. Every action which is not performed with the freedom of a voluntary consent, is destitute of merit. Hence, the actions of madmen, infants, and sleeping persons, are accounted neither good nor evil; because not having the use of reason, they have not sufficient light for the exercise of their will, nor consequently of their freedom. . . . For I say not that we have by freedom the *volition* of good or the *volition* of evil; I say only that we have simply volition, for the volition of good is a gift, and the volition of evil is a fault; but the simple act of volition is precisely that by which we are capable of good or evil. Thus, of ourselves we will; but it is of grace that we will what is good. . . . We are asked, in what do our merits consist? I reply that the concurrence of our will with the grace which justifies, is imputed to us as merit. As the regeneration, the reparation of our inward being *cannot* be accomplished without the acquiescence of our free will that acquiescence, that consent, constitutes our only merit. Thus, our merits are fastings (denials of the lower self), vigils (prayer, meditation), works of mercy (works of mercy truly understood), and all the other practices of virtue by which our inward man is renewed, day by day, in proportion as our languishing affections are *purified in the love* of *spiritual things,* and our memory, sullied by the memory of past sin (the extent of which we do not know in our blindness) is cleansed by the *holy joy which follows holy deeds.* These three things chiefly contribute to the renewing of the inward man—a right intention (motive), pure affections, the memory of good acts. But in as far as it is the Holy Spirit who works these good dispositions within us, they are the gifts of God; in as far, on the other hand, as they require the consent and concurrence of our free wills, they are imputed to us as merit."

A. W. F.

A soul cannot be regarded as truly subdued and consecrated in its will, and as having passed into union with the Divine will, until it has a disposition to do promptly and faithfully all that God requires, as well as to endure patiently and thankfully all that He imposes.—T. C. Upham.

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE MORAVIAN CHURCH

THE story of the United Brethren is one of the most essentially romantic volumes in the whole library of religious movements. It follows the struggles of an heroic little church, which, through centuries of persecution and oppression, preserved its integrity against overwhelming odds; and which, when peace had at length been won in the land of its birth, proceeded with true missionary zeal to face the perils of uncharted seas, primeval forests and hostile savages.

At many points in its history it furnishes the material for a great drama, for the succession of heroes and martyrs, resolutely defending their faith against armed force or subtle craft is almost unbroken. It is so monotonously rich in tragic events that one can scarcely grasp the consecutive story as a whole.

Perhaps if we can first get a clear mental picture and some inner understanding of the valiant group which, in the year 1457 under the leadership of Gregory the Patriarch, resolutely shook the dust of wicked gay old Prague from its feet and fared forth to lay the foundations of the new faith; if we can in so far share their consciousness of imminent peril threatening them from both the church and the state, we shall realize what must have been the power of their faith, and shall have gained a vantage-ground from which to look back toward the obscure first causes of the movement, and forward to its ultimate accomplishment. With such a comprehension gained, we shall know why this tiny body of simple worshippers, isolated in an obscure hamlet of a remote land, became a living power in the deep life of the world; why the church thus founded proved a torch-bearer, passing on to others the clear flame of sacred fire.

If we focus exclusively on their little community of Kunwald in the first days of their retreat, it presents a picture of idyllic peace. The villagers, who were of the Utraquist faith, had welcomed them with open arms, for they came with no positive dogma to enforce. The defection from old Thein church and their march to this refuge in northernmost Bohemia had been but the visible protest of those silent men of action, not against the church but against the evils of the church. Their desire was to create within the church itself a center of right living and right thinking, modeled on the primitive church of the Apostles. They had rebelled against the spiritual ministrations of a debased and corrupt clergy; they had been shocked by the practice of simony; and they had been affected by the command to honor as in-

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fallible a Pope, when the papal throne was being squabbled over by two and sometimes three rival claimants.

Oddly enough their direct awakening to these evils had come through a man whose character, when weighed in the balance, had been proven sadly wanting. This was the good Patriarch's own uncle, by name Rockycana, who for some years kept all Prague agog by the wonder of his eloquence. He had the great gift of oratory, and apparently he became so fired by the contagion of his own words that right roundly did he denounce the evils and corrupt practices of Rome, "lashing the priests with whips, and the Church with scorpions."

But he builded not only better than he knew, but better than he wished. There were men in his audience whom he converted heart and soul, not to his way of thinking, but to his way of speaking; and they, being plain and conscientious men of action, forthwith demanded that he head a movement to break with all the wickedness he had so vividly depicted. This he was by no means ready to do. He cheerfully confessed that they were quite in the right but added candidly that should he join their ranks he would be reviled on every hand, and that he could not face such consequences. Thereupon the sturdier spirits in his congregation withdrew in a body and from among themselves chose Gregory as their leader, leaving poor craven Rockycana to repeat his high-sounding phrases to a dwindling audience sapped of all its hardihood.

But back of both Rockycana the preacher and Gregory the leader was the immediate influence of a man who was both fearless and eloquent, though with the pen rather than with the tongue. This was Peter Chelcic, commonly known as the literary founder of the United Fratrun.

Little can be learned of his life save that at an early age he turned from the career of a soldier, finding it contrary to the behests of Christ; that he was inclined to enter a monastery but recoiled in horror at the corruption he there discovered; and that eventually he returned to live hermit-wise on his little patriarchal estate where he wrote book after book and pamphlet after pamphlet, all in the vernacular. Many of his works are still preserved in the great libraries of his country, and are reckoned among the treasures of Bohemian literature.

His country's wrongs burned in his heart, but he was a man of peace through conviction, and he hated war like a Quaker. For the terrible ills of his age he had one cure—that men should return to the simple teaching of Christ and the Apostles. As Christ had submitted to Pilate, so should Christians submit to the government. But the union of church and state he denounced in fiery periods. He founded no party and espoused no sect, but he was a well-spring of moral force.

Little groups of men gradually began to take him as their spiritual guide, they adopted a special garb and became known as the Brethren

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Chelcic. The movement spread, societies multiplied and quietly and imperceptibly there was laid a broad foundation on which the Church of the Brethren was soon to be raised.

Nothing whatever is known of Peter's birth, little of his life, and again nothing of his death. He did but "flash his lantern in the darkness." There only remain the witness of his direct influence and his immortal works. He it was who kindled the oratory of poor-spirited Rockycana; and it was his doctrines that had so permeated the minds of his countrymen that they were ready to defy both church and state for conscience' sake.

Yet really to understand the temper of the people and their eager response to the clarion call of such leaders, one must take into consideration the deeper causes inherent in conditions and environment.

In both Bohemia and the little sister country of Moravia the burden of the Roman church has always been galling. It is true that the very first establishment of Christianity had come from Rome through the Franks. But it had gained a slight and transient hold, and was practically blotted out when in the middle of the ninth century the reigning duke had thrown off the Frankish yoke, and in order to still further assert his independence of the Germans, decided to import his Christianity from the East.

So to Constantinople he appealed for teachers for his heathen hordes,—happy, peaceful heathen according to all accounts, with such Christian virtues as faithfulness and patience, industry and cheerfulness already developed by their pagan creed. Two very splendid teachers were granted him, Cyril and Methodius, who richly earned their title of "Apostles to the Slavonians."

They were men of the very highest endowment, deep insight and the most devoted lives. They trained the Czechs themselves as native priests; they gave to the world the Slavonian version of the Bible; they caused public worship to be conducted in the vernacular, and they established a national church. Throughout the length and breadth of the land the Christian religion was adopted in a pure and simple form. The people were taught a direct communion with God, a simple faith in Jesus Christ, and they were made to think and to examine their hearts and consciences.

But in spite of all this successful labor of the Greek Church, Rome still held that it was by right of priority her province, and upon the death of Cyril and Methodius she immediately proceeded to regain her lost ground. The ascendancy which she then obtained she held in increasing numbers for over five hundred years, but always and always it was an imposed authority, deeply resented by the people who faithfully clung to the teachings of their beloved Greek missionaries. The interdiction of the use of their mother-tongue in all religious ceremonies was cause of bitter discontent; and side by side with their resentment

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against the alien religion was the patriotic resentment at the increasing power of the German invaders, and ever increasing number of German priests as part and parcel of the hated foreign influence. The outer expression of their hatred could be crushed under, but the deeper current ran dark and turbid, and the people at large but awaited the voice of a leader which should express their discontent, to spring into active revolt.

The country was thus by its very nature a hot-bed of religious discussion. From the very beginning there had been thought-producing friction. It is small wonder when her wandering scholars returned from England with some precious copies of Wycliff's Bible, and voicing Wycliff's attitude towards church and clergy, that the people flocked to the new standard; that for every convert which had been gained in phlegmatic old England, fiery Bohemia contributed her hundreds.

They were "ready and awaiting" for the doctrine that the authority of the Bible should be placed above that of the Pope; to deny all superhuman power to the clergy.

Then came John Huss. He at once set all Bohemia ablaze with the voice of prophecy and the tragic spectacle of his false trial and his heroic martyrdom. For twelve years he was the idol of the people, the boldest of reformers, the fieriest of patriots; the most powerful writer in all Bohemia. The ringing defiance of his last words: "Most joyfully will I confirm with my blood the truth I have preached," sounded the spiritual tocsin for his countrymen throughout all the land. The seeds which after his death sprang up here, there and everywhere, were for the most part the unguided efforts of dimly comprehending enthusiasts to follow his teachings. But all the sects—Taborits, Adanites, Utraquists and Waldenses—served to keep the question of religious purity and freedom of conscience a very vital issue. The doctrine each held may have been foolish and puerile, but the fact that they were live subjects had honeycombed the entire country with heresies and counterheresies, and had fixed it firmly in habits of free thought and free speech. They effectually broke the fetters of an iron bound theological rule, imposed from without upon the minds and consciences of the people.

All this was in the deep conscientiousness of those stern men—some of them perhaps allied with the Brethren of the Chelcic, some with brave bands of Waldenses, some with still other sects—who sat and listened to Rockycana's words, or perhaps we should say to the sentiments of Peter Chelcic voiced by the golden-tongued Rockycana.

And with this short survey of their past, we are ready to return once more to the peaceful valley of Krunwald. In the first days of their retreat, all that they had asked, they had received in abundant measure. They had been given their haven of refuge, liberty to read their Bible in their mother tongue, to pray in words which should,

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comprehensibly to themselves, bear the content of their aspiration upward.

For the ordering of their communal life they depended upon the explicit letter of the gospel. They would take no oath; they would not go to law; they would offer no resistance to evil; and they would live to the best of their ability, honest, industrious and God-fearing lives. The management of their simple affairs was in the hands of their righteous leader, Gregory the Patriarch, and for a short time nothing beyond this was needed or desired. Their livelihood was won by the work of their hands. They tilled their fields, tended their smiling orchards and buried themselves in the workshop in an atmosphere of harmony and loving kindness, convinced that they had returned to the principles and practice of the Apostolic church.

But we must needs focus very closely indeed on the little community, and shut our eyes very resolutely to the world without if we would keep this impression of their idyllic happiness.

Just beyond the deep gorge which hemmed them in on every side, just beyond the range of the Glatz mountains, and just the other side of the hoary old castle of Lititz which hung over them on the other hand, was a world seething with religious enmity and strife. There was a jealous, vindictive, and well nigh all powerful organization eager to crush out every attempt to escape the iron bands of her rule; and there was a state which at the Church's behest was ready to turn the entire strength of her government against heresies and heretics. Rumors of the independent unorthodox proceedings of the Brethren were of course bruited abroad. King George was soon made to repent the leniency with which he had granted them the foothold in his domain and the machinery of both church and state was set in motion to crush out the existence of the heretics.

The first direct move was against the venerable patriarch himself. He had ventured on a journey back to Prague, and while there seized the opportunity to hold meetings among the university students. A warning reached them through friends of what might be expected and Gregory sanely advised them to disband, but in the excitement of the moment, the students felt themselves indomitably firm. "Let the rack be our breakfast," they cried with one voice, "and the torture chamber our dinner!" When all suddenly the half-expected authorities entered the room and haled them to prison, one by one they were subjected to the first of the trials they had defied,—and very quickly, one by one, the young hot-bloods betook themselves to their church and publicly renouncing each and all of their heretical tenets, swore allegiance to the only true church.

With Gregory the Patriarch the tale was quite different. He was by this time full of years and his bodily endurance was weakened. His wrist cracked under the strain and he fell into so deep a swoon that all

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thought him dead. And while in this swoon he dreamed a dream which he was convinced was prophetic—a dream of a symbolically fruitful tree, of a protecting Master and of a happy and exalted people. This dream he cherished with faith till its ultimate realization in fact. It was his uncle John Rockycana who rescued him from the rack and who obtained consent from the king for the good old Patriarch to return to his people—a doubtful beneficence, for the valley of Krunwald had become the target of persecution. Four of the Brethren were burned at the stake, others were cast into dungeons, and the entire community was scattered throughout the forests and mountains of Bohemia. For full two years they led the lives of the hunted, without harbour or refuge. By day they did not even dare to build fires to cook their food. By night while their enemies slept they lived their true life of prayer and worship.

It would have seemed a quick matter to exterminate so small a band, and doubtless the church and the king both thought that their end would soon be consummated. The exact contrary proved true. As the fugitives wandered hither and thither in their efforts to escape, more and more people were witness of their simple goodness and piety. The little band shone as the clear light in the darkness of the land, and in ever increasing numbers they won new recruits. Evil report gave way before the constant spectacle of their blameless and devoted lives, until finally from very shame King George called off his soldiers and the Brethren once more emerged from hiding.

But now with increasing numbers they felt the need of a firmer organization and a more constructive policy. Happily they were still under the control of the good Gregory; and he enforced his discipline upon his willing followers with an iron hand. They chose from among themselves twenty-eight elders to enforce the law, and the law was the gospel literally interpreted; members were divided into three classes, the Beginners, the Learners, and the Perfect, and the Perfect gave up all their goods to the common cause; there were overseers to care for the poor, visitors to insure the purity of family life, and godly laymen to teach the scriptures. But they wanted an independent church and a priesthood of their own, for the Utraquists who had at first served their ecclesiastical needs satisfactorily were too closely allied with the oppressors to be longer brooked.

So to this end a Synod consisting of sixty Brethren was convened. Weeks were spent in prayer and fasting that when the designated day should arrive there might be a pure channel through which should flow the divine commands, for the council did not meet to discuss the advisability of founding an independent communion—as to that they were of one heart and one mind—but humbly, reverently to inquire the will of God. To insure freedom from their own desires the names of certain candidates were written upon slips of paper and together with

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some blank slips were placed in a vase. These were drawn in suchwise that there was a quite possible chance of all receiving blanks, in which case the Brethren would have bowed to the verdict and deemed the time not yet ripe. But they were not doomed to disappointment; three of the candidates declared themselves chosen and with these three as their pastors the new church of the Brethren was established.

Still there was another and much more difficult problem to be solved. They ardently desired the sanction of the regular apostolic succession that their pastors might be recognized as priests in Bohemia. They were however unwilling to receive it from any tainted source, and not only did they abhor the Roman church, and even their old friends the Utraquists as descended therefrom, but ill-rumours had reached them of the Greeks in Constantinople and the Nestorians in India. They were well nigh in despair when they learned that among the Waldenses was a bishop of blameless life, who claimed a direct descent from the Apostles themselves. He gladly ordained one of their number, Michael by name, with the due laying on of hands, and Michael in turn ordained the three newly elected pastors as priests. Thus arose the Episcopal order which has been maintained unbroken by the Church of the Brethren to the present day. Whether the Waldensian claim to direct succession be valid is perhaps not to be proved, but the early Brethren rested happy in their belief.

With its emergence and consolidation completed we may consider the first period of its history at an end; and may fittingly conclude with the contented exclamation of Gregory the Patriarch when the Synod received its divine sanction. "Now do I see with waking eyes my vision—the fair meadow, the tree laden with fruit, the Master with his three faithful servitors—even as it was vouchsafed me to see it with the eye of prophecy while on the rack in the torture-chamber of Prague."

ANNE EVANS.

That piety which sanctifies us, and which is a true devotion to God, consists in doing all His will precisely at the time, in the situation and under the circumstances, in which He has placed us. Perfect devotedness requires, not only that we do the will of God, but that we do it with love. God would have us serve Him with delight; it is our hearts that He asks of us.—François de la Mothe Fénelon.

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THE toleration you people have for the Church of Rome is more than I can understand," remarked the Visitor, rather testily, after another friend had expressed the keenest enjoyment of the extracts from letters of French priests which appeared in the October *Screen of Time*. "I grant you there were splendid things in those letters; but the fact remains that they were written by priests of that impossible Church, and I was surprised to see them given such prominence in the QUARTERLY."

The Visitor's outburst was greeted with considerable amusement. The Objector, finding himself neutralized, sought a way to preserve his prerogative. "If you imagine, my friend, that you hate Rome, I can assure you that your hatred is pale and impotent in comparison with the detestation of these people whom you are accusing of toleration. Only the other day, I heard the translator of those extracts assert that the Vatican is the lineal descendant of the Sanhedrim which crucified Christ. I think he made it even stronger by saying 'the perpetual re-embodiment.' He said that Rome had always crucified or burned people before putting them on her altars, and that she had only put them on her altars in response to popular clamour—never on her own initiative. He is less consistent than you are, because it was admiration for those letters that led him to translate them; while you, very properly, would have excluded them as tainted. None the less, and no matter how illogically, he is ferocious in his detestation and, by criticism on such wrong grounds, you in fact only flatter him, totally without warrant."

"May I speak over my remains?" inquired the accused, feeling himself to have been sufficiently diagnosed and amputated. "Or would you two people prefer to adjourn to another room to fight it out, while the corpse explains himself to those who do not require the explanation?"

"Nothing you can say," replied the Objector, quite unruffled, "can alter the fact that you denounced Rome in one breath and lauded Papish products with the next."

"I suggest," retorted the translator, "that we now hear some serious-minded student of Theosophy on this subject."

No one wanted to be classed as serious-minded. The translator explained that he used the term only as the opposite of "frivolous," with a withering glance at the Objector; but he was obliged finally to withdraw his qualification, and to appeal to the Student as "plain Student," before he could elicit comment.

"I am a shade puzzled," said the Student. "The Objector is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with considerable emphasis on the Protestant. He will sing hymns, from his authorized Hymnal, which were written, not by Pre-Reformation Catholics, but by modern

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Romanists (if there be such a word)—by Faber, Adelaide Procter, Newman, and many others. And yet he objects to the publication in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of letters, which in the truest sense were poems, and he does so merely because they were written by Roman Catholic priests!"

"It is one thing in a church," the Objector protested—rather bewildered by the information thrust upon him—"and quite another thing in a magazine devoted to the cause of Theosophy."

"I grant you that there is a difference; but it seems to me that the QUARTERLY should be, and in fact is, by far the more Catholic of the two—using that word in its true meaning, which, as you know, is 'universal.' To imagine otherwise would be to misunderstand everything for which the Society has struggled since its foundation. How absurd to reject any good or true or beautiful thing, merely because it 'comes out of Nazareth'!"

"And yet," said the Philosopher, "I do not think that the prejudice against Rome should be dismissed as mere prejudice. People do not usually discriminate, and clearly it is our duty to try to do so. But when 'Rome' means the Vatican; when it means unscrupulous ambition for temporal power; when it means the use of religion for selfish and sectarian ends,—we must surely not only share the prejudice but believe that the great Christian Master himself abominates and bitterly deplores such perversions of his life and purpose.

"On the other hand, were our condemnation to include more than the facts justify; were we to ignore the incalculable benefits which members of the Roman Catholic Church, in spite of the Vatican, have conferred on the cause of religion in general, then it seems to me that such narrow-mindedness would be as lamentable, though not nearly as sinful, as the sins which are its excuse.

"The difficulty lies here: Rome, having so often broken the hearts of her saints when she has not tortured them physically, finally realizes that she can make capital out of them, and then invariably tries to monopolize their achievements, taking their glory to herself rather than giving it to Christ, to whom alone it belongs.

"It is not simply a question of the Temporal Power, as that phrase ordinarily is used. It is an ambition so sordid, so vulgar, so unscrupulous, that it works its way down into the smallest details of her administration.

"This lack of principle naturally becomes evident on a large scale whenever Rome confronts such a situation as the present world-war. She plays politics, balancing power against power, gain against gain. She does not stand for Christ, or for his uncompromising methods, regardless of consequences to herself, because that is not her habit or her real purpose.

"The consequence of this all-permeating and corrupting influence is that it has been made difficult to disentangle, from the net of self-seeking

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that Rome has thrown around them, even such splendid movements as the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Unable to corrupt that movement at its source, she has succeeded in creating the impression that it is her own product. She persecuted Margaret Marie, through that unfortunate nun's Superiors; for nearly a hundred years the Vatican not only refused to recognize the devotion but stood deliberately in the way of its popularity; and then finally adopted both the movement and its originator because they had become too influential to suppress, and because a way was seen by which this pure devotion to the Heart of Christ could be used to tighten the grip of the Vatican on the waning affections of French Catholics.

"For these reasons it is impossible to dismiss as mere prejudice, the suspicion of Protestants when attempts are made to introduce into their churches even such universal symbols as the crucifix; though fortunately in that case there has been such wide use of it by non-Roman bodies—who, loving it, simply refused to allow Rome any longer to monopolize the central symbol of Christianity—that today it has ceased to be identified with any section of the church and has become the recognized property of all. The use of the crucifix, however, long antedated the Reformation. The symbol of the Sacred Heart is comparatively modern. It will be years before its use can be disentangled from its Roman web, and only those can accomplish this who are absolutely beyond the suspicion of Roman 'leanings.' When so-called Protestant churches adopt it, side by side with such purely Romish practices as the reservation of the sacrament, their action, instead of aiding, actually hinders the process of breaking down the illusion of exclusive proprietorship."

"I agree with the drift of your strictures," remarked the Ancient, "but it is only fair to speak of some more of the things on the other side of the ledger. No matter what the motive, so far as the Vatican is concerned, no one can deny that the Roman Catholic Church in this country is and for long has been the strongest barrier against Anarchy. And by Anarchy, I do not refer only to the lawlessness of mobs, but also and chiefly to the spirit of lawlessness, of rebellion, of discontent, which permeates all classes of our population. No matter how selfish the motive, or how mixed with self-seeking, Rome has preserved for us the ideal of obedience, of discipline, of order, which the Protestant bodies do not possess; for though we may try to gloss the facts, Protestantism originally was a Protest, an act of defiance, a rebellion, and it has never been able to escape completely from its heredity, which is neither all good nor all bad, but, like most of man's handiwork, composite."

"Incidentally," commented the Philosopher, "what you have just said is another instance of the way in which the high gods bring good out of evil. Even Germany, using discipline for her own aggrandizement

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and for the ruin of her neighbours, has compelled both the British and French democracies to realize that they too must consent to discipline if they would win this fight for right against treacherous bullying and brutal deceit."

"Is it not true also," the Student suggested, "that we have to thank Rome for preserving the tradition of discipleship? She has rarely, if ever, ceased to advise others to become saints; she has urged them to try; she has insisted that it is possible. Even today, her public prayers, used by all and sundry, include appeals such as 'Lord, make me a saint.' Protestantism is not only incredulous; she rather resents the suggestion that any such efforts are needed. 'Grace is sufficient.' This has been taken to mean that all you need is to be 'good enough.' A rather smug piety, though not her ideal, is far too often the best of her product. Thanks to Rome, or, more accurately, to the Religious Orders, such piety has no standing whatever among informed Roman Catholics. No matter what their personal short-comings may be, they at least have high standards. Protestant standards in comparison are negative—Protestantism itself, as the Ancient remarked, being primarily a negation. Even in the matter of piety, it is with them largely a matter of *not* doing what most people do, beginning with things that obviously are wicked, and concluding with things which are counted among 'Satan's wiles.'

"My own belief is that Christianity today would be as thin as dish-water, if it were not for the contribution of members of the Roman Catholic Church. None the less, I agree with every word of the criticism of Rome which we have heard this afternoon."

"Do not forget either," the Historian added, "that when we speak of 'Roman Catholicism,' we use a term almost as vague as when we use the word 'Protestantism.' Uninformed Roman Catholics imagine that all Protestants think alike. Uninformed Protestants imagine the same thing about Roman Catholics. Anyone familiar with their literature knows the immense difference in outlook and in feeling between, let us say, an English, a French, and a German Roman Catholic treatise on prayer, or on theology, or on any other phase of religious belief and practice. The dogma may be the same; but the spirit is totally different. There are national churches within the Church of Rome, just as distinct in *character* as the Church of England on the one hand, and the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States on the other; but with this further difference, that the two last named churches are much closer in thought and feeling—owing to racial interblending—than are any two of the national divisions of the Church of Rome.

"My hope is that some day this fact will be recognized, even by Roman Catholics, and that the reorganization of that church, upon the basis of co-operating national bodies, will provide the means of escape from the Vatican incubus, and will also pave the way for the ultimate federalization of all the Christian sects."

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"Meanwhile," said the Student, "I should like to suggest for the consideration of the Objector that his own Church, the so-called Protestant Episcopal, in spite of its afflicting limitations, ought to serve as conciliating centre between the Roman Catholic Church and the more hide-bound Protestant sects."

"Why?" asked the Objector.

"Because it already contains within itself the two extremes, the latter exemplified in yourself; the former in that other kind of fanatic who insists that the essence of Christianity is contained in the 'reserved sacrament' and in 'the sacrament of penance.' A Church that is sufficiently catholic to swallow two such bigots, is catholic enough to swallow almost anything, even the A. P. A., even the Vatican—once the Vatican were shorn of its spurious authority. They would continue to fight within your organism instead of outside it; but the tendency would be to catholicize both of them, because the pressure of the enveloping organism, combined with the pressure of contact, would demonstrate at last that the spirit of both is the same."

Rather hurriedly the Orientalist broke in. "It is curious," he said, "that in recent years many of the saints, canonized since the Reformation and formerly regarded as strictly Roman, have been accepted without protest by many Protestant authorities. St. Teresa is an instance of this. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, express wholehearted respect for her spiritual experience. My personal belief is that this is one result of Madame Blavatsky's propaganda and of the formation of the Theosophical Society. It is an indirect result; but without that liberalizing stimulus, I am convinced that the world would not have become as catholic as it already is. Theosophy has taught us to look at the experience rather than at its label. Our prejudices have been jarred by the discovery that all the great religions have produced saints, whose inner experience has been practically identical. Vaguely perhaps, but still without question, educated people accept the fact that the experience and teaching of St. John of the Cross can be paralleled at most points by the experience and teaching of certain Sufis and Yogis. This has made it easier to recognize the underlying unity in the experience of those who have differed as widely in expression as have Wesley and Fénelon, Fox and Mother Juliana, Thomas à Kempis and Samuel Rutherford. We shall grow up presently, thanks always to Theosophy, into a true Catholicism. Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, has done much to hasten this development. His Pastoral Letters since the outbreak of the war, have wrung admiration from the most bigoted of Protestants. It is only fair to say also that the attitude of the Anglican clergy with the British armies in France has in many instances greatly pleased and touched the French Catholic Bishops. But that counts for nothing in comparison with Cardinal Mercier's achievement. He is almost universally recognized as having produced the

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greatest documents of the war. I wonder whether they are familiar to the readers of the *Screen*."

"Now please do not incite the Recorder to quote any further from such questionable sources," protested the Objector, unconvinced and unperturbed by anything that had been said.

"'Questionable,'" replied the Recorder, "is some improvement on 'tainted,' though as a sign of grace I do not think much of it. However, I am prepared to compromise. I will ask the Philosopher to quote your own Bishops first. He was telling me yesterday about their recent Pastoral Letter."

"The 'House of Bishops' of the Protestant Episcopal Church," the Philosopher responded, "during their recent Convention at St. Louis, propounded a Pastoral Letter which has attracted no notice in the press and very little outside it: perhaps because it contains statements too true to be popular.

"For instance: 'Political expediency,' they say, 'may in war time require neutrality of the State, but it cannot hold in leash the sympathies of the individual citizen. A man cannot be passionless and retain his manhood. "No heart is pure that is not passionate, no virtue safe that is not enthusiastic." The fact that our Nation is not at war affords no ground for smugness, much less for self-applause.'

"Then this: 'God hates a godless and empty peace as much as He hates unrighteous war. Let it be sadly said that, in proportion to her swollen wealth, as figures show, America's contribution toward the alleviation of innocent sufferers in Europe is the merest pittance. A few have given lavishly even to the laying down of their lives, many in due proportion to their substance, the vast majority little or nothing.'"

"Good for those Bishops!" exclaimed the Youth. "There is a general impression in this country that America has fed Belgium since the outbreak of hostilities, and many an individual who has not personally contributed a cent, swells with satisfaction at the thought. Figures show that America has contributed one twenty-seventh of the total, and that England and France have had to give the balance at a time when they could least afford it. . . . But please do not let me interrupt you. I want to hear some more."

So the Philosopher continued to read: "'The wounds of Armenia, Poland, and Belgium still lie gaping to the sky and offer their dumb appeal to God and man. If America comes out of this day of world disorder richer in purse and poorer in manhood, she will invite, and bring upon herself, the penalty of a debased national life or even of losing her very soul. The peace that smothers the souls, is as ruthless and inexorable as the war that mangles the bodies, of its victims.'

"In their next statement they show a regrettable lack of discrimination; but I suppose they allowed for weak-kneed brethren who think that charity means blindness. This is what they say:

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" 'The nations now at war, whom thoughtless people pity, have as much to teach us as we have to teach them. They rebuke our worship of comfort and money by their daily offering, upon a reeking altar, of life and treasure, in behalf of what each believes to be a spiritual ideal; they declare to us that intoxicating liquor which is so freely and carelessly drunk in our land is a national menace to be dispensed with at the cost of lowered revenue but with the gain of heightened virility; they teach us that food is the staff of physical life, not an invitation to daintiness or gluttony; they rebuke our spiritual poverty by the splendor of their spiritual eagerness, which out of their tragedy brings new visions from God and breeds new virtues in men; they shame our self-indulgence by a degree of self-sacrifice which is royal in that the priests that offer are the victims offered.'

" 'Lack of discrimination' is a very mild way of putting it," observed the Student. "It is simply folly for those Bishops to pretend, with one eye on an impossible neutrality, that Germany can be classed with the other nations, as the phrase 'The nations now at war' suggests. She offers up 'life and treasure' truly, but not in behalf of 'a spiritual ideal.' To say so seriously would be blasphemy. She gambled life and treasure in order to win more. (Call this 'the will to power' if you choose: it makes no difference). Having gambled, with the first throw against her, she has gone on gambling, in the hope of escaping final ruin. But the motive remains the same—the same damnable motive that has led her to drag Belgians, and women from northern France, from their homes into slavery. . . . And why try to soothe us with the statement that we have anything to teach Europe! What is there in our entire civilization that Europe ought to imitate?"

"Conversations like this!" laughed the Recorder.

"I think the Bishops felt the weakness of their position," the Philosopher answered, "for in the next paragraph they say: 'We well know that force, be it physical or moral, cannot by itself uproot evil; nevertheless we have no right to place in the same class all the belligerents, aggressive and defensive, in this or every war. There are even occasions when the cleansing of the temple of human life must be begun with scourge and driving power.' "

"Such statements, from such a source, should have great weight," remarked the Orientalist; "because certainly the assembled Bishops, in a Pastoral Letter which, so far as anything can, commits their whole Church,—speak only after most careful and mature consideration. They are very moderate in their expressions, but that is to be expected. You may be certain that there is fifty times more feeling among the rank and file of the clergy than that which is voiced by the Bishops."

"I know it," replied the Philosopher. "And if only for that reason, though also somewhat in deference to the Objector's prejudices, I should like, before the Recorder quotes Cardinal Mercier, to give you an extract

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from a Baptist minister's sermon on Thanksgiving Day, as reported in the New York *Times* of December 1st. He said (it was Dr. F. M. Goodchild at the Central Baptist Church of New York):

"'We can hardly thank God for our prosperity, for we are fattened by the impoverishment of people who are as dear to God as we are.

"'We can hardly thank God for peace. We certainly cannot if we have peace, as many believe, at the cost of national honor. We cannot thank God for the security of American life and property, for many Americans have lost both during the year, and, so far as the public can see, no steps have been taken to prevent a repetition of such outrages or atonement for those already committed. We cannot be proud of our championship of humanity. We had our chance to promote the cause of liberty and befriend humanity, but we let the chance go by unused.

"'We can at least be grateful for this—that when we are bidden to be absolutely neutral as between a right cause and a wrong, we do not have to obey. We are still free to do our own thinking and keep our own consciences unsullied. When the moral fibre of the whole nation is relaxed by those who are at the head of the nation, we can still make a moral protest against the delinquency and retain our own moral rectitude and help to stiffen the moral character of those about us.'"

"That is uncommonly well put," remarked the Student, cheerfully. "It all goes to prove that the original American stock, though dying, is not yet dead. The few who remain will in time be treated as relics and will be kept under glass. At present, though dying, there are too many of us to be interesting. No one pays the slightest attention either to us or to our opinions. Recently imported Poles and Slovaks and Italians and Germans and Jews and Russians, govern us through some Irish who select someone who is not Irish to represent them in Washington. But the original stock, or in any case the original genius, pipes up once in a while. Your Baptist minister makes me thankful: also a poem I read a few days ago in the *Tribune*. It is by Marion Couthony Smith and is entitled 'America to Belgium.' May I read it?"

All of us said 'Yes.' So he read aloud as follows:

"America to Belgium

"You who are bound with dragging chains,
Numbed and seared with a thousand pains,
Flung in the trail of the foe's mad lust,
Pressed by the goad of his dark desire;
You whose sword was a lightning thrust,
You whose heart was a shield of fire—
By your broken blade, by your shining deed,
Pity us, pray for us, you who bleed!

"We who have seen and praised your power,
Yet stayed our hand in your crucial hour;
We who have lost, through sordid fears,
The lifted spirit, the singing breath,

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The gift and guerdon of nobler years,
The eyes that see beyond woe and death—
Your palm and crown have passed us by;
Pray for us, pity us, we who die!

"We who have known the splendid dream,
We who have watched its fading gleam,
What shall bring us the kindling word
Free us from blindness, smite us with dread?
Though, by your glory and anguish stirred,
Humbly we bring you our dole of bread—
Greater the gift your soul can give;
Cry to us, waken us, you who live!"

"If you keep on like this," said the Objector, "you will have us all so chastened that there will be nothing left but a tear."

"Some of us might do better," murmured the Recorder. "But now for the Cardinal. I am going to ask the Student to tell us about him."

The Student was full of his subject. "I was at a meeting last night," he said, "at Carnegie Hall—a full house in spite of very bad weather. Mr. Elihu Root spoke. Also Judge Alton B. Parker, Mr. Beck and others. The Rev. Dr. Manning of Trinity presided. The meeting had been called to protest against the deportation of Belgians and to call upon the Government of this country to act. When Dr. Manning referred to Cardinal Mercier, the whole audience rose to its feet and cheered. It was a remarkable demonstration. Admiration for his courage, sympathy with his distress, reverence for his sanctity, were mingled with the realization that he speaks, while King Albert acts, for the soul of the Belgian people: and it gave everyone an opportunity to execrate Germany which is what we were there to do. As remarked more than once in the *Screen*, if you love righteousness you have got to hate evil. You can never hate evil enough. It is a totally different thing from hating your enemies. One knows that Mercier abominates evil; and yet he despises it, for he knows it cannot triumph in the end. That is one of the things that people instinctively revere in him, even when they do not understand: they feel his deep compassion, his unutterable distress; but they also feel that he looks down upon the things of time from the vantage ground of eternity. He can wait.

"See how he speaks of eternity in his Pastoral Letter of the first Sunday of last October:

" 'That you die young or old, in bed or on the field of battle, far from or near to your relatives, what does that matter? That your days pass tranquilly in your own loved home, where happiness abounds, where friendship and esteem surround you, or that you have lived in tribulation, in solitude, in misery, perhaps, or under the weight of defiance, humiliation, oppression; at the very end, what does that matter to you? How will you look back upon these minor details of life when you shall review them in eternity?

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" 'Whatever happens to you, there is in you something which no person or no thing can touch—that is your soul. And this soul which is yours, of which you are the master, is made to commune with God, and it will commune with God, if you desire it; it will embrace Him and will be embraced by Him, not in the ephemeral course of the life of a man, or of a historical period, but eternally, forever, forever.

" 'My brethren, raise up your eyes, then, I pray you, and keep them fixed on this Polar star of your eternity. And then you will see all created things disappear in the shadow of nothingness which the Scripture, that other direct and personal voice of God, calls a smoke that floats and disappears, a cloud that is dissolved, a shadow that flees, a flower that falls to pieces, a wave that flows back into the ocean.

" 'Eternity!

" 'My brethren, we all lack the courage to face it, even for a moment. Embrace it as much as you can, hold it fixed in your imagination for the space of an hour, a half hour, a quarter of an hour; direct your thoughts to it. During this quarter of an hour, see only it and God, your Creator, your Saviour, your Judge in it; have the will power to forget, during this brief time, all else but it, and you will arise, enlightened, imbued with its spirit and determined.

" 'I told you, my brethren, in opening this discourse, that God spoke to us both without and within; without by the voice of nature or by history; within by the breath of the Holy Ghost.

" 'Do you wish to know why eternity, which means so much, affects you so little, while present events weigh so heavily upon you? It is because you have leisure for everything and you do not wish to adapt yourself to the only thing which is worth the trouble. You do not know how to turn your thoughts from earthly things to pious meditation.'

"See also what he says about war—one of the most lucid statements on the subject I have ever read:

" 'Wars,' he writes, 'should not disturb the peace of mankind. In the original design of Providence the passions were subject to reason and should never be raised as an obstacle to the concord of families or nations; but sin disturbed this generous plan, and in its steps disorder entered history. Pride and cupidity disturb the equilibrium. Their repression, and defence against them by arms, are necessary to the re-establishment of equilibrium.

" 'Wars have become inevitable, and so long as there shall remain on earth men guilty of allowing passion to dominate reason, universal pacifism will be a chimera. Nay, more, to desire peace for the sake of peace, peace at any price, would be to accept with equal indifference right and injustice, truth and falsehood. It would be cowardice and impiety.'

"Then, crying, *Haut les cœurs!*, he calmly considers how best to profit by 'our affliction and the crimes which occasioned it.'

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"His Pastoral Letter of Christmas, 1914, on Patriotism and Endurance, is probably too well known for quotation. It should be in the library of every student of life and history. It is perhaps the greatest of his letters on the war. (It can be obtained directly, or through any bookseller, from Burns and Oates, 28 Orchard Street, London.) But his second letter, addressed to the German Governor-General in Belgium, so far as I am aware, has not been noticed or reviewed in this country. Its quiet scorn reveals a world of tragedy. Its opening words tell the whole story:

"'M. Governor-General,—A communication of your Civil Administration informs us that the German Government offers to give effect—in the occupied portion of the country—to the payment of the emoluments of the clergy, beginning with the 1st of September or the 1st of October, 1914; on condition that the members of the clergy sign a declaration binding themselves to undertake nothing and to combat everything which can be prejudicial to the German Administration.'

"They were asked to wear the German uniform—or starve. A crude and open bribe, of which the Germans, as usual, were totally unconscious and probably still are.

"'In my diocese alone,' the Cardinal had written, 'thirteen priests or religious were put to death . . . To my own actual personal knowledge, more than thirty in the dioceses of Namur, Tournai, and Liège.' Was it out of 'consideration' for the Belgian priesthood—present deportations are purely humanitarian, we are asked to believe—that this offer of money was made! See what magnanimity: that out of the millions wrung from Belgian tillers and traders, Germany offers to give back a few thousands to Belgian priests—on conditions! 'Woe unto you, hypocrites: for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' And so the Cardinal told them, not in those words, but quietly, politely, and rather in what he left unsaid than by any direct statement. His Master had said it for him, long ago!"

"You take back all your criticism," said the Objector.

"I have not taken back one word. Mercier is far bigger than his Church: a real man always is. But you have missed the point of our discussion. It is not a question of Rome on the one hand and of Protestantism on the other. It is Theosophy which, understanding both, can sympathize with both,—taking, appreciating and using all the good that both contain, while keenly alive to their defects. Just as a real man is bigger than his Church, so Theosophy is not only bigger than any Church, but bigger than any one Religion. It includes them all—includes, because it is the source of all the religion in all Religions. Theosophy means Divine Wisdom. Just as Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, and the other great religions, are different expressions of Divine Wisdom, so Protestantism and Roman Catholicism are different expressions of Christianity, and therefore of Theosophy." T.

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ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

XIII

Sacrifice

THE laws of the spiritual world are often expressed by paradoxes, which are statements that at first sight seem contrary to common sense, or ascertained facts, but which can be explained and shown to be true. The Bible is full of them and St. Paul was especially fond of them, as for instance, "As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things (*II Cor.* vi. 9, 10).

An understanding of what a paradox is, and why it can be true, throws a flood of light on the very important phase of the spiritual life with which we are immediately concerned; and, *per contra,* it is often difficult to explain some spiritual law or fact except in terms of paradox. *Light on the Path* says, "When he becomes a disciple he finds life is describable as a series of paradoxes." There is a fundamental contradiction which runs through life and which makes for confusion until it is resolved. The problem, or the task, of discipleship is to resolve that contradiction.

Man is both a friend and an enemy to himself; he has two natures which are opposed to each other, and which are, and should be, in perpetual conflict. What is true of one, is not true of the other, yet man having both natures, can have contradictory statements made about him, and both may be true. When St. Paul says, "having nothing, yet possessing all things," we know that the first phrase refers to the things of the lower Self, valued by the natural man, which the disciple has given up and no longer possesses; while the second phrase refers to man's spiritual life which is "possessed by all souls equally." When the disciple inherits eternal life, he acquires possession of "all things." So it is perfectly true that we can have nothing (in the material sense) and possess all things (in the spiritual sense). We die to self and live to Self.

This is not a dissertation upon rhetoric; I am interested in the paradox only because it helps to explain a stage of discipleship; that stage where we are the battleground of the two natures within each one

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of us. This fact is clearly enough understood, for it is within our personal experience; but some of the consequences, and some of the laws which govern this stage of progress are not so obvious, and are not so clearly understood. One, and a very important one, has to do with sacrifice. We hate the word and shrink from it instinctively. It has a forbidding, ominous sound; and when some one speaks, or we read, of the "joy of sacrifice," it sounds like nonsense or a contradiction in terms. It is a paradox, a statement which seems contrary to common sense, but which can be explained and shown to be true.

Let us take a very simple illustration. A drunkard is finally persuaded to give up drinking. He has a very hard struggle for a long time; suffers intensely, and misses his alcohol with every nerve of his body and some parts of his mind, and *sacrifices* his comfort, his pleasure, his accustomed habits of self gratification. But he fights the good fight to a successful conclusion and emerges from the battle freed from his besetting sin. Is he sorry? Does he think or talk about what he gave up as a *sacrifice?* Do we so think of it? Does any one suppose for a minute that, from any point of view, the whole thing was not worth while? Yes, there *is* one point of view from which the achievement was a defeat; the drunkard's animal-self, although conquered and controlled, would still long for the previous conditions. Now the actual fact is that we have the animal-self's point of view towards every kind of pleasure and gratification which contain within themselves anything incompatible with spiritual life, and which we have not yet given up. The great problem of the neophyte—his chief task—is to shift his point of view from the animal self to his higher self. He must see things as the reformed drunkard sees them, who does not look upon his efforts as a sacrifice, but as a successful effort which has resulted in peace and a much greater happiness.

The simple fact is that it is only when we look at the demands of the spiritual life from the lower standpoint that they seem to require a sacrifice. Once done, once we have conquered, the idea of sacrifice disappears entirely. No one is sorry for any self-conquest he has made. No one ever has reported that, *once completed,* it did not pay. The man who gives up smoking is always glad he gave it up. After the event, the effort to accomplish it seems a small price to pay for the fruits of victory.

I have used homely illustrations, but the same law applies with equal force all along the line. The spiritual life withdraws a little thing in order to give us a big one. What it withdraws seems big only when looked at from below; the effort to rid ourselves of it seems hard only when we are under its sway. It is one of the most pernicious "glamours" that befogs human intelligence and understanding.

Most people cannot free themselves from this glamour until they are satiated with experience. The hold of our lower natures is so

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powerful and they fight so desperately for their "rights," for life and their form of expressing it, that few people can pierce through the veil of this illusion. Therefore nearly all religions, and notably the Christian religion, speak of sacrifice, and base spiritual life upon a law of sacrifice. But in reality there is no such thing. It is a man-made idea to describe the effort that must precede any worth while accomplishment. Does any one suppose that Jesus Christ thinks of His incarnation in Palestine as a sacrifice? We speak of it as the greatest of all sacrifices, and we call Him the Sacrificial Lamb, the Sacrificial Victim; but He must look upon it as a glorious fulfilment of His career. We see its horror. He sees its fruits. We are staggered at its pain. He wields its power.

But this theme is beyond us. Let us come back to things we can understand. A man wakes up to some appreciation of the realities of life; becomes interested in a Church, let us say, and gradually comes to feel that it is his duty to assist in the work. Heretofore he had spent his leisure as most people spend theirs. He went to the theatre, played golf, visited his friends, motored, read a little, mostly novels and magazines, and generally did those things he found enjoyable. Now, however, he finds the pull of his new interest incompatible with these previous diversions. Most of them were innocent enough; it is not that; but they took time, and now the new interests take time. There is an immediate conflict of desires. Usually the nascent interest in religion is not strong enough to withstand the pull of old habits. A fine day comes, and he chooses golf rather than church. But sometimes his new interest controls him and, with a sigh for the pleasure he forgoes, he does what he conceives to be his duty; he *sacrifices* himself for conscience sake. Often this stage lasts a long time. How long depends entirely upon the completeness of his purpose, upon its finality. Usually we vibrate and dilly-dally; we go part way, do not like it, and draw back. We continue to keep one eye on the flesh pots of Egypt, even while bracing ourselves to the doing of our duty. There is no doubt about this stage being soggy.

But even if we continue this half-way course, which nearly all of us do, an interesting and significant thing happens sooner or later. Golf and the theatre begin to lose their charm; their pull lessens; then, some day, like a flash, comes the full realization that we are no longer reluctant to go to Church or meetings, that, on the contrary, we look forward to them; they have become a pleasure. We are astonished to find that we actually *prefer* them to golf. It is no longer a sacrifice; our centre of interest, and attraction, has shifted; we, in ourselves, have moved from one term of the paradox to the other; we have completed a step in the spiritual life. Then we do the same thing over again with some other element in our lower natures. Most of us find it very difficult to get past the comma that separates the terms of the typical paradox; many find it a semi-colon; and, alas, for not a few it is a full stop!

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Please, dear reader, do not consider what I have said above, to mean that you must forthwith eschew golf, motors and the theatre. My illustration bore no such implication. There is nothing wrong in these things; there is only wrong in their abuse. It is not wrong to eat. It is wrong to eat too much. A game of golf may be as innocent as a country walk; it may be the lure of the devil to steal a soul. I can imagine a Saint riding in a motor car without in any way damaging his saintliness. There are very few things which are wrong in themselves, and must forever be eschewed. Murder is wrong; the successful killing of one's country's enemies is a laudable act, honoured alike by man and God. It would be an interesting exercise to make a list of those things which must never be done in any circumstances because they are wrong in themselves. The evil in any act is likely to depend upon other elements than the thing itself. Why we do it, and how we do it, are the doors through which sin creeps in.

But let us return to our main thesis, that "sacrifice" is a name we give our feelings at a certain stage of progress, because of our lack of knowledge and understanding. Let us take still another illustration from our common experience, such as prayer. This is not a very good illustration, perhaps, because most of us are still on the wrong side of the comma. Most of us hate to pray and find it a bore; but we feel it to be a duty, so we "sacrifice" our time, our comfort, our sleep, our convenience, our inertia, and force ourselves to pray. We do not enjoy it and do not seem to get much, if any, of the fruits of prayer which we read about in devotional books and the lives of the Saints. We have, however, an immense body of testimony, from all times and all peoples, that prayer does bear rich and abundant fruit; we know the Saints not only reap a harvest from prayer, but that they learn so to love it that their superiors have to interfere to limit the time which they may devote to it. They say they get from it ecstatic happiness; their prayer time becomes the centre of their day to which they look forward with longing and desire. It would be difficult for them to realize what was meant, were they asked whether they minded "sacrificing" their comfort and convenience in order to pray. Therefore, in this case also, although we have not yet experienced it, we have irresistible evidence that what we picture to ourselves as sacrifice in order to pray, is, once again, only a misconception of the truth, as we may easily discover for ourselves if we persist in our efforts to learn to pray.

I cannot think of any step in the process of "giving things up," that does not come under this law. It covers all that stage which *Light on the Path* says requires the surgeon's knife. It does not take the element of pain out of the process. We have the assurance of universal experience that such efforts are worth while, that they pay a thousand times over; our intellects may be convinced, but our lower natures are so strong, and we are so much under their sway, that there must continue to be an element of suffering as we transfer our life and energy from

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one plane to the other. The force which we have been pouring into our lower natures must be wrenched loose from its entanglements. That causes pain; but this pain must be endured, O disciple, so bend all the energies of your soul to the task. Sustain yourself, as you can, with the conviction that, not only is it worth while, but also that it must be done, as well now, as at any other time, for it will never be easier.

Why do we not do these things? We do not do them because lethargy and procrastination are two of the strongest weapons of the lower self in thwarting the efforts of the Soul; they are two forms of self-indulgence which we must "sacrifice" for the sake of our spiritual life, and as they are subtle and very deep rooted enemies, we may count upon a difficult struggle before we emerge on the other side, and discover, once again, that "giving up" our inertia was not losing something, but was acquiring a new and a very useful power.

C. A. G.

What you need to do is to put your will over completely into the hands of your Lord, surrendering to Him the entire control of it. Say, "Yes, Lord, YES! *" to everything, and trust Him so to work in you to will, as to bring your whole wishes and affections into conformity with His own sweet, and lovable, and most lovely will. It is wonderful what miracles God works in wills that are utterly surrendered to Him.*—Hannah Whitall Smith.

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REVIEWS

The QUARTERLY takes pleasure in heartily recommending three charming and interesting stories by an anonymous author, Michael Wood. Two were published four and two years ago respectively; the last has just appeared. In order they are: *The House of Peace, The Double Road,* and last, *The Penitent of Brent.* Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. are the publishers.

Michael Wood, despite the name, is probably a woman. She has an excellent command of simple, pure English. Her appreciation of Nature and of the Beauty of Life, and her ability to express this, rank her, when at her best, amongst poetic prose writers of the highest power in our literature. With an entirely different flavor and mould of thought, she irresistibly suggests Michael Fairless in the breath of peace and joy that pervades the atmosphere of her books. It is the peace that passeth understanding,—not of this world; it is the inner joy that is born with the birth of the Spirit in man.

This is the secret of Michael Wood's beauty and of her fascination,—for her stories are fascinating. She writes of, and at times from, the spiritual world—the *real* world. There can be no mistake about which is the real world when you have read these books. They take you back home, so to speak; you are no longer floundering between spiritual and material, between real and imitation; you are lifted into the world you knew after all was real, and you see how perfectly natural it all is.

How the author does this is hard to define. In part it is delicacy of touch and an innate refinement. Her descriptions of external things are seen with eyes that see,—that reveal what you have been yourself seeing all along,—only you did not realize it for yourself. In part also, it is the contagion of intense conviction. Michael Wood knows something of what she is writing about. Spiritual experience is more real to her than any other experience. The whole power of these books comes ultimately from what their author has actually lived.

The first book, *The House of Peace,* is a story of the power of contemplative prayer to win back wayward and erring souls to the Path. The hero, Gereth Fenton, spends his youth in a home where both parents get a living by dishonest gambling. His mother hires as his tutor a man recently discharged from jail for forging a cheque, thinking thereby to obtain for herself a useful accomplice. Larry Dexter, however, refuses to descend to this, and gradually gets himself hated by Mrs. Fenton. After eight years he is forced to leave, and drifts about impoverished for some time until Mrs. Fenton makes the opportunity to vent her hatred by fastening on him a theft she herself committed. He is jailed again. Mrs. Fenton bribes the jailor, who persecutes Larry mercilessly, finally getting him whipped. In the meantime Gereth Fenton, who owed his whole education, and has given his whole affection to Larry, gradually awakes to the realization that life is not all dissipation and wrong-doing; that there is a "within" world beyond everything of this world, yet at essence one with it. Through some friends he is directed to a little religious community, and very shortly the definite call comes to a life of contemplative prayer. The community have a few simple, self-imposed rules; Father Standish, the director, is the prime-mover and life of the place. Outside of the biographies of saints, I have nowhere met such a character. His wisdom, his theosophic tolerance, his enormous sympathy for all mankind,—and yet, together with such gifts, his simple humanity, his charming naturalness,

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and practical understanding of men and affairs, is a picture that demonstrates not only brilliant character-drawing, but a deep understanding of the inner world on the part of the author. Father Standish is an attractive man; he compels love and admiration; yet he is essentially a religious.

Gereth Fenton prays for his friend Larry, of whom he can gain no tiding from Mrs. Fenton. After many years, one day he finds Larry accidentally near by, far gone in consumption, and about to commit suicide, because half crazed by his terrible experiences. He takes Larry to the guest house; and spends the night in prayer for his soul. The description of that terrific combat between the forces of hate and evil in and behind Larry, and the peace of Christ Jesus in the heart of Gereth Fenton, should give some pointers to people who scoff at the mission of prayer. Larry is saved and lives happily another nine months. Then Gereth prays for his mother; and before her death he wins her also,—but not before she undergoes terrible mental suffering. The book must be read to appreciate its power.

The Double Road has a less pleasing and less convincing plot. The hero voluntarily assumes guilt for a theft, and his consequent suffering and isolation open up the inner world to him. This gives him the power years later to bring the sinners to conversion, and particularly to cast out the demons that had finally possessed a man who for years had dabbled with psychism, to feed his vanity and deceive his acquaintances. The book in this respect has a truly theosophic message in making the distinction between false psychic experience, and that true relation with the other world which can alone bring peace and happiness into the lives of men.

The Penitent of Brent, Michael Wood's last book, shows a firmer hand, and if anything, better writing. Father Standish and the Community at Brent again figure prominently. The characters are clearly drawn, more by *nuance* and fine shades, than by direct description; and the plot has vivid interest throughout. There are less rough places in the story; and its development is more normal.

The power of true penitence, not only to purify an individual penitent, but as an irresistible uplifting influence for all who contact it, is the theme. Jesse Cameron, the hero, is not strictly speaking an ordinary criminal. He has a fine, high-spirited, tensely-strung nature; and is brought up under religious influence. His father is a hard, selfish, bad-tempered man, dominating wife, two children, and servants to the point of brutality. One of these last, discharged and then further injured by Mr. Cameron, while wandering in a negative state of mind about the house one night, becomes suddenly possessed with the idea of murdering his former master, and, obtaining a pistol, shoots the latter through the window as he sits in the library. Now on this same evening Mr. Cameron had become particularly enraged and brutal towards his daughter Monica, and had locked up the sensitive girl alone in a dark, and supposedly ghost-haunted room. Jesse, outraged and defiant, had been summarily ordered to keep off, and had retired to pray in the family oratory. There hatred had possessed his heart, and he had prayed for his father's death. Feeling suddenly that the evil prayer had received an answer, he goes in a dazed and almost crazed condition to the library where he knew Mr. Cameron to be. What happened he cannot remember; but when a more normal consciousness returns with the sound of the shot in his ears, and his father murdered, he finds himself morally convinced of his own intention and real responsibility through his prayer for the perpetration of the crime. But Lewis Carnoby, the actual murderer, gives himself up, confesses the crime, and is hung. Jesse, on the point of insanity, his story of his guilt believed by none, goes to Father Standish at Brent, and demands life-long penitence. To save his reason it is advised by the doctor to give it him; and Jesse lives the hard life of a farm-hand, with certain added ascetic restrictions such as isolation, silence, obedience and penitential services. Father Standish frankly played a part in administering this rigorous expiation; but when Jesse's determination to continue, when his actual

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need for penitence becomes clearer as the months roll into years, the good priest begins to agree with a Mr. Allison (an independent visitor at the Community who has religious experience of a high order, and who befriends Jesse, winning his confidence) that somehow Jesse Cameron actually *is* responsible for the murder. Whereupon Father Standish makes Jesse's life even harder, meanwhile striving through prayer and religious discourse, to bring him to reconciliation with the Christ, and to the peace that passeth knowledge. Finally, as Jesse's inner self is forged into being by the united prayer and labor of his life, there does come complete vision and understanding, not only of the past events in their true light, but of the actual Karmic relations and immediate ties that bind all the characters of the group together. So also, by the uplifting power of his penitence he is able to melt his father's hardness of heart, to dissolve the hate of Lewis Carnoby, and to reunite in a harmony of loving friendship what hatred had driven, and hardened, apart.

These three stories have the advantage of being interesting quite apart from their religious setting. They supply a need met by extremely few books: that of making attractive and plausible the life of the soul in its direct relations with the Master. Events are but the outer reflection of inner states of consciousness and being; once given knowledge of this inner life, and the daily task as well as some critical experience, are seen to have their bearing, and to reap their harvest, for the soul. The life of prayer and the power of prayer are set forth with remarkable understanding and lucidity. Descriptions of experience in prayer are by no means easy; either they seem fanciful, or are forced. Michael Wood has succeeded in making even visions neither vague nor materialized. They are infused with a true religious spirit, and just sufficiently veiled in the mystery of the unknown to prevent any mechanical or psychological construction. This is praise not only for their truth, but for the literary art at the command of the author. We look forward to further works from the same pen. JOHN BLAKE, JR.

Every once in a while some one writes what is called "an occult novel," which I take to mean a romance dealing with occultism. Will Levington Comfort has recently perpetrated another of these singular works, called *The Last Ditch.* I believe his books are widely read, but I do not know why. The only merit I can find in them is a large imagination; he has big ideas. But he cannot write simple and grammatical English; his character drawing is a huge joke; and his smattering of occult reading is so superficial that it does not save him from the crudest mistakes.

The hero is a neurotic dipsomaniac, who goes on a nine months' spree because a woman he meets casually won't have him. He is picked out of the gutter by a secret band of reformers in China. He at once becomes a member of the innermost circle, is trusted with an important mission to the Inner Temple of the Masters of Wisdom in the Erbi Desert! falls—tumbles headlong—in love with another woman; spends most of his nights walking the floor in sleepless agony because he cannot get just what he wants the instant he wants it; is more than willing to abandon his mission and betray his friends for the sake of the woman, but is not permitted to do so. He is the kind of man no sensible person would trust to carry out the easiest and most commonplace of tasks. I do not think he slept more than three or four nights from the beginning to the end of the book, but when he did sleep, it was the sweet and dreamless slumber of the little child. That gives the atmosphere of the book.

So far as the occult side is concerned all I need say is that when he returns from his mission, knowing his special friend to be in danger and finding his door locked, he goes to his own room and spends the night in the deepest and highest meditation, the theme being his meeting with his love-lady, who awaits the accomplishment of his mission! After this last, or almost the last, sleepless night, he finds his friend murdered, so he hastens to the heroine, with whom, we are given to understand, he proposes to produce the beginnings of the new race, which is to repeople the world and bring about a new dispensation. C. A. G.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 202—(*Continued*).—*What do the Masters do with free will?*

ANSWER.—The Masters are doing all those works with free will which they can do, and which ought to be done. They never hesitate, or act reluctantly, or choose the "dearer" for the "better," as we so often do.

Though they have an insight that is omniscient compared to our power of discernment, there may be high matters that excel even their wisdom. Then they ask for higher advice, or act on principles. But in all cases they act with free will, because their only will is to fulfil the Law. They have with free will given up all self-will and made their will *one* with the will of the Supreme God. What a glorious example they have set us. T. H. K.

QUESTION 210.—(*a*) *Is it possible for us to atone vicariously for the sins of others?*

(*b*) *If so how can that be reconciled with the justice of Karma?*

(*c*) *To what extent must intention and love come into operation to make a good deed one of vicarious atonement?*

ANSWER.—I do not think that it is possible for *us* to atone vicariously for the sins of others. Karma would thus seem to be a blind law demanding that the balance of its harmony be kept no matter who is responsible for the restoration. But if we regard Karma as a Law of Cause and Effect, consciously acting through its agents and ministers, the Masters of Wisdom, the matter becomes otherwise. I think that the Masters can so *guide the operation* of the Law that it may *seem* as if another had atoned vicariously for our sins. In this way intention and love, acting together, can be set in operation by our fellow-humans and guided to our help in the working out of the Law. It is we ourselves who have to restore the balance of the Law in the course of time. But that the exact moment may be deferred to one more favorable to our fulfilling the Law, is, I think, within the power of the Masters who are enabled so to act by the love and urgency of action and prayer of others on our behalf. Yet in this They must deal justly in regard to others whom we may originally have injured. It is we who are helped to restore the balance by the love and intention of others, by the force which they direct to us and this is guided to aid our own effort: we have to make that effort and no one can do it for us. All the same, others can add their force to ours and sacrifice themselves to make that effort more favourable in result. But *we* and no one else, have to begin. A. K.

ANSWER.—(*a*) Where should we be if the Master had not vicariously atoned for us? The Saints and other disciples of His aim to do this, according to testimony and, indeed, observation.

(*b*) If a man pays his son's debts it may be considered part of the father's Karma to be able to do this and part of the son's Karma to be so aided—we are unwise to judge in terms of a single life. So on the spiritual plane—who dares to judge how the account may stand between us and another individual. Perhaps this is our chance to return the vicarious atonement made before for us.

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(*c*) The father paying the son's debts does so with the intention to help the son and is prompted by love of the son—or he should be, to make it truly an act of atonement and not an exhibition of pride. The test of the atonement lies in the intention and the love. S.

ANSWER.—(*a*) It is commonplace that we suffer vicariously from the sins of others. The Second Law of Force—"for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction"—on a higher plane appears as the Twin Doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. These remove injustice from heredity and "fate," substituting a loving guidance, a paternal control. Is it reasonable to suppose that if we may suffer vicariously from sin that we may not atone for sin? Our Lord suffers, as He has told more than one of the Saints, from our sins, yet we know He does this joyously in order that He may atone for our sins. As with all the great Teachers His followers strive to imitate Him, to grow into His likeness—"Be ye perfect, even as the Father"—so, apparently we not only may, but, indeed, we should, seek to atone vicariously for the sins of others. How may we do this? Perhaps by remembering and applying "everything is founded upon sacrifice—God set the example when He created the universe."

(*b*) It is our Karma, being born in the West, in Christendom, to have Our Lord atone for us. Why not consider it is the Karma of some loved and sinning one that we may atone vicariously for him or her? Perhaps it may be our Karma to be allowed to begin paying on account of the debt we owe Him or some other friend who has intervened for us. It may be the best of good Karma for us to be allowed to suffer and atone vicariously for another.

(*c*) The faithful wife nursing a husband through delirium tremens; the devoted mother sacrificing sleep and strength for a sick child, each act from intention and love. Can sacrifice or atonement be sought or achieved in any other way? G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—(*a*) Is it not true that the real penalty for sin, the one to be feared, is the spiritual blindness that results from it, or in different terms, the further separation from God? From one point of view, to "atone" for sin is to effect the reconciliation, the "at-one-ment" with God by the removal of the spiritual blindness which is itself the barrier. We do not have to appease the supposed "anger" of a "jealous" God. God will always welcome the most erring of His children who turn to Him. But we do have to turn to Him and to turn our hearts we must, in some measure at least, see with the eyes of the spirit that to which we would turn. That one person, by sacrifice of self, by showing forth in his life the beauty of the spirit, may open the sin-blinded eyes of others to that beauty and turn their hearts toward it, is a fact within the experience of everyone.

(*b*) We may describe Karma as the operation of the law of cause and effect which inevitably shows us the results of the choices made by our free will, the fruit that grows from the seed we elect to plant. Its purpose is to teach, not to punish. It is not a question of balancing a ledger but of learning a lesson. We may learn slowly, in blindness, through pain and suffering, or rapidly with the open eyes of the spirit finding joy even in the suffering itself. There is no "injustice" in opening the eyes of another.

(*c*) Surely a deed is not "good" at all unless its motive be love and its power for good must be in direct proportion to the strength of the love which entered into it. I should think that while all good deeds aid the world by adding, as it were, to the general spiritual reservoir of good, intention would give the definiteness and one-pointedness necessary to help in a specific direction. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—In discussing the laws of falling bodies, it is assumed, for the sake of simplicity and to make the results more easily intelligible, that the earth is at rest. But, in reality, the earth is by no means at rest. It rotates daily on its axis

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(at the equator the movement is over 1,000 miles an hour); it sways slightly across its orbital path, owing to the attraction of the moon; it moves in its orbit around the sun a distance of about 1,500,000 miles a day (more than 1,000 miles a minute), while, with the whole solar system, it is moving through space towards the constellation Hercules, at a rate possibly greater. Yet, for simplicity, it is assumed to be at rest.

In exactly the same way, in order to make the idea of Karma (the moral law of cause and effect) clear and intelligible, it is assumed that a man has a separate Karma, something engendered wholly by himself, and to be enjoyed or endured wholly by himself. In reality "no man liveth to himself alone or dieth to himself alone." His Karma is involved with that of his family, his nation, his sub-race and Root Race, with that of all Humanity; and this, very fortunately, includes the Saviours of Humanity, the mighty Masters who, like Siddhartha the Compassionate, say "Let the sin of the Kali Yuga rest on me, but let mankind be saved;" or, with the Western Avatar, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Yet both these Masters knew accurately every detail of the laws of Karma. C. J.

ANSWER.—Perhaps the connection is not very close, and it is certainly not very clear, but as I read this question I was reminded of a verse from Stephen Crane's *Black Riders.*

"Behold the grave of a wicked man, and near it, a stern spirit.

"There came a drooping maid with violets, but the spirit grasped her arm. 'No flowers for him,' he said. The maid wept: 'Ah, I loved him.' But the spirit, grim and frowning: 'No flowers for him?'

"Now this is it—If the spirit was just, why did the maid weep?"

What is there that can make us wish to atone for the sins of others? I think we can find no other answer than love. Love either for the one who has done the wrong or love for the one who has been injured by it—but in any case love. And if we go on and ask ourselves how there can be such love, it seems to me that again there is only one possible answer. Somewhere, concealed beneath the wrong, wronged by the wrong, there must be something that elicits love,—something of love's own nature, something that is good. Let us call it the soul—though perhaps names matter little—and we shall be led to say, that the desire we may feel to atone vicariously from love of another for the evil that other has done, is evidence that there is that in his soul of opposite nature to that evil,—that there is that in his soul capable of working on our hearts and wills as it is not capable of working upon its own.

As when a friend has broken his arm or leg we will lend him the services of ours —doing for him what, for the time being, he cannot do for himself, so we may seek to make our hearts and acts and prayers serve the will of his soul in the place of those he cannot command because of the evil that dominates his instrument. It is still his soul's will that moves ours—through our love; it is still his real self acting, but now dependent upon us for the means of acting; dependent upon our love and, above all, upon the insight and faith of our love to see and respond to his true will as his own personality cannot.

From partial paralysis we may recover if time be given for the influences of health to overcome those of inhibition, or for the surplus vitality of one organ to learn to perform the functions of the one diseased. But complete paralysis is death. It is the faith of those who love us that may keep our souls alive.

I cannot see in this anything contradictory to even the narrowest conceptions of the law of Karma. The ultimate source of the atonement—the origin of the love that wills to sacrifice and to make vicarious atonement—is in the soul of him who sinned and who is loved. Were it not so, were love not anchored in reality at both its ends, it would not be real love.

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Yet when we have said all this, and reduced it to the logic of our minds, the mystery remains. For love is the great, the unending mystery of life, and no man can reduce its power or its workings to logic. For love is of God, and God is love—and it is even God who atones for sin. M.

ANSWER.—To me the doctrine of vicarious atonement is not only a great spiritual fact, but a logical spiritual *necessity*. Like all fundamental facts, its immensity makes it horizonless to our limited vision, and the fragments we perceive become distorted in the lens of our comprehension. Nevertheless, when we push through mental distortions in our search for truth, we arrive at Unity, that all-embracing recognition of the Absolute upon which our principle of Brotherhood rests—the oneness of all souls in the Oversoul; and considering vicarious atonement in its light, we divine that on the plane where souls are one, I sin in my brother and he sins in me.

I have heard it objected that on the plane where souls are one, sin does not exist. But to this I cannot agree, since *without conscious willing* sin could not exist at all, and both consciousness and will are constituent parts of the Divine Life. Therefore, when a man sins, he sins with and against his soul, prostituting its divine powers to devilish ends, dragging its Divine Life down to hell.

If, therefore, I have sinned in my brother's sin, I may atone for that sin by my own reparation.

Hence, also, in "Adam's sin," all men, born and unborn, sinned (as one drop of coloring fluid stains a whole vessel full of water, and we cannot distinguish the culpable drop), and so in him all die. So also in Christ, the perfect man, shall all be made alive.

Now for the full efficacy of Christ's atonement, we are told that we must believe,—belief positive, that is, not negative; not passive acquiescence, the condition of most so-called "Christians," but a mind accepting and understanding Christ through love (the only way in which we can ever understand anything), and a life fashioned in accordance with that acceptance. To grasp the full significance of this, we must recognize here this fact: we sin in our brother's sin when anywhere in our nature exists something of the tendency or weakness which came to expression in him. The water not in the vessel in which the coloring fluid was dropped, is not stained by it. What determines the shape and size of the vessel of the simile? Desire, which is what moulds all form bodies. The purity or impurity of our desire thus determines whether or no we are participators in our brother's sin, and that, not as we may judge it to be, but as it appears in the light of all-revealing Divine Truth.

Since in Adam all men sinned, however, we are safer in assuming the sad possession of stained and perverted nature. Yet as through discipleship we strive towards the perfection of the Father, and so enter more and more into the nature of Christ, we too shall in our turn become more and more able to "atone," substituting purity for impurity, a will united to the Divine Will for a formerly perverted one. Christ was in all ways tempted as we—St. Paul, a great Initiate, tells us—but *without sin*. He *struggled* in Gethsemane; without that struggle and victory, the Crucifixion would have been of none effect for us. Christ took upon him man's nature, and in *man's nature was tempted* and triumphed. Greater works than these shall ye do, said the Master, because I go to my Father. Some day may the full glory of that promise flood over us, as its meaning enlightens our understanding.

These are mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven. Let us see through mental fogs (our own and others), to where at the heart of dogma lies the light of Truth, and so prove ourselves theosophist in more than name. CAVÉ.

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Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

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"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

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"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

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VOL. XIV. NO. 4] APRIL, 1917 NO. 56



THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W., England.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the **nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction** of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1917

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The Warfare between Good and Evil

THE world is the field of battle, where is waged ceaseless war between the powers of Good and Evil, the forces of Light and Darkness. If we believe that the world war is the incarnation of that perpetual combat, in which Righteousness and Holiness must overcome or be overcome, it behooves us "diligently to try and examine ourselves" at such an hour as this, when a nation which has hitherto kept aloof from the conflict is being drawn, not valorously and heroically, but timorously and reluctantly, into the vortex of conflict; it behooves us to look well into the purposes of the nations who are fighting; into the reasons which have kept this nation hitherto aloof; into the motives which may now lead it to take part in the conflict. For on the motive very largely depends the moral result to this nation, whether for enduring good or for lasting evil.

"This war was begun by a lie; it is being carried on by lies," said the one man in Germany who has dared to tell the truth, and who, for so daring, has been subjected to persecution and martyrdom, which do him honour; martyrdom accepted with a courage and heroism which is the one conspicuous point of light in that land of darkness and of evil. "Begun by a lie": by the lie that the war was planned and contrived, not by Germany, but by the nations that now oppose her, and first by England. The conspicuous truth is, that the war was willed and planned by Germany alone; that the writings of all her publicists, for the preceding decade prove this. One need cite only Bernhardi, whose books have been the gospel of his nation, and who, in his books, shows that he was thoroughly conversant with every plan and detail of the German scheme for Weltmacht, for world-dominion. Conversant, too, with the plan to begin the war with a lie. In *Germany and the Next War,* he said explicitly that it would be the task of German diplomacy "so to shuffle the

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cards," that France or Russia should appear the aggressor; and thus, if possible, to break down the bond of defensive alliance between them. There is no way to "shuffle" cards so as to make them fall in a given way; what Bernhardi means is, to "stack" the cards, the trick of the swindler and the card-sharper. Germany, therefore, had planned in advance the campaign of lies, the treacherous trick of the swindler; and for rightly branding that trick, Liebknecht is now in prison.

"Begun by a lie; carried on by lies": Austria, noted through centuries for selling out her allies; Austria, whose modern history is a tale of treachery, as her earlier history is one of cruelty and tyranny, was made the cat's-paw; Germany played on her desire to conquer and subdue the Balkan Slavs, as Germany had connived, in 1908, in Austria's treacherous seizure of Bosnia-Herzegovina, thus making of the Berlin Treaty a "scrap of paper." And, when the Austrian Heir Apparent was assassinated, by Austrian subjects, in a town under Austrian dominion, this was made the pretext for sending to Serbia an outrageous ultimatum demanding for Austria the exercise of sovereign rights on Serbian soil, and thus in fact destroying the sovereignty of the Serbian nation. By a treacherous trick, this ultimatum was sent in such a way that the European Powers who were sincerely bent on peace had no time to protest, to mediate. And, as the crowning outrage, after Serbia had humiliated herself to the depths, by accepting to the full every essential condition of the Austrian ultimatum, nevertheless Austria declared that this was not enough, and immediately declared war against the little nation on her southern frontier, which had shrunk from no humiliation to prevent that war. The records of that negotiation are a part of history. They prove to demonstration that Austria was determined to attack Serbia, no matter what Serbia did or suffered. The whole negotiation was a lie, and should be branded as a lie.

Germany, in pursuance of her pre-announced plan to use the gambler's trick and treacherously to "stack the cards," now declares that England planned and brought about the war. What are the facts, once more proven to the hilt by the published documents: That on no less than six successive occasions, Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, made proposals for mediation, for conciliation, to prevent the war; and that, on these six occasions, his offers met, in Germany, a dead wall of brute resistance. Sir Edward Grey went so far as to say that, if France or Russia refused any reasonable plan for peace, then England would withdraw her support from them, and would refuse to enter on their side any war that might ensue. More than that, Germany was convinced, even at the end of July, that England would not enter the war; so clearly did she see, in reality, that it was not England that wished or planned the war. The record is of such importance, that we think best to quote it here:

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Speaking of August 4, 1914, Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassador in Berlin, wrote thus to Sir Edward Grey: "I found the Chancellor" (Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg) "very agitated. His Excellency at once began a harangue, which lasted for about twenty minutes. He said that the step taken by His Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree; just for a word—'neutrality,' a word which in war time had been so often disregarded—just for a *scrap of paper* Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. All his efforts in that direction had been rendered useless by this last terrible step, and the policy to which, as I knew, he had devoted himself since his accession to office had tumbled down like a house of cards. What we had done was unthinkable; it was like striking a man from behind while he was fighting for his life against two assailants. He held Great Britain responsible for all the terrible events that might happen. . . ."

One sees here the terror of the criminal suddenly confronted by the detection, the impending punishment, of his crime. But one sees, even more clearly, the almost unconscious lying of a mind steeped in lies and habituated to lies. First, he had never had a grain of real friendliness towards England. What he had really done was to attempt, almost successfully, so to drug the conscience of England that England would acquiesce in the ruin of France, planned and predetermined by Germany. The second lie is, that Germany had been attacked by two assailants, France and Russia. We must remember the telling phrase about "stacking the cards." Even in his moment of terror, Bethmann-Hollweg ran true to form.

It may be well to establish the fact that this accusation of France and Russia was a lie and that Bethmann-Hollweg knew it. We have the proof from the lips of Herr von Jagow, the German Foreign Minister who, that same morning, had explained to Sir Edward Goschen "the reasons why the (German) Imperial Government had been obliged to take this step, namely, that they had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavour to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death for them, as if they had gone by the more southern route they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of roads and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition entailing great loss of time. This loss of time would have meant time gained by the Russians for bringing up their troops to the German frontier. . . ." This sufficiently nails the lie that Russia had attacked Germany. In point of fact, Germany hoped to capture Paris before such an attack could be made. Germany hypocritically pretended she had mobilized her army because she feared Russia would attack her on her eastern frontier. And, pretending to dread

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Russia in the east, she actually moved her whole army to the west; pretending to dread Russia, she attacked—Belgium.

"Begun by a lie; carried on by lies": lies to Belgium, and concerning Belgium, also. A Note by the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs, dated August 3, 1914, says: "The German Government stated in their note of the 2nd August, 1914, that according to reliable information French forces intended to march on the Meuse viâ Givet and Namur, and that Belgium, in spite of the best intentions, would not be in a position to repulse, without assistance, an advance of French troops. The German Government, therefore, considered themselves compelled to anticipate this attack and to violate Belgian territory. . . ." This is the deliberate lie. The actual truth was told by Herr von Jagow, in the passage just cited: Germany intended to attack through Belgium precisely because she anticipated no French resistance there. The troops of France were elsewhere, on the line between Verdun and Switzerland, and Germany knew it. Germany in fact expected to reach Paris before France could render any effective resistance at all.

Let us put on record Belgium's answer, in a telegram by the Belgian Foreign Minister, dated August 3, 1914: "At 7 P. M. last night Germany presented a note proposing friendly neutrality. This entailed free passage through Belgian territory, while guaranteeing the maintenance of the independence of Belgium and of her possessions on the conclusion of peace, and threatened, in the event of refusal, to treat Belgium as an enemy. A time limit of twelve hours was allowed within which to reply.

"Our answer has been that this infringement of our neutrality would be a flagrant violation of international law. To accept the German proposal would be to sacrifice the honour of the nation. Conscious of her duty, Belgium is firmly resolved to repel any attack by all the means in her power."

How the frank brutality of this ultimatum tears to shreds the lying and hypocritical pretext that German troops were entering Belgium *to protect Belgium against France*. "Begun by a lie, and carried on by lies." The point is sufficiently proved.

Let us halt for a moment to consider this German faith in the power of lying. It is a part of that faith in organized brutality, and in the Teuton as the elect embodiment of that faith, which is the modern German gospel. For a century, her philosophers, her historians, her preachers have been preaching this poisonous doctrine in Germany to eager ears. "We hold," says Nietzsche, "that hardness, violence, slavery, danger—and in the heart, secrecy, stoicism, arts of temptation, and deviltry of all kinds,—that everything evil, terrible, tyrannical, wild-beastlike and serpentlike in man, contributes to the elevation of the species, 'man' . . .

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One must resist all sentimental weakness: life in its essence is appropriation, injury, the overpowering of whatever is foreign to us and weaker than ourselves. . . ."

Again, in the passage which supremely voices the Teutonic gospel, Nietzsche thus writes of his ideal Germans: "Those very men are to the outside world, to things foreign and to foreign countries, little better than so many uncaged beasts of prey. Here they enjoy liberty from all social restraint, . . . they revert to the beast of prey's innocence of conscience, and become rejoicing monsters, who perhaps go on their way, after a hideous sequence of murder, conflagration, violation, torture, with as much gaiety and equanimity as if they had merely taken part in some student gambols. . . . Deep in the nature of all *these noble races* there lurks unmistakably the beast of prey, the *blond beast,* lustfully roving in search of booty and victory. From time to time the beast demands an outlet, an escape, a return to the wilderness. . . ."

Is it pretended that this is merely abstract? Listen to the application made of it by K. F. Wolff, the Pan-German leader, in September, 1914: "There are two kinds of races, master races and inferior races. Political rights belong to the master race alone, and can only be won by war. . . . It is unjust that a rapidly increasing master race should be struggling for room behind its own frontier, while a decadent inferior race can stretch its limbs at ease on the other side of that frontier. The inferior race should not be educated in the schools of the master race, nor should any school be established for it, nor should its language be employed in public. (If it rebel), it is necessary to use the most violent means to crush such insurrection,—and not to encumber the prisons afterward! Thus the conquerors can best work for the annihilation of the conquered, and break forever the prejudice which would claim for a beaten race any right to maintain its nationality or its native tongue. . . ."

Needless to point out that the "master race" in this infamous passage means the Germany of 1914; that the "inferior race" means France. It is one of the profound satisfactions of history to remember that, a few days later, the splendid armies of France broke the back of the German army at the Battle of the Marne. That was one of the great triumphs of righteousness and honour over the "blond beast," that was even then ravaging Belgium, carrying out to the letter the Nietzschean programme: "a hideous sequence of murder, conflagration, violation, torture"; though one may believe there was less of gaiety and equanimity after the Battle of the Marne.

We shall add one or two pages only to the record of the Blond Beast, from the deeds of the Austro-Hungarian armies in Serbia, as recorded by a neutral, Professor Reiss, of the University of Lausanne: "Powerful Austria-Hungary had for a long time made up her mind to

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crush the little democratic Serbian people. . . . With this object the Austro-Hungarian Press, faithfully supported by the German Press, commenced a systematic campaign of slander against the Serbians. . . . But to prepare the public by means of the Press did not suffice to fill the soldiery with terror of Serbian barbarism. Accordingly the officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned, lost no opportunity of drilling into their soldiers the atrocities which it was alleged the Serbians committed on their prisoners. . . . The Austro-Hungarian soldiers, when they reached Serbian territory and found themselves in the presence of these people, who had always been described to them as barbarians, were afraid, and they probably committed their first cruelties through fear, so as not to be massacred themselves. But the sight of blood produced the effect I have often had occasion to observe; man becomes changed into a bloodthirsty animal. A real outburst of collective sadism took possession of these (Austro-Hungarian) troops. . . . Once the bloodthirsty and licentious animal was unloosed and set free by his superiors, the work of devastation was carried out by men who are fathers of families and probably gentle in their private life.

"The responsibility for these acts of cruelty does not rest then upon the soldiers in the ranks, victims of the wild beast instinct which lies dormant in every man, but on their superior officers. . . . What I have already written, as well as the statements of the Austro-Hungarian soldiers which I have published, show the *systematic preparation* for the massacres by officers of superior rank. . . ."

But perhaps this is too general, too abstract? Let us add a single concrete episode, from the record of the Prussians in Poland, and their bearing towards the Russian prisoners: "The street was full of them, thousands, driven along like dogs, taunted, beaten, if they fell down, kicked until they either got up or lay forever still; hungry, exhausted by the long retreat and the terrible battle. . . . My cook brought bread. . . . When Wanda and the cook reached the block, there was a wild rush for the bread; trembling hands reached out, only to be beaten down. One German took a piece from my little girl's hands, broke off little bits, throwing them into the air to see those starving men snatch at them and then hunt in the mud. . . . My little tender, sensitive child had a chunk of bread in her hand, in the act of reaching it to a prisoner, when Max, the Captain's orderly came up. Taking the bread from her hand he threw it in the mud, stamping on it. The poor hungry prisoner with a whimpering cry, stooped down, wildly searching, when Max raised his foot, and kicked him violently in the mouth. . . . The captured guns were being brought into the town with the Russians hitched to them, driven with blows through the icy slush of the streets, while the horses were led along beside them. . . . When the prisoners were working in the church after a long, hard morning, driven by blows, kicked on the

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slightest provocation, as a part of the system, they were led out to sit in front of the church for a noon pause. I say 'noon pause' advisedly. Dinner-time it was not—for they were given no food! Dropping with fatigue, unhappy, dumb with misery! The townspeople were not allowed near them. Why, only the peculiar mental processes of the Prussian torturer knew."

We have said nothing, nor need we say anything, of the Armenian massacres, of the treacherous abuse of the hospitality of neutral lands, of the unatoned, unrepented *Lusitania* murders, of the thousand episodes of cruelty and bestiality, the deliberate desecration and destruction of churches, the bombardment of open towns by Zeppelins, the systematic torpedoing of hospital ships, the unbroken chain of lying which accompanied these outrages. All these things have been part of the common knowledge of mankind for months and years.

We may pass from these things to a matter of grave moment, closer to ourselves: the moral attitude of neutral nations in the face of these abominations; and not so much of those smaller neutrals, who, having their frontiers coterminous with Germany, knew that they were in imminent danger of the same fate, as of the one great neutral nation which, behind the backs of the Allies, knew itself to be secure against attack.

Did that security at least impart the courage to speak openly, to enter a manly protest against this calculated infamy, treachery, cruelty? The pages of history are written; they can be read. There are, it is true, extenuating circumstances. Forty or fifty thousand Americans, we are assured, are fighting, or have fallen fighting, in the ranks of the Allies. It is something to remember that. Many more, in the United States, have bravely protested against a national policy of cowardice and shame, hanging their heads in bitter humiliation, over the dishonour of a once great nation, which had in the past shown itself capable of heroic sacrifice. But, as for the Government of the nation, condoning, palliating, procrastinating, on the one hand; protesting with acrimonious punctilio on the other, there is but one phrase which seems an adequate criticism: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! . . . ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered. . . ."

Therefore, if now, at the eleventh hour, we find ourselves on the brink of the conflict, it behooves us diligently to try and examine ourselves, lest we enter into what is, in spiritual reality, a holy war, with no better or nobler motives than those which, for nearly three years, have kept us out. We are entering the war, we say, to defend the rights of humanity. Are we, in truth, concerned for the rights of humanity, or are we at last moved because our own skins are in danger? Is our motive really valorous defence of right, or is it but another phase of cowardice? We

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were willing a few weeks ago, practically to sell out the cause of the Allies, by counselling a premature and traitorous peace, a "peace without victory"; our motive was then, palpably to the whole world, the desire to avoid possible loss and suffering to ourselves, no matter at what cost to the cause of humanity. Are our motives purer now? With the *Lusitania* dead still crying to heaven for justice, with the detestable enslavement of Belgian men and women at that very moment in full swing, we were willing dishonestly and hypocritically to protest that our relations with the assassins and slavedrivers "were never more cordial than now"; a sentence that not even our blood will now be able to wash from the tablets of history. Is our moral attitude manlier now? We are full of anger because of the revelation of a plot against a part of our territory, an intended intrigue with nations thought to be unfriendly to us. Is our indignation really against treachery because all treachery is infamous? Or is it solely because this particular act of treachery threatened some detriment to ourselves? To sum up: We have acted, through nearly three years, wholly from egotism gilded with pious platitudes, but in fact cowardly and shameful; are we acting solely from egotism still, without the least real conviction of spiritual law and moral right?

For two reasons we must find the answers to these questions; and, if they are adverse, we must, even at the eleventh hour, repent and purge our hearts, in contrition and shame. The first reason concerns ourselves. It is this: The world war is really the expression of a far greater war, the stupendous conflict between the armed spiritual powers of Good and Evil. It is not so much the German nation which is the enemy, as the deadly spiritual powers, into whose hands they have given themselves, body and soul, as willing instruments. And, the moment we enter the conflict, we come into the vortex of the most potent forces in the universe, forces "powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, a discerner of the thoughts and the intents of the heart. . . ."

We are a nation plethoric with wealth, as a calf fatted for the slaughter. If we enter the conflict now, not really convinced, but ready to play with it, perhaps ready to flatter ourselves that our aid is decisive and must bring victory, we shall invite drastic retribution, in no abstract and metaphysical sense, but in the form of armed invasion by Germany, the instant she is free, and we shall suffer the evils we condoned from cowardice when they were inflicted upon Belgium, when Germany comes here to kill the fatted calf. Nothing can give us even relative safety now but a whole-hearted, penitent, contrite adherence to the cause of holiness and honour, not for our skins' sake, but for the sake of holiness and honour. If we go into the war in a new phase of fear and egotism, no matter how eloquent our protestations be, we shall invoke a far-reaching and well-earned penalty.

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There is another reason, and, it should be said, a graver one. If our motive be right and manly, our adherence to the cause of the Allies might yield some real help, though pitifully little because of our supine refusal to make ready for the fight. But if our motive be still impure, still soaked in hypocritical self-seeking, then we are a menace to the cause of righteousness, our adherence will threaten more harm than it will promise good. Our recent advocacy of a treacherous peace makes this very plain. We may be tempted to do the same thing again, as soon as we begin really to suffer. And that we shall suffer much, is now our only hope of purification. Therefore it is that those who have the cause of the Allies most at heart will, for a long time, view with grave apprehension our possible adherence to that cause; we are still far more a danger than an element of security.

But the riches of the spiritual world are great; the powers of holiness are very merciful. Therefore there is still room for hope, though not yet for sanguine hope, that the land of Lincoln may purge itself by repentant valour, and may enter the war somewhat less ignobly, passing through it, not without great suffering, yet not in the coward's way, not hypocritically, not ignominiously.

To be truly devout, we must not only do God's will, but we must do it cheerfully. People of ordinary goodness walk in God's way, but the devout run in it, and at length they almost fly therein.—St. Francis de Sales.

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FRAGMENTS

I

Extracts from Letters of a Guru to His Chêla

"MY child, you have many things to learn, many things to remember; but whatever you forget or leave undone, bear this in mind: the unreality of material life, the reality of the spiritual. If you will do this, there can be no discord or confusion. Event will follow event in orderly progression, stedfast and eternal as the stars. The path of duty will be clear and lit; your courage to tread it always equal to the moment. Each portion of the mosaic will fit perfectly into the other. Follow the pattern, then you can make no mistake. We to whom you look for guidance must follow these same simple rules, along what seem to you the dizzy heights upon which we walk. There are for us vast problems, endless mysteries, baffling difficulties; and we have learned to meet them in just this way. All life is one: the Rule of life must, therefore, be one also, with varied degrees of expression. We alone enlarge the expression, and the Master acknowledges the enlargement when made.

"Yours can be no easy position, no easy task, nor would you have it so. Each step in fulfilling it, opens wider visions of usefulness and service,—tokens of growth, a deeper fellowship, a greater isolation.

"There is not much more for me to tell you, in this manner, of your own life, as you pass on to those portions of the Path around which the cloud-mists hover. More and more it must be silence and communion, intense communion . . . You will find new difficulties, new temptations, and the old ones under different forms. You must meet them all.

"Rub thinner the human vestment. Here is a parting of the ways. I make great demands . . ."

II

"Be strong in faith, be stedfast, be united; only so can you carry the torch you hold forward into the darkened world. When you consider this darkness, realize therefrom the amount of light which it behooves you to bring:—

"Knowledge to the ignorant;

"Strength to the weak;

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"Purity to the impure;

"Wisdom to the foolish;

"Above all, to enkindle in those sunk in materialism and apathy the fire of aspiration, the hunger for spiritual things. These are great tasks, yet if the Wedge is to cleave its way through, they must be performed.

"Prepare for them by a perfect consecration,—only as we possess can we give. And these are the possessions which you must desire above all, that they may in time come to be possessed by all pure souls equally.

"Stand always on guard: watch."

III

"Do all things in love. Beware of personal feeling, of impatience, of all smallness or meanness. Preserve the widest charity. Do not be *against* any one or any thing (that were a negative attitude, and so at the best dangerous), but stand firmly, immovably, courageously for the highest principles you know, never losing your sweetness or calm. ("He that is not for me is against me.")

"Remember at every moment that you are a disciple, and are standing for discipleship; it must be proved and glorified in the eyes of men. Therefore move slowly and with care, giving fullest consideration to each step, to every opinion you form, to every word you utter. All must be worthy . . . . . .

"Success is not to be tested by results, but by the perfection with which from end to end you maintain inviolably the attitude—interior and exterior—of discipleship. If you can do that while fighting for my cause, and aid those with you so to do, *I* can do anything."

CAVÉ.

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THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

VI

THE CISTERCIANS BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX SPIRITUAL LOVE

FOR a good half century, Francis of Assisi has been rather a modish saint. Matthew Arnold went voucher for him with the literary clan. Arnold's translation of the "Song to the Sun," and his incorporation of that song into the same essay which comments upon the Theocritan "Hymn to Apollo," as sung by the two diverting gossips, Gorgo and Praxinoë, gave a new thrill to the cultivators of culture, and assured St. Francis for ever after of cordial tolerance from polite society. The Arundel Art Club, among its other praiseworthy reproductions, brought out the Giotto scene of Francis preaching to the birds. Its quaint loveliness won the condescension of artistic folk. Contemporary painters have put Francis into new scenes; and thus he has become a protégé of art. Then came Monsieur Sabatier's biography of the saint, with the inference it made possible for Protestants to draw. This inference is: that Francis, throughout his whole life, was struggling against the Catholic Church, and was in open conflict with the Babylonish Bishop of Rome;—that is, Francis, like all other genuine saints, for that matter, was, in everything but in name, a stalwart Protestant, quite untainted by the idolatries and superstitions in which he was born. Through such varied appeals, a large part of the non-religious and non-Catholic public has been won to admiration of St. Francis.

It seems a miracle that St. Bernard has escaped a like faddish "run." Perhaps we owe the miracle to the ignorance of those who are esteemed leaders of thought and culture. Were the facts of his life commonly known outside of Catholic circles, they would surely have arrested the attention of those who constantly seek what is dramatic and picturesque. St. Bernard's dramatic career makes orthodox romance slink away into commonplace domesticity. If his actual deeds were incidents in a work of fiction, that work could only be condemned as very bad literary art—so unlikely they seem; our believing faculties are taxed by deeds that transcend the human plane, even when that plane is heightened by the colours of romance. Yet what St. Bernard did is fact—attested by responsible witnesses in records that the most skeptical cannot dispute. What is there in *Henry Esmond* or *Lorna Doone,* or any accredited romance, that equals the scene in the old church of Aquitaine? Bernard was celebrating Mass in the presence of a thronging congregation. The Duke of Aquitaine was among the worshippers—the Duke was opposed to Bernard's view in an ecclesiastical matter that concerned the political situation vitally. Bernard had been unable to change the Duke's opinion. Suddenly, at the moment of the Elevation, Bernard puts the Wafer back

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on the altar, leaves the Sanctuary, and strides resolutely through the congregation to the Duke's side. The ducal men-at-arms are on guard. Bernard is only a monk—and is in his opponent's fortress. But unflinching and unabashed, he demands of this provincial ruler how long he will keep his King waiting.* The terrified Duke drops to his knees and promises everything—to escape Bernard's intolerable countenance. How very simple! but who would ever have thought such a thing, either in fact or in fiction. His very entrance into his career strains our faith—till we grow accustomed to his common round of prowess! A decimated group of Benedictine monks clinging to a forlorn cause—an Abbot and half a dozen monkish sons who persist in their effort to build up a spiritual center in the desolation of a marsh, aptly named *The Cistern.* All possible recruits are frightened off by the harassing desolation and by the austere observance of the Rule. "Out of the blue," comes a knocking at the gate; a youth of twenty-two asks admittance for himself and thirty comrades, his uncles, cousins and five brothers. Bernard accomplished the unheard-of-thing even in saints' annals,—he won over, at the very beginning, *those of his own household.*

Students of economic conditions are often unsparing in condemnation of monasticism. Its rule of celibacy, they say, is a menace to society. The seclusion, they continue, renders a man incapable. But, for strenuous activity and governmental suitability, what individuals of their own class can such students match with the monks whom they condemn? Bernard's mere routine was to provide for seven hundred sons—their bodily needs and their spiritual; and he provided amply. The unforeseen calls in addition were to manage the politics of all Europe—to choose the Pope, and, having chosen him, to establish him in Rome: to choose the Emperor, and to have him crowned—to keep the European state-coach in running condition. As private duties, he kept abreast with all the thought of the time, and maintained an encyclopedic correspondence with men and women of every social grade. Compared with the "hectic" lives of which we hear, colloquially, today, Bernard's activity would seem that of radium.

He was born in 1091. His father was a Burgundian Count. His mother had with great reluctance entered into the marriage state. In obedience to her parents, she surrendered her own wish for convent life, and turned the force of her desire and her disappointment into the training of her children,—not without lively hope, of course, that some spiritual attainment on their part might compensate her own thwarted craving. Her obedience gave to the world a new religious Order. Her six sons and her daughter took the monastic vows, and her husband, also, after her death, put on the monk's habit under the Abbacy of his own son. Truly a fruitful sacrifice, hers!

She died, just as her third son, Bernard, was entering the world, his formal studies completed, at nineteen. His conversion followed almost immediately. The conversion seems to have been an interior matter,

* *i. e.*, waiting to descend from Heaven into the Wafer.

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wholly,—a recognition of the essential sinfulness of his nature, rather than a long struggle against crude out-breaking sins. The aristocratic standards of his family, and the consequent discipline given to the children, saved Bernard from the profligacy which Francis of Assisi's *bourgeois* family rather craved for its heir. There is a story that Bernard first became vividly aware of sexual impulses, shortly before his mother's death. His reaction to the temptation is characteristic. In indignation, he ran to a half-frozen pond, leaped in, and stood there, up to his neck in the icy water, until he was dragged out, half-frozen and half-drowned. The fact is likely, whether the story be authentic or not. His conversion is narrated as follows: "One day, while on his way to visit his brothers, who were with the Duke of Burgundy, at the siege of the Castle of Grancey, as he rode along, silently and in deep thought, the world with its perturbations and perpetual vicissitudes seemed to pass before him as a vain show, and suddenly a voice sounded in the depths of his heart—'Come to me all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you; take my yoke upon you, and you shall find rest to your souls.' At these words a heavenly longing took possession of Bernard's heart, and thrilled him to the very marrow of his bones. He stopped at a church door, entered it, and, prostrate before the altar, he prayed with many tears, raising his eyes to heaven, and, in the words of a prophet, pouring out his heart like water before the face of the Lord. At that moment a deep calm fell upon his soul, the breath of God rekindled the lamp of his spiritual life, and Bernard, all on fire with love, consecrated himself for ever to God, and joyfully took upon him the yoke of Him who is meek and humble of heart."

The ascendancy which Bernard almost immediately acquired in his entire family circle is phenomenal. Even the saints, their records prove, made themselves too often intolerable bores, in their own families, when they first awoke to the religious call. It is related of a more modern French saint, Madame de Chantal, I think, that she got along much better with her family, after St. Francis de Sales became her spiritual director. He advised her to *pray twice as long as before,* and thus reduce the time she had formerly *talked* to her relatives. Within the space of two years, there gathered around Bernard thirty loyal converts. An uncle was his first adherent, a man, like most of those who followed Bernard, of wealth, and of social and military rank. Four brothers ended their worldly duties; even a sister-in-law, the eldest brother's young wife, was kindled by the holy flame; her bitter opposition to her husband's suggested course vapoured away, and she sent him off into spiritual warfare, with the same resolution and fortitude as into a battle "for King and Country." With her two babes, she entered a Benedictine convent, to find there the training suited for the consort of a spiritual warrior. The winning of the youngest brother, Nivard, reads like fairy chivalry. He was such a young lad, Bernard had not thought of him as a candidate. When the day of farewells came, and the five brothers were passing from

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their ancestral castle, Nivard was playing in the court. Guido, the eldest, raised the lad to the parapet, in an impulse of affection and generosity, and pointing out forest and meadow said: "Little brother Nivard, all this will now be yours." The boy, at first, did not understand. Then, leaping away, indignantly, he exclaimed: "What, my brother! you take Heaven for yourselves and leave to me only earth. Nay, that division is not fair. I, too, must have Heaven." With that, Nivard sped away across the court, kissed his father's feet, as the father stood in grief and resentment over the disappointment of his worldly hopes, and then, quickly recrossing the courtyard in leaps, rushed through the gateway, joining the little flock of boy-lambs,—as the narrative with quaint charm describes it—that a shepherd lad of twenty-two was leading down the hill-side.

Bernard established his company of gentlemen in the provincial centre, Chatillon, for prayer, fasting, and spiritual reading. After six months, the citizens of the town, quite unable to understand or believe in the austere life led by this devout company, began to imagine and speak evil of its purpose; in appearance, the members of the band were still men of the world, since they had not put on any religious garb. Bernard then took his next step. He decided to seek admittance for his band into the most austere monastic centre of the neighbourhood—a monastery that applied so strictly and rigorously the old Rule of St. Benedict as to frighten away prospective postulants. This was Cîteaux.

It is by rhetorical license that Cîteaux, at the time of Bernard's entrance, is called a monastery. The word means *cistern*,* and it was a cistern, rather than a monastery that Bernard entered. A wild marsh, hopeless from the agricultural point of view, had, for that reason, been presented, about 1099, to seven Benedictine monks who were seeking a seclusion in which they might carry out literally their Rule. The transformation that was made, in time, of that brambly marsh, should be an encouraging fact for all those who strive after discipleship. From what the world considered a hopeless beginning, from outcast land, the Cistercians became the most successful agriculturists of their centuries. In planting new colonies they did not seek ideal conditions, but unfavourable and hopeless situations such as that against which the founders so successfully contended. What other is the disciple's task than to make a fragrant garden from a heart of stones, outcast by selfishness and sin? Those first monks at Cîteaux made little shelters for themselves of tree branches, and from the trees they built an oratory. For fifteen years they continued their efforts, seeing their small number (new adherents, in the early years, made their total, twenty-one) reduced by the plague, and without recruits to fill the vacant places.

The arrival of Bernard's company was a turn of tide. So many

* Cîteaux comes in normal etymological procedure from Latin *cisterna* and *cista*. The old form was Cisteaux. The name of the Order, Cistercian, thus perpetuates the difficulties and hardships of the foundation period.

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postulants now came to Citeaux that, after a period of enlargement, the Abbot began to send out little bands, twelve monks with an appointed Abbot, to colonize and cultivate other waste and worthless spots of France. In 1115, he selected Bernard as head of a new colony, and sent him off, with his brothers, uncle, and cousins to the number of twelve, to a desolation known as the Valley of Wormwood. It is this bitter valley of death that we now know as Clairvaux, Bright Valley (in old French, *claire val*).

Bernard was not twenty-five when elevated to the "teaching perch" as Abbot. The whole company had received but two years of discipline, making their vows in 1114. For all its ooze, Citeaux had been subjected for fifteen years to reclaiming efforts, whereas no tinge of bitterness had been removed from Wormwood Valley, when the colonists arrived there. Privations were severe. For food, they were reduced to what was called, by courtesy, "soup," made of beach leaves boiled with salt. At last the salt too was exhausted. Citeaux seemed, in comparison, a paradise, and the suffering monks implored Abbot Bernard to quit the wormwood and go back home to the marsh. The resolution which, in his boyish temptation, held him immovable in the frozen pond, held him here, also, until the bitterness of the valley was all washed away by the brightness that issued overflowing from his heart.

By the end of 1116, the continuance of Clairvaux seemed assured. No sooner had the first pioneer hardships ended, however, than a new trial came for the brave leader, a trial imposed by the kindness of friends. It brought its own compensations with it. Episcopal consecration was necessary for an abbot. Clairvaux Diocese being without a head, Bernard received his installation from a neighboring bishop, with whom he found himself at once, in a relation of intimate friendship. This was no less a person than William of Champeaux, the celebrated philosopher and scholar, and founder, in 1108, of the school of mystics at the Abbey of St. Victor, Paris* Bernard, like Ignatius Loyola at Manresa, had gone further in the matter of austerities than was deemed wise. He had declared, upon entering Citeaux, that nothing so much resembled death as sleep, and he had reduced sleeping, and also food, beyond a minimum. Mental anxiety during the pioneer year at Clairvaux, joined to physical privations, made his condition seem precarious. The Bishop perceived the state of matters, and, with affectionate anxiety over his new found friend, went to the central authority, the Abbot of Citeaux, with the request that Bernard be committed to his keeping for the space of one year. The request was granted. The Bishop had a small room constructed for Bernard, secluded from the monks' quarters; for twelve months, Bernard was relieved of all responsibility for conditions in the monastery. One unfortunate provision disturbs the heavenly seclusion of that cell. The Bishop procured a physician, and obtained from Ber-

* See article, "Richard of St. Victor" in the series on Early English Mystics, THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1914.

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nard a promise to obey the physician in all things. That physician went to work to build up his patient, requiring among other things that the invalided Abbot drink draughts of blood. Half-humorously, and half sorrowfully, Bernard exclaims: "Formerly, reasonable men obeyed me; now, as punishment for my sins I obey a man utterly unreasonable."

William of Champeaux, directly and indirectly, led Bernard into much of that activity outside the monastery which ended in his becoming the Dictator of Europe, the Generalissimo, of the States, as well as of the Papacy. It was natural that the Bishop should wish so flaming an individual to speak, to conduct "missions." Bernard's power could not escape recognition. Appeals came from all sides that were answered, both in person and by letter. It is thus that his letters were written, without regard to the tax that their necessary length became. It is these letters, and the biographies written by his early associates (which are the material of all subsequent biographies) that give so vivid a picture of the man and his times.

Bernard's success at Clairvaux, and the growth of other plants taken from the parent stock at Citeaux, now made necessary some kind of organization that would provide for present management and future offshoots. In 1119, Stephen, the third Abbot of Citeaux, called to conference the abbots of the monastic colonies he had sent out. The number of these was eleven. With Stephen presiding, certain provisions of government were adopted—for example, that there should be a conference of abbots every year at Citeaux, which was to remain the central and supreme authority. It was not in the minds of these abbots that they were founding a new Order or even a *Reform* of the Benedictine. They thought they were making a *Return* to a true observance of St. Benedict's Rule. The constitution of the Order was made necessary by its growth. The differences between the Benedictine and Cistercian Orders are therefore accidental, not at all essential. The Cistercian Order is really the Benedictine in a new period of efflorescence. The white habit of the Cistercians, as seen in Filippino Lippi's painting of St. Bernard, is explained in more than one way. A reasonable explanation is that Alberic, the second abbot, saw no need to dye natural wool the conventional Benedictine black, and resolved to use it as it grew. The white habit later brought on the popular epithet for Cistercians—White Friars.

One would like to give due recognition to St. Bernard's co-founders —but for limits of space. Their names are less mentioned than his, because God called him to take a conspicuous part in the business of the world. They were men of valour. Perhaps the bare names may stand for honour due. Robert of Molesme, Alberic, Stephen Harding (an Englishman; it was he who admitted Bernard). All have been canonized.

Nine years after that first conference of abbots at Citeaux, Bernard had part in launching an Order radically different from St. Benedict's. This was the Knights Templars. Bernard's part was that of counsellor.

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After the first Crusade, several French Knights banded together for the purpose of giving greater security to pilgrims journeying to the Holy Land. They lived a community life in Jerusalem, with military discipline. Their establishment occupied the site of the old Temple. That explains their name. In 1128, they sent to Rome asking for official recognition and for a rule. The Pope referred them, as a French company, to a council of French Bishops. Bernard was called upon for aid. Whether he actually drew up the Templars' Rule and Vow is uncertain. Their military spirit was entirely akin to his own, since from beginning to end he is essentially a soldier.

From that date until his death in 1153, a period of twenty-five years, Bernard's life is filled with endless activities. He becomes, like St. Paul and George Fox, a journeyer up and down on the face of the earth. "Bright Valley" was a far-off heaven to which his face longingly turned as he moved from spot to spot amid the intrigues and quarrels of the world. The days of the cloister,—"a true paradise," he called it, were over. The matters in which he took so active and prominent a part were of great importance. Their consequences involved nations. Such a mass of historical detail is involved that a consideration of these movements, and the part taken by Bernard, is impossible. Yet they seem such petty tasks and accomplishments, if we say baldly: he ended a schism in the Church, by establishing the Pope, and he organized the second Crusade.

His relation with Abélard need not be so cursorily dismissed. Abélard has become a hero for the sentimental, by reason of the double tomb in Père Lachaise. Another class of dilettante admirers, a class that we must, unfortunately, call our "university class," sees in Abélard an apostle of reason and light; they are unsparing in denouncing Bernard as fanatic and bigot, a bitter persecutor of "the true light." The pretexts for warfare and dispute, Edmund Burke wrote, change with the decades. But the true causes remain essentially the same—namely, the wickedness and selfishness of individuals. St. Bernard's unswerving campaign to secure a condemnation of Abélard's doctrine, was part of the unending warfare of light against darkness. It was St. Bernard who championed light, not Abélard. Under all those dead past names and points of dispute, two opposing forces are discerned—rationalism and spirituality. It is probable that Abélard did not foresee the materialism and anarchy that would later join forces with his rationalism. His blindness to consequences does not excuse him; it is proof of his folly. St. Bernard clearly foresaw in the practical sphere of political and social relations the fatal results of Abélard's metaphysical speculation. And the moment the snake uplifted its head on that political plane, Bernard's vigilance, ready for a spring, discerned it, and gave battle. Arnold of Brescia, the premature French Revolutionist of the twelfth century, was the practical manifestation of Abélard's philosophy. Bernard was as resolute to extirpate

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Arnold's party as to secure Abélard's condemnation; and he took no neutral, half-way measures. The social levelling that Arnold put in practice was maleficent, making for the death of his own soul, and thwarting the spiritual development of individuals and communities. Bernard did not hesitate between spiritual and physical death. He demanded an end of anarchy by the execution of Arnold. "I would that Arnold's doctrine were as sound as his life is austere. He is a man who eats not, drinks not, thirsts not, but, like the devil, for the blood of souls: he is of the number of those of whom the apostle speaks, who have the form of godliness, without its spirit; of those, concerning whom the Lord Himself said: 'They shall come to you in sheep's clothing; but inwardly they are ravening wolves.' Wheresoever this man hath dwelt, he hath left such frightful traces of his sojourning that he hath never dared to appear there again. His own country agitated by his presence, has been constrained to banish him. Exiled from France, he maintains, among your people the errors of Abélard, with a heat and an obstinacy surpassing that of his master. Alas! if Holy Scripture would have us 'take the little foxes, which waste the vineyard of the Lord,' far more ought we to bind and chain a cruel wolf, ready to fall upon the fold of Jesus Christ."

The struggle against Abélard came to a very dramatic climax. Notwithstanding the magnetic and moral power of which Bernard must have been aware, by reason of the many successful issues of his policy, he was most diffident, and came unwillingly to the ordeal of face-to-face discussion of the disputed points. Abélard was almost a professional debater—skilled in the technique of argument. He was brilliant and popular. He shone with the glamour of romance. It was self-confidence, perhaps, that prompted the challenge to Bernard—a public discussion in presence of the Bishops. After refusing the challenge ("my adversary is a veteran warrior, I am but a child"), Bernard finally accepted, and came to the assembly, at Sens: "I was obliged to yield to the entreaties of my friends. They saw, in fact, that every one was preparing for this conference as for a kind of public spectacle, and they feared lest my absence should be a stumbling-block to the weak, and an occasion of triumph to error. I went thither, therefore, though reluctantly, and with tears in my eyes, without any other preparation than that recommended in the Gospel: 'Do not meditate beforehand what you shall answer; it shall be given you in the same hour'; and those other words, 'The Lord is my helper, what shall I fear?'" Bernard spoke first. The brilliant metaphysician was dumfounded at his earnestness and power. The wiles of technique were powerless against simplicity. Abélard, his weapons all untempered, could only appeal to the Pope. Official condemnation was prompt.

Abélard's admirers remain silent about his retraction. They would like to rank him with Galileo and other martyrs. They cannot understand that his repentance may have been the one sincere act of his life. Nothing like persecution or torture was brought to bear upon him. He was already a monk. He sought an asylum at Cluny, just then in a

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condition of reflorescence, under a wise abbot,—its last. That abbot, a friend of Bernard's, brought Abélard to the point of purging from his system all resentment and vindictiveness against his opponent. He met Bernard privately to give expression to cordial and friendly regard. He died at Cluny, professing clear recognition of his errors, and sincere regret for his pride and self-delusion. There is a sentence at the end of Bourget's *Démon du Midi* that these two thinkers, both monks, seem to illustrate. Bourget writes in conclusion: "Cet enseignement, c'est qu'il faut vivre comme on pense, sinon, tôt on tard, on finit par penser comme on a vécu." Is the philosophical system of each man incipient, Bernard's, in the frozen pond incident, and Abélard's, in the unlawful relation with Héloïse?

In the *Paradiso,* St. Bernard is assigned the task of instructing the spiritual traveller, at the very end of the journey—after the withdrawal of Beatrice (St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Dominic, St. Peter and St. John talk with the pilgrim in the earlier part of the celestial realm); St. Bernard comes in at the close, and prepares Dante for the final vision of Deity. No more credence can be maintained for this ranking, than a poet's authority wins with individual readers. It is suggestive, however, in an endeavour to characterize St. Bernard's particular note in the large harmony of the Saints. That note seems to be spiritual love. His method of cultivating and developing that individual note seems clearly indicated in his writings.

At the time of his conversion and the beginning of his discipleship, he experienced the dryness of heart which attacks small and great in the spiritual life. "I am not ashamed to confess," he said later, "that often, and particularly at the commencement of my conversion, I experienced extreme coldness and hardness of heart. I sought after Him whom in my soul I was desirous to love, who was able to restore warmth and life to my frozen heart; but no one came to my help to dissolve the icy torpor of my spiritual senses, and to bring on the warmth and fruitfulness of the spring. And thus my soul remained untouched and powerless, a prey to hard and hopeless depression and dull discontent. Who is able to abide this frost?" Meditation on the Passion seems to have brought Bernard out of the *Arabia deserta* of the spiritual world. He describes, as follows, the fruit of such meditation. "From the first beginning of my conversion, seeing myself to be wanting in all virtues, I took to myself this bundle of myrrh made up of all my Saviour's bitter sufferings, of the privations He endured in His infancy, the toils He underwent in His ministry, the weariness He suffered in His journeyings, His watching in prayer, His fasting and temptation, His tears of compassion, the snares laid to catch Him in His words, His perils among false brethren, the insults, the blows, the mockeries, the nails, the sorrows, in short, of all kinds which He endured for the salvation of men. I have found wisdom to consist in meditation upon these things, and I have discovered that here alone is the perfection of justice, the fulness of wisdom, the riches of

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salvation, and the abundance of merit; here is that which raises me in depression, moderates me in success, and makes me to walk safely in the royal road between the goods and the evils of this life, removing, on each side, the perils which threaten my way. Therefore, also, it is that I have these things always in my mouth as you know, and that I have them always in my heart, as God knows; they are ever on my pen as all men may see; and the most sublime philosophy, which I have in this world, is to know Jesus, and Jesus crucified."

The next step in his development is marked in 1128, when he was commenting daily at Clairvaux, for the benefit of his monks, upon *Solomon's Song,* a little known book of the Old Testament, much admired, for its erotic imagery by such modern men as Rossetti (D. G.) and Swinburne. Some of the monks wrote down what they remembered of their Abbot's comments. It is these memory notes of his disciples that are included in editions of Bernard's works as his sermons on the Canticle. One of the old chroniclers, William of Thierry, visited the monastery at this period, and has left a vivid account of what he saw and heard there: "He explained to me at this time many things in the Canticle of Canticles; but he expounded only its moral and practical sense, without speaking of the more profound mysteries which are contained in this sacred book, because I desired him and entreated him to do so; and, fearing that what he said should escape my memory, I wrote every day whatever God had engraven on my mind, so that I could remember it. He communicated to me, with unequalled kindness and with perfect freedom, all the lights which he had received from grace and acquired by experience; and he took pains to make me understand many things of which I was ignorant, and which can only be known by the practice of divine love."

Bernard's keen discernment (at times it seems prophetic of future events) was aware of the erotic possibilities in the Canticle, and he therefore cautioned against its use by the profane and impure. "We must consider the expressions of the Canticle of Canticles less than the affections. Love speaks in all; and if any one would understand what we are saying, he must love. It is in vain that he who loves not, approaches to listen to the words we read; for these burning words will never be comprehended by a heart of ice. It demands chaste ears, and when you think of the two lovers, do not picture to yourself a man and a woman, but the Word and the soul." The marriage bond of the Canticle was for Bernard, as for most of the religious Orders, a symbol of the Soul's final union with God. He was careful to discriminate between the union of man with God and such unity as exists in the Holy Trinity. "The union of man with God consists not in confusion of natures, but in the conformity of wills. Between the three Divine Persons, there is unity of essence and of substance; between the Soul and God there is unity of affection and of sentiment." Dante did not create or imagine in Bernard that characteristic which fitted Bernard for the last great task of the *Divine Comedy,*—to unite man with God by love. It may easily be objected that

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Benedict, Francis and others reached that end and reached it through love. But it will be readily conceded, I think, that with Benedict, Obedience is the more characteristic method to the goal, and with Francis of Assisi, Poverty.

The Cistercian houses are all dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. She is said to have appeared to the second Abbot at Citeaux. Bernard may have seen in her protection a defence against slanderous misinterpretation of his teaching about spiritual love. His letters, and the legends that have gathered around him, do not justify the impression that Clairvaux was a favourite resort of the Virgin's. The celebrated Jongleur de Notre-Dame legend has Clairvaux for its *mise-en-scène;* but its period is a hundred and fifty years after Bernard's death.

Bernard died in 1153, leaving in his own abbey seven hundred monks. The total number of monasteries that had grown up, subject to the jurisdiction of Citeaux was one hundred and sixty. Of Cistercian houses in Britain, Melrose Abbey and Tintern Abbey are celebrated through their literary association with Scott and with Wordsworth. Bernard's own abbey is now a government prison. One would think that mere antiquarian interest would preserve so holy a spot from such desecration.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

JOHN RUSKIN.

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EASTERN AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

II

The Planes of Consciousness

IN the Notes and Comments in the January number of the Theosophical Quarterly, an effort was made to apply the Theosophic method to psychology, by bringing together certain soul-records of the East and West; the present essay is an attempt to carry this study more into detail. At the beginning of the Notes and Comments, it was made clear, by quotations from *The Ocean of Theosophy,* that the subject of consideration was not that "psychology without a soul," which is really an illogical and incomplete outgrowth of physiology, but rather the genuine "science of the soul," which seeks to know, and reverently to study, the actual experience of the soul itself, the conditions of spiritual consciousness, as they manifest themselves in the inner world of being, in the expanding life of the soul. In reality, the whole of religion, all spiritual life, is contained in these higher states of consciousness; and an understanding of religion, of the supreme logicalness and reasonableness of religion, must rest on some understanding of these states of consciousness. But it stands to reason that the only knowledge of them which is real, and therefore true, must be based, not on speculation, but on experience, on the actual entering and tasting of these states of consciousness; just as the only knowledge of the powers of vision or audition which amounts to anything at all is gained, not by argument and speculation, but by seeing and hearing.

If, then, religion and spiritual life be "all a matter of our states of consciousness," what are we to say of religious practices and observances, of worship and conduct, of the whole system of devotional life? The answer seems to be quite simple and direct: All observances and practices, all acts of devotion and worship, are preparations and means for entering, experiencing and understanding the states of spiritual consciousness. All purifications, for example, are means for putting off a lower state of consciousness, in order that we may enter a higher state of consciouness. And, since one of the dominant factors in that lower state of consciousness is separateness, self-centeredness, isolation of consciousness, much of the preparation for the higher consciousness of necessity consists in efforts to break down this isolation, this "being wrapped in self," whether by acts of self-sacrifice, or by worship in common: that is, by a common effort to enter a higher state of consciousness; or by the training of disciples in association with each other.

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Two cautions would seem to be necessary at the outset. The first is this: Consciousness invariably involves will, the active and definite exercise of the will. Where the will is in abeyance, as in mental drifting and dreaming, in nebulous and negative conditions, this invariably means a definite sinking or dying of consciousness. A state of consciousness has been reached; if we try to rest in it in a negative and nebulous way, we are not really resting in it at all, but sinking below it into a lower state, and this means death. A sound study of natural life, of biology, shows this: living beings hold their own only by ceaseless effort and vigilance; a relaxation of vigilance means a surrender to the enemy, and the enemies of life, whether natural or spiritual, are everywhere and always on the alert. Any natural form which has surrendered its powers of self-defence, for example, the wingless birds of New Zealand, is in immediate danger of extinction as soon as its artificial isolation is broken, let us say, by the coming of predatory animals; but even before this menace arises, that form has already begun to recede, to degenerate. It is so too with spiritual life; eternal vigilance is quite literally the price not so much of liberty, but of life itself.

But, while will is everywhere a part of consciousness, a part, without which consciousness is already dying, it is difficult to describe the activities of the will, while it is much easier to describe the content of the perceptive side of consciousness, and much of what is found in the spiritual books, especially those of the East, is somewhat prone to follow this natural bent: to lean too much on the description of the perceptive side, and to lay too little stress on the active side. We do the same thing constantly, in ordinary speech. We say, "I see that bird on the tree," but we do not say, what is nevertheless the case, "In order to see it, I must use uninterrupted effort to direct my sight, to focus it, to concentrate the visual sense on it." The instant the will, the effort of attention, lapses, we in fact cease to see. The will has to be used perpetually. But, as we have said, the Eastern books, especially those of later date, tend to lay too little stress on the will-side of consciousness. We shall have to be on guard against this.

This is the first caution. The second concerns the mind, or, perhaps one should say, that part of the mind which occupies itself with argument; for convenience, the lower mind. The French philosopher Bergson has done admirable work at this point; he has made it clear that the lower, argumentative mind was, as a matter of history, evolved to deal with matter and with the processes of matter of a certain kind and range; and that this mind, therefore, just so far as it is a good instrument for that purpose, is a bad instrument for dealing with things above that layer of matter; therefore he lays great stress on "intuition," the perceptive faculty which is by nature fitted to deal with the things above that layer of matter, and the whole of his spiritual interpretation of life is based on the use of this higher perceptive faculty, the "intuition."

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But the lower, argumentative mind has been exceedingly busy for many millenniums, in the long and arduous task of mastering matter and material conditions. Not only has it made enormous conquests here, but it has gained enormous confidence in itself in the process, nay, an overweening consciousness. And it is far from easy to persuade it that it has its limitations; that, for the next layer of consciousness, of life-experience, for the perception of spiritual things, it is hardly fitted at all, and must constantly subordinate itself to the spiritual faculty, to "intuition." The word "bumptious" is not often used in the consideration of these high topics; yet "bumptious," "self-assertive," is exactly the word to express this quality of the lower mind; a tendency naturally arising from its long success in dealing with the lower, material order of life; yet a formidable barrier, when the time comes to enter the plane of life which lies directly above the material life. One may say that the whole literature of negative materialism, of rationalism so-called—for it is not really rational or logical—simply illustrates this one tendency of the mind. And, as a practical lesson, we must be constantly on guard against this same tendency, realising that its long life, its manifold successes in its own field, have given it a tremendous tendency to run forward, in virtue of that momentum, and to assert itself equally in the next field, for which it has no aptitude at all.

Perhaps we shall be justified in saying that the very clear perception of this limitation of the lower mind has been the motive which has led certain divisions of Christian thought—and notably certain teachers in the Roman Church—to put a practical ban on the lower argumentative mind; to insist on the surrender of private judgment, as a primary religious duty; to put forward, for acceptance, a ready-made system of thought. But this tendency, which has, as we have seen, a certain justification in the nature and origin of the lower mind, seems to have been carried too far, with rather damaging results.

The first of these detriments seems to be a practical divorce between the thought of that Church and the whole development of modern science, which is based in part on the argumentative mind and in part on intuition; with results almost disastrous to both parties: The whole trend of scientific thought has driven forward, practically without its religious lining, without spiritual inspiration, and has, therefore, tended to become materialistic; while the thought of the Church, taking an attitude of antagonism towards scientific development, has thereby suffered in its own growth, and has very largely cut itself off from the active thought, the free natural development of thinking men. For this reason, it would seem, the Roman Church has tended to become a Church of women, the spiritual life of men thereby suffering immensely, as, for example, in contemporary France.

A second detriment has been, that the Roman Church, and, to a less degree, other divisions of Christian thought, have cut themselves off from other great realms of the world's spirituality; have, perhaps un-

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consciously, tended to take for granted that the spiritual experiences of other divisions of mankind are in essence illusory and false; that it is much better to neglect them altogether. This attitude is really an unconscious indictment of the justice and goodness of God, a denial of spiritual life to these other children of the Father. It is true that this view is not explicitly asserted; on the contrary, there is a theoretical acceptance of the possibility of salvation for the virtuous, unbaptised heathen, notably in the writings of Thomas Aquinas, and in the canonization, albeit unconscious, of Gautama Buddha by both the Eastern and the Western Church, under the name of Saint Josaphat, which is said to be a corruption of the title "Tathagata," "He who came as His Predecessors came." But in practice, the ignoring of the spiritual experience of the East is pretty complete. And it appears to be one of the fruits of the practical banning of the logical mind; this in turn being due to a genuine recognition of the supreme value of "intuition."

What is really needed, it would seem, is an understanding of the true relation between these two elements of our perceptive faculty; an understanding, first, that all of the Universe is from God; and, secondly, that the perceptive power in us, which meets the Universe, is likewise from God; is, indeed, invariably a ray of the Logos itself, in whatever field it operates. What is needed, therefore, is to establish the true relation between these different rays of the Logos.

It is of deep interest to note the method of Christ himself in this regard. In his actual teaching, we find two elements always present: the direct appeal made to the moral nature—that is, to the will, rightly operative—made by the direct inspiration of his presence, his personal power; and, second, the appeal to the natural mind, to lead and incite the mind to accept and further the impulse of the moral nature. Thus, in the Parables, which best represent the first stages of Christ's teaching, his method of approach, we find him always appealing to the natural mind and to the already existing content of the natural mind, by evoking natural observations, by calling up some scene or fact of nature certain to be present in the minds of those who were listening to him: "A sower went forth to sow"; or "A certain man made a great supper." Further, he chooses those aspects of natural life in which the process of natural law most visibly corresponds to the process of spiritual law, thereby leading through the natural mind up to the intuition; for example, "And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." There is a clear and fundamental recognition here that the Divine Law works harmoniously in the natural and spiritual worlds, and that there is an underlying unity in our perceptive power, as it operates in the natural and spiritual worlds. If this supremely wise leading had been fully followed, there never could have arisen any "Conflict between Science and Religion."

To unravel these tangled threads, there is but one means: the con-

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sistent and wise application of the Theosophic Method. This will bring about, first, a mutual understanding and complete reconciliation between Science and Religion; next, a like understanding and reconciliation between the now divided, but really complementary regions of spiritual experience, and chiefly those of the East and the West. Immense mutual benefit will result, first, as between Science and Religion, and secondly as between the spiritual life of West and East, moral force and lucidity, will and consciousness, heat and light mutually enriching each other, and thus making possible an immense forward step in the spiritual life of all mankind.

We come back, therefore, after a somewhat long digression, to the fundamental question of the fields or planes of consciousness, which are the basis of all religious experience, and, with a right accompanying development of the will, of all religious and spiritual life. Here again it must be remembered that "the Universe is One"; that life is not in reality divided; that, when we speak of planes of consciousness, we do so for the sake of simplicity and lucidity, not because there are really hard and fast divisions. In exactly the same way we may speak of our consciousness today as being separate from our consciousness of yesterday and of tomorrow. But this is for simplicity only; in reality our consciousness is unbroken and continuous. If the consciousness, the feeling of "I," were ever completely blotted out, even for an instant, there is no conceivable way in which it could be revived or renewed. The lapse would be final. In reality, our consciousness stretches both forward and backward in an unbroken line.

Our consciousness likewise stretches upwards in an unbroken line, though the focus of consciousness rises and falls, and is, in general, at the lower end of the line; yet, were our consciousness not already established from eternity in the Highest—in its great Source, the Logos of God—there would be no hope for us; we could never conceivably rise to the consciousness of God. It is a question of raising thither the focus of consciousness, along a divine line which already exists. This would seem to be the meaning of the teaching of the Upanishads, that the divine Self in us, Atma, already is God.

The Upanishads divide our consciousness into four great planes or layers; but, as there is always overlapping and interpenetration, we may add the three intermediate regions, or realms of junction and interpenetration, thus making in all seven great planes of consciousness; each of these, we may suppose, is further divisible, for clearness, into four layers, or, counting the intermediate regions, into seven. Since the great Upanishads follow the four-fold division, we may well do the same, trying, later, to indicate the significance of the intermediate layers. We shall then try to show that exactly the same realms of consciousness, with exactly the same content, are quite clearly and consciously recognized in what we have agreed to call "Western psychology," the genuine experiences of the soul, recorded by those in the West who have gained spiritual

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unfoldment; who have, in fact, entered these higher regions of consciousness in their own personal experience. One may say, perhaps, that "Mysticism" is in reality the entering of these higher realms of consciousness, with the means toward that entrance and the harvest there gathered.

The great Upanishads begin with the oneness of the Divine Consciousness, which they call "Brahma," literally "the Power which Expands." To this word is often prefixed "Param," "The Supreme," forming the phrase, "Param Brahma," "The Supreme Eternal," which has been anglicized as "Parabrahm," the Absolute. But, since the Absolute can, by its very definition, have neither parts nor relations, Brahma stands more generally for "God made manifest," God revealed in the spiritual and material world, in Nature and in the Soul, the Unity of the Divine Life. And Brahma is identical with Atma, the Divine Spirit. This Divine Spirit, the unity of all consciousness, is revealed in four great planes of consciousness, which are thus described in the Mandukya Upanishad:

"All is Brahma; Atma is Brahma; this Atma, universal Consciousness, has four degrees (literally: "has four feet"):

"(1) Standing in waking (jagarita), outwardly-perceiving, with seven members, with nineteen mouths, an eater of coarse elements, Vaishvanara ("vital fire"),—is the first foot.

"(2) Standing in dream (svapna), inwardly-perceiving, with seven members, with nineteen mouths, an eater of subtle elements, Taijasa ("the radiant"),—is the second foot.

"(3) Where, sinking to sleep, he desires no desire, beholds no dream, this is dreamless-consciousness (Sushupti). Standing in dreamlessness, become-one, a cloud of perceiving, blissful, an eater of bliss, having as its mouth pure-consciousness (chetas), Prajna ("inspiration"), —is the third foot.

"This is the Lord of all, this is the Knower of all, this is the Inner-compeller, this is the womb of all, for this is the forth-coming and withdrawal of beings.

"(4) Neither outwardly-perceiving, nor inwardly-perceiving, nor perceiving in both ways, nor a cloud of perceiving, nor perceiving nor not perceiving; unseen, incomprehensible, not to be grasped, without distinctive mark, unthinkable, unindicable, the essence of the idea of the one Atma, where manifestation has ceased, full of peace, benign, without a second (advaita),—this they think to be the fourth (chaturtha, turiya); this is Atma, this is to be known."

This passage may seem at first sight obscure, discouraging, enigmatic; but this is largely because of its extreme conciseness and condensation. In reality, it is marvellously complete, profound, full of meaning and of light. We shall try presently to expand and interpret it by other Upanishad and later Vedanta passages. But we can best approach its study, perhaps, by quoting a closely parallel passage from one of the great authorities of Christian mysticism, Saint Francis de Sales (*Of the Love of God*, chapter xii):

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"Our reason, or soul, is the very temple of God, Who dwells therein. 'I sought Thee without,' Saint Augustine says, 'and found Thee not, because Thou wert within me.' So in this mystic temple there are three courts, or different degrees of reason. The first leads us by the experience of sense, the second by human knowledge, the third by faith, and beyond all these there is an eminent, supreme point of spiritual perception, which is not led by the light of reason or argument, but by a simple act of the will, through which the mind yields and submits to God's Truth and Will.

"Now, this culminating point of the soul or mind is aptly symbolised by the Sanctuary or Holy of Holies; for the Sanctuary had no windows whereby to admit light, and that mind needs no enlightening of words; all light entered by the door, and so into that mind faith alone enters, kindling like rays, the beauty and brightness of God's Good Pleasure; none entered save the High Priest, and this highest point of the soul is only approachable by a wide overpowering consciousness that the Divine Will must be loved and accepted, not here and there only, but in everything, general and special alike; when the High Priest entered he darkened the doorway by the fumes of his censor, and even so the soul is sometimes clouded by the renunciations of the soul, which cares not so much to define the beauty and goodness set forth as to embrace and worship them, and through absolute acceptance of God's Will to attain perfect union with Him."

It is not difficult to make out the general resemblance between this and the Upanishad passage. Both rest on the Divine Being. Both divide the soul's consciousness into four ascending degrees. The first degree, that of waking sense-consciousness, which the Upanishad calls jagarita or jagrat, the Christian mystic characterizes by "the experience of sense." The second degree, called by the Upanishad svapna, dreaming, that is, resting in mind-images, the Christian mystic defines as based on "human knowledge." The third degree, called by the Upanishad sushupti, blissful, inspiration, is based by the Christian mystic on "faith." The fourth, generally called in India turiya, (which simply means "the fourth,") has its essence, according to the Upanishad, in "the idea of Atma," the Divine Spirit; the Christian mystic bases it on realized oneness with the Divine Will.

While, for the sake of simplicity and clearness, the Upanishads often speak of these degrees of consciousness as naturally succeeding each other and unfolding as we go to sleep, so that from waking we pass to dreaming, from dreaming to dreamless sleep, from dreamless sleep to the pure consciousness of Atma, and while it is, perhaps true that, in the beginning, we only reach the deeper consciousness beyond dreams when the body is actually asleep, it must not, it would seem, be understood that this limitation is permanent or universal. For, just as we may dream while we are awake, focussing our consciousness not in the perceptions of the senses, but on the inner pictures in the mind; so, while we are awake,

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or while we have the perception both of the outer senses and of mind-images, we may also have the deeper consciousness, the consciousness of "faith," of spiritual being and will, and even something of the fourth, the divine consciousness. The truth would seem to be that all four are always present, though, while the whole consciousness and interest is focussed in the lower, we are only very dimly aware, or not aware at all, of the higher. The practical problem, then, is, to subordinate the lower; to raise the focus of consciousness from sense-perception and mind-images to the spiritual and divine consciousness. It would seem to be, not so much a question of lighting a new light in a region absolutely dark, as of strengthening a dim light which is already burning there, which has been burning there, dimly and unperceived, from the eternities.

We shall try, at a future date, to make clearer the meaning and content of each of these states of consciousness, with their relation to the will, as these are set forth in the mystical books of the East and the West, with such added light as can be gained by comparing the two. Meanwhile, it should be held in mind, as a fundamental principle in both East and West, that every consciousness, of whatever degree, and whatever be its content, whether it be on earth, in hell, or in heaven, is an undivided and inalienable part of the Consciousness of God, though, since God has given us free will, He has therefore given us the power to choose the content of our consciousness, to choose the direction in which we shall focus it, whether low or high. And in the same way, every will, nay, every manifestation of force throughout the universe, whether it be in the atom or the archangel, is and remains an undivided and inalienable part of God's Will and Power, though with free will, He has given us the power to choose in what direction, and to what ends, we shall use our wills; we can degrade them, or we can raise them and make them a part of God's active and beneficent Will.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(*To be continued*)

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MESMER

THOSE by whom, in past ages, Greek oracle, Roman sibyl or Egyptian seer, were held sacred and worshipped as divine, would doubtless have had little understanding of the attitude of the Middle Ages, when on charge of witchcraft, thousands of psychics were burnt at the stake. And to both extremes would have been equally incomprehensible the 19th century attitude toward the modern form of psychic manifestation—the searching investigation and experiment by which animal magnetism little by little gained place as a science.

The man who discovered animal magnetism for his century, Anton Mesmer, was an initiated member of certain brotherhoods, and one of the messengers sent by the "Great Brotherhood," to perform its work in the last quarter of the 18th century. He was born at Weil in Germany in 1734, completed his education by the study of medicine in Vienna and took his degree under the most eminent medical men of his day. Even during his student life he became deeply interested, through his study of astronomy, in the theory of the mediæval philosophers regarding the sidereal influence on man. He concluded that this influence which the planets exerted both on each other and on the human body was similar to magnetic attraction and that it operated by means of a very subtile fluid interpenetrating all things.

Somewhat later he made public announcement of the discovery of a universal fluid "the immediate agent of all the phenomena of nature, in which life originates and by which it is preserved," and further added that he possessed the power to regulate and control the operation of this fluid and was able by its means to cure disease. About this time, he became interested in the work of a Jesuit professor of astronomy, who was making remarkable cures by means of the magnet, and seeing in this the affirmation of his astronomical theories he adopted the magnet as his own means of controlling the newly discovered fluid.

After working for some time in Vienna, Mesmer travelled in Bavaria and Switzerland, making many cures and arousing great interest. While in Switzerland, he came in contact with an ecclesiastic of the country named Gassner, who was also curing diseases. The latter worked, however, not with a magnet but by the exorcism of devils, determining first by religious formulæ whether the disease had a natural or a diabolical cause. Mesmer attributed these cures to animal magnetism and the magnetic fluid, as he had come to call his discovery. For some time he had been employing the magnet less and less and he now gave up its use entirely, announcing that he could magnetize any substance, i. e., concentrate or liberate the magnetic fluid, at will.

In 1778 he went to Paris where he published a book, *Memoires sur*

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la decouverte du Magnetisme, both medical and astronomical in character. At the same time he proclaimed his discovery of a universal panacea and opened parlors for the demonstration of his theories. There is a striking contrast between the methods deemed necessary at this time and those employed by later followers. The rooms in which Mesmer's patients met were heavily curtained, dimly lighted and silent, except for occasional strains of soft music. Mesmer, in a magician's garb of lavender satin, glided about, producing by mysterious glance or gesture, the most startling effects upon his patients. His method in individual cases was to place himself opposite the patient, grasping the hands of the latter and staring fixedly into his eyes. After continuing this for five or ten minutes, he made slow passes at a slight distance from the body of the patient, downward from the top of the head, resting the tips of his fingers lightly on the eyes, the chest, the pit of the stomach and the knees.

With a large and ever-increasing following, such a method became out of the question, and he used instead the *baquet* adopted from Paracelsus. The latter was a wooden tub containing a number of glass bottles fitted into each other, end to end and in layers, so as to form rays, as it were. Each bottle was filled with water, tightly corked, and magnetized. And into the interspaces were poured water and pounded glass or steel filings, likewise magnetized. From the tub, a rope tied to a piece of iron extended to the patients, who stood about the tub in a circle, close enough to be in contact with each other at thighs, feet and knees, "so that they should seem to form only one body, in which the magnetic fluid may circulate in constant succession." Often a second circle stood close behind the first. In a pamphlet of *Aphorisms and Instructions,* Mesmer further details the means of discovering and treating the disorder until a crisis is brought on and the cause of the malady diminished. The effects of the treatment varied with different persons; some remained quiet and more or less undisturbed, but in the majority of cases, the so-called crisis was of a most violent nature, the patient rolling on the floor, or becoming hysterical, or even in some cases suffering such convulsions as to require removal into an adjoining room, where means were taken to prevent self-injury. Mesmer regarded these crises as essential to a cure.

For the disclosure of his teachings, Mesmer asked a considerable price, and is said to have amassed a fortune. He was even offered a large sum by the French Government for the secret of his discovery, but this he refused to consider. The interest that he aroused was widespread, for the same social conditions that led to a ready acceptance of the teachings of Swedenborg or Saint-Martin, or again of the marvels of spiritualism, led no less to eager curiosity regarding the phenomenal manifestations of mesmerism. But though he gained a numerous following, his claims and his methods excited against him the indignation of the medical faculty of Paris, who stigmatized him as a charlatan. Efforts were made to put his methods to the test, but any such issue Mesmer avoided, even

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to the point of leaving Paris for a time. There was wide-spread controversy in regard to the subject and feeling ran high. The medical faculty, at strife within itself, threatened with expulsion any of its members who evinced a leaning toward the new teachings, and in several cases executed the threat.

At length, in 1784, Louis XVI issued a mandate, requiring the investigation of Mesmer's system. A commission was appointed from the members of the Academy of Sciences, the Society of Physicians and the medical faculty, including some of the most distinguished scholars of the day—among them Lavoisier, Bailly and Benjamin Franklin. This commission is accused by many of approaching their task with prejudiced minds, and of making an incomplete, unfair and superficial examination, not at all in compliance with the rules requisite for successful experiments. That which surpassed comprehension was to them contrary to reason, and phenomena which could not meet the cross-examination and satisfy the searching inquiry of their scientific "experts" had no claim on general acceptance. The spirit of the investigation is strongly suggestive of part of the explanation given in the *Occult World,* as to why the Masters do not undertake to convince modern science of occult truths: "As for human nature in general it is the same now as it was a million years ago, prejudice based upon selfishness, a general unwillingness to give up an established order of things for new modes of life and thought . . . proud and stubborn resistance to truth if it but upsets the previous notion of things: such are the characteristics of the age."

In the elaborate report which the commission drew up, they denied the existence of any special agent (animal magnetism). Many of the facts in regard to the phenomena they admitted to be true, but they attributed them to physiological causes. Imitation, imagination and touch, they gave as the explanation. As regards imitation, nervous, hysterical people, they said, on seeing their companions in convulsions or so-called crises, would quite naturally be similarly affected. Imagination or the expectation of certain results played a very large part in the phenomena, and where this element of expectancy was absent (the patient being treated without his knowledge) the results were almost always negative. Similarly, the touch or contact of the magnetizer had certain effects largely because these effects were expected by the patient. Denying or ignoring entirely the transcendental side of animal magnetism, they undertook to reduce it to a purely rational basis, and entirely aside from the immediate bearing on Mesmer and his followers, the effects of their work were far-reaching, indeed. For to this blindness and prejudice on the part of the commission, is probably due, according to Madame Blavatsky, the materialistic drift of the public mind, even to the present day.

The report of the commission was a severe blow to mesmerism, and two other occurrences still further reduced its popularity. A satirical play, *les Docteurs modernes,* brought out at the *Comedie Italienne,* sought

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to make ridiculous both Mesmer and his discoveries. And the impression thus made was heightened by the press notices concerning a man, who some time before his death had been one of Mesmer's celebrated cures; they read, "M. Court de Gebelin, author of *le monde primitif*, has just died, cured by animal magnetism." A further explanation of the decline of interest is the fact that the career of Cagliostro was now at its height (the affair of the Queen's necklace occurred in 1785), and novelty-seekers were occupied elsewhere. Then, most important of all, came the vital change in the spirit of France as it became engrossed in the approaching Revolution. Mesmer returned to Germany, published in 1799 his *Memoires sur mes decouvertes,* and in 1815 his *Mesmerismus,* and in that same year, died.

His own account of the rationale of mesmerism is important in view of the varied theories advanced by later investigators. He taught that man possesses a sixth sense which acts through the nervous system and "is in touch with all nature by means of a subtle fluid which acts upon it like the light on our eyes, but in all sorts of directions. It can in certain circumstances acquire an excessive irritability. Then it fills the functions of all the other senses, which for this reason seem to have received a prodigious extension." To this explanation, one of his immediate followers, Tardy de Montravel, adds the assertion that the inner sense is analogous to the instinct of animals and that its activity is increased through the numbing of the external senses which mesmerism produces.

A new era in animal magnetism was begun by the Marquis de Puysegur, one of Mesmer's most distinguished pupils and, as might be expected, a firm believer in the magnetic fluid. Instead of the elaborate apparatus of his teacher, he accomplished his results through gentle strokings or the use of will-power alone. The violent crises hitherto induced were discovered by him to be not only unnecessary but injurious, and his interest was centered in the soporific effects which could be produced, and in the varying degrees of intelligence exhibited by patients during the magnetic sleep. As he was benevolently disposed, hundreds of people flocked to his estate near Soisson, in the hope of a cure—so many, in fact, that he finally magnetized a tree in his garden by which means large numbers were helped. This last expedient had been adopted by Mesmer as well, but his enemies declared that patients not sufficiently primed beforehand, quite as frequently had their crises under the wrong tree,—proof conclusive of the arguments regarding imagination and expectancy.

Working at the same time with the Marquis de Puysegur and sharing his views and methods, was Deleuze the great naturalist, whose high reputation as a scholar did much to re-establish the good name of mesmerism. So numerous were his patients that he too made use of magnetized objects, and in his books on the subject, reference is made to such of his practices as giving magnetized water to drink or prescribing a magnetized handkerchief worn on certain parts of the body "to sustain

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the action during the interval of sittings." He was the first to emphasize the importance of motive in the work, declaring that mere love of the marvellous or desire to exhibit power could produce only harmful results; the moral and physical condition of the magnetizer, too, he regarded as of prime importance, since through the magnetic fluid, it exerts in time, a powerful influence on the moral and physical condition of the patient. In fact, he was exceedingly cautious in his use of it, and in view of the limited understanding of the subject, recommended it only in cases where the usual medical efforts had failed. He, too, attempted to solve the puzzling problem of the nature of the phenomena: many had sought to reduce them to a strictly physiological basis, others had declared them to be purely spiritual, claiming to produce cures by faith and the will alone; Deleuze asserted that as man is both body and soul, the influence he exerts participates in the properties of both. It follows that there are three actions in magnetism: first, physical; second, spiritual; third, mixed action.

Due largely to the work of Deleuze and the Marquis de Puysegur, there came a new wave of interest, a wave which spread through Germany, Holland and Italy, and in Sweden led to considerable experimentation in the Swedenborgian Society. Further prestige was gained through the work of another committee of investigation appointed by the French Academy, which drew up in 1831, a report much more favorable than the first. But as the Academy refused to print the report, and as itinerant charlatans calling themselves mesmerists were everywhere arousing prejudice, interest in the subject was soon quenched entirely or limited to the very few.

This was notably the case in England, where the chief advocate of the cause was Dr. John Elliotson. A man of considerable eminence as a physician, he had assisted in founding the University College Hospital, was a professor of Practical Medicine in the University of London, and the president of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, yet in spite of his recognized standing, so strong was the feeling against animal magnetism, that his advocacy of it caused him not only the loss of his practice but also dismissal from his professorship. According to contemporary accounts, many physicians made experiments, some with signal success, but partly out of consideration for their patients who would have been objects of suspicion had the facts been known, and partly for the sake of their professional reputation, they were forced to keep silent.

One point of view actually held by large numbers of people is given in a contemporary pamphlet (about 1846), "exposing" mesmerism as a sorcery, and quoting at some length from the Apocalypse regarding "spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth." As a final argument, the author of this work sagely observes that though mesmerism heal every disease, prevent every pain, and end all tribulation, it would, after all, "be an evil rather than a permanent benefit to mankind, in its thus naturally hindering their final everlasting

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salvation, since it is only 'through much tribulation that we shall enter into the kingdom of God.' "

It was for James Braid, a surgeon of Manchester, England, to raise the subject into the realm of scientific study, and he, curiously enough, approached it as a sceptic, believing as did many others, that it was merely a "system of delusion and collusion." A travelling mesmerist, M. Ch. Lafontaine, in the course of a sensational and exceedingly lucrative lecture tour through England, stopped in Manchester, and Braid attended his seances with a view to exposing the system and proving the so-called magnetism non-existent. One incident, namely the inability of a subject to open his eyelids, impressed him as a genuine phenomenon, and in evolving a theory with regard to this and testing it by experiments, he made the discovery which was known as Braidism and later as hypnotism.

His theory was that the mesmeric phenomena are due to a "derangement of the state of the cerebro-spinal centres, and of the circulatory, respiratory and muscular systems, induced by a fixed stare, absolute repose of body, fixation of attention, and suppressed respiration concomitant with that fixity of attention." He repudiated entirely the theory of magnetic fluid, denied the value of passes or strokings of the hands, and claimed that all depended on the physical and psychic condition of the patient. He believed fully that the nervous condition was the same both in mesmerism and in hypnotism, and for a long while he considered the phenomena of the two systems the same; those which he had not succeeded in inducing, he thought would be obtained after further experiment. Later, though, he came to regard them as distinct agencies, because some of the more advanced states of mesmerism, he could never induce.

According to Braid's method, the subject stared fixedly at a small bright object placed just above the root of the nose, so that the eyes converged sharply upward, thus tiring the muscles and over-irritating the optic nerve. (Later Charcot improved on this by placing pieces of glass close to the bridge of the nose, increasing the convergency.) At the same time the attention was fixed on the idea that sleep would ensue, a result which was usually obtained in two or three minutes. There followed a changed condition of the nervous system which he found peculiarly suitable for the cure of certain diseases, for the most part nervous disorders. It proved to be also a partial, and often a complete preventive of pain in surgical operations, and in these two capacities, Braid and other physicians as well (notably Dr. James Esdaile in India), experimented with it extensively. Braid never, though, regarded it as a universal remedy, and he frankly acknowledged that he did not understand the whole range of diseases for which it might be used. Of its superiority over mesmerism, he was firmly convinced, also of its ability to accomplish all or more than mesmerism had ever done. In the first place it produced the nervous sleep both more surely and more speedily

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than the rival system; this he attributed to his insistence upon fixity of gaze. Further, the hypnotized patient can be wakened readily whereas the mesmeric patient sometimes cannot be roused for days; he can be approached with safety, while in mesmerism there is danger of cross mesmerism, producing violent agitation, catalepsy and convulsions. Also, according to Braid at least, he cannot be affected by it in any stage of the process against his will, the magnetized patient being entirely submissive to the magnetizer, and often being acted upon from a distance, without his knowledge or consent.

Upon making his discovery, Braid immediately began lectures regarding his theories and experiments. Lafontaine returned to Manchester, and there was heated controversy among the respective supporters of the two methods. Many persons who believed in the genuineness of mesmeric phenomena, but who had for some time been occupying an embarrassing position as a result of over-energetic hostility to the theory of the magnetic fluid, now found a safe refuge in the ranks of the hypnotists. Braid continued to lecture, going to Birmingham and London, and also published several books, of which the best known is his *Neurypnology or The Rationale of Nervous Sleep,* brought out in 1843. His extensive experiments, which were performed with great scientific accuracy and exactness, are of the utmost importance in the development of the subject.

As a result of the widespread interest which his work aroused, several other theories were brought forward. That known as Electro-Biology, advanced by an American, J. Stanley Grimes, was regarded by many as a piracy of Braid's system. It contained many points both of hypnotism and animal magnetism, and was based on a theory of the transfer of electric particles. But as it required mental and physical impressions to be made on the subject while still in the waking state, Braid, after suitable investigation, pronounced it to be psychic or mental but not electric. At about the same time, the Baron von Reichenbach, an Austrian nobleman and a scientist of considerable attainment, made public the results of his investigations. Long and careful experiment, in which he tested upon his patients the effect produced by magnets and metals, had convinced him of the existence of "flame-like emanations from crystals, from the poles of a magnet, from the bodies of the sick, and from newly made graves." He further inferred the existence of a force, universally diffused, but as yet hidden and enigmatic, which he called Od, signifying, by a rather indirect etymology, the all-pervading power, and later termed the odylic force. This theory, too, Braid considered carefully, but by means of scientific experiments showed it to be unsound.

Though Braid's work brought the subject of hypnotism at least into good standing, his theories failed, for the most part, to gain any very general acceptance; this remained to be accomplished at a still later date, in France. Certain French physicians, impressed with the importance of the subject, took a courageous stand in making public their numerous

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experiments and observations. Among these were Professor Azam of Bordeaux, and his colleagues, Broca and Verneuil, about 1860. At length in 1866, Liebault and the school of Nancy began their noted work, employing hypnotism, not only for the cure of disease, but also as a means of education and for the improvement of character and morals. The year 1878 marked the beginning of the work of Charcot and the school of La Salpêtrière, in Paris. Probably no one contributed so much as Charcot to the scientific explanation of the subject, giving it the most thorough and searching investigation, and reducing to scientific classification its various phases and stages. Partly through published accounts, and partly through public lectures before physicians from all parts of the world, the results of his experiments were given a prominence hitherto unthought of, and the period of his work marked the climax in the history of the study, and the accession of hypnotism to a place among the sciences.

It is impossible to go far in hypnotic experiment without meeting with mesmeric phenomena, and due partly to the work at La Salpêtrière, there resulted the very general interest in clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance, apparition, etc., just prior to the beginning of the Theosophical movement, in 1875. An article by W. Q. Judge, written some years later, gives the Theosophical explanation of mesmerism, making clear both the nature of the phenomena, and also the reason for the contradictory observations and the many baffling and apparently unsolvable problems with which students of the subject had so long struggled. This article gives Madame Blavatsky as authority for the existence, definitely, of a magnetic fluid, a subtile form of matter, composed partly of the astral substance round each of us, and partly of physical atoms "in a finely divided state." This is in no wise contradictory to what has been stated concerning either magnetism or hypnotism, since self-hypnotism, induced by gazing fixedly at a bright object, may be entirely co-existent with the fluid. As for the action of this fluid, Mr. Judge explains that it "is thrown off by the mesmerizer upon his subject, and is received by the latter in a department of his inner constitution never described by any Western experimenters, because they know nothing of it. It wakes up certain inner and non-physical divisions of the person operated on, causing a change of relation between the various and numerous sheaths surrounding the inner man, and making possible different degrees of intelligence and of clairvoyance and the like. It has no influence whatsoever on the Higher Self,* which it is impossible to reach by such means. Many persons are deluded into supposing that the Higher Self is the responder, or that some spirit or what not is present, but it is only one of the many inner persons, so to say, who is talking or rather causing the organs of speech to do their office."

The inner person in this case is the astral man, the impressions from which, during normal waking life, are registered on the brain, but over-

* Atma, in its vehicle Buddhi. [Ed.]

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borne, for the most part, by the vast multitude of impressions from the physical man. During the mesmeric state, on the contrary, the bodily impressions are stilled, the power to produce them being entirely lost, for the time being. This paralysis is caused by the magnetic fluid "flowing from the operator and creeping steadily over the whole body of the subject, *changing the polarity of the cells in every part,*" a process which can be carried to such a point that the astral is almost completely disconnected from the physical body. The astral organs, then, untrammelled by the body, send to the brain reports of what they see "in any part of space to which they are directed," their power of sight and comprehension, however, being affected by the limitations resulting from prior incarnations. Aside from these limitations, considerable allowance must be made for the influence exerted upon the subject by the magnetizer, and also for the effect produced by physical sensations, for while actual impressions from the physical body are stopped, nevertheless, the sensations from every part of the body affect cognition or rather color it, to a greater or less extent. From what has been given, it will be obvious that mesmerism should be limited to the trained seer alone.

There is much further information on the subject, all of which has been, for centuries, the possession of the secret fraternities of the East. Only a portion has been disclosed to the world at the present time, and the reason for this precaution is clear when one considers that as a result, even of that disclosure, man has in some cases suffered violent reaction, in others has used mesmerism as a means of committing crimes, in others become lost in the pursuit of psychic phenomena, and in still others sought to reduce to the terms of a rationalistic science this knowledge which should have led him to a comprehension of the worlds within worlds which lie just behind his familiar earth life.

JULIA CHICKERING.

If we cannot work out the will of God where God has placed us, then why has he placed us there? T. H. THOM.

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FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF LEMURIA

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE has dedicated one of the most charming chapters of *Island Life,* the most delightful and fascinating of all his books, to the plants and living creatures of the Hawaiian islands, the first stopping-place, going westward from California. Both plants and animals, he says, are among the most interesting in the world, perhaps the best example in the world of the flora and fauna of a genuine oceanic island, an island, that is, which appears never to have been united by land to any of the existing continents.

For there are many islands which are not true islands, in this sense; the British isles, for instance, were, not so long ago, an extension of northern France, and it is likely that the earlier races of men went to England, Scotland and Ireland dry-shod, as did the extinct giant elk of Ireland, the cave-bear, the sabre-toothed tiger, the hippopotamus and all the other four-footed inhabitants of the older Britain. Indeed, all the region between Britain and Scandinavia was formerly dry land, through which flowed an immense river which, rising among the glaciers of what is now Switzerland, sent its waters north and west, reaching the open ocean somewhere between what is now northern Scotland and Iceland. In like manner, the Somme and the Seine, the rivers of northern France, flowed through dry land along what is now the English Channel, finding the sea somewhere to the west and south of Ireland. Then the forces of air and water gradually wore these old land areas away, just as they are now wearing away all the coast-line of the southeastern counties of England. And, in this region, one may see, any day, out beyond the tide-mark, the ruined vestiges of churches and buildings only a few centuries old, standing now among the waves. Along the east coast of Norfolk, there is the bed of a vast, ancient forest; and, after a storm, when the waves have churned up the sand, the naturalists go forth and gather, when the tide is out, the bones of the bears and tigers that once inhabited that forest.

So the British isles are not true oceanic islands; they are simply pieces of the continent, very recently broken off. But, at least during vast ages of time, the Hawaiian islands have been absolutely isolated, with enormous spaces of the deepest ocean—in many places, more than 18,000 feet deep, surrounding them on all sides. It follows, therefore, that neither men nor beasts could come thither dry-shod; there are not, and there have never been, in the Hawaiian islands, either elks or bears, tigers or hippopotami, as there were in Britain; indeed, the only four-footed things found through the whole group of islands, which are

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several hundred miles in area, are two species of lizards; and lizards can travel vast distances, clinging to the floating tree-trunks which, now and then, are swept along for thousands of miles by the perpetually flowing currents which are the true rivers of the ocean. Save for these two lizards, reptiles are wholly absent from the Hawaiian islands; and other four-footed things, including all the mammalia, were entirely absent until some of them were brought thither, in ships or in canoes, by men.

Birds, of course, can get about much better; some birds can and do travel almost incredible distances. The little brown-black petrel which, every summer, comes up through the Narrows into New York harbour, winters and nests in the southern hemisphere, in remote Kerguelen Land, far to the south of India. Every spring—when the Antarctic autumn has come—the little petrels which, because they seem in their odd, butterfly flight, to be walking on the water, have taken their name from Saint Peter, begin their fluttering flight from Kerguelen, round the great promontory of South Africa, and all along the Atlantic, to our own coasts; then, when our summer wanes, they make the long return journey to Kerguelen. Even more wonderful are the arctic terns which, like some creature of mythology, spend almost all their lives in perpetual sunshine; for, during the northern summer, they flock to the Arctic circle, with its six-months' daylight; when the long northern day wanes, they go south along the whole length of the globe, and spend the six-months' day of the Antarctic at the southern end of the world; and this, not once, but regularly, year by year. These are sea-birds; but land-birds do as wonderful things. The ruby-throated hummingbirds that, in summer, nest as far north as Canada, flit, in the autumn, to South America; black-poll warblers, tiny black-and-white birds, go, each year, from South America to Alaska and back. The dozen scarlet tanagers which came, last April, to Washington Square, as a lovely apparition among the sparrows, had probably wintered in the Argentine or in Brazil; such of them as have survived the many dangers of bird-life, have probably gone back there, dressed now in modest olive-green.

So it would be no great trick for small birds to find their way even to the remote and isolated Hawaiian isles, once they made up their minds to it; but land-birds travel along rather narrow lanes, and rarely leave them; and it would take very special reasons to make them go to a lonely island. One such reason would be, the former connection of that island with a continent, with some special inducement to draw them in that direction: what would correspond to low rents and good marketing,—for birds, like people, have their summer-resorts and winter colonies.

There are, then, in the Hawaiian islands, sea-birds such as are found almost everywhere and go almost everywhere. But, with the land birds, the case is quite different. The islands lie in no migration route, no beaten road of bird travel; so that only the rarest possible

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accidents brings birds thither; and, once there, they offer the freest play to the forces of variation, since they have plenty of room, little pressure of competition, and absolutely no four-footed foes. Under this latter head, it is probably because the entire evil family of cats are absent, that New Guinea possesses the loveliest group of birds in the whole world: the splendid and incredibly decorated birds of paradise. So that if, in remote periods, a few land birds were "wrecked" on the Hawaiian islands, they have had time to assume a peculiar form; so that now most of them are unlike any birds on the globe. There are a few, like the honey-suckers, which have cousins in Australia; but the most characteristic groups of Australian birds—parrots, kingfishers, pigeons—are wholly absent. But the distinctive group of Hawaiian birds—so unlike ours, that we have no name for them in any tongue but the barbarous one of the ornithologists—seem rather akin to our South American friends, the tanagers.

The plants of Hawaii are in the same case; most of them are peculiar to the islands, found nowhere else in the world. Wallace enumerates, oddly enough, 999 species of plants, of which some 150 are ferns; of these, about 800 are peculiar to the islands. And among these are curiously developed freaks: lobelia-trees, forty or fifty feet high; geraniums, fifteen or twenty feet high; violets that grow to be big, bushy plants.

Alfred Russel Wallace, contemplating these wonderful things, wavers about the thought of a vanished continent, of which the huge Hawaiian volcanoes, nearly 14,000 feet high, are the lingering mountain-peaks; a connection with South America, through this now sunken land, would easily account for many of the wonders, for instance, the curious tanager-like bird groups. But Wallace always shies away from that hypothesis, and for a reason that seems not to be quite cogent or logical. He is appalled by the ocean depths that surround Hawaii—more than three miles deep of watery abysses—and he cannot imagine that land could ever sink so far. But, if, within the same period, the Alps have risen in a block three miles high, while the Himalayas have lifted a huge mass of the world five miles into the air—both are modern mountain-chains, according to the geologists—why should not an exactly equal bump have sunk between Honolulu and the Californian coast? The one would make up exactly for the other. Therefore Wallace's objection seems to us not quite logical or cogent; and it looks as if, once this obstacle removed, he would have jumped at the idea of the sunken continent, as solving all his riddles.

There is one thing in Hawaii not less interesting than its wonderful birds and plants, not less ancient, perhaps; and that is the name, Hawaii, itself. For this is, indeed, none other than the ancient traditional name of the great sunken continent itself, memories of which are strewn all over the incredible spaces of the Pacific Ocean, larger than the whole land surface of the globe, larger than all the continents put

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together; for five-sevenths of the world is covered by water, and the Pacific is by far the greatest of the oceans.

H. P. Blavatsky quotes, in *The Secret Doctrine,* and strongly endorses, the following passage from Louis Jacolliot: "As to the Polynesian continent which disappeared at the time of the final geological cataclysms, its existence rests on such proofs that to be logical we can doubt no longer. The three summits of this continent, the Sandwich (Hawaiian) islands, New Zealand, Easter Island, are distant from each other from fifteen to eighteen hundred leagues (4,500 to 5,400 miles) and the groups of intermediate islands, Viti, Samoa, Tonga, Foutouna, Ouvea, the Marquesas, Tahiti, Poumoutou, the Gambiers, are themselves distant from these extreme points from seven or eight hundred to one thousand leagues. . . . The aborigines of the Sandwich (Hawaiian) islands, of Viti, of New Zealand, had never known each other, had never heard of each other, before the arrival of the Europeans. And yet each of these peoples maintained that their island had at one time formed part of an immense stretch of land. . . . . And all brought together, were found to speak the same language, to have the same usages, the same customs, the same religious belief. . . ." This is so interesting and valuable that we shall try to illustrate it in detail from the carefully collected records of the islands, which are the fragments of this lost continent.

Hawaii, therefore, or, more accurately, Hawaiki—the Hawaiian islanders always drop the medial k—is the name of the vanished continent, embalmed in Polynesian tradition. The Maoris of New Zealand still repeat traditions of that lost land, of its peoples, of their works and wars; in other islands, as in the Hervey and Marquesas islands, it has gradually changed from an actual land into the poetical dream of a Spirit-land, or it has become the veritable Hades, the shadowy Underworld of death. The Maoris think of themselves as living in ancient Hawaiki under nearly the same conditions as when the first explorers found them, in their present home. The hero Maui, who pulled New Zealand up from the bed of the ocean, lived in old Hawaiki. Maui is the great Polynesian hero. He is not only known in nearly every group of islands, but the legends concerning his wonderful exploits have been preserved "with almost inconceivable faithfulness," especially when it is remembered that a vast period of time has elapsed since these stories were first told and shared among the ancestors of the Polynesians; that some dialects have become unintelligible to the speakers of others; and that many of their religions and customs have changed entirely. Maui is in most cases regarded as a demigod, or deified man. Sometimes, and in some places, he rises to full godhead; in others, he is merely human. It has been suggested that Maui really was the leader of the Polynesians in their traditional entry into the Pacific; but other opinions are expressed: that the tales "are older than any occupation of the South Seas, and point to a continental origin"—not necessarily on any

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of the now existing continents, however. Maui "appears to unite the classical attributes of Hercules and Prometheus." Maui is, therefore, like the hero Tane, a hero of the Mysteries, whose tremendous undertakings represent the trials of Initiation. Not Maui only, but every Initiate, must descend into the Under-world, and bring thence the sacred fire.

New Zealand and the Hervey group, some 2,200 miles to the north-east of New Zealand, are the great homes of the traditions concerning Maui. He was reported to have been born miraculously; his mother, Taranga, threw him into the sea, wrapped in a tress of her hair. The water-spirits swathed the baby in sea-weed, with soft jelly-fish to protect its tender flesh. A divine ancestor then took the child and nourished him until he grew up, when he came forth from the sea and returned to his mother's house, finding there his four brothers and his sister Hina, who became a goddess. Maui's brothers were jealous of him, but his magical powers soon won their admiration. He followed his parents to the Under-world, where his mother prophesied that he would be a great Deliverer, and win immortality for the human race; but, while his father was performing the rites of purification, he made a slip in one of the incantations, and this finally brought Maui to ruin. Maui, soon after this, undertook a series of marvellous feats. The first was, to capture the sun, and make it go slower, as the days were then too short. With the help of his brothers, he caught the sun in a noose, and beat him till he promised to go slower. His next exploit was to haul up the land from the depths of the ocean, in the form of a great fish, which is New Zealand. Then Maui, finding that fire had disappeared from the earth, resolved to seek the Fire-goddess and learn the secret of the art of obtaining fire; he won the secret, but nearly lost his life, as both sea and land were set on fire, and only the interposition of his ancestors, who sent deluges of rain, checked the conflagration. Maui then undertook to break the power of death, and win immortality for men. He found the Great Lady of Night sleeping, and prepared to pass through her body, which would have caused Death to die. He warned the birds that they must keep silent, lest they might awaken Death; and the little birds screwed up their tiny cheeks, to keep from laughing; but the water-wagtail laughed aloud, the Old Lady of Darkness awoke, and crushed the hero to death. Maui is also called the Child of the Sun. These legends of Maui are scattered broadcast over the whole vast expanse of the Pacific, among tribes separated by vast distances, who have no knowledge of each other.

But there are traditions that go back still farther, to the first beginnings of the cosmos. Rangi, Heaven, is the great Father of men, though even he is not the oldest of the gods, since before him came Darkness or Chaos, which was evolved from Negation. Rangi and Papa, Heaven and Earth, were undivided, and their children dwelt in darkness between them. These children, who afterwards became the great gods of men, resolved to rend their parents apart, and, after taking long counsel

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together, essayed the task. One only, the Lord of Winds and Storms, was grieved at the decision, and refused to join the forcible separation of their parents. The Lord of the Forests at length forced Rangi upwards, and let in the light of day. The Lord of Winds and Storms was furiously angry; his brothers fled from him, and two of them were hid by the Earth-Mother in her bosom; but at last, after many contests, peace gradually fell upon the troubled world. Rangi became content to be the Heavens, only at night casting down his tears in dew, while his loving wife's warm sighs rise up to him.

There are ten heaven-spaces in Rangi, and ten hell-spaces in Papa, the Earth.

The divisions of heaven are these, counting upwards: the first is the heaven of storms; the second, the heaven of rain and sunshine; the third, the heaven of lakes, whose spray makes rain; the fourth is "the heaven of the Living Water of Tane," from which comes the soul, when a child is born; the fifth is the abode of those who attend the inferior gods; the sixth is the home of the inferior gods; in the seventh, the soul of man is created, and the spirits of mortals begin to live there; in the eighth, spirits live; in the ninth dwell the Spirit-gods who attend on the higher divinities; the tenth, the highest heaven, is the Great Temple, where dwell the supreme Divinities.

Papa, as the lower world, also consisted of ten spaces or divisions. The first, highest, division was the surface of the earth; those that follow, down to the ninth, are named from various powers of darkness; in the tenth, the soul of man was doomed to utter extinction. These ten spiritual and ten infernal spaces are evidently symbolical of the states or planes of consciousness; they correspond very closely indeed to the teachings concerning the planes of consciousness, in the Sacred Books of India, or in *The Secret Doctrine*.

Negation, named Kore, is the Primal Power of the Cosmos, the Void, which yet contains the potentialities of all things that are to come. The Void evolves thus: The Void, the First Void, the Second Void, the Great Void, the Far-Extending Void, the Void fast-bound, the Darkness, from which came the Great Expanse of Heaven; Darkness begat Light, who begat Daylight. Another account traces the beginning of things thus: Nothingness, Darkness, Seeking, Following, Conception of Thought, Enlarging, Breathing power, spell or godly power, Thought, Spirit-life, Desire, Abode of deity or superhuman power; Glory, or beauty of form in spirit; Coming into form or love in action; power, breath of life, space. The Word, floating in Space, dwelt between Heaven and Earth, and from this Word, "Ao," came forth all things. Another tradition tells that Light brought forth Sound, and together they warred on Chaos, in which Darkness and Silence had dwelt from eternity. From the struggle came forth Dawn, and from the union of Light and Dawn came the lesser deities and men.

All of which bears the closest resemblance to the Stanzas of Dzyan,

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as quoted in *The Secret Doctrine,* which open the teaching on Cosmogenesis. The author of *The Secret Doctrine* tells us that "the members of the Polynesian family (Tahitians, Samoans and Tonga islanders) are of a higher stature than the rest of mankind. . . . This is easily explained. The Polynesians belong to the very earliest of surviving sub-races"—and there still re-echo among them the teachings which, perhaps, the Planetary Spirits impressed on the plastic minds of the early Third Race.

If it be asked how these echoes of the ancient Mystery-teaching were handed down, the answer would seem to be that there were, from most ancient times, colleges in which the sons of priest-chiefs were taught "mythology," history, agriculture and astronomy. The teaching was imparted in a sacred building, in sessions lasting about five months, and the exercises lasted from sunset to midnight, the daytime being devoted to physical exercises. None but the pupils and their teachers were allowed to approach the building, and "both the priest who taught and the initiate youth were tapu," of which more shortly. The course of study occupied about five years. The college was sometimes used as a Council Chamber, in which the chiefs assembled. In Hawaii there was a college known as Aha-Alii, the Congregation of Chiefs; before entering it, the chief's titles were announced by a herald; if his claims were not well founded, he was at once rejected. If accepted, he gained certain high privileges: he could never be enslaved, although he might be offered as a sacrifice to the gods. He wore certain insignia, "a feather wreath, an ivory clasp, a cloak of feathers." The young men of the noble fraternity bound themselves by vows of mutual affection. The Hawaiian priesthood was divided into ten colleges. The Master, or highest of the initiates, was called the Kahuna-Nui, meaning, apparently, "the Spirit of high rank." There were classes in medicine and architecture, in magic and incantation, in soothsaying and prophecy, but the whole was hemmed in by very stringent oaths. "The principal deity invoked was Uli, probably a paraphrase for the Divine Name."

We have used the word *tapu,* adopted into English as *taboo.* Like the Greek *anathema* or the French *sacré,* its primary meaning is "sacred," devoted to the gods, but it gradually came to mean also "forbidden," almost "accursed." It had apparently, however, an older and wider meaning. Its equivalent in the Hawaiian islands (where an initial k takes the place of an initial t), *kapu,* was "a general name for the system of religion that existed there formerly, and which was grounded upon numerous restrictions or prohibitions, keeping the common people in obedience to the chiefs and priests; but many of the *kapu* extended to the chiefs themselves." Since it is universal throughout the islands, all over the great South Sea, the word evidently belongs to the immensely remote period before the dispersion.

This brings us to the most interesting part of this whole body of tradition, if we except the grand cosmic "myths," some of which, so

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strangely like the archaic Mystery-teachings, have already been quoted. For practically all the tribes retain the memory of the ancient continent from which they were dispersed, and all give it the same name: Hawaiki. Some of the traditions place Hawaiki to the west of New Zealand, saying that the canoes which sailed from the older land to New Zealand steered towards "the rising sun." But another legend states that to those dwelling in New Zealand, Hawaiki was "where the red sun comes up." Throughout the South Sea Islands the general notion is, that Hawaiki is in the west; and souls going to Hawaiki as the Spirit-land always pass to a "spirit's-leap," on the westernmost point of the islands. In New Zealand, the spirit's-leap is at the most northern part of the North Island. Hawaiki was undoubtedly considered to exist in the spiritual sense also, by New Zealanders as by Eastern Polynesians. In one legend we are told that "the boy went quickly below to the Lower-world to observe and look about at the steep cliffs of Hawaiki." But this blending of the two ideas may really mean that Hawaiki, once a real continent, became an Under-world by sinking beneath the waves, as the sun sinks beneath the waves in the west. In this sense, Hawaiki would of necessity be to the "west" of every island, from Hawaii to New Zealand, from remote Easter Island to the Marshall Islands and the Caroline Islands north of New Guinea. It is noteworthy that, in the present war, the English soldiers fighting in France speak of their comrades fallen on the field of honour as having "gone west." The expression is venerable; it may be a million years old.

In Hawaii, the word Kahiki includes every group in the Pacific from the Malay archipelago to Easter Island. This Kahiki-ku, in which Hawaii was situated, was on the large continent to the east of Kalana-i-Hau-ola, where mankind was first created. It was also called "the hidden land of Tane," and the "land of the Divine Water of Tane." Tane appears closely to resemble Maui, traditions concerning whom we have already recorded; he is said to have been one of the greatest divinities of Polynesia, known and worshipped in almost every island of the Pacific, either as the male principle in Nature, or as the god of Light. He was the son of Rangi and Papa, Heaven and Earth, and it is said that he separated his parents, allowing the daylight to brighten the world. Tane appears to have been a mighty celestial deity, when, as a god of goodness and light, he drove the leaders of the rebellious spirits down from heaven to the nether darkness; it was Tane who spread the stars on the breast of his father; he also spread out the ocean, and prepared the Living Water, in which the moon renews herself every month. Tane is the creator of men; it was through the wickedness of men, in not believing in the creative deity of Tane, that the Deluge was sent upon the world. Many wives are attributed to Tane, to account for the different lines of descent by which men traced their genealogies up to a divine source. In Tahiti, the tenth, or highest, heaven, which was in perfect darkness, was the heaven of Tane. When, after the Deluge, Nuu

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left his vessel, he offered up sacrifice to the moon, saying, "You are doubtless a transformation of Tane." Tane was angry at the worship of a material object, but when Nuu expressed his contrition, the rainbow was left as a pledge of forgiveness. One of the seas over which the Polynesians sailed in their Migration was called "the many-coloured ocean of Tane." Paliuli, or Paradise, is "the hidden land of Tane," or "the land upon the heart of Tane." Waiora, the Water of Life, or the Living Water of Tane, is situated in the fourth heaven, from which the soul of a human being is sent to inhabit the form of a child when a baby is born. In it the Moon bathes monthly and renews her life; she goes to it pale and wasted, but comes forth with restored energy to tread her heavenly path. When the fairy wife of Tura escaped from death, she told her husband that the bodies of women who had died were washed in the Waiora, and came again to life. In Tonga, tradition says that the Living Water is a lake which is situated in Pulotu, Paradise; it restores the dead to life, gives immortality to those who bathe in it, makes the dumb to speak and the blind to see. Near it stands the Tree of Life, the "speaking tree." The Hawaiians declare that the land which was the birthplace of the Polynesian race was called "the Land of the Divine Water of Tane." Here the first man and woman were made. It was situated in a country or continent sometimes called Mololani. The Spring of Life or Living Water was a running stream of crystal water flowing into a lake. This lake had three outlets, dedicated to three deities, one of whom was Tane. The dead, sprinkled with its water, returned to life. From this paradise were driven forth the first man, Kumu-honua and his wife, Ola-ku-honua, for some evil act connected with the sacred tree; and the man is often alluded to afterwards as "the fallen chief," "the mourner," the man "who fell on account of the tree." It is said that a lying reptile beguiled him, and new names were given to him, such as "Tree-eater," "Fallen," "Mourner."

The striking likeness of these remote Polynesian traditions to the teachings of the opening chapters of the Book of Genesis is in part explained by *The Secret Doctrine,* which show that, behind the Hebrew scripture, lies a far older Chaldæan original. But a part at least of the Chaldæan lore came, with "the eye of Osiris," from ancient Egypt; to Egypt, perhaps, from Atlantis; to Atlantis, from its mother-continent, Lemuria. This would be a wholly intelligible explanation of these striking resemblances: both are versions of the primeval Mystery-teaching.

In the Marquesas, Hawaiki is "below," a world of death and fire, whither Maui went to get the gift of fire for man from the Fire-goddess. But Hawaiki is also spoken of in the Marquesan legend of the Deluge as the first land appearing after the flood: "great mountain ridges, ridges of Hawaiki." C. J.

[NOTE. The information concerning Polynesian traditions in this article is taken from *The Maori-Polynesian Comparative Dictionary,* by Edward Tregear, published at Wellington, New Zealand.]

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THE HOLY SPIRIT

XI

"If then ye were raised together with the Christos, seek the things that are above, where the Christos is, placed on the right of the God. Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth. For ye died, and your life is hid with the Christos in the God. When the Christos, your life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with him be manifested in glory." *Colossians iii*, 1-4.

"Every form on earth, and every speck (atom) in Space strives in its efforts towards self-formation to follow the model placed for it in the 'HEAVENLY MAN.' . . . *Its (the atom's) involution and evolution, its external and internal growth and development, have all one and the same object—man; man, as the highest physical and ultimate form on this earth; the* MONAD, *in its absolute totality and awakened condition:—as the culmination of the divine incarnations on earth."*

Commentary on Stanzas of Dzyan; Sec. Doc. I, p. 183.

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

St. John, xi, 25

THE intention of this study has been to attempt to clear up by a process of analysis and comparison the confusion resulting from widely differing uses of the term Holy Spirit. The result has showed that customary employment today involves much more than is ordinarily supposed. Multitudes of writers ranging over many centuries have recognized that there was not only Spirit as a metaphysical background for all nature, but that there was also an operation of an individualized portion of Spirit in each man; and that the conscious recognition on man's part of this, together with a mode of life in conformity with the laws that govern the Spirit-world, produced a startling expansion of man's capacity, and an endowment of powers, susceptibilities and qualifications hitherto undreamed of. The converted consciousness thus attained is characterized as the new birth; and to such as have come to birth in this higher order of experience, the term initiate has been given, whether they were of the Egyptian school, or of Pythagoras, Plato, or St. Paul.

In sections III to VI the effort was made to develop St. Paul's exposition of this "baptism in the Christos," and, by using his familiar classification of this "mystery" as a basis, to reinterpret and harmonize

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other systems so as to reveal the higher spiritual truth each mind was striving to convey. Each writer was ultimately attempting to expound that next step in our spiritual evolution epitomized in the old Kabalistic axiom, "A stone becomes a plant; a plant, a beast; a beast, a *man;* a man, a *spirit;* and the spirit a god."

This new birth about which St. Paul taught, this entrance and life in the Kingdom of heaven which was the reiterated burden of Christ's teaching, has a many-sided and rich treatment in our Theosophical literature. It remains, therefore, to throw all the light we have obtained from the previous study of terms and symbols, upon that particular exposition given out through the re-issuance of the Theosophical Movement in the last quarter of the preceding century and also upon some of the recorded utterances of the Master Jesus. There is, however, so much material at hand in the common Theosophical books and magazines alone, that in these final sections only a few selections can be quoted and correlated; it must be left to the interested student to apply the results here attained for himself.

Madame Blavatsky in a résumé in *Isis* (Vol. II, pp. 587-8) gives a summary which places man's nature as corresponding exactly with Nature as a whole, and which also closely parallels Paul's trichotomy. She says:

"Nature is triune: there is a visible, objective nature; an invisible, indwelling, energizing nature, the exact model of the other, and its vital principle; and above these two, *spirit,* source of all forces, alone eternal and indestructible. The lower two constantly change, the higher third does not.

"Man is also triune: he has his objective, physical body; his vitalizing astral body (or soul [= *nephesh* or Ψύχη]), the real man; and these two are brooded over and illuminated by a third—the sovereign, immortal spirit. When the real man succeeds in merging himself with the latter, he becomes an immortal entity." Compare this with St. Paul, as epitomized in the phrase "and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blemish at the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ." [1]

The central doctrine of Jesus was that of the Kingdom of heaven, of birth into that Kingdom, and of rules of life that govern those incorporated into membership. The Kingdom, he told the Pharisees who demanded "When the Kingdom of God should come," "cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or, There! for lo! the kingdom of God is within you." [2] We remember further, how he characterized things pertaining to the kingdom as "mysteries," just as Plato or Pythagoras or Paul had done:—"Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of the God: but to the rest in parables . . .,"—and outside of the parables there is actually very little explicit teaching on the kingdom that has come down to us.

[1] *I. Thessalonians,* v, 23.
[2] *St. Matt.,* iv, 17; xviii, 3.

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The obvious explanation of this is not far to seek. The kingdom was attainable only after the man turned from absorption in material things, only after repentance. "Repent, ye, for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand."—"Except ye be converted, *and* become as *little children,* ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."[1] With such a positive ingathering and redirecting of the united faculties of a man alone could come that forward step into a new and hitherto latent consciousness, which is the sphere of existence of the heavenly, twice-born man. And without conversion,—without the awakening from the dead of St. Paul,—the understanding of these inner things was an impossibility.

Christ in no case allows himself to be systematized, to be confined within some ordered scheme or arrangement of classifiable terms, to be bound by mere forms of thought. It is for this reason, therefore, that there is so little explicit teaching on this or that phase of the higher life,—as, for instance, there is in St. Thomas, or Dante, or Ruysbroeck, or the systematic teachings of Theosophy given out in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. But any one who has definitely experienced the steps which St. Paul more precisely outlines, and who has come to birth in the Spirit, would undoubtedly be able to recognize in the whole of Christ's life and example and spoken word a rule of daily conduct and thought illuminating in utmost detail this new order of consciousness. Since, too, every religious instruction must be in essence one and the same, the Christian and Pauline conceptions of Spirit, and particularly of a Spirit in man, must find their analogous rendering in Theosophy and the writings of many Theosophists. As a matter of fact the words of *The Secret Doctrine* might be placed in parallel columns with quotations from the *New Testament,* and the resemblance would prove a fundamental unity of conception. "Man," says *The Secret Doctrine,* "by paralyzing his lower personality, and arriving thereby at the full knowledge of the *non-separateness* of his higher SELF from the one absolute SELF, can, even during his terrestrial life, become as 'One of Us.'"[2] Christ says that a man must "deny himself, and take up his cross daily," and follow the Christ-life; and then: "I and my Father are one,"[3] or again, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified in the truth. Neither pray I for these alone; but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they may all be one; even as thou, Father, in me, and I in them, that they also may be in us; that the world may believe that thou didst send me. And the glory which thou hast given me I have given unto them; that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one; that the world may know that thou didst send me, and lovedst them, even as thou lovedst me." So too, the *Voice of the Silence* (pp. 20 and 21) reiterates the same idea; "And now thy Self is

[1] *St. Luke,* xvii, 21; viii, 10.
[2] *Sec. Doc.,* vol. I, p. 276.
[3] *St. John,* x, 30; and xvii, 19 to 23.

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lost in SELF, Thyself unto THYSELF, merged in THAT SELF from which thou first didst radiate. . . . Behold! thou hast become the Light, thou hast become the Sound, thou art thy Master and thy God. Thou art THYSELF the object of thy search. . . ."

In these three extracts we see that this teaching of the Higher Self is in substance exactly the same as that of Paul, or of the Master Christ. To elucidate the Holy Spirit a little more fully, reinterpreting what has been said before in terms of the Theosophy of the last forty-two years, a brief résumé of man's septenary constitution and the seven principles he embodies will be attempted. The actual process, as apart from the ethical and moral method, by which man's spiritual evolution proceeds, is not dealt with as explicitly by St. Paul or by the early canonical Christian writers as it is in the Theosophical writings of the past decades. The method, in principle, by which the lower self, the personality, can reach this knowledge and this oneness with the Higher Self, not as mere theoretical doctrine, but as actual knowledge and experience, bringing with it divine wisdom and powers, making each man a full initiate,—this method or life is in principle the same. Its start is repentance and a higher moral standard; its culmination, from a human point of view, is the mystic union with God, the initiation into the wisdom of the ages, the hidden "mysteries of the kingdom." But where Paul gives a three-fold division of body, soul, and spirit, Theosophy gives a more detailed seven-fold; so that reconciliation of the two systems in this respect would reconcile all that has gone before with the Theosophic parallel.

The first two papers in the volume called *Five Years of Theosophy* give a remarkable analysis of this "next step" on man's part from that of animal man to Spirit. The fundamental postulates there (p. 5) laid down are "(a) that ultimately the Kosmos is *One*—one under infinite variations and manifestations, and (b) that the so-called man is a 'compound being'—composite not only in the exoteric scientific sense of being a congeries of living, so-called material, Units, but also in the esoteric sense of being a succession of seven forms or parts of itself, interblended with each other." The first seven-fold classification of the parts of man was given by Mr. Sinnett in *Esoteric Buddhism*. On page 65 he gives this list:

1. The Body ..... *Rupa.*
2. Vitality ..... *Prana* or *Jiva.*
3. Astral Body ..... *Linga Sharira.*
4. Animal Soul ..... *Kama Rupa.*
5. Human Soul ..... *Manas.*
6. Spiritual Soul ..... *Buddhi.*
7. Spirit ..... *Atma.*

In discussing these he gives an explanation which may be seen to bear most directly on the Spirit or Christos in man (p. 71 ff.).

"Now the fifth principle, or human soul, in the majority of mankind

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is not even yet fully developed. This fact about the imperfect development as yet of the higher principles is very important. We cannot get a correct conception of the present place of man in Nature if we make the mistake of regarding him as a fully perfected being already. And that mistake would be fatal to any reasonable anticipations concerning the future that awaits him,—fatal also to any appreciation of the appropriateness of the future which the esoteric doctrine explains to us as actually awaiting him.

"Since the fifth principle is not yet fully developed, it goes without saying that the sixth principle is still in embryo. This idea has been variously indicated in recent forecasts of the great doctrine. Sometimes, it has been said, we do not truly possess any sixth principle, we merely have germs of a sixth principle. It has also been said, the sixth principle is not *in* us; it hovers over us; it is a something that the highest aspirations of our nature must work up toward . . . the sixth may be called the spiritual soul of man, and the seventh, therefore, spirit itself." These statements probably apply to non-disciples, to the lay-majority.

"In another aspect of the idea, the sixth principle may be called the vehicle of the seventh, and the fourth the vehicle of the fifth; but yet another mode of dealing with the problem teaches us to regard each of the higher principles, from the fourth upwards, as a vehicle of what in Buddhist philosophy, is called the One Life or Spirit. According to this view of the matter the one life is that which perfects, by inhabiting the various vehicles. In the animal the one life is concentrated in the *kama rupa*. In man it begins to penetrate the fifth principle as well. In perfected man it penetrates the seventh, man ceases to be man, and attains a wholly superior condition of existence."

These passages may all be seen to apply directly to previous discussions of the Holy Spirit; as also the following from Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*. Speaking of the same subdivision of principles as above quoted, he says (p. 32): "Considering these constituents in another manner, we would say that the lower man is a composite being, but in his real nature a unity, or immortal being, comprising a trinity of Spirit, Discernment, and Mind which requires four lower mortal instruments or vehicles through which to work in matter and obtain experience from Nature. This trinity is that called *Atma-Buddhi-Manas* in Sanscrit, difficult terms to render in English. *Atma* is Spirit, *Buddhi* is the highest power of intellection, that which discerns and judges, and *Manas* is Mind. This three-fold collection is the real man; and beyond doubt the doctrine is the origin of the theological one of the trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Again, page 57:

"In this higher Trinity, we have the God above each one; this is *Atma*, and may be called the Higher Self.

"Next is the spiritual part of the soul called *Buddhi;* when thoroughly united with *Manas* this may be called the Divine Ego [the "Sons of God" of St. Paul].

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"The inner Ego, who reincarnates, taking on body after body, storing up the impressions of life after life, gaining experience and adding it to the divine Ego, suffering and enjoying through an immense period of years, is the fifth principle—*Manas*—not united to *Buddhi*. . . . And when we either wholly or now and then become consciously united with *Buddhi*, the Spiritual Soul, we behold God, as it were."

Madame Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy* (pp. 175-176) gives another classification for the purpose of avoiding certain "misapprehensions" of Mr. Sinnett's arrangement, which throws further light on this subject.

THE HIGHER SELF is	Atma, the inseparable ray of the Universal and ONE SELF. It is the God *above*, more than within, us. Happy the man who succeeds in saturating his *inner* Ego with it!
THE SPIRITUAL DIVINE "EGO" is	the Spiritual soul or *Buddhi*, in close union with *Manas*, the mind-principle, without which it is no Ego at all, but only the Atmic Vehicle.
THE INNER, or HIGHER "Ego" is	*Manas*, the "Fifth" Principle, so-called, independently of Buddhi. The Mind-Principle is only the Spiritual Ego when merged *into one* with Buddhi,—no materialist being supposed to have in him such an Ego, however great his intellectual capacities. It is the permanent *Individuality* or the "Reincarnating Ego."
THE LOWER, or PERSONAL "EGO" is	the physical man in conjunction with his *lower* Self, *i. e.*, animal instincts, passions, desires, etc. It is called the "false personality," and consists of the *lower Manas* combined with Kama-rupa and operating through the Physical body and its phantom or "double."

We get here in this illuminating analysis of man's nature, the amplification of Paul's triple division of body, soul, and Spirit—the latter alone appearing at the new birth, and as the "real man" of Mr. Judge or of *Isis*. Madame Blavatsky's first division—the *Higher Self*, would correspond with St. Paul's and the Gospels' use of the term ὁ θεὸς—"the God," illustrated in several quotations.

Mr. Judge on page 66 of the *Ocean* extends our information as to how far man has already evolved towards this new birth. "Although reincarnation is the law of nature, the complete trinity of *Atma-Buddhi-Manas* does not yet fully incarnate in this race. They use and occupy the body by means of the entrance of *Manas*, the lowest of the three, and

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the other two shine upon it from above; constituting the God in Heaven. This was symbolized in the old Jewish teaching about the Heavenly Man who stands with his head in heaven and his feet in hell. That is, the head *Atma* and *Buddhi* are yet in heaven, and the feet, *Manas,* walk in hell, which is the body and physical life. For that reason man is not yet fully conscious, and reincarnations are needed to at last complete the incarnation of the whole trinity in the body. When that has been accomplished the race will have become as gods, and the god-like trinity being in full possession the entire mass of matter will be perfected and raised up for the next step. This is the real meaning of 'the word made flesh.' It was so grand a thing in the case of any single person, such as Jesus or Buddha, as to be looked upon as a divine incarnation. And out of this, too, comes the idea of the crucifixion, for *Manas* is thus crucified for the purpose of raising up the thief to paradise."

The "crucifixion" of Manas and the lower personality as a necessary preparation for the birth of the Spirit is the burden of St. Paul's instruction and exhortations, and the key-note of the whole of Christ's life and example. Man must not be content to limit himself to physical and psychic instruments; he cannot confine his life to sensation and the grosser senses if the Spirit is to be born in him,—by them "the latch of the Golden Gates" can never be lifted. "In fact it is only by the development and growth of the inner man that the existence of these Gates, and of that to which they admit, can even be perceived. While man is content with his gross senses and cares nothing for his subtile ones, the Gates remain literally invisible." [1] So, equally emphatically, Paul: "For who among men knoweth the things of a man, save the Spirit of the man, which is in him? Even so the things of God none knoweth, save the Spirit of God . . . now the psychic man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them because they are spiritually discerned." [2]

Compare with this also the *Voice of the Silence:* "Before the Soul can see, the Harmony within must be attained, and fleshly eyes be rendered blind to all illusion."

"Give up thy life if thou wouldst live" ("Give up the life of physical *personality* if you would live in spirit," says the note).

"That which is uncreate abides in thee, Disciple, as it abides in that Hall [the Hall beyond *Probationary* Learning, that of "Wisdom"]. If thou wouldst reach it and blend the two, thou must divest thyself of thy dark garments of illusion. Stifle the voice of flesh, allow no image of the senses to get between its light and thine, that thus the twain may blend in one."

"Ere thy Soul's mind can understand, the bud of personality must be crushed out; the worm of sense destroyed past resurrection."

"Kill thy desires, Lanoo, make thy vices impotent, ere the first step

[1] *Through the Gates of Gold,* p. 67.
[2] *I Cor.* ii, 11-14.

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is taken on the solemn journey. Strangle thy sins, and make them dumb for ever, before thou dost lift one foot to mount the ladder."

"The pupil must regain *the child-state* he has lost ere the first sound can fall upon his ear."[1]

The identification of the Spirit or the Christos with a given principle in man, and further, with the Logos and the incarnation of Jesus Christ, also receives treatment in Theosophic literature; but as in most cases it is bound up with other matter, there is some difficulty in segregating this one idea without bringing with it each different context. In the *Voice of the Silence* (p. 7) a verse reads, "Seek for him who is to give thee birth, in the Hall of Wisdom, the Hall which lies beyond, wherein all shadows are unknown, and where the light of truth shines with unfading glory." The note adds: "The Initiate, who leads the disciple, through the knowledge given to him, to his spiritual or second birth, is called the Father, Guru or Master." In the *Key,* H. P. B. writes (p. 67 ff.): "An Occultist or a Theosophist addresses his prayer to *his Father which is in Secret (read, and try to understand, ch. vi. v. 6, Matthew)*[2], not to an extra-cosmic and therefore finite God; and that 'Father' is in man himself. . . . In our sense, the inner man is the only God we can have cognizance of. . . . We call our 'Father in heaven' that deific essence of which we are cognizant within us, in our heart and spiritual consciousness, and which has nothing to do with the anthropomorphic conception we may form of it in our physical brain or its fancy: 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of (the absolute) God dwelleth in you?'"

The phrase "and that 'Father' is in man himself" should be related with H. P. B.'s note which follows, as also with Jesus' frequent use of the expression as discussed hereafter.

"One often finds in Theosophical writings conflicting statements about the Christos principle in man. Some call it the sixth principle (Buddhi), others the seventh (Atman). If Christian Theosophists wish to make use of such expressions, let them be made philosophically correct by following the analogy of the old Wisdom-religion symbols. We say that Christos is not only one of the three higher principles, but all the three regarded as the Trinity. This Trinity represents the Holy Ghost, the Father, and the Son, as it answers to abstract spirit, differentiated spirit, and embodied spirit. Krishna and Christ are philosophically the same principle under its triple aspect of manifestation. In the *Bhagavad-gita,* we find Krishna calling himself indifferently Atman, the abstract Spirit, Kshetragna, the Higher or Reincarnating Ego, and the Universal SELF, all names which, when transferred from the universe to man, answer to *Atma, Buddhi* and *Manas.*"

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[1] *Op. cit.,* pp. 2, 5, 6, 13, 16, 17.

[2] "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy inner chamber (cf. *Voice,* etc., p. 9. . . . but let the fiery power retire into the inmost chamber, the chamber of the Heart"), and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.

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In order to relate this sequence of quotations to the principles in man, one more quotation will suffice; we may then turn to the Christos in us, and to the direct teaching and example of the Master Christ, the Logos.

Manas, H. P. B. tells us,[1] "is also called *Kshetrajna,* 'embodied Spirit,' because it is, according to our philosophy, the *Manasaputras,* or 'Sons of the Universal Mind,' who created, or rather produced, the *thinking* man, *'manu,'* by incarnating in the *Third Race* mankind in our round. It is Manas, therefore, which is the real incarnating and permanent *Spiritual Ego,* the *Individuality,* and our various and numberless personalities only its external masks." Manas is, further, "the conception of I, or EGO-SHIP. It is, therefore, when inseparably united to the first two [Atma and Buddhi] called the SPIRITUAL EGO, and Taijasi (the radiant). This is the real Individuality, or the divine man. It is this Ego which—having originally incarnated in the *senseless* human form animated by, but unconscious (since it had no consciousness) of, the presence in itself of the dual monad—made of that human-like form *a real man.* It is that Ego, that 'Causal Body,' which overshadows every personality Karma forces it to incarnate into; . . . ." Finally: "of the second (*nous* or Manas) only its divine essence *if left unsoiled* survives, while the third [Buddhi] in addition to being immortal becomes *consciously* divine, by the assimilation of the higher Manas."

These quotations, while bearing directly on our subject, have also introduced through the context the question of man's origin and evolution. As the whole of the second volume of *The Secret Doctrine* deals with this phase, no apology need be offered for not attempting to correlate our development of the Holy Spirit with the gift of Manas and other principles, by the Lunar and Solar Pitris, or "Fathers." That there is this connection seems self-evident; and perhaps St. Paul knew this when he speaks of the fact that "we also [i. e. disciples] have the mind of Christ," and "according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world."[2] Leaving out of account this anthropogenetic problem, or what the "Fathers" in general, or a disciple's individual Father, might be in these terms, we will turn to that one phase which is more directly in line with our branch of the subject, and which appears prominently in Jesus' recorded utterances. As, after all, Jesus is the great Western Avatar, by understanding him we get the key to all these problems.

XII

There is no more consistent use by Jesus of any term throughout the Gospels than that of "Father," or "heavenly Father." Briefly put, it would seem that what Christ meant by the Father corresponds with the Christos or Spirit in man. Upon how he is regarded,—that is, on whether

[1] *Key to Theosophy,* pp. 135-6—with note, and 122.
[2] *II Cor.* ii, 16; *Ephesians,* i. 4.

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Jesus be thought of as man, or as the Master incarnating in the personality of Jesus,—would depend the plane, or rather, on which set of planes, the correspondence might be worked out. If we keep in mind what St. Augustine wrote (*De Civitate Dei,* ix) of Christ's relation to us—"for this purpose did He intervene, that having fulfilled the span of His mortality, He might from dead men make immortal,—which He showed in Himself by rising again; and that He might confer beatitude on those who are deprived of it,—for which reason He never forsook us"—and remember that while Jesus Christ was *man,* some ***divine person or principle*** must have borne that same relation to him which he now holds to us, then the relationship of Jesus with the Father may assume a less indefinite meaning.

The recognition on Jesus' part of this relationship began very early in life; as a boy among the doctors in the temple he asked his mother "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"[1] (the Greek literally is "in the things of my Father," variously translated, as "in my Father's temple," etc.). Whatever were his actual words, here is the first utterance recorded of a long series that culminated in the statement "I am in the Father and the Father in me."[2] He teaches us that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and then that our Father is a heavenly Father, "Our Father which art in heaven." The association is not without significance. He sums up the sections on forgiveness and charity in the Sermon on the Mount to the disciples with the phrase, which recalls the initiate's use of the word child to designate Chela or disciple,—"that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."[3] And, finally, to follow out the parallel between the Christ in us and the Father in Christ, we may set St. Paul's phrases "Wherefore if any man is in Christos, there is a new creation [or "he is a new creature"]: the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new. But all things are of the God, who changed us to himself through Christos, and gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation [*i. e. "the changing"*—the word has no immediate English equivalent]; to wit, that God was in Christ to change the world unto himself,"[4] together with Jesus' own utterances: "The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works . . . Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater than these shall he do because I go unto the Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."[5]

As we have counted 112 uses directly by Jesus of the word Father in the *Gospel according to St. John* alone, it is needless to state that it would require a separate treatise to exhaust this material. Once this

[1] *St. Luke,* ii, 49.
[2] *St. John,* xv, 11; cf. xvii, 21.
[3] *St. Matt.,* v. 45.
[4] *II Cor.,* v. 17-19.
[5] *St. John,* xiv, 10, 12, 13.

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approach to the subject is attempted, once this understanding of its relation to Pauline and universal Spirit-doctrine be grasped, then the wealth of material becomes almost confusing. In the earlier public utterances, recorded in *St. John,* before the Jews in the synagogue, Jesus teaches the doctrine of the Father in himself and in disciples, declaring by contrast that the unbelieving pharisees have the devil for their father. In the later teaching at the Last Supper a veil is lifted, and he links the terms Father and the Spirit together so closely as to furnish Scholastic metaphysics with the Scriptural basis for its Trinitarian theology. In the early discourses, Jesus uses symbols of the vine, and of flesh and blood, to veil the true meaning; and in this he but follows the Essenean, Eleusinian and Bacchic mystery-language, according to Madame Blavatsky (cf. *Isis,* II. pp. 43-44 ff. *et seq.*). But even this veil becomes very thin if we link one sentence with St. Paul's previously discussed use of the same terms: "For as the Father raiseth the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son also quickeneth whom he will. . . . Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath [notice tense] eternal life, and cometh not to a separation [i. e. a trial resulting in condemnation, damnation. *Cf. Light On The Path,* p. 18, "The Voice of the silence remains within him; and though he leave the Path utterly, yet one day it will resound, and rend him asunder, and separate his passions from his divine possibilities"], but hath passed out of death into life. Verily, verily I say unto you, The hour cometh, and now *is,* when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of the God; and they that hear shall live."[1]

Of this H. P. B. says in *The Secret Doctrine,*[2] "On the other hand, regarded in the light of the Logos, the Christian Saviour, like Krishna, whether as man or logos, may be said to have saved those who believed in the secret teachings from 'eternal death,' to have conquered the Kingdom of Darkness, or Hell, as every Initiate does. This in the human, terrestrial form of the Initiates, and also because the *logos* is Christos, that principle in our inner nature which develops in us into the Spiritual Ego—the Higher Self—being formed of the indissoluble union of *Buddhi* (the sixth) and the spiritual efflorescence of *Manas,* the fifth principle." The note says: "It is not correct to refer to Christ—as some theosophists do—as the sixth principle in man—*Buddhi.* The latter *per se* is a passive and latent principle, the spiritual vehicle of Atman, inseparable from the manifested Universal Soul. It is only in union and in conjunction with *Self-consciousness* that *Buddhi* becomes the Higher Self and the divine, discriminating Soul. *Christos* is the seventh principle, if anything." To resume the text: "'The Logos is passive Wisdom in Heaven and Conscious, Self-Active Wisdom on Earth,' we are taught. It is the marriage of the 'Heavenly Man' with the 'Virgin of the World'—Nature, as described by *Pymander;* the result of which is their progeny—immortal

[1] *St. Jn.,* v, 21, 24-5.
[2] II, 230-231, and notes.

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man. It is this which is called in St. John's *Revelation* the marriage of the lamb with his bride (xix, 7)."

There is a further reference to a passage in *St. Luke,* x, 17-24, which reads: "And the seventy [*disciples*] returned with joy, saying, Master, even the demons are subject unto us in thy name. And he said unto them, I beheld Satan fallen as lightning from heaven. Behold, I have given you authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall in anywise hurt you. Howbeit in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rejoice that your names are written in heaven. In that same hour he rejoiced in the Holy Spirit, and said, I acknowledge openly and joyfully to thee, O Father, of the heaven and the earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto little children: yea, Father, that so it was well-pleasing in thy sight. All things have been delivered unto me of my Father: and no one knoweth who the Son is save the Father; and who the Father is save the Son; and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to unveil. And turning to the disciples, he said privately, Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see: for I say unto you, that many prophets and kings desired to see the things which ye see, and saw them not; and to hear the things which ye hear, and heard them not." In commentary, H. P. B. writes:

"Now, 'thy name' means the name of Christos, or Logos, or the Spirit of true divine wisdom, as distinct from the spirit of intellectual or mere materialistic reasoning—the HIGHER SELF in short. And when Jesus remarks to this that he has 'beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven,' it is a mere statement of his clairvoyant powers, notifying them that he already knew it; and a reference to the incarnation of the divine ray (the gods or angels) which *falls into generation.* For not all men, by any means, benefit by that incarnation, and with some the power remains latent and dead during the whole life. Truly 'No man knoweth who the Son is, but the Father; and who the Father is, but the Son' as added by Jesus then and there (ibid, x. 22)—the Church 'of Christ' less than any one else. The Initiates alone knew the meaning of the term 'Father and the Son,' and knew that it referred to Spirit and Soul on the Earth. For the teachings of Christ were *occult* teachings, which could only be explained *at the initiation.* They were never intended for the masses, for Jesus forbade the twelve to go to the Gentiles and the Samaritans (*Matt.* x. 5), and repeated to his disciples that the 'mysteries of Heaven' were for them alone, not for the multitudes (*Mark* iv. 11)."

* * * * * * *

The drama of Christ's life is a symbolic representation of the stages of initiation, and therefore of the growth and life of the Spirit. The Virgin Birth has already been discussed (Section x., p. 220). There seems to be a significance, though obscure, in the slaughter of the Innocents, as this occurs in the legends connected with several spiritual incarnations. (cf. *Isis,* vol. II, p. 199 ff., and 560-1 ff.) In the *Zohar*

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Rabbi Simeon Ben-Iochai uses the term "the little ones" or "Companions" to mean, according to H. P. B. "the *perfect Initiates.*" She adds: "Such was the name given in ancient Judæa to the Initiates, called also 'Innocents' and the 'Infants,' *i. e.*, once more reborn. This *key* opens a vista into one of the New Testament mysteries; the slaughter by Herod of the 40,000 'Innocents.' There is a legend to this effect, and the event which took place almost a century B. C., shows the origin of the tradition blended at the same time with that of Krishna and his uncle Kansa. In the case of the N. T., Herod stands for Alexander Janneus (of Lydda), whose persecution and murder of hundreds and thousands of Initiates led to the adoption of the Bible story."[1]

Some traditions say that Jesus, after a sojourn in Egypt was initiated into the mysteries, returned, and was baptized of John in the Jordan. "And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway from the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him; and lo, a voice out of the heavens saying, This is my Son, my beloved, in whom I am well pleased."[2] In a note to *Pistis Sophia* H. P. B. says: "In Egyptian Esotericism the 'dove symbol' of the Gnostics was represented by the glyph of the *winged globe.* The dove, that descends on 'Jesus' at his baptism is typical of the conscious descent of the 'Higher Self' or Soul *(Atma-Buddhi)* on Manas, the Higher Ego; or in other words, the union during initiation of the *Christos,* with *Chrestos* or the imperishable 'Individuality' *in the All,* with the transcendent Personality—the adept."[3] St. John adds that whereas he baptized with water, Jesus "baptized with (in) Holy Spirit."[4]

Immediately after this,—"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil," where he fasted for the traditional period of forty days. Returning, he preached and healed throughout Judæa and Galilee. But all his teaching was veiled, except those few fragments that have come down to us of his private discourses with his disciples. One of these, Nicodemus, received teaching "by night." To him Jesus said: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born. Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born from above. The wind bloweth [this can also be translated "the Spirit breatheth"] where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be? Jesus answered and said

[1] *Sec. Doc.*, Vol. II, p. 504; quotes ii, 34.
[2] *St. Matt*, iii, 16, 17.
[3] *Lucifer*, Vol. IV, 1890, p. 109, note.
[4] *St. John*, i, 33.

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unto him, Art thou the teacher of Israel, and understandest not these things? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and bear witness of that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness. If I told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you heavenly things? And no man hath ascended into heaven, but he that hath came down from heaven, the Son of man which is in heaven. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:[1] that whosoever believeth may in him have eternal life."[2]

Again *The Secret Doctrine* says:[3] "In *Pistis Sophia* the disciple says to Jesus: 'Rabbi, reveal unto us the Mysteries of the Light [*i. e.*, the "*Fire* of Knowledge or Enlightenment"] . . . for as much as we have heard thee saying that *there is another baptism of smoke,* and another baptism of the Spirit of Holy Light,' *i. e.*, the Spirit of FIRE. 'I baptize you with water, but . . . he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire,'[4] says John of Jesus; meaning this esoterically. The real significance of this statement is very profound. It means that he, John, a non-initiated ascetic, can impart to his disciples no greater wisdom than the mysteries connected with the plane of matter (water being a symbol of it). His *gnosis* was that of exoteric and ritualistic dogma, of dead-letter orthodoxy; while the wisdom which Jesus, an Initiate of the higher mysteries, would reveal to them, was of a higher character, for it was the 'FIRE' Wisdom of the true gnosis or the *real spiritual* enlightenment. One was FIRE, the other the SMOKE. For Moses, the *fire* on Mount Sinai, and the spiritual wisdom imparted; for the multitudes of the 'people' below, for the profane, Mount Sinai in *(through)* smoke, *i. e.*, the exoteric husks of orthodox or *sectarian ritualism.*" The note adds: "In the Cycle of Initiation, which was very long, water represented the first and lower steps towards purification, while trial connected with *fire* came last. Water could regenerate the body of matter; FIRE alone, that of the *inner* Spiritual man."

Of the last stages of the Christ-drama, the Transfiguration and the Resurrection, little more than the Gospel accounts is to be gleaned. After the Baptism he had already "attained" from a human point of view; and any further steps pertain to an order of existence almost beyond our intellectual conception. Certain hints Jesus himself gives us. The Jews asked him for a sign—"What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple [or sanctuary], and in three days I will raise it up. The Jews therefore said, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou raise it up in three days? But he spake of the temple of his body. When therefore he was raised from the dead, his disciples remembered that he spake this; and they believed the scripture, and the

[1] Compare back Mr. Judge, pp. 350-1.
[2] *St. John*, iii, 3-15.
[3] *Op. cit.* II, p. 566.
[4] *St. Matt.*, iii, 11.

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word which Jesus had said."[1] And again, "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall be no sign given to it but the sign of Jonah the prophet: for as Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."[2]

Another hint as to Christ's glorification in the Spirit is the following: "Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believeth on him were to receive: for the Spirit was not yet; because Jesus was not yet glorified."[3] Christ's promise of this was made at the Last Supper: "And I will make request of the Father, and he shall give you another Paraclete [Comforter, Advocate, Helper], that he may be with you for ever, the Spirit of truth . . . But the Paraclete, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I have said unto you . . . It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Paraclete will not come unto you; but if I go, I will send him unto you."[4]

Finally, we have those mysterious words to Mary Magdalene early Easter morning: "Jesus saith to her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto the Father: but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God, and your God."[5]

XIII

At the very outset of this study it became evident that no decisive conclusions could be drawn because of the very nature of the subject itself. A mystery is not so because the arbitrary will of those who know imposes it upon the many who do not. Zeller quotes Plato as saying, "Purity, even in the secret longings of our hearts, is the greatest duty; and only philosophy and the initiation into the Mysteries help towards the attainment of this object"—only the "pure in heart" see God. The birth of the Spirit of the Christ in us is one step, apparently the next step, in that process of evolution which culminates in union with the Divine. The religious teachings of India, of Egypt, of the ancient Jews, of the Greeks, of Jesus and of Paul, all deal with this new birth. But as each used different words and sets of terms to express this fundamental idea, much confusion has arisen. "The lack of mutual agreement between writers in the use of this word [Spirit] has resulted in dire confusion" writes Madame Blavatsky in her first book (*Isis*, I, p. xli). "It is commonly made synonymous with *soul;* and the lexicographers countenance the usage. This is the natural result of our ignorance of the

[1] *St. John*, ii, 18-22.
[2] *St. Matt.*, xii, 39-40.
[3] *St. John*, vii, 37-39.
[4] *St. John*, xiv, 16, 17, 26; xvi, 7.
[5] *St. John*, xx, 17.

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other word, and repudiation of the classification adopted by the ancients. Elsewhere we attempt to make clear the distinction between the terms 'spirit' and 'soul.' *There are no more important passages in this work.*"

The investigation of this distinction led us to discuss St. Paul's clear-cut utterances on the Spirit, and so to relate the Spirit with the Christos, which brought us to Christ's life and teachings. A writer in the *Theosophist*[1] sums up admirably all that we have tried to bring out, and with this quotation we close this series.

"But what is the mystery of the Christ or the state of Christhood?

"Esoteric psychology teaches that we all possess a divine spark within us, an emanation of the Logos, which, overshadowing us more or less distinctly in proportion to the grade of spiritual development we may have attained, eventually becomes unmistakably manifest when a perfect union is accomplished between our spiritual soul and this spiritual essence called Christos or the Christ. In other words, taken from ancient esoteric language, our soul (ever figured as feminine) after having undergone complete purification (and thus become 'virgin') is able to conceive and give birth to the 'divine child.' Thus our raised soul, from having been our highest consciousness or innermost Ego, becomes merely the vehicle for a greater light within us,—a light which henceforth forming our new Ego, sheds the effulgence of its divine radiance through us and proclaims the crowning of the 'new birth.'

"In gaining those steps in his spiritual evolution, the individual 'partakes of' or 'assumes' Christ, and eventually becomes Christ, for the process varies by ascending degrees; from the mere nascent life of the divine within the soul's dim and fitful intuition, rising to the steady voice within our hearts, and culminating in the full redemption of the human spirit."

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*Conclusion*)

[1] *The Theosophist*, Vol. XI, 1890, p. 155—"A Study in Esoteric Christianity," signed "H. A. V."

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ALCOHOLISM

PEOPLE whose attitude towards science is unsympathetic are wont to point out, with varying degrees of irony or sarcasm, but always with unction, that the most definite and widely accepted theories, hypotheses, and conclusions of science are quite regularly and necessarily discarded by later investigators, and replaced with new ones; that this repeated experience justifies doubt about the alleged facts of science and makes a sceptical attitude of mind towards science merely a sensible precaution. They take pains to point out that the ill-disguised contempt of the scientists for the opinions and conclusions of those who do not work in accordance with the canons of science is not warranted by this obvious instability of the results achieved by these methods.

Nevertheless the fact seems to be that in spite of the enormous mass of information or knowledge which has been accumulated throughout the ages, and is now available to the student, it is still only in the realms of science that most men feel that they have secure foundations under their feet. Scientific statements about life and matter may be unreliable and may often be changed, but at least they are generally felt to be more likely to be right than the theories and speculations of those who generalize from insufficient data, or who base their opinions upon other data than observed and verifiable facts.

What should be the Theosophic attitude towards this anomaly? No rational person would want to disregard the contributions which science is constantly making to human knowledge. The author of *Light on the Path* says, "I pray that no reader or critic will imagine that, by what I have said, I intend to depreciate or disparage acquired knowledge, or the work of scientists. On the contrary, I hold that scientific men are the pioneers of modern thought." Perhaps an attempt to define the modern ideal of scholarship will help clear up the situation. Let us take, not a chemist or physicist, but an historian, where the lines are not so clearly marked. He observes the facts of history, the records of the past, and from those he is willing to draw certain conclusions; his quarrel with the amateur student is that the latter draws conclusions which are not justifiable, and there is at once a difference of opinion. A case in point is that of Miss Jessie L. Weston, who has been studying and writing about the Arthurian legends for thirty or forty years, and who is a recognized authority on this difficult subject. Recently she has published a book of immense erudition which carries the source of the Arthurian legends back to the Greek Mysteries of Adonis, and to realms which are considered outside the legitimate field of scientific research, and as a result many of her former admirers and followers are saying regretfully that she has spoiled the fine record of a lifetime of work. Her critics are

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incompetent to pass upon the truth of her opinions, and would be the first to say so, but they will unhesitatingly thrust her outside of the ranks of valid scholarship. Modern science limits the field of inquiry considered legitimate, which is at once its weakness and the source of its too frequent and dangerous mistakes. How can it arrive at truth when it deliberately excludes whole ranges of life from its investigations. It is true that these more impalpable and intangible departments of life are either extraordinarily difficult to investigate, or altogether elude the present methods and instruments of science, but it is none the less true that these departments which science deliberately ignores, have an immense and often a paramount influence on palpable and tangible nature, and therefore constantly upset and render invalid the slowly and laboriously acquired data which science gathers from observation and experiment.

Science is, of course, gradually being forced, against her will, for the most part, to enlarge the area of inquiry. The boundaries are being forced back, step by step and stage by stage, as she awakes to a keener realization that no reliable work can be done when an inquiry is into only a part of a whole. We are becoming aware of the enormous complication of nature. A modern doctor is worse than useless, he is a distinct menace, if he treats only the body and ignores the nervous system, the psychic nature and the mind. Further than this the best of physicians rarely goes. He still ignores the moral nature and the Soul, because even if he feels in some subtle way that they influence his problem he does not know enough to take these factors into account. A recent review of Prof. Osborne's book, *The Men of the Old Stone Age,* pointed out the equipment of knowledge of seven or eight separate sciences which was necessary to an investigator into his subject. The modern scholar indeed complains that a lifetime is not long enough to acquire the information needed to carry further into the realms of the unknown the boundaries of any given science.

Generally speaking, the scientist accepts tentatively as a fact, or as a justifiable hypothesis, a conclusion which is the logical result of careful observation or experiment. Both observation and experiment must be the kind that can be repeated at will by others. As the number of factors in any scientific problem is infinite, and as any new fact, not hitherto observed may entirely upset the previous conclusion—something which is constantly happening—science is on an unstable and insecure ground, and, seemingly, always will be.

The non-scientific student, the mystic, the religious, the poet, all those who follow the inductive as against the deductive method, are in my opinion more likely to be right than the scientist, because the higher up we go, the nearer the fundamental unity we get, the simpler life and the laws of nature become. It is when the non-scientist applies his general conclusions to details that he is liable to err. The scientist is likely to be more accurate about details and unreliable as to his general conclusions,—

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the mystic more accurate in his generalizations, and may make mistakes in his application of them to details. The two positions supplement each other and correct each other; and the ideal position of the Theosophist would be to reconcile them and to be the living exponent of both.

In no direction is the confusion wrought by the quarrel between these two methods more apparent than in the whole subject of alcoholism. It has a prodigious literature, and is perhaps receiving as much attention at the present time, as any tangible matter which influences human life. The most elaborate and detailed studies and experiments are being conducted all over the world by Research Bureaus, Laboratories, Universities, Experiment Stations, and individual investigators and students. Even a summary of recent reports would be an impossibility within our limits; but as the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY ought, every once in a while, to make its position clear on all the great issues of human life, and as alcoholism is now a paramount issue in politics and elsewhere, I shall endeavor to indicate some of the more recent and most reliable of the conclusions reached by the students of this vast subject.

It is needless, perhaps, to state that Theosophy is absolutely opposed to the use of alcohol as a beverage, and that it does not believe in the use of alcohol as a food, or as a stimulant, or even as a medicine, save in rare cases and under doctor's advice. It believes that the objections to its use, on other, higher, and more important grounds, outweigh the good it can do in lesser ways. In other words, even if alcohol does at times, and in certain limited ways, help the body, it always harms the higher centers and activities, and therefore, should not be used. The whole trend of modern research confirms this view. In order to make the matter clear, we shall formulate and condense the opinions of recent investigators under several captions.

Alcohol and the Body.—Alcohol was thought to have a high food value, and to be easily absorbed by the body, but it is now the opinion that its food value is no greater than that of sugar or other simple substances which have no deleterious after effects. The last few months have thrown further light on its usefulness as a food, and even in diabetes, which was its last therapeutic stronghold, it is now shown to be unwise. Recent work done at the Carnegie Institute has shown "not only an absolute lack of 'antikotogenic' or acidosis-preventing influence on the part of alcohol, but an actual acceleration of such conditions." It has long been recognized that it is not a stimulant. It is positively dangerous to give it to a person suffering from shock, or about to faint. It may kill them, as it is a heart depressant. It does not overcome fatigue, or increase the body's power to perform work, even temporarily. It has been proved conclusively that it lowers a man's ability to work either temporarily or over a prolonged period. Its use, even in moderate quantities shortens life. The Insurance Companies have been investigating the subject for years, and now many of them refuse to accept heavy drinkers or excessive drinkers, and charge higher premiums for users as against non-users.

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	Death-rate in Excess of Standard
Steady moderate drinkers.....	86 per cent.
Having past excesses	50 per cent.
Very moderate drinkers.....	18 per cent.

A steady drinker is defined as one who exceeds two glasses of beer or one drink of whiskey a day.

Of the graduates from Dartmouth College during the ten years from 1868 to 1878, within 25 years, 13 per cent of non-users had died and 26 per cent of users; in 35 years 22 per cent of non-users and 41 per cent of users.

The complex elements in the blood that arise to defend the body when it is attacked by disease are unfavorably affected by alcohol. Even small doses have been shown to lower resistance to such diseases as septicæmia (blood poison), pneumonia and typhoid fever.

In a recent address upon the pernicious effects of alcohol, Dr. T. A. MacNicholl said:

"The great burden of drink is not borne by the drinker but by the drinker's children. The germ cell that is to be evolved into another being is the most highly organized of all the cells in the body. In its protoplasm lies the material and pattern of the perfected organism. Should such poison as alcohol lessen the nutrition of the cell or impair the quality of the protoplasmic material and deface the pattern, these shortcomings and defects would be manifested in the subsequent stages of development. A defective germ cell can not evolve a normal body. This is the reason that we find a large percentage of functional and organic diseases among the children of drinking parents.

"In our studies among school children in New York City we find that sixty-two per centum are the children of drinking parents; and that ninety-one per centum of these children of drinking parents suffer from some functional or organic disease. In one institution for the treatment of physical defectives a recent study shows that every patient is the child of drinking parents.

"A study of two groups of families will clearly show the difference in heredity between the children of the drinker and the children of the abstainer. Ten families of regular drinkers show the following:

Total number of children, 55.

30 died in infancy,	3 heart disease,
1 insane,	1 imbecile,
1 epileptic,	5 neurotic,
4 anæmic,	3 adenoids,
3 very poor teeth,	8 tubercular,
1 diabetic,	4 normal.

"In their studies these children stood as follows: 2 were excellent, 6 fair and 17 deficient.

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"Ten families of total abstainers show the following:
"Total number of children, 70.

2 died in infancy,	1 neurotic,
1 anæmic,	1 rheumatic,
1 tubercular,	64 normal.

"In their studies these children stood as follows: 56 were excellent, 10 fair and 2 deficient.

"Of the abstainers ninety per centum were normal in mind and body, as against seven per centum of drinkers' children. A comparison of these two groups of families, living under the same conditions, and in the same environment, shows that alcohol actually injured or destroyed eighty-three per centum of the children. Ninety-seven per centum of the children of total abstainers were proficient in their studies as against thirty-two per centum with drinking parents.

"Were the transmitted marks of alcohol degeneracy limited to one generation, could improved sanitation and medication correct and remove disordered nerve centers, bad heredity would receive partial compensation; but the laws of nature are fixed. 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' The degenerate factor becomes more potent with each transmission and renders posterity more and more susceptible to disease. An illustration of this heredity law may be noted in the children of ten families of drinking parents traced through three generations.

"Ten families of drinking parents:

"First generation, 47 children, of whom 50 per centum suffered from organic and functional diseases.

"Second generation, 90 children, of whom 62 per centum suffered from organic and functional diseases.

"Third generation, 82 children, of whom 95 per centum suffered from organic and functional diseases.

"For every child of total abstainers that dies under two years of age, five children of drinking parents die. If this percentage holds good throughout the United States, then we are confronted with the fact that since the dawn of the twentieth century to the first of January, 1912, one million babies, under two years of age, died as the result of the drink habit of their parents. This is race suicide on a colossal scale.

"It is a significant fact that during the past five years we have registered the highest per capita consumption of alcoholic liquors in the history of the country; and during this same period the mortality among children under five years of age has increased 147 per centum.

"My studies during the past twenty years, continuous to date, indicate a steadily increasing degeneracy among drinkers' children. One out of every five children, born to drinking parents, will be insane. One out of every three children born to drinking parents will suffer from epilepsy and hysteria. At this rate of insanity among drinkers' children, and with an increased per capita consumption of alcoholic liquors, we must expect

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a very largely increased number of insane among the children of the next generation.

"In England, a few years ago, of twelve thousand men examined at Manchester, nine thousand were rejected as physically unfit for army service. Dr. Bollinger estimates that half of the young men in Germany between eighteen and twenty-two years of age are incapable of bearing arms. Not long ago a call was issued for young physicians to enter the United States army. Eighty per centum of those examined were rejected as physically unfit.

"When four-fifths of the most representative men in America are pronounced unfit for war, what shall we say of their fitness to father the next generation."

Sir Victor Horsley, England's most famous neurological surgeon, says:

"No physician who has closely investigated the action of alcohol in recent years prescribes alcohol. It is rapidly disappearing from both hospital and private practice.

"There is perhaps no more striking feature in the evolution of modern therapeutics than the material alteration which has taken place in recent years in the status of alcohol as a medicine. Time was when it held the place of a universal stimulant and sedative—for such was our fatuous attachment to this product that we attributed to it therapeutic properties of the widest divergence. Did the heart flag and the pulse beat low? We gave alcohol to bring it up. Was the pulse too rapid, and the heart excited? We gave alcohol to bring them down. . . . The real factor in the decline of alcohol as a medicinal agent has been the careful observation, and the cold unprejudiced reasoning of thoughtful, scientific men in the laboratory and at the bedside.

"Modern pharmacological investigation has distinctly discredited the employment of alcohol as a medicine. It has been conclusively established that, strictly speaking, alcohol is neither a stimulant nor a sedative, but merely an excitant, whose effects are invariably followed by excessive reaction. Its only action in this respect is to suspend the inhibitory influence of the higher brain centers and to give free reign to the explosive function of the lower nerve centers. It simply takes the line out of the driver's hand and allows the horses to run at their own sweet will—a course whose apparent effect may be either a stimulative or a sedative one, according to the temper and condition of the horses at the time. It is, in a word, wasteful—a drawing upon reserves—and the patient is worse under its use than without it.

"One by one the physiologic fallacies which have bolstered its use have, under the light of modern knowledge and research, been disproven and discredited by the application of reason and the showing of fact."

Whiskey and brandy and wines have been stricken out of the list of medicines in the United States Pharmacopœia.

Alcohol and the Mind and Nervous System.—At a recent meeting of

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the neurologists and scientists of America, the following report was presented by the committee on Alcoholism, and adopted:

"WHEREAS, In the opinion of the alienists and neurologists of the United States, in convention assembled, it has been definitely established that alcohol when taken into the system acts as a definite poison to the brain and other tissues; and

"WHEREAS, The effects of this poison are directly or indirectly responsible for a large proportion of the insane, epileptic, feeble minded, and other forms of mental, moral and physical degeneracy; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we unqualifiedly condemn the use of alcoholic beverages and recommend that the various state legislatures take steps to eliminate such use; and be it further

"Resolved, That organized medicine should initiate and carry on a systematic, persistent propaganda for the education of the public regarding the deleterious effects of alcohol; and be it further

"Resolved, That the medical profession should take the lead in securing adequate legislation to the end herein specified."

One-half to one quart of beer is sufficient to distinctly impair memory, lower intellectual power and retard simple mental processes, such as the addition of simple figures. After moderate doses of alcohol, the mind responds prematurely to any outside stimulation. The reaction is hasty—"the judgment of the reason comes limping along after the hasty action." How many hasty words, hasty letters, hasty deeds, afterwards regretted, have resulted from even one cocktail!

Alcohol is no longer regarded as a brain-stimulant, but as a narcotic, a deadening drug similar to ether and chloroform. This narcotic or deadening influence is first exerted on the higher reasoning powers that control conduct, so that the lower activities of the mind and nervous system are for a time released. This and a brief local effect on mouth and throat explain the apparent stimulation. The every-day well-poised, self-controlled man goes to sleep, as it were, and the primitive man temporarily wakes up. Eventually, the nervous system is narcotized, and the drinker becomes sleepy.

It has further been shown that it is the difficult and responsible work which suffers most from the influence of alcohol. Endurance, energy, concentration and memory suffer in the first place, while purely mechanical occupations are inhibited in a far less degree.

Alcohol and the Moral and Emotional Nature.—We have already seen that alcohol stimulates the lower and inhibits the higher centers. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that it *liberates* the lower tendencies, or, in Theosophical parlance, it takes the brakes off the lower nature and gives it free play.

The most interesting recent contribution to the psychic side of alcoholism, however, is from Dr. William A. White, Superintendent of the Government Hospital for the Insane, at Washington. He says that

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many years of observation convinces him that men seek alcohol because they feel themselves to be inefficient or defective, and dare not face reality. Alcoholism is a symptom.

"The feeling of inefficiency and *flight from reality,* the ear-marks of a neurosis, are the ear-marks of alcoholism, and now we can understand why alcohol has been considered a stimulant, and why it has been called a habit-producing drug. It has been called a stimulant, because the individual, who is incapable of facing reality and has had to take alcohol to escape, has had also to have the best possible reason for taking it—namely, that it would help him to meet reality. It is a pure fiction of the alcoholic, this stimulating quality of alcohol. As to the habit-producing qualities of this drug—another fiction—the alcoholic cannot get along without his alcohol; he must find a road that takes him away from reality, once in a while at least; therefore, the fiction of the habit. The alcohol has gripped him with this mysterious habit; like an evil spirit he is in its clutches, and therefore he, himself, to himself is no longer responsible. He has projected his responsibility upon this myth, and therefore calmed his conscience.

"When we understand better the fundamental conditions which underlie the symptom, alcoholism, we may be able to do something more definitely constructive about it."

Alcohol and the Soul.—Alcohol probably does not directly affect the soul at all. It is not likely that its direct influence can reach up to the plane of the soul. It is pernicious from the standpoint of the soul, because of its deleterious effects upon those portions of the human constitution with which the soul is in most intimate contact, and especially because it has a tendency to paralyze and inhibit the centers in the nervous system and brain through which the power and influence of the soul pour into and affect the human animal.

The other day I received a circular from the New York State Brewers' Association, quoting some physicians to the effect that wine and beer in moderate quantities were not injurious to the general health. There is a good deal of that kind of talk, particularly about beer. Perhaps the best reply is that of Dr. Fisk of the Life Extension Institute, a recognized expert on alcoholism. He said, in a recent *Atlantic,* "After twenty-five years of experience . . . my cumulative judgment is that alcohol is a destructive force, wholly evil in its total effects. I deprecate the too prevalent tendency to apologize for alcohol, to deal gently and tenderly with it, instead of bringing it to the bar of human judgment.

"Furthermore, alcohol is alcohol, either in whiskey or beer. It is nonsense to claim that beer is a hygienic drink. It is drunk chiefly for its alcoholic effect," and it produces all the pernicious effects of alcohol.

C. A. G.

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"NOW are you satisfied? . . ." The Objector was jeering.

"Why should I be satisfied?" retorted the Gael.

"I thought you wanted war!"

"You misunderstood me," replied the Gael. "You often do. You remind me of something that actually happened a few days ago in a Sunday School. The Superintendent, who also happens to be a member of the Theosophical Society, had announced very clearly and fully to the children that the School would not assemble on the following Sunday because the Bishop was coming for a Confirmation service. Later, in order to make sure that the children had understood, the Superintendent questioned them. 'Now children,' he said, 'tell me who is going to visit us next Sunday?' There was a long and deadly pause. 'Tommy,' he urged, 'you heard me say who is coming. Who is it?' Tommy gasped. Then, finally, drawing on his courage, Tommy announced: 'St. Joseph, Sir.' Some of the other children looked a shade bewildered, but none of them laughed."

We did laugh, including the Objector. But the Gael continued without a quiver:

"For a Protestant Sunday School it was not so bad, because it showed unusual imaginative power: and Protestants have no imagination. And that is what I find hopeful about the Objector" (the Gael was addressing the clock). "His perversity is splendidly imaginative. He is absolutely the most combative, not to say contentious person I know; so he accuses me of favouring any kind of a war at any price!"

"What on earth do you favour?" asked the Objector.

"God and Heaven and a few other things of that kind," replied the Gael.

"Doubtless; but what kind of a war?"

"A right war, waged from a right motive. . . . Permit me to explain. Permit me also to state that this has no reference whatsoever to St. Joseph. So: if I see two men fighting on the street, I do not infer that both are heroes, or that both are reprobates. Why should I? The question is—what are they fighting about? One may be a policeman protecting a woman from gross outrage; the other may be a brute who is fighting to escape the just punishment of his crimes. There is a distinction, is there not? It would be my duty, as I see it, to help the policeman, particularly if he seemed to be hard pressed by the brute. It would be my duty to sacrifice myself, and even my clothes, even my feelings and my love of a quiet life, by banging that brute over the head. The more I might hate to do it, the greater my sacrifice and the more Christian, therefore, my act. The Objector" (this to the clock) "would simply revel in the bang, and therefore his act would be Antinomian."

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"Your theology would have made St. Thomas weep," interjected the Objector.

"Possibly. He was a remarkable man. But do not forget my policeman. I should hate to leave him at grips, without even your moral support. For that is what the Peace advocates do, and though your sins may be many, I could not, would not accuse you of their deplorable offence.

"Here, for instance, is a circular letter from 'The Fellowship of Reconciliation,' signed by several well-meaning people, including Dr. Rufus M. Jones. We had thought of him as a mystic. But he has proved himself, quite unconsciously, a materialist,—not merely a follower of the 'letter which killeth,' but blind to the letter which giveth life. 'Wrong,' he says, 'can be successfully opposed only by making men righteous. Not a nation defeated, but the nations won to righteousness is what the world needs.' Therefore, let us keep the peace. In other words, never mind the policeman. Leave him to his fate. The great need is that *my* hands shall be kept clean; that no angry passions rise in me. To help 'defeat' the brute, the burglar, the violator of women, would not be Christ-like (forgive the blasphemy!).

"They talk of 'the principles of love and good-will.' They do not see that it is those very principles,—that it is love of God, love of righteousness, of justice, of truth, of honour, of order, of decency,—yes, and God's love for the soul and well-being of that brute in human form—which should compel them to go to the aid of our policeman. Otherwise, you would never punish a child. Otherwise, God Himself, life itself, would never punish sin. Sin is punished. If continued, it is punished, not only by death, but by the utmost possible of physical and moral suffering. There is no one so tolerant, so forgiving, as the Master Christ; but even he would find it difficult, I believe, to pardon a man who, on 'conscientious' grounds, left that policeman to his fate . . . No,—it is a deplorable misunderstanding. And the worst of it is that it brings religion, and the Master himself, into contempt."

"Why will they not see," added the Student, "that to overcome evil with good, means to overcome evil, and with good; and that the policeman represents 'good,' and that the passer-by ought to? The policeman in fact represents God, and if the passer-by refuses for any reason to do so, he thereby sides with the devil, seeing that 'he who is not with me, is against me.'"

"How about St. Joseph?" inquired the Objector. (He is not easily rebuked.)

"You mean, I presume," replied the Gael, "how about a right war, waged from a right motive. I should have thought that that question had been answered. But let me be more explicit. A few weeks ago, the *Evening Mail* of New York, in a leading editorial, appealed to its readers to remember that if we are drawn into the war (kicked into it, incidentally, would be nearer the mark), our sole purpose would be to protect

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our own rights and to safe-guard our own commerce. In no sense, it said, would we be fighting for the cause of the Allies. The *Evening Mail* claimed to be passionately American. I wonder! But let us go back to our policeman. According to the principles of the *Mail,* the passer-by ought not to interfere unless personally threatened by the brute, and then, if compelled to defend himself, he must by all means keep in mind that he is fighting for himself and not for the benefit of the policeman. He should quit the fight the instant he has attained his own ends, quite regardless of whether, as the result of his participation, he leaves the policeman in a worse plight than before.

"To be brief, such a motive I would regard as selfish, mean, contemptible and wholly evil. Further, if America were to act from that motive, she would be fighting on the side of Germany even though, outwardly, she seemed to be fighting against her. This is not theory but fact. Ask a policeman! But the theory is important. It amounts to this: it is the motive of all our acts which determines whether they make for righteousness or for evil. If the motive be wholly selfish and self-seeking, it matters very little whether it find expression as aggressive rapacity, as in the case of Germany, or as mean and cowardly protection of our own rights for our own exclusive benefit, as advocated by the *Mail.*"

"The trouble is," the Philosopher remarked at this point, "that we as a nation, that is to say through our Government, have declared from the first that Germany's outrageous misconduct—her brutal disregard of civilized standards and her brazen violation of international law—is no concern of ours unless it interfere with our commerce or with our neutral rights. Through our Government, which we re-elected in the midst of the war, we have not only failed to protest against the violation of Belgium and against the countless other iniquities perpetrated by Germany since the war began: we have gone out of our way publicly to wash our hands of the rights and wrongs and issues of the conflict, to the point of proclaiming, with gratuitous though studied aloofness, with pedagogic superiority, that the rest of the world should accept 'peace without victory.' "

"Pardon me for interrupting," said the Student, "but on that subject some recent remarks by Chesterton, in *The Illustrated London News,* are so illuminating, that I think they should be included."

We asked him to read them to us, which he did, as follows:

" 'What can be said of his (Mr. Wilson's) idea, generally considered as an idea, of peace without victory? Peace without victory is war without excuse. And if he believes in the idea, would he apply the idea to the quarrels after the peace as well as to the quarrels before it? He wishes to establish a league of peace to prevent wars; obviously it could only prevent them by waging war, or threatening to wage war, with any Power that broke the peace. Then he says it can only be founded on an inconclusive settlement of this war, because any other would leave bitterness. But does he intend all its future interventions to be inconclusive?

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And if they were conclusive, would they not leave bitterness? If an ambitious Power dislikes being beaten by an enemy, would it not also dislike being bullied by a peace league? Are we to act on the principle that every future outrage is to be followed by amnesty and equality, and letting bygones be bygones? If we do not, why should we do it for this particular outrage, which we happen to think particularly outrageous? If we do, is there any sane man who will pretend that such perpetual flattening out of everything, fair and unfair, will not leave bitterness? Will men endure a court of justice which never does anything except tell all the advocates to throw up their briefs? Will they be content with an international magistrate who has no function whatever except to write off debts, to let off malefactors, and to give certificates of bankruptcy to the most fraudulent bankrupts? Is it not obvious that such amnesty would soon become the worst tyranny in the world?

"'If Mr. Wilson is so much interested in the avoidance of bitterness, there is one very ancient and simple truth that should be brought to his notice, as the chief magistrate of a great commonwealth. There is no bitterness in the heart of man like the bitterness that follows the denial of right. There is not so deep a fury in the thief when he is punished as there is in the innocent man when he is let out on the ticket-of-leave of a thief. That, and that alone, is the precise moral position to which the President's scheme invites us. We are to be freely forgiven for the crime that somebody else has committed—and committed against us. The world is told to bear no malice against us for having been swindled and stabbed, but to regard us with the same equal and serene clemency which is given to the stabbers and swindlers. Belgium must not be harshly criticized for having been harshly treated; she also may share the renewed peace and hope of those who plunged her in slaughter and despair when the fancy took them. France may have a decent veil drawn over the fact that she presumed to defend her frontiers, and even to impede the occupation of her northern provinces. She was even so impetuous as to win a victory over the invaders at the Marne; but the story can, perhaps, be hushed up. Serbia starts afresh with a clean sheet . . . The quality of mercy is not strained; it overflows to the relations of Captain Fryatt or the friends of Miss Cavell—a wise moderation will hold them all blameless. They shall be as respectfully treated as the proudest Prussian officer who toasted a prisoner in champagne and then shot him dead, or the most fastidious Prussian doctor who smiled from a safe distance at the despair of the sick and the deserted. Does it strike Mr. Wilson as barely possible, in the complexities of human nature, that *this* sort of equality of treatment may also produce bitterness? I think we can promise him that it will not stop at bitterness. If any attempt were really made to cover the black-and-white of this human story with such leprous whitewash, those who attempted it would find out a number of fundamental things of which they are apparently ignorant. One of the minor facts would be the fact that an honest man can be much more angry than a knave.

"'There is some very vile nonsense talked nowadays about this sentiment being merely "vindictive." It is not vindictive, if vindictiveness means merely the desire to hurt somebody who has hurt us. It is an abstract, virgin, and wholly virtuous intolerance of a tale ending wrong. It is the refusal of the intellect to accept the prospect of everything being for ever upside down.

"'Its impartiality is like the impartiality of an ice-age, in which there

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is no complaint—not because anything is freed, but because everything is frozen. So it would be, at least, if it could exist and endure; but it will not exist, because men's minds have been too awfully awakened; and it would not endure because men would not endure it. There is something in it that is worse than hopelessness; it is not that there is no hope in it, but rather that there is no sense in it.'"

"Chesterton would not write that way now," protested the Objector. "We are on the very verge of war. We may be at war by the time the next QUARTERLY is in the hands of its readers. We have acted."

"But the point is—why have we acted? For what are we acting? Do we still think there should be peace without victory? Have we withdrawn the remark? It seems to me that all that has happened is that the brute of my analogy has trodden on the toes of the passer-by, as he has often done before, but on this last occasion he notified the passer-by that he will do so as often as he chooses. So the passer-by says, 'If you do, I'll tread on yours—to my deep regret I shall feel obliged to tread on yours.' 'And he shed a bitter tear.' But I see nothing heroic about that, particularly as the passer-by, in our own case, cannot possibly get out of the way, which he has proved he would do if he could."

"But your analogy of the policeman will not hold," said the Objector. "Who constituted the Allies the police of Europe?"

"I did not say of Europe," answered the Gael. "They are acting as police for the whole world. If it were not for the British navy, there would not have been an American ship on the ocean since the war began. . . . Who constituted them police? They swore themselves in, as men do in a mining camp, where there is no regular constabulary, and when outrage and anarchy need to be suppressed. The analogy in that case is even closer, for it makes more clear the shamefulness of standing aloof,—the shamefulness of 'armed neutrality' between the opposing forces of good and evil."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it, anyway?" asked the Objector. "I am not running the Government."

"That is what the large majority of Americans invariably say, and the consequence is that the people with an axe to grind, govern the country. One obvious thing you can do is to mark passages in this 'Screen of Time,' and to send copies to your Congressmen and friends. Next, you can do everything in your power, first to realize and then to help others to realize that you cannot make peace with a wild beast or with a creature devoid of moral sense. Even when sobered, such a creature is irresponsible. You must keep him shut up, or he will break loose and prey on society again. That which fools would regard as being generous to him, actually would be indifference to the fate of others who are weaker than he is. Insist that this nation should help to finish the work—the appalling task—which the Allies have begun; that she must not stop half way; that to clamour for peace in the middle of it, would be a crime;

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and that the only possible solution is to put Germany under permanent restraint, for her own sake as well as for the sake of others.

"Frank H. Simonds, just returned from Europe, tried to make this clear in an article which appeared in the New York *Tribune* on March 6th. He said:

" 'We talk about peace in America because we think of a war between civilized nations and a fight over material issues. Nothing is more removed from the fact. For the French the war is purely and simply a war for existence with a nation professing and practising policies subversive and destructive of all that means life and civilization to Frenchmen. One does not talk of negotiating with Germans in France, just as one does not talk of treating with a tiger in the jungle.

" 'In France German soldiers, under the orders of German officers and in conformity with settled German policy, have wrought the most terrible abominations of which civilized mankind has any record. The proof of these crimes is written over all of Northern France. The record of new horrors comes daily from the north. . . .

" 'For France and for Britain this is a war like to none in their history or any history that they know. The things Germany has threatened to do and done, the future that Germany plans, the continuation of the struggle made inevitable if the German purpose be not permanently blocked by decisive defeat—these are in all minds. It is not of war in any ordinary sense that France is thinking; it is not of peace in any of the ordinary forms. Two ideas are struggling in the world—the German idea, which is expressed in German action all over the world, on sea and on land, the idea of "ruthlessness," the idea of the subjection of all men and nations to German will and the destruction of those men or nations which will not submit, and the liberal [civilized] ideas which are expressed in the institutions and ideals of the Western nations of democracies, such as the French and our own.

" 'Between these two ideas the French see clearly, have seen clearly at all times, as the British now see, there can be no compromise. Unless Germany lays aside these ideas and ideals which have produced the war, all thought of peace is an illusion and a deception and any peace must be transitory. "It is necessary to finish"; this is the French thought; this is the phrase one hears over and over again. It means that this generation of Frenchmen have made up their minds that it is better that all should die than that their children should receive as an inheritance that which descended to the present from the days of 1870.'

"Finally," continued the Gael, "please do not forget that right thinking is contagious, and that the clear recognition of our blindness, lukewarmness and sins of the past is the only possible beginning of our national 'conversion' and of our genuine participation, ultimately, in the cause of the Allied nations."

"I am glad you said 'ultimately,' commented the Philosopher. "Because it is going to take time. More than that, it is going to take suffering and much suffering. Only in that way can we atone for the past; only in that way can we hope to catch up with the splendid achievement of France, of England and the other Allies. It is a question of spirit. Compare our national spirit with theirs.

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"First, by way of warning, take the spirit of Germany, not in its most bestial expression, as revealed during the invasion of Belgium and northern France, but in its refinement and when posing for public esteem. I quote from the New York *Times* of February 23rd, 1917, which cites an interview with Count von Bernstorff, written by the notorious pro-German, Frank Harris. There is, almost of necessity, the usual revelation of a complete lack of humour, of the amazing belief that everyone is successfully deceived. Thus: 'We Germans are not afraid that high standards will bring us to defeat.'"

"What?"

"Yes, those are the words: 'We Germans are not afraid that high standards will bring us to defeat.' Then he goes on: 'We are all, I repeat, moralists, believers in moral right, and perhaps therefore too careless of manners, too disdainful of courtesies.' And he is accounting for the sinking of the *Lusitania!*

"Typical," muttered the Student. "Those dead women, those murdered babies: a certain carelessness of manner!"

"But then he opens his heart,—and Harris, one of his own kind, reports with admiration.

"'And now,' the interview proceeds, 'what is his attitude to the mysteries; what does Count Bernstorff think of religion and the future of humanity? He professes himself a cynic and unbeliever.

"'"I know this world," he says, "and don't trouble about any other."

"'He frankly dislikes churches and doubts whether their influence is good. When I asked him whether he had been brought up a Puritan, he burst into a great laugh.

"'"In any case, I've got over it completely," he cried. "I think the man a fool who denies himself any good thing in this life unless for health's sake or some dominant reason."

"'But he believes in humanity, in the slow development of man in time, and hopes that our growth is toward the good and the beautiful; but it is only a hope, and soon dismissed as vague, for his mind is all given to practical things; he does not lose himself willingly in transcendental imaginings. He professes to be a student of history: "History is the Bible of diplomats," he adds.

"'And his views on morals are as undetermined as on religion. "I try to play fair," he says, "and get what I want while causing as little trouble or pain to others as possible, but——"

"'You don't believe, then, in Kant's categorical imperative: "thou shalt" do this, and "shalt not" do the other?" I queried.

"'Bernstorff pursed out his lips in a quandary: "It is too absolute," he said; "this world is not divided into blacks and whites, but into colors and shades and nuances. I think a man should do what is right; but I'm very lenient, especially toward sins of the flesh when the temptation is great and the results unimportant."

"'The creed of a modern Gallio, or a gentleman and man of the world.'

"'A gentleman'!" exclaimed the Historian,—"why, there is no such word in the German language; they have no idea of its meaning. I

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know Germans who are gentlemen—in any case they were—members of the Theosophical Society, old friends of many of us. But those very men would not have been regarded as gentlemen by their fellow Germans. They were despised as plebeian, as 'soft,' as queer. Then there are German-Americans who have torn themselves free; who see the sins of their people, and who know that Germany, for her own good, must and should be punished for them. Such people deserve endless credit for their emancipation. But a man like Count Bernstorff is literally incapable of the concept, 'gentleman.' The proof, in addition to his own words, lies in the fact that he, and the Germany he represents, would have no understanding whatsoever of the statement that no man is strong who is not tender: they divorce the word gentle from the word man.

"Take, for instance, the English definition of the term, as suggested by the *Letters and Recollections of Charles Lister,* the son of Lord Ribblesdale,—just an ordinary nice English boy, who was killed in the war. He writes to a friend about the death in battle of a mutual friend, Julian Grenfell: 'He stood for something very precious to me—for an England of my dreams made of honest, brave, and tender men, and his life and death have surely done something towards the realization of that England.' To Bernstorff, such a statement—and it was not written for publication—would be incomprehensible. In his own consciousness, he would simply have no point of contact with it, any more than with the lines about the same boy which were written in memory of him by the new Head-Master of Eton:—

" 'To have laughed and talked—wise, witty, fantastic, feckless—
To have mocked at rules and rulers and learnt to obey,
To have led your men with a daring adored and reckless,
To have struck your blow for Freedom, the old straight way:

" 'To have hated the world and lived among those who love it,
To have thought great thoughts, and lived till you knew them true,
To have loved men more than yourself and have died to prove it—
Yes, Charles, this is to have lived: was there more to do?' "

"It is because a man's creed is known by what he does and by what he admires, that we can study the spirit of nations on a basis of fact and not of fancy. That brief poem, and the extract from Charles Lister's letter, reveal the spirit of Britain—the spirit which inspired the majority of Britain's millions who volunteered to suffer and to die. It was the word 'gentleman' that did it, because those who would not have laid claim to the title, revered it, desired it, were ambitious to live it. To them it spelt honour, courage, fair-play, unselfishness, generosity, humility, tenderness: they loved those qualities. So far as they could, they wanted to exemplify them."

"And thereby proved themselves Christians," interrupted the Gael; "though many of them, in ignorance, may have scoffed at what they thought religion stands for. Little brothers of Christ is what they

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were,—is what they are, if they still be alive and if still, in those essential ways, they admire and try to imitate Him. How He must love them!"

"I agree with you," said the Historian; "but fine as their spirit is, in some ways I do not think it as fine, or for that matter as Christian, as the fighting spirit of France. . . . Perhaps I am wrong. Comparisons are always odious. And perhaps when a man does the right thing and the noble thing, without understanding, he deserves at least as much credit as the man who does the same thing with understanding. For the main difference between France and England is that France more clearly understands.

"For one thing, the French *poilu* has an understanding of the German nature—of the kind of animal who threatens him—infinitely truer than that of his British ally. The Britisher is almost irritatingly guileless in his attribution to others of the principles by which he himself is governed. He will forgive and forget when it is quite wrong to do so.

"But that is a detail; for the best test of understanding lies in our ability to see beneath the surface of events, to their cause and ultimate result. The supreme test of all is our understanding of the Cross, of suffering. Suffering, as a rule, quite frankly bewilders the Britisher. He accepts it with courage, as part of the price to be paid for victory. But he has no glimmer of an understanding of its meaning, its purpose. Even his chaplain can only sympathize and pray, uncomprehendingly.

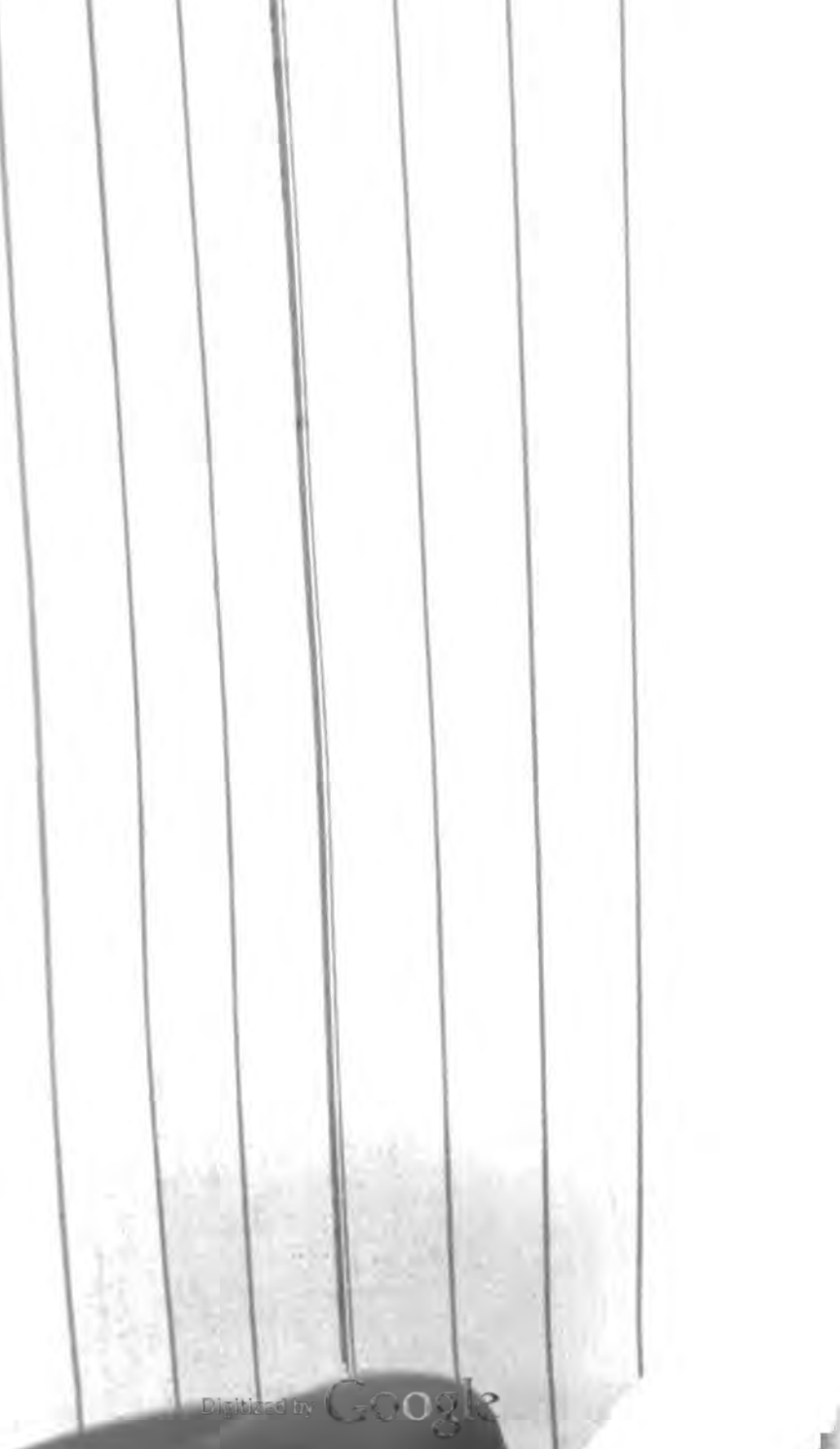
"In the QUARTERLY of last October, the Recorder quoted at length from the letters of French priests at the front, showing how clearly they see in the Cross, 'the healing of the nations.' But they, of course, thought and spoke in terms of religion. The astonishing thing about the French is that even when anti-Clerical, even when irreligious, they never lose their vision of what the Cross means and accomplishes.

"Take, by way of illustration, an interview with a French lieutenant, which appeared recently in the *Gazette de Lausanne*. There was not a word of religion in it. But after many complaints about the cold, the snow, the mud, the vermin, the almost intolerable suffering of every kind, which at first led the interviewer to suppose at least some degree of discouragement, the speaker passed quite naturally to the certainty of victory, to the fact that he would die happily because so sure of that, and then added:

" 'If they think us tired, used up, it is false. The blood of our dead runs in our veins and our force is increased tenfold. I seem to contradict myself? But I do not. We suffer, it is true; we suffer every day and every hour: but it is by means of suffering that all the great human things are made. Our victory,—that flower sprung from a charnel-house, will be the loveliest of all flowers, since it will represent the sublime efflorescence of all our sufferings.'

"There you have undestanding. There you have the invincible spirit of France: invincible, because it knows that the greater the suffering,

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away.'"

"But how about the spirit of America?" queried the Objector.

"How about your spirit, and mine?" replied the Historian, sadly "Still, we can at least work, can at least hope. And I believe with al my soul in the Cross. Suffering, bravely accepted, ennobles. May no America be ennobled, too?"

"But meanwhile?" the Objector persisted. "Do you suggest tha we should sit still and do nothing until our motive be purified and suffer ing ennoble us?"

"I certainly do not!" the Historian answered vehemently. "Righ action helps as much as anything to cure moral blindness, if only becaus right action nearly always involves sacrifice. By all means let us ge into the war at once. Let us get into it with all that we are and possess We ought to have been in it from the first. I agree absolutely wit what has been said by the Gael. We should be deceiving ourselves i we were to imagine that a mere declaration of war against Germany could place us on the side of the Allies; because the 'side,' in such a matter, is determined solely by motive, as results always demonstrate But the clear understanding of the few, acting as leaven and working with the daily experience of the many—first-hand experience of Ger many's methods and spirit—would undoubtedly result before long in a wider and less selfish purpose and in an increasing recognition of the rea meaning and object of the war. Some men ennoble a cause; but the vast majority are ennobled by the cause they work for, and that, withou question, would be part of our reward."

"What a pity," said the Student, "that so few people read the Bhagavad Gita. You remember how Arjuna hesitated when confronted by his foes—so many of them close relatives and former friends; and how Krishna upbraided him: 'Abandon this despicable weakness o thy heart, and stand up . . . Just to thy wish the door of heaven is found open before thee, through this glorious unsought fight which only fortune's favoured soldiers may obtain.'

"But there is another way of looking at it: if one were considering the welfare of this country only, one would advocate instant participation in the war; but if one were considering only the welfare of the Allies then I, personally, would regard with grave misgivings the prospect of partnership with so unseeing, so half-hearted a friend. The hope would be, as the Historian has suggested, that action would mean sacrifice sacrifice, truer vision, and that truer vision would mean a deep sense of our shame, the desire to atone, and the raising to life at last of our dead soul and honour."

"Not a popular view of the situation!" remarked the Objector.

"The QUARTERLY never claimed to be popular," replied the Student. "The truth rarely is." T.

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ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

Initial Motives

THE recent articles in this series have discussed phases of discipleship, and the statement was made that few people desire it. Why is this? If discipleship is a law of life and a stage of evolution through which all people must pass, why should there be only a very few, at any given time, who are willing to start on the journey? The answer is simple. The human race is still, as a whole, in its childhood, and it is still absorbed in childish things. A boy of five or six does not wish to get married, or to study, or to work, and although all of these things are his manifest destiny, he is not made to do them. On the contrary it is realized that he has not yet reached the point in his evolution where it would be wise even to try to make him. At the most his play is so regulated as to prepare him for the first of these natural tasks,—study. He has not yet the brain development really to study, nor the strength really to work. Nor has he developed the powers or functions which make marriage possible.

The great majority of human beings do not yet possess the strength or the powers, or the faculties which make discipleship a possibility. The potentiality is there, for these necessary qualities exist in latent or embryonic form in each individual, to be developed and expressed outwardly in due time, just as the boy is a potential man. It takes time to change a boy into a man, and the process cannot be accelerated beyond a certain point; so it takes time, and a much greater time, to change the immature being into a disciple. Indeed, this analogy can be pressed even further. If you force the normal development of a boy beyond a certain point you defeat your object and do not get a rounded and fully developed man. If you work him too soon and too hard, you get a stunted and abnormal product. If you force his intellect beyond a certain point, you inevitably dwarf other necessary and desirable faculties. Too much pressure in any one direction will inhibit or restrain other natural and necessary qualities. This law is the same for all planes, and also crosses the planes. Too great physical development will tend to dwarf the moral nature. Too great emotional development may react unfavorably on the body, the nerves or the mind.

Progress, to be healthy and normal, must be systematic and well-rounded, although, of course, this is not a rigid law that permits of no

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variation or flexibility. The matter should be considered always in the light of the complementary law of compensation, which is Nature's provision whereby one faculty, power or function learns to supplement the limitations of some other one which is deficient.

The point for our consideration, however, is that the evolution of the human race is an orderly progress that cannot be forced or accelerated beyond natural limits, without detriment and reaction, and that most human beings have not yet reached the stage where discipleship is a practical possibility. The moral, so far as they are concerned, is to help them to do the things they ought to do, at that stage of evolution which each has reached. In a general way we know what to do with children of different ages. It is perfectly possible to learn how best to help human beings at the different points on the evolutionary scale which they may have reached.

Although most human beings have not arrived at the stage of evolution where discipleship is a practical possibility, there are a few who have. These few, owing to past progress and experience, have developed their natures on all the necessary planes to the point where discipleship may begin. The problem with these people is to make them desire it with a desire great enough to induce them to work for it. Many more are born with the capacity for discipleship than ever emerge from the common mass into the sunlight of individual and self-conscious effort. These possible candidates are unable to break through the smothering and deadening influence of modern materialism. Their lower natures, backed by an environment which gives these free play, stimulation and encouragement, are too much for their struggling souls. They are the sheep needing a shepherd; and much may be done for them. They are the material for the true missionary, for they have immediate potentiality for the Higher Life. Other human beings are merely raw material, in the process of becoming, and can be treated more generally and *en masse*.

The problem, then, is to awaken in this very small number of people who are ready, the desire to enter upon the Path of Discipleship; and to encourage and develop this desire until it has power to force them forward. Broadly speaking, this desire is subject to three influences; the influence of fear; the influence of self-interest; and the influence of love. It is better to abstain from evil through fear of the consequences, than to be bad. It is a negative motive, and an ignoble one, but it works and is better than nothing. There are moods and phases of the lower nature which will only respond to fear, as they are incapable of appreciating any higher appeal.

It must be understood that these three kinds of influence are repeated a plane lower down when dealing with the mass of humanity. The Church has always used all these in its treatment of its adherents, and it will emphasize one or another of them, according to the kind of people it is dealing with. In the Middle Ages, and when handling the

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lower classes and the uneducated in our own times, the Church has, and should have much to say about punishment and Hell. It is the exceptional child which is good for any other reason than fear of the consequences. We modern people laugh at the picture of Dante's Inferno, and we flatter ourselves that we are above such childish conceptions. Many of us are, but again, many of us are not, and it would be a very good thing indeed if we had the faith to believe literally in the lurid and terrifying pictures of the old-fashioned Hell. It is not a theological fiction invented by a Church desperate to retain its power over a recalcitrant people. Hell may not be a place, and we may not be stewed in pots hanging over fires of brimstone, but such a state exists none the less, and its torments are just as great as ingenious devils can make them.

No; this simple fear of a mediæval Hell is not for a possible disciple. Things have moved up a plane. What he fears, and what he should fear, to stimulate his desire for progress, is the more philosophical certainty of retribution for his sins, whether of commission or omission. If he eats too much, he will suffer the pain of indigestion. If he is unkind, he will reap a whirlwind of unkindness. If he lacks courtesy, people will be rude to him. If he hates, people will hate him. If he is selfish, people will not give him things. If he is dishonest in act or speech, the world will dishonor him. He knows he must reap whatever he sows, on all the planes of being. But there is another and more subtle range of fears. Unless he lives righteously and strives mightily for the things of the spirit, he must fear the loss of his own self-respect, the loss of the esteem and affection of his friends and associates, the fear of becoming an outcast and of being left behind in life's race, by his companions and his contemporaries. Do not be ashamed of being afraid of these things. It were better to be afraid and to act accordingly, than to suffer the consequences of wrong action.

The next range of influences appeal through our self-interest. Perhaps it would sound a little better if we spoke of it as the appeal through the mind, the reason. It is now not a question of being worse off if we are bad. It is the conviction that we will be better off if we are good. Life has not proved an unalloyed joy by any means. We have had sufficient experience of pleasure to know that she is a treacherous mistress. Much pain and suffering have been mixed with our small portion of happiness. Without being pessimists, we are inclined to agree with them in thinking that most things human beings strive for are not worth while, and that life, as it is ordinarily lived, is not worth living. Discipleship promises the only rational and hopeful solution of this whole problem, and we enter it because we believe that that is the rational thing to do.

I do not mean that we reason this all out consciously and deliberately, for while that actually does sometimes happen, yet in the great majority of cases this weighing of values is instinctive, and our resultant action is also instinctive. We are only half or quarter conscious of the problem, as a problem, though we are always conscious of the struggle, as a struggle.

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For it is always a struggle and the outcome is not a simple walking forward on the straight and narrow way, as I have depicted. On the contrary there is endless hesitation, pausing, returning and beginning over again, and every phase of vacillating will, of doubt, of reluctance, of minds only half made-up. The lower-self, instinctively realizing its impending doom, fights desperately. Every evil passion and desire, every noxious craving, every bad habit, every weakness, every fault, ranges itself on the side of the lower self, and is an ally of the devil to tempt us away from the higher path.

If we can bring fear to our aid in this struggle, upon the outcome of which depends our immortality, then let us call upon the influence of fear, and use it to the utmost. If we can bring reason to our aid, and persuade ourselves of the wisdom of keeping up the fight until the victory is won, then by all means let us use reason. If self-interest will work through instinct—as it often does—instead of, or as well as, through reason, then let us appeal to self-interest. We need every power, every aid, every ally that exists, in this supreme battle, but it is not until we make some little progress in the fight that we are likely to discover and be able to use our greatest weapon.

The spiritual powers of the universe are of course helping us all along, and in all the ways an Infinite Compassion can devise. In the first place they arrange all outer circumstances so as to make the struggle as easy as possible; they surround us with good influences; they give us friends and companions who are going through the same phase; they associate us with others who have passed through this battle, whose example we may emulate, and from whom we receive encouragement, advice, and sympathetic understanding.

They arrange an environment that will strengthen our weak points, and develop qualities we lack. But beyond all this outer aid, there exist whole ranges of help which they give our souls. There is much that is obscure about this part of the subject, for those who know have not deemed it wise to reveal much about the methods used. One hint we have had given us. Modern psychology has reached the conclusion that every one would go insane in short order, if it were not for the refreshment we receive in sleep. They do not mean physical rest and recuperation for we can get that without sleeping; they refer to some unknown and intangible support which our nerves and mind, our inner being, receives, and upon which it depends. I do not mean that the help of this type which the Masters give us is limited to the time we are asleep. Far from it; but we certainly do receive some kinds of help then, which we cannot receive, or receive so well, when we are awake. I believe that a large part of the work of the Lodge is of this kind, and that it is only because we do not understand about it that we have any doubt of the incessant work done for us and the abundant and generous and perpetual help which is given us. There is no instant of the day or night, during our whole life, and in the intervals between lives, when we are not the

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recipients of the tender care and solicitude of infinite Wisdom and Compassion. Anyone who once gets this idea firmly fixed in his consciousness, need never feel lonely or afraid again; or, if he still feels fear, he may know that it is an unreasoning terror which is a weakness to be combated, if it is not directly instigated by the Evil Powers.

But what is the greatest weapon we can have in our fight against our lower natures, in our struggle towards discipleship? I referred to it above. It is the power of love. Even in ordinary human life love is the power which compels the most heroic deeds, the greatest sacrifices, the utmost self-abnegation. I mean that the love of other human beings is the motive force which lies back of the noblest human deeds. So love of God, as the Christian devotional books would put it, or love of our Master, as we would prefer to express it, is the greatest influence which the disciple can have, to force him forward on the Path of self-conquest; and until it awakes, and burns with a steady, lambent glow, the journey is difficult, tedious, depressing, discouraging, often hateful, and followed with reluctant sullenness and grumbling protestations. We do not want to be good; and to be driven to it by fear, or by self-interest, does not change the polarity of our desire. It is not until love comes to our rescue that we want to be good, and after that the task becomes much easier. It does not end the battle, but it assures the final victory. No one who really loves his Master can fail.

But we are conscious of cold hearts. Theoretically we admit that we love the Master, or at least that we ought to, and that we want to do so, but we know that it is a very feeble flicker, of which, at the bottom of our hearts we are thoroughly ashamed. We know that this very poor imitation of what love ought to be, is not a driving power. It has little real influence to compel sacrifice or to induce effort. Therefore, every would-be disciple reaches a point where his problem is to learn how to love his Master. Endless numbers of books have been written on this subject. I know of no royal road. From the standpoint of the mind we are led into what seems an *empasse,* for our mind tells us that we cannot love the Master until we understand Him, and we cannot understand Him until we obey Him, and we cannot obey Him until we love Him. How shall we break through this circle?

The only secret about it that I know is to start doing all these three things at once. Do not wait for one quality to develop in the hope that it will lead to the others. Make up our minds to start at once at all three of them. We can try to love Him; we can think about His qualities and about what He does for us; above all, of His love for us, and we can try to feel some reflection of that in our hearts. At the same time we can try to understand Him. We can read books about those who have learned to know their Master, and we can discover and think about what they say. But above all, for this is something which is more in our control, we can practise the virtue of obedience, which leads to knowledge. He who is perfected in devotion will find knowledge springing up spontaneously

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within, says the Gita. We know what He wants us to do, what His desires for us are; let us then proceed earnestly and faithfully to carry these out and to live our lives accordingly.

It is as inevitable as Fate that if we are obedient we shall grow in understanding of the Master, and as we do so, as we see more and more of His perfection, and His beauty, of His tenderness and pity, of His sympathy and love, even our cold hearts will take fire, and we shall learn to love Him with an intensity that will sweep us into His arms no matter what may be the obstacles in our own natures.

C. A. G.

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York, on Saturday, April 28, 1917, beginning at 10.30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are earnestly requested to send proxies. These may be made out to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, 165 West 12th Street, New York; or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

4. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. At 8.30 p. m. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are cordially invited. On Sunday, April 29th, at 3.30 p. m., there will be a public address at the Hotel St. Denis, Broadway and 11th Street.

Ada Gregg,

Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
February 28, 1917.

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REVIEWS

The Passing of the Great Race, by Madison Grant, published by Scribners, has an introduction by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborne, which indicates why the book is of special interest to Theosophists. There are two reasons: One is because anything that has to do with the races of mankind, their genesis and distribution, touches upon a theme to which *The Secret Doctrine* gives much attention; the other reason has to do with Mr. Grant's conclusions as they relate to the great problems of political science and the structure and nature of societies and of government.

Mr. Grant's theory about the races of Europe is not new, but his application of the conclusions of recent anthropologists is novel; he relates the history of Europe in terms of race, instead of in terms of nationality, or tribe, or language, or religion. Heretofore, all historians have adopted as the basis of their work, a nation, or if the history be a general history, they have written about a group of nations. Mr. Grant discards nationality, and takes race as his basis, and shows among many other things, that the two are practically never identical, nor is language a guide to race, as was commonly supposed.

Europe was peopled by three main races: the Nordic, which came from the regions of the Baltic, and are tall, vigorous, long-skulled, blue or grey eyed and light haired; the Alpine, who came from Western Asia, and are of medium height, thick set and physically powerful, round skulled, with dark hair and eyes; and the Mediterranean, which came from Southwestern Asia and are of slender build, much shorter in height than the Nordics, long skulled, black hair and eyes, and swarthy skinned. All these races entered Europe thousands of years before the time of Christ. Roughly speaking, the Nordics inhabit and thrive best in colder northern regions, the Alpines predominate in Central Europe, and the Mediterranean around the Mediterranean Sea.

Racially speaking again, all the people in Europe during historic times can be related to one of these three great races, save a few remnants of prehistoric men, probably the Cro-Magnons, or the Neanderthal savages, which were pressed by the invading hordes almost into the Atlantic, but still survive and show racial traces mainly in Western Ireland, Brittany, France and Spain; and some recent Tatar and Mongolian blood in Russia, Finland and Lithuania.

There is no such thing, and there never has been such a thing as a Celtic Race; it was purely a language division. Celtic was a language spoken by several of the Nordic tribes. They imposed it upon the Alpine people of Northwestern France, which were gradually pressed into Brittany. They themselves were forced into Wales and Ireland and Scotland. They survive as Nordics in Scotland and Ireland, but in Wales they disappeared into the Mediterranean race which was predominant in that region, and left only their language. So Irish and Scotch Celts are Nordics, Welsh Celts are Mediterraneans, and French Celts are Alpines.

Very few Alpines reached the British Isles or the Scandinavian Peninsula, but a large influx of the Mediterraneans made their way through France into England. The Slavs are mostly Alpines. The people of Central Europe, including Germans and Austrians, are a mixture of all three races, with the Alpines much the most numerous. It is estimated that there are 9,000,000 Nordics in the

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70,000,000 of Germany. In France the three races are about equally divided. In England the Nordics are much the more numerous. Around the Mediterranean, the race of the same name is in a great preponderance, there being scarcely any Alpines, who do not like the sea; while the Nordics who are present are almost exclusively the upper class.

That brings us to the point of special interest, as bearing on political science. The division between the races is not according to national lines, but is according to class distinctions within the nations. Each race inevitably follows its natural and inherited bent. Indeed Mr. Grant's thesis is that heredity is a very much more powerful influence than education or environment: people are what they are born to be, and this racial tendency can only be modified with great slowness over enormous periods of time.

"The Nordics are, all over the world, a race of soldiers, sailors, adventurers and explorers, but above all, of rulers, organizers, and aristocrats in sharp contrast to the essentially peasant character of the Alpines. Chivalry and knighthood . . . are peculiarly Nordic traits."

The Alpine race is always and everywhere a race of peasants, an agricultural people.

The Mediterraneans are intellectual and artistic, and have produced the great poets, artists and philosophers. It is from this point, however, that Mr. Grant departs so far from the facts of common observation, that I am led to suspect a fundamental deficiency in this whole racial theory. In spite of the inferior physical stamina of the Mediterranean race, when he wishes to determine the race which supplies the factory hands and the crowded urban populations which fill the tenements, he calls them Mediterranean because they are obviously not either Nordic or Alpine. The facts call for a fourth race which will make the situation correspond with the four castes of India; which, as we know, were based originally on differences of race. The Nordics would correspond to the Kshatriya or Rajput caste, the ruling soldierly caste; the Mediterranean would correspond to the intellectual, teaching, priestly class, the Brahmins; the Alpines would correspond to the Vaishya or agricultural class; but we are left without anything to correspond with the Shudra caste, artisans and laborers, which, after all, is a most important element in any population. It is not logical to seek these from the race which produced Aristotle and Dante, and most of the scholars and artists of Europe for thousands of years. I expect more careful research will discover a fourth strain which is different from the other three and which furnishes the mechanic and artisan. It is likely that the Mediterranean race will be divided into two divisions which will be found to have marked somatological differences.

The other point of special interest is the political and social significance of this racial theory. It is one of the best arguments against the validity of democracy which I know. If one of three or four races which people a country has a natural, inherent and very great ability as rulers and soldiers, if that is their special characteristic, and is what they can bring of most value to the common fund, then it seems but logical to let them do the ruling and fighting; let the agricultural race till the soil; let the intellectual class teach and preach; and let the artisans work at their trade. In this way each department of human life will be most efficiently administered, to the resulting great benefit of the whole.

Perhaps the reason why the attitude of America with respect to the War has so greatly disappointed so many Americans of the older stock is because these older Americans are nearly all Nordics; it is they who could fight best, and who want to fight, and, in case of war, who would fight. The councils of the nation are divided, because of the large influx of Alpine and Mediterranean non-fighting stock in recent years. Let these new-comers attend to their natural work. Let them till the soil and run the mills and factories, and, if necessary,

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write the books and act the plays, but do not let them stand in the way of the Nordic element whose natural bent and whose ardent desire it is to enter the War.

There is much more of interest in the book of which the limits of a review do not permit mention; and a comparison of the whole theory with the teachings of Theosophy would also be of great interest, but something must be left to our readers, and our advice is that each one should read the book and make the comparison for himself. C. A. G.

In the October 1915 QUARTERLY, a review of Miss Evelyn Underhill's study of John Ruysbroeck expressed the hope that more of the great mystic's writings might become available for English readers. It is a source of pleasure, therefore, to have in hand an admirable translation of three of his works by C. A. Wynschenk Dom, with introduction by Miss Underhill. The book is called *John of Ruysbroeck,* is published by E. P. Dutton ($1.75), and contains "The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage," "The Sparkling Stone," and "The Book of Supreme Truth."

Ruysbroeck's influence and commanding position among the mystical teachers of Christianity is only just being adequately recognized. A contemporary of Dante (he was born in 1293, not 1273 as in the Introduction), he outlived him by many years. His works show a mind trained in scholastic science and logical precision, yet he has not confined himself to any cut and dried system, but shows a marvellous adaptability in fitting the exact expression to the unusual and extramundane experiences he discusses. He is at once metaphysician and poet, philosopher and man of the world; he appeals to the untrained mind by his direct simplicity; and to the intellectual, by the vigour and mastery of his thought. Through a coterie of disciples, notably Gerard Groote, he set the key-note for the Windesheim School founded by the latter—better known as the Brethren of the Common Life—which in the next generation numbered among its members Thomas à Kempis. His works were studied in England in the early fifteenth century, along with those of the two Victorines, St. Bernard, and Richard Rolle. "The influence of his genius has even been detected in the mystical literature of Spain." Certainly his works rank with those of St. John of the Cross, while in bursts of intuitional insight, and in bold psychological analysis he even approaches the supreme St. Teresa.

"The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage" is divided into three books, dealing respectively with the active life of a religiously-minded man, the supernatural life in the Spirit of the "inward man," and the contemplative life "in the hiddenness of our Spirit," or the "God-seeing life" as he calls it. Ruysbroeck has a clear mind; he knows what he wants to say, though the saying of it may be difficult. He does not write as one feeling after forms of thought, but rather as one who *knows* what he thinks and then expresses it in the most direct and natural way. More even than St. John of the Cross, he keeps the tension of thought at a uniform high pitch; he cannot be read, he must be studied, meditated.

Mr. Maeterlinck speaks of the first twenty chapters as containing "little more than mild and pious commonplaces." He further characterizes Ruysbroeck as "almost entirely ignorant of the habits, skilled methods, and resources of philosophic thought, and he is constrained to think only of the unthinkable." We have read only the three of the Saint's works that are in translation, together with quoted fragments from the others; but we fail to see any justification for these criticisms. The use and application that Ruysbroeck makes of recognized Scholastic terms, borrowed often it would seem from Dionysius, St. Augustine, and St. Bernard, would alone set aside the second of these statements. Ruysbroeck is not a modern, but he is nevertheless a hard and exact thinker; one whose logic cannot be denied. He begins with God, as do Meister Echart, Tauler, and Suso; and placing man in his true relation to God, as does St. Ignatius in the *Exercises* for instance, he thereupon describes step by step whereby man is raised to an almost

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inexpressible union with God. The first step is to detach oneself from the animal man, to obtain self-mastery and discipline, to establish a firm foundation and character in righteousness. To do this hearty repentance is necessary; "Christ is always moved by helplessness, whenever a man complains of it and lays it before Him with humility" then His "generosity cannot withhold itself, it must flow forth,"—by which means "the soul is made ready to receive, and to hold, more gifts." In this way the soul becomes adorned with all the virtues in a regular and inevitable progression, as in Dante each virtue is the counterpart of some deadly sin, and the expression of one of the Beatitudes. To provide the next step man "should not have in mind two ends; that is to say, we should mean God alone and nothing else." Such a man, living for God alone "is often stirred by a desire to see, to know, and to prove what, in Himself, this Bridegroom Christ is." Having gotten this "unmeasured impulse," we reach (Book II) the "illuminative" stage,—"How we achieve supernatural sight in our inward workings" and, by it, how we come to recognize "a three-fold coming of our Lord in the Inward Man." A new order of gifts follows, recalling St. Paul's gifts consequent to new-birth in the Spirit. The life of the Inward Man is two-fold,—necessarily active for the unfolding and exercise of new powers, but also deeply at rest in the closest conscious inner communion with Christ the Master. The "higher powers" of the soul unfold themselves—the memory or mind, the understanding, above all the will; and Ruysbroeck has some wonderful descriptions of the *claerheit*,—"a word expressive at once of pervading brightness and limpid clearness" explains Miss Underhill—and enhanced consciousness that comes of this awakening in the Spirit.

The third stage, that of the contemplative life and state, is "superessential," at one in and with the very life and being of God, and yet fully self-conscious. "In this unity we are taken possession of by the Holy Ghost, and we take possession of the Holy Ghost and the Father and the Son, and the whole Divine Nature: for God cannot be divided. And the fruitive tendency of the Spirit, which seeks rest above all likeness, receives and possesses in a supernatural way, in its essential being, all that the spirit ever received in a natural way. . . . When the inward and God-seeing man has thus attained to his Eternal Image, and in this clearness, through the Son, has entered into the bosom of the Father: then he is enlightened by Divine truth and he receives anew, every moment, the Eternal Birth, and he goes forth according to the way of the light, in a Divine contemplation. And here there begins the fourth and last point; namely, a loving meeting, in which, above all else, our highest blessedness consists."

He addresses "The Sparkling Stone" to those "who would live in the Spirit, for I am speaking to no one else." This little book is even more mystical than the popular "Spiritual Marriage," and is based on *Revelation*, or, as Ruysbroeck calls it, "The Book of the Secrets of God, which St. John wrote down." He says "You should know that all spirits in their return towards God receive names"—after "we are baptized once more in the Holy Ghost." He describes in new terms this life, emphasizing nevertheless the fact that "there are found some foolish men who would be so inward that they would neither act nor serve, even in those things of which their neighbor has need. Behold, these are neither secret friends nor faithful servants of God; but they are altogether false and deceived. For no man can follow the counsels of God who will not keep His commandments. And therefore all secret friends of God are also at the same time faithful servants, wherever this is needful."

The "Book of Truth" was written to defend himself against charges of Pantheism, and is a brilliant and compact summary of his whole teaching.

The book is a valuable contribution for students of the unfolding of the inner life, and it contains excellent and suggestive notes by Miss Underhill.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

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QUESTION No. 211.—*"Is it necessary to know the succession of the rounds and the races, and other 'Theosophical' doctrines in order to be a disciple?"*

ANSWER.—They tell me that there are very good fighters to be found at Donnybrook Fair where the game is to take firm hold on a shillalah and hit every head in sight. Not only are there disciples who have become such without knowledge of the laws which govern life, but there are many of the saints who had no teaching except their own inner experience.

The shillalah is not to be despised; it is, on the contrary, a very handy trinket to have within reach when the disciple goes to meet his lower nature, but it has distinct limitations and is not to be found in the standard equipment of any of the regular armies. But then, so few people wish to be "regulars"; they prefer to bushwhack and take comfortable pot shots at the devil, from time to time as the mood of the moment indicates. Some people go a step further and put a great deal of "devotion" and enthusiasm into whatever church, missionary or humanitarian activities make strongest appeal to their emotions; the very best and staunchest people in the community do this, just as some of our very best young men join the National Guard,—but we were speaking of discipleship. There have been illustrious disciples who could not read and write, but, granted the opportunity and an average set of brains, why should one prefer to be an illiterate disciple? K.

ANSWER.—Must one read and write and 'rithmetize to enter Heaven? A parish priest was once preparing a woman for confirmation. She could not read, and was dismayed when she discovered that the other candidates were learning prayers, etc., out of books that were impossible treasures to her. What do you think? Can that washerwoman become a Christian or not? G. F.

ANSWER.—I can take a willing man to work in my garden even if he does not know how to read or write. But he is no better gardener for his ignorance, and suppose what I really need is a secretary? Why limit the purposes for which we can be used? Think how the world has suffered and suffers from ignorance and lack of understanding. Is not the great need today for spiritual teachers who really understand? How many are there who understand Christianity? All that we need for constant joy and infinite strength is there if we can but find and follow it. The purpose of "Theosophical doctrines" is to illumine each man's religion, not to supplant it. Those who need no illumination, do not need Theosophy. R. T.

QUESTION No. 212.—*Is the Devachanic state a static one, or is it one of progress? Some books say one thing and some another. Or does it mean that it is static for the materialist and a state of progress for those who have begun to evolve spiritually?*

ANSWER.—I have always regarded the Devachanic state as a negatively active one. From the point of view of spiritual evolution it is a state to be got rid of,

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for it means the fruition of "selfish" spiritual ideals. For example, if there be any sincerely good but stupid person whose ideal of spiritual bliss is to enter a state in which life consists of "casting down your golden crowns around a glassy sea" and all that person's earth life is conducted with a view to realizing that ideal, then such will be his devachanic state and he will have to spend a period of time there proportioned to the efforts which he expended in attaining such a condition. But in view of the real life of the soul such a state is a false one and unreal, and time so spent is wasted. From this point of view the getting rid of such illusions is negative progress and its termination is a release. H. P. B. always used to speak of it as an illusion and dwells on this side in the *Key to Theosophy*. From the point of view of the Soul the state of Devachan is one of delay and therefore not of progress. X.

ANSWER.—Is it not both? How will it do to compare Devachan with a hospital in war-time. To the average soldier hospital life would be static. To the recruit it would appear as reward. To your flamingly fighting *poilu*, animated with the spirit of La Pucelle, it would be a fearful waste of time and he would seek to escape from it as soon as possible in order to return to the fighting line. Is it not all a matter of desire, or rather of right desire?

G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—It is clear that the person who asked this question knows the answer, but there is the implied question what to do about it. Assuming that Devachan is a state of consciousness in which the personal desires of a lifetime are perfectly fulfilled both in essence and in detail, it is obvious that no single statement, positive or negative, can possibly embody more than a fraction of the truth, and, to the Psalmist at least, the reward of generous devotion did not seem meager or colorless; "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." This whole 37th Psalm is an answer to the question what to do about Devachan. The "David" who wrote many of the Psalms is said to have been an Initiate, and his simplest statements might well merit examination or even experiment,—"Delight thyself in the Lord"! If one were to take this bit of occult wisdom at its full face value and act on it, a portion of the Devachanic joy would be realized here and now. "*Delight* thyself"! That does not seem static, or of necessity emotional; I am persuaded that it is true throughout the whole range of possible experience, including the highest spiritual plane which our imaginations can reach. P.

ANSWER.—"The universe exists for the purposes of the soul" and nothing happens or can happen which can not be used for its development. Devachan is said to be a period of spiritual digestion, as it were, in which the soul assimilates and builds into itself the spiritual essence of its experiences during its last earth life. Obviously the differing experiences and different degrees of spiritual development reached would result in the widest differences in the Devachanic state.

It is also said that in Devachan our desires come to fruition. May it not be that those whose desires on earth did not reach outside themselves, beyond the personality, that ghost reflection of the soul, will pass their Devachan within themselves in a state as "unreal" as their desires on earth were "unreal"? And that those whose desire was to serve others will be permitted to serve them and to let fall, like Sœur Thérèse, "showers of roses" on those on earth? J. M.

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