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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 colour. 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, 1929

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THE IDEAL BRAHMAN

IT has been suggested that the principal purpose of the Buddha, in all that he did and taught, was the founding of an Order which should train disciples, not for abstract or general ends, but for the definite goal of Chêlaship. It may be added that every detail of his words and acts gains new light from the recognition of this primary aim.

It has also been said that the Buddha made a great and deeply considered effort to influence the Brahmans of his day, for several different yet harmonious reasons. First, in consonance with the principal purpose noted above, he clearly recognized that the Brahmans as a class offered exceptionally promising material for Chêlaship. They were endowed with spiritual gifts of great value; they had a long spiritual heredity; many of them were blest with ardent aspiration and a burning desire for spiritual attainment, as the result of that spiritual heredity. To repeat a phrase that has been used before: the Brahmans as a class represented an immense spiritual investment; the Buddha ardently desired to aid this great investment to bear fruit, and to bear fruit abundantly.

This is the brighter side of the picture, and it is still, to a certain degree, a true account of the Brahmans. But there was also the darker side. The Buddha, seeing and knowing the universe face to face, clearly perceived certain long-standing dangers in the position of the Brahmans of his day; the danger of spiritual and temporal ambition; the danger that the Brahmans as a class, instead of giving spiritual and intellectual life to their land, might become a tyrannous despotism, entrenching themselves, not only through superior intellectual vigour, but by all the arts of superstition and priestcraft; so that, in spite of the genuinely spiritual minority among them, they might, as a class, become a burden and a menace to India, a source of darkness rather than light.

Seeing these menacing possibilities, the Buddha made a strong effort, sustained through a long series of years, to call the Brahmans back to the high ideals which were in their spiritual heredity, and which had been reinforced when the King Initiates of the Rajput race had accepted Brahmans as their disciples, as recorded in the great Upanishads; a strong and sustained effort at the same time to draw them back from the dangerous path, which, as a class, they were already entering. Unhappily, it must be added that, on the whole, this splendid and generous effort failed. Many spiritually gifted Brahmans were drawn to the Buddha, and therefore to the Lodge, by the splendour of his character and his teaching, as Brahmans have been drawn to the Lodge through the intervening centuries. But the Brahmans as a class went headlong forward on the dangerous path which the Buddha so clearly saw opening before them. They drove his teachings and his Order from India, and they have in fact become the most astute and oppressive priestcraft in the world.

So much in introduction to one of the Suttas, which shows, first, the way in which the Buddha made his potent effort to draw the Brahmans back again to their ancient ideals of a spiritual life; then, the high qualities, gifts and endowments of certain Brahmans, which so fully justified this effort; and, finally, the forces of reaction and obscurantism which were working in opposition to the Buddha's effort, and which, so far as the whole Brahman caste is concerned, finally gained complete mastery over spiritual aspiration.

The Sutta, like so many of the Suttas, tells a story, and tells it well. And the story is suffused with that fine ironical humour which is characteristic of so many of these records of the Buddha's teachings. The dramatic elements in the tale are brought out with finesse and skill, and with a delicate appreciation of their ironical colouring.

The Sutta follows a conventional form, and contains many repetitions, and much that is found in other Suttas. Rightly to estimate these qualities of iteration and convention, we should keep in mind that while we think of a volume of Suttas as a book to be read, the Suttas were originally stories to be told, and to be told to separate audiences, each of which might hear one story and only one. Therefore it was imperative that this story should be told in such a way that it would easily be remembered; hence the repetitions of parts of other Suttas, and the iterations within the Sutta itself. Further, each Sutta, each story designed thus to be told, must carry the pure essence of the Buddha's teachings, so that it might supply spiritual sustenance to those who might hear no second Sutta. Indeed it is an explicit condition of the collection of Twelve Suttas on which we are drawing, that each one of them should contain the Buddha's teaching and should contain it in identical terms; therefore, while the stories differ, and their differences are exceedingly informative, telling us a great deal regarding the Buddha, his methods and his message, yet the essence of all the stories is the same; each one would serve for the instruction of a disciple, and would set his feet firmly on the path of life.

The Sutta with which we are at present concerned bears the name of the

Brahman Sonadanda, that is "Golden-staff" or "Golden Sceptre", a name which is in itself an outline of his character. But we are given much more than an outline; the personality of Sonadanda is so fully depicted that we see both his strength and his weakness as a representative Brahman; the strength which justified the Buddha's effort, and the weakness which, growing and increasing in the Brahmans as a caste, was fated to defeat the Buddha's effort, and to bring that effort to frustration.

The Master, we are told, was journeying through the Anga country, accompanied by five hundred disciples, and had settled for a time at Champa, on the bank of Gaggara lake, a body of artificial water which had been excavated through the piety of Queen Gaggara as a halting place for Pilgrims. By the lake there was a grove of the heavily scented Champaka trees, from whose white flowers, like glove-fingers, is extracted the perfume known by the Malay name, Ylang Ylang. Beneath these trees the pilgrims rested.

Now it happened that the Brahman, Sonadanda, of the Golden-staff, dwelt not far from Queen Gaggara's lake; indeed, King Seniya Bimbisara, the ruler of Magadha, had made a grant to the Brahman, Sonadanda, of much fertile land, arable land, pasture and woodland, with many villages. So, quite unobtrusively and without comment, the narrator touches on the first danger which overshadowed the Brahmans; their willingness to lay up treasure upon earth, rather than treasure in heaven, and their persuasive way with kings and princes, who had it in their power to make rich gifts of land.

The coming of the Buddha was at once noised abroad. The Brahmans and the householders of Champa began to speak to each other concerning the coming of the Buddha to Gaggara lake, saying that he was reputed to be an Arhat, fully awakened and illuminated, richly endowed with holiness and wisdom, blessed, unequalled as a guide to the sons of men willing to be taught, an instructor of gods and men, a Master, a Buddha; that he of himself had seen and known the universe face to face, the bright worlds above, the dark worlds below, the world of men with its ascetics and Brahmans; and that he was ready to impart his wisdom to others, making known to them the truth, lovely in its beginning, lovely in its development, lovely in its perfection, making known the higher life. Finally, they told each other that it was an excellent thing to go to see such a Master.

So they began to gather together in groups and bands, making ready to set forth to where the Buddha was, at Gaggara lake.

The stir and noise of their going came to the ears of Sonadanda, as he rested on the upper terrace of his house, and, when he asked its meaning, the steward of his household told him that all the Brahmans were on their way to visit the ascetic Gotama, for so the Buddha was called by those who were not his disciples. The narrator of the story said that the number of the Brahmans at Champa, who were thus so strongly drawn toward the Buddha, whether by genuine aspiration or by curiosity, was about five hundred.

When the steward described their errand to Sonadanda, he at once made up his mind that he also would visit the Buddha, and sent word to the Brahmans

asking them to wait, as he also intended to visit the ascetic Gotama in their company.

Then comes exactly the same discussion as in the story of the Brahman Kutadanta; the Brahmans try to persuade Sonadanda that it is not consonant with his dignity to pay the first visit to the ascetic, Gotama, the more so, that the ascetic Gotama is a much younger man. But Sonadanda holds firmly to his purpose, declaring that the ascetic, Gotama, is his equal in all points of family and personal distinction, while as a Buddha, fully enlightened, he is unquestionably superior. So, both through his desire to see the Buddha, and through the element of humility which made him willing and eager to admit his own inferiority, the nobler elements in Sonadanda's character are suggested by the narrator; just as his distinguished position, both spiritual and worldly, is suggested by the insistence of the Brahmans that the ascetic Gotama should pay the first visit to Sonadanda, even while they themselves, though by no means without pride in their dignity as Brahmans, were ready to pay the first visit to the ascetic Gotama.

After the narrator has thus impressed upon his hearers both the eminent dignity of the Brahman Sonadanda, and the finer qualities of aspiration and humility in his character, he proceeds to reveal certain weaknesses in Sonadanda, characteristic of the Brahmans as a class, and he does this with the artless artfulness which runs through all these stories.

Sonadanda indeed carried his point, and set forth in the company of the admiring Brahmans, stoutly asserting that the greatness of the ascetic Gotama was such that, if he were two hundred miles away, he, Sonadanda, would set forth to visit him with pilgrim's scrip and staff.

Yet, while so affirming, and drawing near to Gaggara lake, where the Buddha was encamped with his disciples, Sonadanda was full of doubts and hesitations, whose motive was sheer vanity.

He wished to seek wisdom from the Buddha, to ask him questions; but his vanity instantly suggested to him how unpleasant it would be, should the ascetic Gotama say, "You should not have asked your question in that way; you should have asked it in this way!" Sonadanda immediately conjured up a picture of his Brahman admirers, and perhaps also the disciples of the ascetic Gotama, mocking him and saying that he, Sonadanda the Brahman, did not even know how to ask a question properly. Then again, supposing that the ascetic Gotama were to ask a question, and Sonadanda should try to answer it, the ascetic Gotama might say, "The question should not be answered in that way, in this way should it be explained!" And once again the lively vanity of Sonadanda called up a picture of his Brahman friends rejoicing in his discomfiture. The Buddhist narrator skilfully and dramatically shows that the Brahman Sonadanda, even while on his way to seek wisdom from one whom he held to be a great Master, was in reality more concerned about himself than about the Master. It is a fine piece of portraiture, and it applies to others beside the ancient and venerable Brahman Sonadanda.

So overwrought by these imaginings of vanity was Sonadanda, that he

even thought of turning back to his comfortable home without visiting the Buddha. He decided that this course would be inexpedient, but his decision was prompted not by aspiration, but once more by vanity. For he pictured his companions as saying, "Sonadanda the Brahman is a fool, obstinate, proud; he is afraid to meet the ascetic Gotama; after going so far, he turns back!" And Sonadanda added in his mind, that, if they spoke thus openly of him, his fame would suffer, and, if his fame suffered, his earnings would decrease. On the whole, the heart of the Brahman Sonadanda is sufficiently revealed.

So he went forward with his companions to the grove of Champaka trees by the lake, where the Buddha was surrounded by his disciples. He greeted the Master courteously and sat down beside him, but his thoughts continued to revolve around himself: "If only the ascetic Gotama would ask me something about my own subject, the science of the Three Vedas! then I should be able to win his admiration by my answer!"

The narrator says that the Buddha clearly saw this thought in Sonadanda's mind and, with courteous kindness, proceeded to comply with Sonadanda's wish. So he said to Sonadanda:

"O Brahman, what are the qualities which, in the view of the Brahmans, a man should possess in order to be a Brahman, so that he might truthfully say 'I am a Brahman'?"

Sonadanda was immensely relieved: "Exactly what I desired has happened", he congratulated himself; "the ascetic Gotama has asked me a question in my own subject! I hope my answer will win his admiration!"

So he drew himself up, and, looking around on the gathering of Brahmans and disciples, spoke thus to the Buddha:

"In the view of the Brahmans, Gotama, in order to be a Brahman, so that he may truthfully say, 'I am a Brahman', a man should possess five endowments. And what are these five endowments?

"First, Sire, a Brahman should be well born on the mother's side and on the father's side, of stainless descent through seven generations.

"Second, he should know by heart, and be able rightly to intone the Mantra of the three Vedas; he should be a Master of Vedic studies and the traditions also; he should be able to recognize the bodily marks of a great man.

"Third, he should be handsome, fair, good to look upon.

"Fourth, he should be perfected in virtue.

"Fifth, he should be wise and learned, able to perform the Vedic sacrifice of the holy fire."

As a basis of criticism, it would be well to compare this list of qualities with the qualifications for Chêlaship, as set forth, for example, in the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom.*

The Buddha had, without doubt, a similar standard in mind, but he expressed his criticism by indirection, leading Sonadanda on by what the Latin poet calls the expedient of the diminishing heap.

So he said to Sonadanda: "But of these five qualifications, O Brahman,

would it be possible to omit one, and yet describe such a man truthfully as a Brahman?"

"Yes, Gotama", Sonadanda answered; "fairness of face could be omitted. If such a man possessed the other four, namely, birth, Vedic studies, virtue and wisdom, he could truthfully be called a Brahman."

"But of these four, would it be possible to omit one, and yet truthfully to call the man a Brahman?"

"Yes, Gotama, Vedic studies might be omitted. If such a man possessed the other three, namely, birth, virtue and wisdom, he could truthfully be called a Brahman."

"But of these three would it be possible to omit one, and truthfully to call the man a Brahman?"

"Yes, Gotama, birth could be omitted. If such a man possessed virtue and wisdom, he could truthfully be called a Brahman."

It is evident that the good Sonadanda, led on by the Buddha's skilful questioning, and preoccupied by the desire to give an answer that would win the Buddha's admiration, was going much farther than orthodox Brahmans would be willing to follow him.

They might be willing to waive good looks and even Vedic studies, since a Brahman boy might not yet have begun his studies, while not all Brahmans attained to eminent knowledge of the Vedic texts. But for a caste which was already entrenching itself in hereditary privilege, and claiming to be sacrosanct by birth alone, to exclude birth as a qualification for Brahmanhood was not admissible. Therefore we are prepared for the immediate, vigorous protest which the Buddhist recorder tells us, was raised by Sonadanda's Brahman companions:

"Say not so, noble Sonadanda, say not so! He is belittling our colour, our Mantras and our birth! Sonadanda is going over to the teaching of the ascetic Gotama!"

The recorder represents the Buddha as coming down somewhat heavily upon the protesting Brahmans, bidding them keep silent unless they thought that the distinguished Sonadanda was too ignorant and inept to speak for himself. But the recorder further represents Sonadanda as bravely taking up the cudgels in his own defence, and, incidentally, pressing forward the discussion in the direction of the conclusion which the Buddha desired to reach.

Sonadanda's nephew had accompanied him, a comely youth, Angaka, by name. Pointing to him, Sonadanda said:

"Do the worthy Brahmans see our nephew Angaka?"

Sonadanda, receiving an affirmative answer, went on to characterize Angaka in a way that was somewhat too flattering to the young man's vanity, and by implication, to the vanity of Angaka's worthy uncle. Angaka, he said, was the living embodiment of the admirable qualities which had been described as characterizing the perfect Brahman. He was of spotless lineage, handsome, well versed in Vedic studies, virtuous and wise.

"But", Sonadanda went on to say, "if Angaka should be guilty of taking life,

of theft, of unchastity, lying and drunkenness, what would his birth, his comeliness, his Vedic Mantras profit him?"

It is worth noting that Sonadanda has so completely come over to the Buddha's position, that he is here citing the five moral laws of the Buddha's Order as the standard of righteousness; and he goes on to say that, if one be perfected in virtue and wisdom, he may truthfully be called a Brahman. This is really the expression of the Buddha's ideal, and of his purpose: to call the Brahmans back to the true standard of Brahmanhood, the ancient spiritual standard, according to which a true Brahman was a knower of Brahma, a knower of the Eternal. Sonadanda here becomes the spokesman of the Buddha. He, who prided himself on his Brahman heredity, and his Vedic knowledge, is represented as setting these things aside, and basing genuine Brahmanhood on the possession of holiness and wisdom. This is exactly the ideal which the Buddha was striving to awaken in the hearts of the Brahmans.

The recorder then represents the Buddha as putting to Sonadanda another question, the answer of which further reveals a complete acceptance of the Buddha's view:

"But, O Brahman, of these two things, virtue and wisdom, is it possible to omit one, and then to say that he who possesses the other may be truthfully called a Brahman?"

"Not so, Gotama", Sonadanda answered; "for wisdom is perfected by righteousness, and righteousness is perfected by wisdom. Where there is righteousness, there is wisdom; and where there is wisdom, there is righteousness also. As one hand washes the other, so wisdom and righteousness perfect each other. Therefore wisdom and righteousness are declared to be the best things in the world."

The Buddha replies, "This is indeed so, O Brahman. I also say the same. But what is righteousness? And what is wisdom?"

Sonadanda replies that he knows only in a general way, and asks the Buddha to make the matter clear in detail.

This is the opening for what has already been spoken of, the full presentation of the Buddha's teaching, which must form a part of each one of this collection of Suttas.

This presentation is vitally important, because it shows that the primary purpose of the Buddha's whole teaching was, not the foundation of a popular religion, but the formation of an Order, which should prepare and train disciples, Chêlas.

To Sonadanda, the Buddha answers that true wisdom and righteousness, the wisdom and righteousness with which he is concerned, are bound up with the appearance in the world of an Arhat, one who has conquered the truth, who is fully awakened, who has attained to blessedness, unsurpassed as a guide to the sons of men who are willing to be led, a teacher of divine beings and men, a Master, a Buddha.

By the teaching of this Master, a householder, or the son of a householder,

or a man of any class is drawn to enter the path of discipleship, to give up the world and its attractions, and to surrender himself wholly to the guidance and teaching of the Master.

But this complete self-giving to a Master, with devoted love and aspiration, is the very essence of Chêlaship, and what the Buddha goes on to say in his reply, clearly shows that he is concerned, not with the tenets of a popular religion, but precisely with Chêlaship. For he speaks next of the practical element of Chêlaship, namely, of purification. The man who has completely surrendered himself to a Master, being admitted to that Master's Order, lives self-ruled, delighting in righteousness, and seeing danger in the least offence. He follows complete purity, in conduct and in livelihood, guarding well the door of the senses. He lays aside all weapons of offence and defence, and is filled with compassion and kindness toward everything that has life.

He submits himself to systematic discipline, under the guidance of his Master, as regards both his conduct and his meditation; the training, that is, of will and intelligence alike. The attainment of mastery over the senses is set forth in detail, a training in virtue of which each one of the senses ceases to be a means of alluring and ensnaring his mind, and becomes what it ought to be, a doorway of intelligence.

In going forth or in returning, the disciple keeps clearly before the eye of his mind, the immediate objective of each act, its spiritual significance, whether or not it is favourable to the high aim which is set before him, and the inner essence hidden within the outward appearance of the act. Thus, in looking forward, in looking about, in extending his arm or drawing it back, in eating or drinking, in standing or sitting, in sleeping or waking, he keeps himself fully aware of all that it really means. Thus is the disciple recollected and self-ruled. He seeks no more than food and raiment; having these, he is content. Whithersoever he goes, he takes these with him, as a winged bird, whithersoever it may fly, carries its wings.

"Putting away all the desires of worldliness, he dwells with heart and mind purified of lusts and longings. Putting away the corruption of the wish to injure, he dwells with heart free from anger and malice. Putting away all slothfulness of heart and mind, he dwells illumined, recollected, self-mastered. Putting away confusion of mind and perturbation, he dwells serene, free from all vexation of spirit. Putting away perplexity and doubt, he dwells in certainty of intelligence."

In each point, therefore, there are the ideals, not of the conventional adherent of religion, the conventionally religious man, though it would be well if every adherent of religion fully followed them out; these are the working ideals, the items of discipline, of the disciple, of the Chêla.

The Buddha then goes on with keenly practical eloquence to say that the disciple who thus establishes himself through wise discipline is as one who, having been plunged in debt, works his way up to solvency and a competence; as one who, having been beset by sickness and disease, completely regains his health and strength; as one who, having been a slave, subjected to the will of

another, attains the happiness of freedom; as one who, after long wandering in the desert, comes safely to his home,—so the disciple, established in discipline, is full of serenity and joy.

The Buddha then describes the attainment, by this well-trained disciple, of the successive stages of Dhyana, of illumination and power, which are the successive degrees of Chêlaship.

It is significant that, for these stages of discipleship, the Buddha uses illustrative symbols, with which we are all familiar in another context, though they are there rarely interpreted in terms of discipleship. In the first stage, the disciple is "washed and made clean." In the second stage, there is within him "a well of water, springing up to everlasting life." In the third stage his heart and soul have the serene beauty of "the lilies of the field." In the fourth stage, he is "clothed in white raiment", for he is worthy.

Then is expounded the more concrete side of discipleship. The disciple "applies his heart and mind to the formation, within this body, of another body, having form, of the substance of mind, possessed of all the organs of perception and of action." He draws it forth, in the words of *Katha Upanishad*, which the Buddha quotes, as the reed is drawn forth from its sheath; or as the serpent, sloughing off his old skin, comes forth renewed; as a sword is drawn from its scabbard.

Thus renewed and reborn, the disciple enters the path of Iddhi: "being one, he becomes many; he becomes visible or invisible, he passes through a mountain as though passing through the air; he walks on water, as on solid ground; he travels through the sky like a bird on the wing; he reaches up to the realm of Brahma; with heart serene, purified, illumined, he hears with heavenly ear, surpassing the hearing of mortals, sounds both human and celestial, far or near; with heart serene, purified, illumined, he discerns the hearts of other men, beholding their thoughts as one beholds his face in a mirror; with heart serene, purified, illumined, he attains to knowledge of his former births, and understands clearly the rebirths of others; his vision is as lucent as that of one who, standing beside a limpid mountain pool, discerns the shells and pebbles on the bottom, the fish passing through the water."

It should hardly be necessary to insist that the whole substance of this, the most characteristic and oftenest repeated discourse of the Buddha, embodied in every one of these Suttas, is concerned, not with conventional and formal religion, nor with canons of general morality, but with something far more definite and concrete, namely, with discipleship, with Chêlaship, with the spiritual pathway to the attainment of the Adept, the Master.

We return now to Sonadanda, the Brahman, to whom, in answer to his question concerning the true character of wisdom and righteousness, this eloquent teaching is addressed. How did this appeal, embodying the ancient Wisdom of the Upanishads, affect the worthy Sonadanda?

The answer is of immense historical significance, in that it symbolizes the result of the Buddha's effort to reform, purify and spiritualize the whole body of the Brahmans; it is an answer at once tragic and full of the keenest irony,

revealing the seeming success and, at the same time, the practical failure of the Buddha's magnificent appeal, and the underlying cause of that failure.

Sonadanda expressed himself as delighted, won over, fully persuaded; in the words of the sacramental formula, he went for refuge to the Buddha, the law of righteousness, the Order; he claimed the Buddha as his spiritual guide, from that day forth to his life's end. And, in token of his conversion, he invited the Buddha and his disciples to visit him and partake of his hospitality.

It is in the speech of Sonadanda accompanying this invitation and banquet, that the full irony of the story comes out. Taking a low seat beside the Buddha, Sonadanda said:

"If, Gotama, after I have entered the company, I should rise from my seat and bow down before the noble Gotama, the company would think ill of me. Now, when the company finds fault with a man, his reputation is clouded; when his reputation is clouded, his income falls off. Therefore, if I stretch forth my joined palms in salutation, let the noble Gotama accept this as though I had risen from my seat. So, also, if when I am in my chariot, I were to leave the chariot, to salute the worthy Gotama, those who were present would think ill of me. Therefore, if, when I am in my chariot, I lower my goad in salutation, let the noble Gotama accept this as though I had dismounted. For, if men thought ill of me, my reputation would be clouded; if my reputation were clouded, my income would fall off. . . ."

A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom, "opinion," than he should fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the churchyard at dark.—BULWER-LYTTON.

FRAGMENTS

I HEARD a Voice which said: March with thy time; for thou wouldst serve. How canst thou serve, living apart, unlike? The friend beside us is the friend who aids, not he far distant.

These words I considered, drawn to service.

There came another Voice: March not with thy time, it said, but with Eternity. Let time keep step with thee. Marching, dost thou call it, when a whirlwind stoops and sweeps thee up into the changing, scurrying clouds of darkness and illusion?

Service, dost thou call it,—a particle of dust to swirl with other particles, unknowing where or how, powerless to adjust or turn, together one instant, separate the next? Who spoke to thee? Not Life or thy own Soul!

I waited, knowing there was more to come,—for Truth was speaking, not the surface folly of the mind, tinkling its shallow bells.

Rather turn backward upon thyself, the Voice went on. There thou shalt find the small old path. Along that path the passion flowers bloom, and thorns are tangled that may wound thy feet. Nevertheless the Great Ones tread it too, in joy and thankfulness; and angels drift across its tender skies like banks of fleecy cloud. There thou shalt learn what Life is and what Time,—this time and all others. There thou shalt learn what Service is, and how to serve thy brothers, great and small,—master of those who are slaves, to free and save them; slave of Masters, to adore, and work their works for ever.

CAVÉ.

THEOSOPHY[1]

THE subject of this lecture is Theosophy. One sometimes fancies that members of the audience who have come to these lectures two or three years in succession, may perhaps ask themselves why the subject is always the same, always Theosophy. One answer to this possible question is that Theosophy, fully understood, includes everything; therefore, if one were to talk to the end of the cycle, much would still be left unsaid, of the great total of Theosophy.

Something is generally said, at these yearly lectures, regarding the relation of The Theosophical Society to Theosophy. That relation is simple, yet something about it may profitably be repeated. The Theosophical Society has three declared objects, three avowed purposes to fulfil. The first is to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, creed, caste, colour or sex. The second is to study religions, philosophies, sciences and ethics. The third is to investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

It has often been said on theosophical platforms that The Theosophical Society has no doctrines; that, except for these three very general, almost abstract objects, The Theosophical Society has no definite teaching to put forward. This is true, yet it falls short of being the whole truth, for The Theosophical Society, besides having its three declared objects, also possesses a seal and a motto, and the seal and motto contain a profound philosophy of life and of the universe. While the seal appears without any explanation of its meaning in the Constitution of the Society, and while the original of the motto is in Sanskrit, and is therefore not very revealing, nevertheless the two taken together suggest a marvellous solution of the problems of cosmic life, spiritual life and human life.

It is true that, since the symbols of the seal are universal, they may be interpreted in many ways; it is further true that The Theosophical Society does not require a definite interpretation of these universal symbols, nor demand explicit adherence to them, so that one may become a member in good standing, if one affirm one's sympathy with the first object, regardless of any other principles or teachings. Yet the seal and the motto are there. In English, the motto reads: There is no religion higher than Truth. The Sanskrit original has a deeper and more universal meaning: namely, that there is no law, no obligation, no character which transcends what is based upon the Real. And in Sanskrit the Real has a definite meaning: a consciousness which is infinite, eternal and omniscient. Therefore the motto of The Theosophical Society affirms that there is no obligation, no law, no character which tran-

[1] From stenographic notes of a lecture by Charles Johnston, on April 28, 1929, on the occasion of the Convention of The Theosophical Society.

scends that which is based upon this universal, eternal consciousness. So that we already have in the motto a complete philosophy, a deeply spiritual Oversoul for our Society. If we try to work out in detail the meaning of that infinite spiritual consciousness, we shall come to see how rich in significance our motto is.

The seal is equally full of meaning. Many who have visited the Studio in Washington Mews may remember that the seal and motto are displayed upon a shield, above a bust of W. Q. Judge. The seal consists, first, of a serpent forming a circle, with the tail of the serpent entering its mouth: the circle of eternity, not an unbroken eternity, but an eternity of revolving cycles. Some of us who are students of modern mathematics have been greatly interested to find that mathematicians have discovered the theosophical serpent. Einstein's space re-enters itself, just as the serpent in the seal of The Theosophical Society re-enters itself: if you go infinitely far, according to his view, you come back to the starting point. In his very intuitive book on Einstein, Steinmetz says that, if we were endowed with infinite vision, we should see in every direction an image of the backs of our own heads. This is exactly the same principle as is conveyed in the serpent of our seal. Mathematicians have discovered that the re-entrant cycle is a fundamental law of the Universe, a law which was well known ages ago in the countries of the Orient, and is fully discussed, for example, in the *Purânas* and in the Buddhist *Suttas*.

The great cycle implies many lesser cycles. It is again both interesting and significant that some of these lesser cycles are being noted and described. To take one, that is frequently mentioned in the newspapers: the cycle of sun spots, the recurring periods of the dark spots which one can sometimes see even with the naked eye, if the sun be near the horizon and sufficiently veiled by mist. These spots on the sun pass through cycles of greatest and least extent in a period of eleven years and a month or two; and they so change the aura, the electrical field of the solar system, that our terrestrial weather is strongly influenced by them. And it is suggested that many events of organic life also follow the cycle of the sun spots. Again, Petrie has written much that is valuable regarding cycles in art and science, with special reference to ancient Egypt.

Thus the law of cycles is appearing in contemporary thought. All these cycles are interesting, but for us the most insistent and important is the cycle of birth, death and rebirth, and, while The Theosophical Society does not proclaim the doctrine of reincarnation, nor require from its members adherence to that doctrine, yet the seal of the Society announces it. For the great recurring cycle implies and contains all lesser recurring cycles; the alternation of birth, death and rebirth is implied, not only for the individual man and woman, but for the races of men, and for planets and solar systems.

Within the circle of the seal there are two triangles, one of fire colour, with its apex pointing upward. The upward pointing triangle is a symbol, a confession of faith, for it represents the threefold spirit, the triune holy fire, which

has its expression in the western world in the doctrine of the Trinity. The threefold symbol has many meanings: the beginning of manifestation, the middle and end of manifestation, followed by a new beginning; the conscious thinker, thinking, and what is thought; or the divine light, the divine mind and the divine idea; or the creator, the preserver and the destroyer, who is also the transformer, destroying only to make anew. This doctrine of the Trinity, of one Being with three Persons or Aspects, is far more ancient than Christianity; it is set forth in the *Mahabharata* almost in the same terms as in the Athanasian creed.

Interlocked in the seal with this triangle of fire colour is another triangle, pointing downward and coloured blue, the water colour, representing threefold manifested space. Again, the three sides are symbolic, representing substance, force, and the dark space in which substance is manifested through force. Perhaps it would be a true criticism of much of our western science to say that it has grasped the principle of the inverted triangle, and has in large measure lost sight of the triangle with the apex upward; that is, it has discovered matter, force and space, and has lost sight of spirit. One of the messages of Theosophy to modern science is that without the two triangles you cannot have a universe. The manifested worlds are impossible without the spirit which is manifested in them. Objects of consciousness are inconceivable without a consciousness to which they are objective. Modern science, if it is to be true science, to have a true philosophical life, will have to re-discover the upward-pointing triangle of spirit.

There are other symbols in the seal: in the centre is the *crux ansata*, the key of Isis, the golden key of immortal life; and, where the head and tail of the serpent come together, there is the swastika, the symbol of perpetually revolving force. This force is present in the circling of planetary systems and in the revolving electrons of the atom. So we have here yet another point common to the concepts of modern science and the implicit philosophy of the seal, which one may call the Oversoul of The Theosophical Society.

These large concepts of recurring cycles and revolving forces are abstract; but students of Theosophy are not limited to abstractions. They are also devoted to thoughts, actions and principles which are altogether concrete. And, if we interpret these great symbols in concrete terms, we shall see that they imply not only the re-entrant cycle of human life, but the gradual rising of human life toward divine life, out of the realm of the water forces into the realm of spiritual fire, out of the shadow into the shine. This spiritual ascent is not an abstraction, for it is made concrete in the development of immortal men, just men made perfect, having, as a part of their perfection, power and holiness and immortality. Their habitation is that house not made with hands, to which the key of Isis gives admittance. The eternal toil of these immortals for mankind is once more symbolized by the perpetual circling of the swastika. For this is a universe of perpetual motion, of perpetual effort, and the only rest which is lawful and wise is rest in motion.

The first object of The Theosophical Society is to form the nucleus of a

universal brotherhood of humanity. What will that nucleus be? It can consist only of the assemblage of the immortals among mankind. It cannot be a true nucleus unless it be an eternal nucleus. It cannot be a nucleus of humanity unless it be divine humanity, which is the life that sustains humanity. Therefore, our first object, to which all members of the Society give their adherence, while it does not of necessity imply that all members believe in Masters of Wisdom, nevertheless does imply, when it is philosophically understood, the existence of Masters of Wisdom, of just men made perfect, of humanity spiritualized, fully evolved, immortal.

The second object carries a similar implication. If we study the wise records of the Orient, which are included in the second object, we find that, through many variations of place and time, one principle is always present, namely, the teaching of divine humanity, of humanity with the potentiality of divinity. Every religion which is worthy of the name is a practical manual or guide, revealing the way to immortality. If it be not this, then it is not genuinely a religion. If the adherents of any religion have lost sight of the truth that their religion is a practical guide to immortality, then they are no longer true to their founders and their spiritual principles. Thus we have an accurate measure for the professors of religion to-day: If they realize that their religion is a practical teaching of immortality, and if they carry out this teaching in practice, then they are true adherents of that religion. If not, they have yet to learn, through Theosophy, what their religion really is.

The third object, which is concerned with unexplained laws of nature and the spiritual powers latent in man, has the same significance. For the one essential spiritual power latent in man, of which all other spiritual powers are manifestations, is the power of immortality. Effective study of that power can be pursued in one way only, namely, by stepping firmly on the path of immortal life and going courageously forward. If we do this, we shall no longer theorize; we shall know through our own experience the quality of immortal consciousness; and we shall see that all the greatest men in history, the sages, the philosophers, the founders of religions, were great and are great because they discerned that essential truth, and, having discerned it, carried it into action and conquered immortality.

Let us take a few of the great names of western history and see if this be true. Let us begin with Pythagoras, who is recognized as the first milestone of occidental philosophical thinking. So essentially was Pythagoras the initiator of occidental thought, that it was he who formulated the name of philosophy. Philosophia does not mean, as we may think, the love of wisdom; it means something richer and deeper: the wisdom of love. The two are united in a single word, because they must be united. For love without wisdom is tragedy; wisdom without love, if such a thing could be, would be sterility. Therefore the wisdom of love is a profounder thought than the love of wisdom. Pythagoras, who framed the word philosophy, distinctly taught immortal life as a goal to be realized. He laid down, for the attainment of that life, a system of ethics, containing much that is ascetic in the true

sense. "Ascetic" primarily means training, discipline, rather than abstinence; though any true discipline will involve much abstinence: abstinence not only from those things which are in themselves hurtful, but from all things that waste spiritual energy. If we are to set forth on the quest of immortality, we should realize from the beginning that this task will call on all the powers that we possess, wisely trained and husbanded, and much more, that we do not yet possess, but have still to gain. Therefore every wise system of discipline is ascetic in this double sense. It teaches us to develop and exercise our powers, to do certain right things in the right way; and also to abstain from other things. John Stuart Mill defined capital as the fruit of two things: effort and abstinence. He who would lay up treasure upon earth must make efforts and must abstain. He who would lay up treasure in heaven must make efforts even more heroic, and must be unceasing in abstinence from all things that waste divine energy. He will need all the resources he possesses, and more, before he reaches the goal of his journey.

Pythagoras taught wisdom, with immortality as the goal. Plato, who owes so much to Pythagoras, and to the sources from which Pythagoras drew his knowledge, teaches the same wisdom with the same goal; Plato, who has for centuries inspired the more spiritual thought of the western world. Emerson said that there are only ten men living at any time who really understand Plato, and that for them the works of Plato are reprinted. Really to sound the depths of Plato, requires a lifetime of devotion. Both Plato and Pythagoras looked backward as well as forward. Like Solon, like Pythagoras, like Thales and other wise men of Greece, Plato owed his wisdom to the Lodge of Masters, which was the secret splendour of Egypt. All of these wise men avowed it and even boasted of it. In modern Europe and America it has been found convenient to forget this, so that our histories of philosophy and science begin with Greece, with Pythagoras and Plato. Once more we forget the saying of the wise priest of Isis to Solon: "You Greeks are children; you have forgotten the past!"

Let us consider the great personality of Christ, standing for so much in the West. His adherents and those who bear his name often genuinely love and revere him, with a true echo of his charity in their hearts; how many of them realize that his teaching and purpose is practical instruction in immortality? Yet this is exactly the significance of his saying: "Strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it." He came to bring life, and life more abounding. That more abundant life is the beginning of everlasting life. It is part of the profound tragedy of the world that that great Master is so persistently thwarted and misunderstood. One finds popular books to-day which speak of him as a well-meaning but deluded reformer, or even as a spiritual adventurer who broke down because of ambition, or, among the more hopeful and better works, as a great poet. Yes, he is a great poet. Every one of his parables is a poem. The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican is a perfect piece of drama, expressing character in speech. Two types of humanity are depicted, each of them through a speech of a few words.

This is consummate art, to take two contrasted types which are enduring and universal, and to crystallize each of them dramatically, in a single sentence. There is no more perfect poem than the parable of the Prodigal Son. Christ constantly uses even the forms of Hebrew poetry, as when he says: "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these": even in translation, a perfect poem. The truer translation is, "they spin not, neither do they weave", the natural order of the two textile processes,—Jesus observing more accurately than his translators represent. And again following what is probably the more accurate translation: "Give not jewels unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." This has the balance of clauses, which is one of the characteristics of Hebrew poetry, as in the great prophetic sentence which is somewhat obscured in our versions, "A voice crying: In the wilderness prepare ye a way for the Lord, in the desert make straight a highway for our God."

No one has yet written, and no one except a student of Theosophy can write, the book that should be written: Christ, the Master of spiritual science, the profound teacher of applied wisdom. Let us illustrate this by a comparison. If you study a picture by Leonardo da Vinci, you can tell at once that he was a master of anatomical knowledge; or consider a statue like the Apollo Belvedere: clearly the man who shaped it was a superb anatomist, besides being a great sculptor. The same thing is manifest in the poems, the parables, of Christ. Everyone who has studied spiritual science, even in a humble and limited way, will say that every one of the parables is true to the anatomy of spiritual science. Just as in the Apollo Belvedere, the form is art, the structure is science. Yet we still lack, and our modern age greatly needs, a book on the spiritual science of Christ, a searching study of Christ as a Master of spiritual science, the science of immortality;—not of immortality in the abstract, but of immortal, divine life, concrete and real beyond our present concept of reality. For our present realities are shadows; the realities of Masters are eternal, and they themselves are eternal realities.

To speak of Masters of Wisdom, as their existence is taught in the Oriental scriptures, would not be difficult. But let us take for granted that most of us already know something of the records of the Eastern teaching, and are, therefore, able to recognize that the Buddha, or Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gîta*, or Shankaracharya, are teaching a certain definite thing: the path of immortality, and the conditions of that path; the laws, the rules, the discipline of immortal life, and once more not an abstract immortality, but immortal life as concrete, and as realized by divine, immortal men.

Let us approach the subject from another side. Many of us, who are students of Theosophy, are convinced that those great men, such as Pythagoras, Christ, the Buddha, who have taught the way of immortality, were able to teach it because they had trodden that way themselves, and had attained to immortality. And this must mean, not only that they were, but that they are immortal,—at this moment, in the world, presently immortal.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. Consider what it would mean if, instead of bewildered peoples, sheep gone astray without a shepherd, the sheep would seek and find their shepherds, and would allow the shepherds to lead them once more; and this is as true of the world of religion as of the world of politics. If we seriously survey the life of our times, we shall come to recognize that in many ways it is tragic, and perhaps most tragic, because we are losing the sense of our tragedy. Human life tends to be thin, monotonous, sinking to a dead level of vulgarity which does not recognize itself as vulgar, yet which is essentially vulgar, because it does not take into account or make provision for any high spiritual consciousness in any department of its activities. The penalty cannot be escaped; if we turn away from the summits of spiritual life, we enter the dead desert of vulgarity. There are tragedies in life—sorrow and death are tragedies—but, in our modern self-assurance and materialism, we are losing the sense of their tragedy, losing the realization of the dignity of sorrow, our sense of the dignity of suffering courageously borne. We should do well to ask ourselves whether we may not be in danger of forfeiting altogether the dignity of human life. Whether as individuals or as nations, we no longer know whither we are going, in this world or in the next, and we no longer greatly care. We are drifting we know not whither, and we are hardly concerned to know. It is a form of spiritual and mental anarchy, that should evoke the intervention of the divine powers. Perhaps it has in fact evoked that intervention.

Holding in view the cheap and shallow lives of nations and of individuals, let us then consider what it would mean for these unshepherded sheep if they would seek, and, earnestly seeking, find the immortal men who are ever within reach; if nations and men could make up for centuries of blindness and folly by an hour of golden wisdom, and, by a supreme act of faith, could compel the Masters of Wisdom once more to lead them. What would it not mean for nations, and for us, as individuals?

Once more let us approach the matter from another side. We are told that modern science and art add to the beauty of life. Perhaps in a certain sense they do this. But must it not be said that our science too often leads to practical materialism; that much of our art is ignoble, because it no longer seeks to reveal spiritual and immortal consciousness? Take the great art of the Middle Ages, with its cathedrals, its pictures which record a divine sacrifice, and the glory of resurrection. They are noble in essence, as they are splendid in execution. Too many modern pictures are ignoble, because there is in them no revelation of a high spiritual consciousness. This is true also of our modern sciences. They no longer see life as a whole, with spiritual vision. Therefore they see falsely. There are in our modern sciences minor joys of discovery, but there is no steady light of inspiration. Therefore, as has been said, they lead to practical materialism.

Consider what it would mean if a Master of Wisdom were to take in hand one's personal life, and were to transmute it into pure gold; not in part but in all things; making it radiant with beauty, luminous with wisdom, in-

spired by a true and wise love. This is what a Master of Wisdom is able to do for those who will entrust their lives to him without reserve. Yet, like the God of tradition, a Master of life is jealous; he must have all or none. As Christ so clearly said, we must leave houses and lands and father and mother, if we would be his disciples. "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Masters of wisdom demand this complete self-giving because they see that the path of life has its dangers; unless we accept their guidance without reserve, putting ourselves wholeheartedly under this wise guidance, the Masters cannot guide us effectively and safely.

Let us well consider this possibility, for it is a possibility for each one of us, and, if we have courage and purity of heart, we may make it a reality. Let us search for the tracks of the Masters of Wisdom, determined that we shall find and follow them. Let us take our lives in both hands, and put them in the hands of the Masters. When drawing near to a Master, the pupils of old in ancient India brought an offering of firewood in both hands. The meaning of this symbol was: "I bring the fuel. Kindle it with divine fire!" And the acceptance of the sincere disciple was certain. To-day, as in the days of old, the Masters of Wisdom are ready and willing, with an eagerness that we cannot realize, to take in hand our lives, to fill them with the holiness of the highest religious aspiration, the wisdom of the deepest spiritual science, and the beauty of the noblest art.

Every convinced and experienced student of Theosophy will confidently affirm that this ideal can be realized, that it is no rainbow on the horizon which vanishes as we approach, though the ideal recedes in the sense that it becomes ever greater and more inspiring. If, then, we accept this ideal of discipleship, of service of the Masters of Wisdom, if we are willing to be adopted by them, and to conform to the conditions of our adoption, this may bring to us, and in due time to all mankind, a splendour that is beyond our dreams.

It would further appear to be certain that, if in any nation a sufficient number of individuals thus wholeheartedly entrusted the guidance of their lives to the Masters, the Masters on their part would be able, gradually and almost imperceptibly, to take that nation in hand, guiding its feet into the ways of light and life.

Beginning with the seal and motto of The Theosophical Society, we can go far, for in their universal symbols they contain great spiritual truths, each one of which carries a magnificent promise. And it is the essence of theosophical science that it is an experimental science; it has nothing to do with vague generalizations or empty theories. Theosophical science rest upon the principle of trying and testing, and that only is theosophical science, which has been tried and tested and tried again. Or, to put the matter more directly: he alone is a true theosophist (a name which any of us would seriously hesitate to claim for ourselves)—he alone is a true theosophist, who has been tried and tested in the furnace of the Masters of Wisdom.

The purpose of this trial and testing is to make us fit for immortality.

Immortality is not a light gift, lightly to be won. The battle for immortal life is not a skirmish, to be fought and carried to victory in a day,—yet we have been told that to concentrate the whole war into a single day is possible, though supremely difficult. The path of immortality is war, a war against death and all the children of death; those who enlist in that warfare must have the qualities of soldiers. But this should be a challenge to every gallant heart. Surely, if we have high hopes and aspirations for the future of mankind, the gallantry of the warrior is something we would in no wise omit. For the immortal warfare, then, we must have the purity of heart of the little child, the warrior's valour, and finally undying persistence, which counts every defeat a step to victory; a determination that is invincible, and must be invincible if we are to gain the victory. The battle of immortality is not lightly won.

The worth of what has been said must be known by its fruit. The time has been profitably spent if any heart has been touched to high endeavour, if a spark has been kindled, or has come into being of itself, as a beginning of that immortal life. The Theosophical Society does not yet go out into the highways and hedges, and compel men to come in. Still, there is an open door. There is an urgent, though not a vocal invitation. If there be any wisdom or power in what has been said, the test will be this: whether any of those who have generously listened will be moved, not to emotion, but to action, valorously taking the first step on the path of immortal life; taking their lives steadily in hand, determined to learn all that can be learned, to seek those who know a little more, to seek their counsel and their help, so that the path of life may be entered with wisdom as well as with valour.

For this is the invitation of The Theosophical Society: an invitation to seek the path of immortality, so that, going forward upon that path, we may find the Masters of Wisdom and persuade them (if they need to be persuaded) to take our lives in hand and guide us in the way of life.

In the background of our hearts there may be the hope that we may later persuade them, by the persuasion of their love, to take in hand one after another of the nations of mankind, and finally the whole human race. If this hope should be fulfilled, then we foresee for mankind a splendour that mankind has never dared to dream. It is in the power of each of us to work for that great reward. The decision is in our own hands.

WAR MEMORIES

IV

"The Race To The Sea"

THE fall of Antwerp was one of the most dramatic incidents of the War. Coming when it did and as it did, it cut sharply across the hopes of a world which was awaiting the outcome of the siege in anxious suspense; a world which, despite the gathering evidence to the contrary, still clung to the hope which had been kept alive all through the terrible weeks since the first shock of Liége, that there *must* come one great and decisive Allied victory which would break the force of the German invasion and bring about the collapse of the German power. So this last gallant stand of little Belgium aroused universal sympathy and attention. In view of what actually happened, it seems to us now almost incredible that we could ever have felt so confident that Antwerp was impregnable; that the ancient conviction of its complete immunity against attack should have survived, and survived with such tenacity; that almost up to the end, although we had seen Liége crumbled into dust, and Namur shattered and desolated, Antwerp was still looked upon as proof against any and all siege guns, no matter how gigantic. The name of Brialmont still wielded its magical power. "Why, they *can't* take Antwerp," I often heard it asserted by those who were supposed to know. "It's perfectly safe. Wait and see!" So we waited—and we saw.

The taking of Antwerp was a military necessity to the Germans. When, early in August, they had "hacked their way through Belgium", and had then turned south into France for their rush on Paris, so valiant had been the Belgian resistance that, time being precious, and dangerous though it was, the Germans were obliged to leave Antwerp behind them, still proudly unconquered, and a constant menace to their lines of communication. And although every man was needed to increase the strength of the invading forces in France, a whole Army Corps had to be left to watch, and if possible to harass into submission, the small Belgian Army which, however, continued stoutly to hold its own inside the ring of forts surrounding the last of the great Belgian strongholds. As it turned out, however, it was the little Belgian Army that harassed the powerful Germans, for, at the most critical moments for the enemy, it made sortie after sortie, the chief one being while the battle of the Marne was in progress, when the Belgian attack was so determined that German troops, starting south, were held in check until the perilous days for the Allies were over. No wonder that the Germans decided, at all costs, to clear their exposed flank!

Antwerp, encircled as it was by no less than four lines of defence, each line

considered sufficient of itself to withstand most shocks, was naturally looked upon as one of the best fortified cities of Europe, and it is not surprising that when Brussels was in danger, the Government decided to remove to the great northern stronghold where, if there were to be *any* safe spot, it would probably be able to remain unmolested. This had been about the middle of August. By the first days of October, the real state of affairs was only too apparent; the situation had become desperate, the Belgians being forced to retire little by little. Even the British reinforcements could not avert the catastrophe—they had come too late. There was a worse danger, however, than the loss of Antwerp itself. This was the threatened cutting off of the only line of retreat left open to the Belgians; that narrow stretch of unconquered territory to the north and west. If the Germans were to force the passage of the Scheldt, the Belgian Army would lose its last chance of joining the Allies; its isolation would be complete. There was not a moment to lose. Great masses of the enemy, from the regions of the Marne and the Aisne, were pressing north by way of Lille toward those much coveted Channel ports. At all costs the line of the Yser must be reached before it was too late. Once there, and in touch with the British and the French forces, there was still a fighting chance of saving that scrap of Belgian territory between the Yser and the sea, that tiny remnant of the Belgian Kingdom which would also provide a strong defensive barrier for the rest of the coast line, sweeping south. It was thus that little Nieuport became the pivot on which, for the moment, the fate of nations seemed to hang.

It came about, therefore, that toward the end of the first week in October, we who were in Ghent began to see many new sights, and although some of us felt that we must long since have seen all the sights that ever could or would be seen, we had more than one new experience in store for us. We had had so many false rumours regarding the coming of the Germans, that most of us had, I think, ceased to pay much attention, and we continued our work as we could. Ghent was an open city, and we anticipated a "peaceful occupation" at the worst. The Allied troops would, of course, leave when they had to leave; the elephant-grey motors, marked with the familiar "*Service Militaire*", would vanish; the British Red Cross doctors and nurses also, and all the Allied wounded; even the brilliant and incongruous bottle-green uniforms of the Belgian *Carabiniers*, with their strange, patent leather, flat-topped hats, and the green coats, scarlet breeches and huge busbies of the *Guides*, to all of which, because of their picturesqueness, we had become so much attached, would now be seen no more,—but the Belgian civilians would stay, because it was their country, and why should not "neutrals" stay too?

Those last days, before the actual bombardment of Antwerp began, were crowded ones for me, for our small unit had many calls, and we continued to range over miles of country, sometimes along open roads, where we were in danger of making targets of ourselves for the enemy, close at hand; sometimes along less precarious, more sheltered lanes. Many heroic deeds were done at this time, some of which I heard of merely, some of which I saw. One seems

to stand out in my memory, clear cut, like a cameo, even against that vivid background of daring and of sacrifice. Perhaps this was so because it was my first sight of that particular kind of heroism. A small outpost of some fifty Belgians had been left (not far from Berlaere, I think it was), to guard the retreat of their comrades; a retreat which the enemy's overwhelming numbers had forced on them. In the ebb and flow of that battle front; on that blood-drenched ground, every inch of which was fought for, such a necessity was not uncommon. It had been the duty of this little band of men, all of them volunteers as we heard afterwards, to stand and face, unflinching, the certain death which that post offered. Most of them were of the peasant class only, and they had known but too well, as, one by one, they stepped forward out of the ranks, what their fate would be; there could be no question as to that, but they had not faltered. And there they had stood; there they had fired their last shot; there they had fallen; and there we saw them lying—dead. The beaten and crushed grass around was reddened with their blood. Every man, true to his trust, had fought till he could fight no more, and then he had died. He had given what he had, all he had. And there was a priest, black-robed and wearing a Red Cross brassard, lying dead among them. I wondered how many of the dying he had shriven before he himself had been shot down. That lonely little outpost, with its silent yet eloquent dead, made an appeal which I always associate with those last hours of mine in what was still unconquered Belgium; for that ground, which they had so gallantly defended, had later been temporarily regained (that is how we had been able to pass that way), but the little outpost had paid the great price for its recovery—even to the last man. How strange it is, as you stand looking at a scene like that, its unfading glory searching to your very depths,—suddenly a veil seems torn aside, and you recognize that here was found the *real* life, and that in that life, deeds such as this are the usual, perhaps almost the commonplace. To those simple men at that great hour of choice, there was but one simple thing to do—to offer their lives as the price of freedom for their country and their comrades. Did they hesitate? Not one. They had stepped across a threshold into a land of light, where they saw with clearer vision the glories which are hidden from our earth-dimmed eyes, and it is *we*, still groping in the shadow-land of unreality, to whom such deeds appear heroic. In that radiant land, the glad and eager giving of one's life must be the divinely natural.

So those last days, before the great city was taken, slipped away almost silently—silently, because we had long since forgotten to take time into consideration. They slipped away as sand slips noiselessly through an hour-glass—and then the end came.

No one who saw it will ever forget the evacuation of Antwerp; its appalling suddenness; the horror and madness of that flight of terror-stricken people. It was like the bursting of a dike. Up to the last moment, before the actual bombardment of the city began, the old illusion that the splendid fortifications would defy even the heaviest of the German siege artillery, remained unshaken

(at least among the inhabitants in general), and the greater part of the people of Antwerp were wholly unprepared for the sudden blow when it fell. They awakened one morning to find that the Government had left during the preceding night; that all over the walls of the houses and public buildings, notices were posted announcing the probability of almost immediate bombardment, and advising instant departure for those who had it in their power to leave. Those who could or would not, were to descend to their cellars and to stay there. There followed a veritable stampede, many not even going back into their homes to gather up a few of their most cherished belongings. They poured out of Antwerp as a river rushes and roars when a dam gives way. So completely taken by surprise were they, that only two or three avenues of escape remained; one of these being along the road through St. Nicolas and Lokeren to Ghent. That is how I chanced to see so much of it. But it was not only from Antwerp itself that they came; it was from the countryside also, —the countryside within a radius of twenty miles, for the terror had spread like wildfire. It is said that more than four hundred thousand were in flight. Along every road they came trooping, by every lane or smallest path; across the untrodden fields they swept like autumn leaves driven before a storm; and, to add to the mad confusion, drawn as if by a fatal attraction into that ghastly current of terrified fugitives, rushed many of their farm animals, cows and sheep and goats. Much of it was a repetition of what we had been seeing for days, but immensely magnified, intensified. What made it different, too, was that, as the day wore on, the thunder of the great siege guns grew louder, more terrible at every moment.

It was not only the civilian population which was surging westward, however, in that "race to the sea", for along that same road came a large part of what was left of the little Belgian Field Army—perhaps the saddest sight of all just then, after the splendid fighting. In as much order as it could maintain, with wave on wave of refugees beating upon it, it was retreating to the Yser; the Garrison Army followed the next day, I think. This was something I had never before seen—an army in retreat, and it is a very moving sight. That road from Antwerp is none too wide when, passing along it, you have columns of troops whose progress is hindered, if not blocked, by masses of fleeing refugees. There was almost inconceivable congestion and confusion, and I have often wondered how any progress could have been made at all; but the steady, dogged tramp, tramp, tramp of that little retreating army; the broken, terrified shuffle, shuffle of those thousands upon thousands of weary civilian feet, never ceased for a second—it seems to me I shall hear it always. The Belgian Army, as I remember it, kept remarkably good order; its spirit remained Belgian—one would find it hard to give higher praise than that. The men, weary and spent as they were, after their stubborn fighting against almost hopeless odds, some of them not yet wholly recovered from wounds, their heads still bandaged or arms wrapped round with gauze, kept step in a kind of defiant rhythm, shoulder to shoulder, their rifles in place, their heads held high. They were retreating, but they

were not beaten. Anyone could see that. So they passed and passed and passed. Of course I did not see it all; how could we spend our priceless hours—hours now drawing so rapidly to their end—watching even a retreating army? But we met it, or parts of it, more than once in our rapid journeys to and from our different villages and towns during the whole of that sad day, and afterwards the refugees alone remained to us. We worked feverishly to gather in as many of the fallen as we could, no longer waiting for "calls" as formerly. The fields and lanes were literally strewn with the exhausted and half dead. Our space was limited; to make a choice, when we wished to gather in all, was a grievous and heart-breaking task, knowing, as we now did, that only a few hours more of work would be vouchsafed us—and after that, the enemy!

Some distance out of Ghent, and well off the beaten track, there stands a small château in its lovely park. This park is flanked by the tiny village of E——, a handful of houses, and a little church, the centre of peaceful Flemish life. The château and park are the Belgian estates of an old French family who, for many generations, have spent their summers here in happy retirement. The present owners were two elderly ladies, the Comtesse de R—— and her slightly younger sister, and it was here that fate threw me, I might say, on their very doorstep, on a night of nights. It was at the end of a long day; we had made many trips to the outlying places, carrying our sorry freight back to Ghent, then starting off again almost at once. On this particular trip of ours, we were homeward bound when, stopping for a moment in the little village of E——, we were asked if we could make room for two refugees who were in great need of immediate medical attention, the kind of attention which the château found it impossible to furnish. This was only to be accomplished if one of the workers gave up a place in the *camionette*, and waited until it should return, probably within the space of a few hours. As I was the latest comer among them, I offered to stay, and this being agreed to, we drove to the château to collect our two new sufferers. After a general shifting about of our refugees, the two medical cases were somehow tucked in; I reluctantly parted with a small bundle, really a baby if you got it unwrapped, —a tiny refugee baby which had been for a long while sleeping quite peacefully in my arms (the only peaceful thing we had seen all day)—and off went the carload, leaving me, as an uninvited and very grimy guest, on the hands of these two charming and dignified old ladies. War, as all imminent danger, is a great opener of hearts, and it was not five minutes before I was made to feel rather more than welcome. Indeed, as I knew France fairly well, while I had known Belgium for a few days only, we found much to talk about, many ideas to exchange, information to give and receive. It was toward evening, and soon dinner was served,—a frugal enough affair, in consideration of the sorrowful times we were passing through, but served with all the quiet and repose, the attention to the smallest detail which one would expect in a household of that kind. I remember that the ancient butler, Félix, with his delightfully polished manners, his official dignity, his almost inaudible exits and

entrances, was like a creature out of a long dead past to me, who had been seeing nothing but horrors, hearing nothing but noise for so long. That whole dinner, the beautifully appointed table, the soft candle light, the dim, serene faces of my two hostesses, the peace, the aloofness, is a memory in itself. Once during the meal, Félix had come to Madame de R——'s side and had said something in a low voice, but, whatever it was, the peace remained unbroken, the serenity undisturbed. They probably saw how tired I was, for with true French courtesy, the War was not even mentioned until we rose from table, and so sharp and sudden was the contrast of this hour with the crowded hours of the days just gone, that I believe I, for the moment, had never so much as thought of the approaching Germans. Rising from dinner, Madame de R—— turned to me, however, and said, as though she were mentioning the most casual affair:

"News has just been brought me that the Germans are only a few miles distant. Shall we walk to the entrance gate of the park? I expect my messenger to bring me further news."

I took a deep breath. At last! Slowly we walked through the autumn darkness, down the beautiful, long, winding driveway—we three women who, but a few hours ago, had not even met.

"It will be best not to talk," said my hostess in a low voice, so we walked in silence until we came to the fine old gate which was the entrance to the estate, —and there we stood. I suppose it was about nine o'clock. I remember that I listened to the faint sound of the night wind in the tops of the tall poplar trees which lined the avenue, and that it was the only sound I heard. There was a kind of ominous silence, like the great and awful hush before a storm, and we stood there, every sense alert. Presently, off in the distance we heard the sound of running feet, running, running,—oh, such urgency in that sound! I confess I felt my heart thumping in my throat. I could not help it. On and on came those running feet, and then an elderly man, breathless, but perfectly steady, shot suddenly out of the darkness, and stood before us.

"They are here, Madame la Comtesse," he said rapidly, standing hat in hand. "They say they are swarming in thousands along the Ghent highroad; François, who saw them, told me. I did not wait to see if many are coming *our* way. I saw some scouts pass first—they did not see me, for I was hiding in a ditch—and after they had gone I heard the tramp of marching men and horses in the distance, and then I ran to bring the news of their coming."

"You have done well," came Madame de R——'s quiet voice, though it had a stern ring in it. "Now go back to the village as quickly as you can and tell the people. Above all, tell Monsieur le Curé. Remember what the King has asked of us who are civilians—that we shall remain quietly indoors, and beyond everything to make no demonstrations. Go across the park, not round by the road,—it is shorter and safer. Go quickly! Come!" she said, turning to us, and we walked rapidly back toward the château.

Old Félix was there waiting, and as we mounted the steps and passed

through the entrance doorway into the wide, marble-floored hall, at a sign from his mistress, he noiselessly closed the heavy panelled doors, and lowered a great iron bar across them. The shutters were already closed, and only one dim light burned overhead.

"Come!" said Madame de R—— again, and led the way into a small *salon* which overlooked the hall, and which was also but dimly lit, and there we sat down, and again we waited, in silence. I have never known how long we waited; I have never even tried to guess. We were living at such high speed that it might have been the tick of a clock, or it might have been an eternity, but suddenly, they were on us. We heard them approaching nearer and nearer; along the poplar avenue they came, and across the flagged court, where horses' hoofs rang sharply, and where guttural voices began to break the stillness of the night. Then Madame de R—— rose, and making a motion to us to stay where we were, she walked quickly out into the hallway, and took her position directly in front of the entrance door, but a little distance back. From where we were, we could see everything that happened. She was magnificent as she stood there, proud and erect, her white hair piled high on her head, over a high smooth forehead; her finely chiselled features clear, even in that dim light. With her arms folded in front of her she waited, haughtily, a French aristocrat to her finger tips. Félix stood in silence near the door, and presently we heard the sound of heavy feet coming up the stone steps. Then a sharp, guttural order, followed by what we all knew must come—because we had been told so often by those who knew, that that was the way it had always happened—a terrific blow on the door with the butt of a rifle. That was the signal. Félix looked at his mistress.

"Open!" was all she said; and only her lips moved.

Félix unhesitatingly lifted the heavy iron bar, threw wide the doors,—and there in the night they stood, a grey-green mass, the Germans! I am not likely to forget that scene. At the door, a crowd of tall, powerful men, with clanking swords and spurs, with spiked helmets on their heads and revolvers at their belts; and under a dim lamp in the hallway, one white-haired woman, solitary, frigid and aloof as a mountain peak, and as immovable. I do not wonder there was a pause. Then the officer in command came forward a few steps, clicked his heels, saluted and performed in a most irreproachable manner the Prussian, "double", military bow; and a strange enough affair it is, first with the head and then at the waist, like a thought and an afterthought—indescribable! How well I remembered it, now that I saw it again! Still Madame de R—— did not move. At last the Commanding Officer broke the silence, and in almost perfect French (I could hardly detect an accent) said, with a certain superficial courtesy which astonishment seemed to wring from him:

"Madame, we must take possession here, but if you will make no difficulties for us, I will do what I can to protect you. You realize, of course, that you are now under my Emperor's rule; you are my Emperor's subjects; you are now in Germany."

"Monsieur le Colonel," answered the Comtesse de R——, icily, "for my servants, all of whom are aged, I accept the protection you offer, since I have no choice; I would also request it for the people of the village; but for ourselves —we have no need of it. You have taken possession of my house, but it is beyond your power to make us German," and without another word, she swept back into the *salon*, where we were waiting for her.

Out in the entrance hall we heard more guttural orders; we heard the rap, rap of spurred heels on the marble floor, and the heavy tread of feet,—I never knew how many or how few had come. We heard them going into every room, and then up the stairs to the chambers above; then down to the cellars,— evidently the whole house was being searched. The few old servants had had their orders to keep to their quarters, and we were in no mind to jeopardize their safety by sending for them. The Germans searched well and long; but finally the noise of heavy feet subsided, and there came instead the sound of merriment, of ringing glasses, as the toast went round, and of loud laughter. Supper, and a good one, was evidently in progress. There was an excellent wine cellar in the château, I believe. Then, after an hour or so, some of them seemed to make a noisy departure, for we heard again the sharp, guttural orders, and the sound of marching men moving out of the flagged court, and down the drive and away, probably on toward Ghent; but just outside the windows of the room where we sat (a room which looked through a small conservatory into a garden beyond) we heard a new sound—the steady tramp, tramp of a sentry along a little gravel path, so we knew that we were not alone!

It must have been toward the small hours of the night, but not one of us had spoken. The house had settled into quiet; we could not even guess who had remained, nor how well guarded we were, nor what was to happen to us next. We sat still and waited, but we hardly knew for what. Off in the distance a dog barked once—just one short bark. Someone must have seized him instantly, before he could bark again. It might have come from another world, so strangely of the borderland seem the homeliest sounds in the dead of night. Again that short, sharp bark, instantly suppressed—and then, suddenly, the night stillness was broken by distant, rapid firing.

"It is in the village," said Madame de R——, breaking our silence for the first time. "There is trouble there," and there was a note of deep anxiety in her voice. We sat motionless, intently listening, painfully alert; and outside, on the little gravel walk, the steady pacing of the sentry never stopped.

The sound of hurrying steps! For the second time that night we heard them. Someone was running along the path leading to the conservatory door, and, again, such a headlong sound it was!

"Halt!" cried a loud, hoarse voice out there in the dark of the night,— but the footsteps did not falter; they sounded, if anything, more precipitate as they came on, rushing now. The sharp crack of a rifle; a stifled cry of pain; the sound of something heavy falling; a long, sickening pause, when the very air seemed to congeal, and then, like a monstrous and distorted echo of some evil thing not heard but felt—a coarse laugh. With one swift movement

we all rose, and went to the conservatory door. With a turn of her hand, Madame de R—— tore it open, regardless of danger.

"Who is there?" she cried, in an imperious voice.

The light streaming out through the doorway showed us something which made our hearts stand still. There, almost at the threshold, lay the body of a young boy. Poor child! Had he thought to pass unchallenged a sentry on guard? Or had he known the terrible risks and yet had dared to take them? Who could tell? He lay so motionless and silent that we thought him dead, and we stooped to lift him, but the sentry interfered.

"Let him lie there," he growled, in an ugly voice, and in a kind of rough German dialect. And again: "Don't touch him! Leave him alone!" and he handled his rifle threateningly.

Then, to my complete surprise, I heard someone speaking in fluent German, in a sharp, peremptory voice, cold as steel,—a voice which I hardly recognized, though it was my own:

"Stand back!" it commanded. "By all the laws of war, the enemy is allowed to bury its dead. Stand back, I tell you!"—and we saw a strange phenomenon. If you speak to the average German in a firm and unquestioning tone of authority, if you "face him down" as it were, there is at least an even chance (probably more) that you can do what you like with him—unless he is intoxicated. During and since the War, I have heard many references to this phenomenon, and I remembered, now, how I had noticed it in my old Munich days. So this rough German, confronted squarely by an assumed, but outspoken authority, began to back off, irresolute. It may have been well for us, however, that, attracted by the noise, came swiftly the young officer who had evidently been left in charge when the others rode away, and he, believing the boy to be dead, allowed us to carry him in. By the dim light of the lamp we saw at once, and to our joy, that there was still a faint flicker of life, and we laid him on a couch, with his head resting on some cushions. He could not speak. Blood was oozing from his mouth, and running down his chin and over his neck in horrible, jagged little lines—shot through the lungs, I suppose. The pungent smell of blood was in the air. Madame de R—— knelt beside him, tenderly trying to wipe away the scarlet streams, feeling his limp hands, while we, standing a little back to give him all the air we could, watched him closely. He was trying to tell us something.

"It is one of the boys of our village," whispered Madame de R—— to me, in explanation.

He was a handsome lad, of about fourteen I should think, and, peasant though he was, approaching death gave him a touch of true nobility as he lay there, fighting to stammer out the message which had brought him. At last we heard a broken whisper, though the blood flowed faster for it, and we bent nearer to catch what he said:

"They have taken Monsieur le Curé . . . he was trying to protect us . . . they dragged him away . . . they will kill him . . . so I came . . ." but the blood now gushed from his mouth in a torrent, choking him, and he fell back

Slowly the grey shadow of death crept over his young face; slowly the eager light in his eyes grew dim, and then they glazed into an unseeing look,—and then we closed them for him.

"Brave and loyal child!" said Madame de R—— tenderly, as she bent once more to look at him, and then, since he was beyond our help, her mind passed quickly to the man who was in such danger and such need.

"Monsieur le Curé taken! That may mean torture and death," and I could see that she was going rapidly over some plan for his rescue.

I could not guess what that plan was, but I saw her again go to the conservatory door to open it. It was locked, and just outside stood the sentry. Retracing her steps she tried the door of the *salon* leading into the hallway. It also was locked, and as she moved the handle, a voice on the other side, warned us that a sentry had been posted there too. At some time, unknown to us, while we had been watching that dying boy, the keys had been silently turned in both these doors, and we were prisoners! Speaking through the door, we asked for the officer in command. There was no response. No forced escape was possible, and in any case, it would have meant the instant death of everyone in the house,—servants and all.

Whether or not what followed was done by the Germans (and in the particular way they did it) as a warning to Madame de R—— and her household, I never knew. It was dark out there in the garden, and we could not see; but we could hear, even though the tragedy took place at the far end. We heard the marching feet as they passed,—it was an execution, somehow we knew that, perhaps by the very *sound* in their steps; we heard the short pause while the condemned was being stood in place; the sharp order given, and then the rifle shots of the firing squad. As we learned for a certainty afterwards, it was the Curé of E——, his life in forfeit for his village folk.

I looked at Madame de R——, and her face was white and set; there was not a quiver in it. I saw her cross herself and then, without a word, she drew a chair close to the couch where the dead boy lay, and out of a small case which hung at her side, she took a rosary, and silently she sat there, telling her beads. Outside, all was quiet again; the night was far spent, and God only knew how many lives had been taken (and given!) during those long and awful night watches. As if she had heard my unexpressed wish, Madame de R—— began reciting the rosary aloud. I had never said a rosary in my life, —but I did that night. I repeated it after her like a child; we said it together, over and over and over, and while we were still saying it, the dawn came at last, cold and wet and dreary. It crept in at the windows and touched the pale forehead of the boy lying on the couch; it touched Madame de R——'s white hair, and her fine, clear eyes as she looked at me, and then, with what fortitude we could summon, we faced this first day of ours in occupied Belgium.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART IV, SECTIONS 16–17; PART V, SECTIONS 1–2

THE LIFE OF THE DISCIPLE AS SACRIFICE

THIS Upanishad as a whole is traditionally related to the Sama Veda, the Veda of chants. The Sama Veda in its turn is the embodiment of the rites and ceremonies connected with the Soma sacrifice. But, as has already been recorded, the Soma sacrifice has two meanings, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, two degrees: an outer and an inner; an exoteric and an esoteric degree.

The *Theosophical Glossary* has much to say of Soma, and of the Soma drink, made from a rare mountain plant by initiated Brahmans. A comparison is drawn between the Soma and the consecrated wine of the Eucharist. As through the consecrated wine the devout communicant is said to receive the divine spirit of the Lord, so through the draught of Soma the sacrificer is said to be raised to a higher consciousness and power, and enabled to exercise faculties of the soul. But it has been said that the Eucharist is also the outer symbol of an inner rite, a symbol of necessity exoteric, since it is in a degree open to all the faithful, and not alone to those who have undertaken and fulfilled the obligations of the religious life. The experience of the devout communicant may be real, but it can at best be only a reflection of the ceremony after which it is modelled.

So with the Soma rites. There is the outer and lesser rite, in which Soma is, as said in the work just cited, the juice of a mountain plant endowed with wonderful properties. This plant has already been compared with a similar plant used by certain of the remoter tribes in the mountains of Western Mexico, tribes who retain much of the traditional mysticism of Central America, which is in part recorded in the opening chapter of the *Popol Vuh*, the sacred book of the Guatemalan school. The juice of the Mexican plant, obtained with great difficulty from far distant mountains, is regarded as sacred, and is prepared with carefully performed rites, which are accompanied by the chanting of very ancient sacred hymns handed down from generation to generation among those who are initiates of this mystery. Fasting and purification are a part of this ceremony, as among stricter Christians they are a part of the preparation for the Eucharist. The Mexican devotees hold that their sacred drink confers upon those who receive it after due preparation, certain powers of prophecy and vision, powers which may be described as clairaudience and clairvoyance. This closely parallels the Vedic rite of the Soma sacrifice.

Yet all these forms are purely exoteric. They do not belong to the Mysteries: they only shadow them forth.

In the Mysteries, the forces and powers involved, the powers symbolized

by the mystical wine, or by the Soma, or the sacred drink of the Mexican Indians, are purely spiritual; powers which are brought to bear upon the disciple by the Initiator; powers which awaken his spiritual senses, altogether above the plane of the astral senses which are active in clairvoyance and clairaudience. They are, in fact, powers of the Logos, active and fully developed in the Master, and by the Master awakened in the fully prepared disciple. In that real ceremony the spiritual life of the disciple, liberated from its limitations, becomes one with the great spiritual life of the Master, and, through the Master's mediatorship, enters into the still greater life of the Logos, regaining, while the ceremony lasts, the realization of its primeval power and wisdom as an undivided part of the great Logos.

There was, in ancient Vedic days, another rite beside the Soma sacrifice, a rite full of lucid symbolic meaning, the rite of the consecrated fire. This holy fire on the altar, in which are made offerings of oil, or melted butter, is in all likelihood the original Vedic sacrifice, the only form of sacrifice in the oldest period, brought, it may well be, by the first Aryan immigrants from Central Asia, and anteceding by millenniums the sacrifice of animals which displaced and superseded it in a degenerate age. This rite also was familiar, as a daily ceremony, to the young disciples for whom these Instructions were worked out and compiled. Like the Soma sacrifice, it has its higher, inner counterpart. For, once more, it is a symbol of Initiation. As the oil is added to the holy fire, living symbol of the Spirit, so the life and aspiration of the disciple are added, in the great rite, to the living, everlasting flame which is the Light of the Logos. As the oil becomes one with the flame, so the disciple's spirit is made one with the great Spirit. The purpose of the sections here translated seems to be to bridge over, in the disciple's understanding, the space between the outer and the inner rite; to make the more familiar a stepping stone to the mysterious ceremony for which he is being prepared.

The first section begins by telling him that the Great Breath is sacrifice; the Great Breath which is the Logos, makes the sacrifice of self-limitation, in order that the manifested worlds may be brought into being; the Voice breaks the eternal silence in order that the lesser voices of animate beings may be born. But creation, manifestation, is only half of the work of the Logos. The other half is redemption, salvation; the scattered worlds, animate beings, must be purified and led homeward, so that both they and the Logos may attain to consummation. Therefore, since the Great Breath purifies all that is in the world, it is sacrifice.

Of this the two paths are Mind and Voice; Mind, the inner, latent, subjective side of every being; Voice, the symbol of what is uttered, the spoken thought, the outer and active, the objective. Then comes the parallel with the familiar sacrificial rite. In this rite, certain priests take part, under the guidance of an overseer, called here the Brahmâ. This is the older form of what later became the designation of the priestly caste, but it here means the chief officiant, one who so thoroughly knows the ceremonies and chants of sacrifice, that he stands by to safeguard the separate acts of the lesser officiants.

It is easy to discern the parallel between this rite and the work of the disciple. The Brahmâ, the overseer, in the disciple's sacrifice, is at once the Higher Self of the disciple, and the disciple's Master, who interprets to the disciple the will and purpose of his still imperfectly recognized Higher Self. The two paths, the inner and the outer, are right meditation and right action. The Brahmâ, as overseer, perfects the disciple's meditation; that is, his Master helps him rightly to meditate by sharing his meditation. The three subordinate priests, representing the powers of the disciple, make perfect his actions, which are symbolized by the preparation, the making of the offering, and the chant which accompanies it,—the last, the disciple's service of praise and adoration.

As earlier, the morning invocation symbolizes the opening stage of the disciple's path, his first apprenticeship, while he is passing through the successive degrees of probation. Therefore we are told that where, after the morning invocation has begun, before the chant is ended, the Brahmâ priest breaks silence, the disciple perfects but one of the two paths; the other is cut short. For the Brahmâ priest breaks silence and intervenes only to avert the dangerous effects of some blunder committed by the assistant priests; that is, the Master intervenes only to avert the effects of some failure on the disciple's part, whether a failure in meditation, leading to wrong psychical development, or any failure in action, causing some dangerous complication of Karma. While all goes well, the Master does not intervene, though he watches with helpful solicitude every effort of the disciple. So, from failure in meditation, or in action, the "sacrifice" of the disciple goes awry. Having begun the sacrifice, he becomes worse. The disciple is, as the Upanishad graphically says, like a one-legged man trying to walk, or like a chariot with one wheel missing.

But where both meditation and action are rightly carried out, all fares well with the disciple, and with his "sacrifice." Having begun the sacrifice, he becomes better. He makes good progress on the path. So through this symbolic reference to the familiar rite, the disciple on probation is given a friendly warning: his meditation and his action must both be perfected, if he is to go forward along the difficult path, which is, as said elsewhere, hard to tread as a razor's edge.

The passage which follows, and which is once more a parable of the Great Breath, the Logos, conveys the lesson which is needed to supplement this warning. It tells the disciple in what way, through what powers, he may repair his errors of omission or commission, and set his feet once more firmly on the path. And the explanation is profoundly philosophical.

We are once more reminded of the fundamental teaching of the *Mândûkya Upanishad*,—the Eternal, manifested in four degrees, in four worlds, to which correspond four vestures. These four worlds are here called Lord of beings, Heavens, Mid-space, Earth. In these worlds, considered at first as abstractions, potencies, privations, the Logos acts, exerting its creative power, and in each draws forth into activity the potency which was latent. From the

lowest of the four worlds, as the outermost point of the arc, the Logos draws forth its essence, Fire; that is, the vital fire or force which energizes all forms of animate being upon the earth, or on any world of like texture. From the second world, counting from below, the Logos draws forth its potency, here called the Great Breath, corresponding to the outer aspect of cosmic electricity, or what may be called the pure and unsullied astral light, in contradistinction to the heavy astral atmosphere which is an emanation of human thoughts and desires. From the third world, still counting from below, the Logos draws forth the power called the Sun, the spiritual electricity of the cosmos, the higher aspect of the Akasha.

Each of the three lower worlds has its symbolic syllable; each is represented, according to the law of correspondences, by one of the three Vedas: the symbolic syllables are Bhûr, Bhuvar, Svar; to which correspond the three Vedas, Rig, Yajur and Sama, in ascending scale. This use of the three Vedas is really very simple and, for the young disciples who had long been familiar with the relation between them, very vivid and illuminating. The verses of the Rig Veda provide the raw material of the chants, the words which, inspired by musical tones, become the magical incantations. The Yajur provides the frame, or system, in accordance with which the chants are to be used. The Sama is the inspired chant itself, full of magical power. So the earth-world, in which is the outermost vesture of the disciple, supplies the raw material for his discipleship, the material for his apprenticeship. He must then learn the rules of the new life in the world of the second vesture; and, finally, enter on the third stage, the vesture of the magical song. At the great consummation comes the radiant vesture, in which he is one with the Logos.

The divine secret running through the whole grand progression, and making possible his spiritual ascent, is that the same powers of the Logos are in each world, in each vesture; there is no disjunction nor solution of continuity. Therefore, if aught go awry, if aught be faulty or incomplete at any stage of the way, the remedy is there; divine powers are within his reach to repair what is amiss. The disciple must evoke the heavenly power, by faith and adoration, and, through its potent aid he will once more be set firmly on the path. Thus, in the first degree, by the essence of the Rig verses, by the virtue of the Rig verses, he makes good the injury; that is, by evoking the divine power which was lacking, or deficient, whether in his meditation or in his action, he restores his spiritual life to symmetry and fulness: and so with the succeeding degrees.

Then comes the strange simile of the metals, which, we may believe, had their symbolic correspondences, as they had among the ancient Chaldeans; correspondences at once astrological and mystical. And finally we are told that the "sacrifice" is perfect, in which there is a Brahmâ overseer who thus knows; the path of the disciple is made safe by the ever-watchful power of his Master, who is the overseer of his "sacrifice."

He who knows the most venerable and best becomes the most venerable and

best: a simple sentence, yet one which marks the profound difference in character and ideal between the Eastern Wisdom and our self-assured modern sciences. Those who study the latter, gain a knowledge of astronomy, but they do not expect to inherit thereby the radiance of the stars. Those who study chemistry may grow familiar with the mysteries of the elements, but they do not look forward to oneness with the primal Being which generates the elements. The physicist may measure the speed of light but he does not look forward to wearing a vesture of the colour of the sun. The goal of the Eastern Wisdom is not amassing information, but becoming Wisdom itself, the illimitable Logos, in undivided being. Therefore, to him who knows that hidden treasure, the Divine Realm, all things bring treasure, his own desires and the Bright Powers and men, as he looks earnestly into their hearts.

The vivid parable which follows, when the vital powers ask the Father, "Master, which of us is the best?" is designed to impress once again upon the disciple that all his powers, without exception, are powers of the Logos, lesser breaths of that Great Breath. It is the same parable as that taught by the Vedic Master, in the second answer of the "Upanishad of the Questions," and has the same profound meaning. In that meaning lie both the responsibility of the disciple and his immortal hope.

Finally, we have yet another parallel between the rites with which the disciple has been familiar from childhood, and the new life on which he seeks to enter, through his desire to go to the Great One. The new moon signifies the new cycle of life on which he is entering, through the rite of Consecration. The mixed potion is the mystical prototype of the Soma; the melted butter poured into the altar fire is his own aspiration, seeking to enter into the Logos. With adoration he meditates on the might of the Giver of all.

Finally there is the strange symbol of the Woman. This is the personified Sophia, or, in Sanskrit, Uma, daughter of the Snowy Mountain, "the Woman, greatly radiant," of *Kena Upanishad*.

THE GREAT BREATH AS SACRIFICE

This, verily, is sacrifice, namely, the Great Breath, since it purifies all that is in the world. Because the Great Breath purifies all that is in the world, therefore it is sacrifice.

Of this the two paths are Mind and Voice.

Through Mind the Brahmâ priest, as overseer, perfects one. Through Voice the priest who makes the offering, the priest who prepares it, the priest who chants, perfect the other.

Where, after the morning invocation has begun, before the chant is ended, the Brahmâ priest breaks silence, he perfects but one of the two paths; the other is cut short.

And so, as a one-legged man walking, or as a chariot moving on one wheel, goes awry, thus, verily, his sacrifice goes awry. He who offers the sacrifice goes awry after his sacrifice has gone awry. Having begun the sacrifice, he becomes worse.

And so where, after the morning invocation has begun, the Brahmâ priest does not break silence before the chant is ended, they, verily, perfect both paths, nor is one of them cut short.

And so, as a two-legged man walking, or as a chariot moving on both wheels, is steady, thus, verily, his sacrifice is steady. He who offers the sacrifice is steady after his sacrifice is steady. Having begun the sacrifice, he becomes better.

The Lord of beings brooded with fervour over the worlds. Of them, brooded over with fervour, he drew forth the essences: from Earth, Fire; from the Mid-space, the Great Breath; from the Heavens, the Sun.

The Lord of beings brooded over these three divinities. Of them, brooded over with fervour, he drew forth the essences: from Fire, the Rig verses; from the Great Breath, the Yajur formulas; from the Sun, the Sama chants.

The Lord of beings brooded with fervour over this threefold Wisdom. Of it, brooded over with fervour, he drew forth the essences: from the Rig verses, Bhûr (Earth); from the Yajur formulas, Bhuvar (Mid-world); from the Sama chants, Svar (Heaven).

So, if aught should go awry with the Rig verses, he should make an oblation in the household fire, saying "Bhûr! Adoration!" Thus by the essence of the Rig verses, by the virtue of the Rig verses, he makes good the injury of the Rig verses to the sacrifice.

And so, if aught should go awry with the Yajur formulas, he should make an oblation in the southern fire, saying "Bhuvar! Adoration!" Thus by the essence of the Yajur formulas, by the virtue of the Yajur formulas, he makes good the injury of the Yajur formulas to the sacrifice.

And so, if aught should go awry with the Sama chants, he should make an oblation in the fire of oblation, saying "Svar! Adoration!" Thus by the essence of the Sama chants, by the virtue of the Sama chants, he makes good the injury of the Sama chants to the sacrifice.

Then, as through a flux one would join gold; through gold, silver; through silver, tin; through tin, lead; through lead, iron; through iron, wood; or wood through leather; even so through the virtue of these worlds, of the divinities, of this triple wisdom, he makes good what is astray in the sacrifice. Cured of weakness, verily, is that sacrifice, in which there is a Brahmâ overseer who thus knows.

That sacrifice leads northward in which there is a Brahmâ overseer who thus knows. This is the praise of the Brahmâ overseer who thus knows:

Whithersoever he turns, that way follows the son of man;

The Brahmâ overseer alone guards the sacrificers like a steed.

The Brahmâ overseer who thus knows, verily, guards the sacrifice, the sacrificer and all the ministrants. Therefore let him make one who thus knows his overseer; not one who knows not thus,—not one who knows not thus.

He, verily, who knows the most venerable and the best becomes the most

venerable and the best. The Great Breath, verily, is the most venerable and the best.

He, verily, who knows the most excellent becomes most excellent of his own people. Voice, verily, is the most excellent.

He, verily, who knows the firm foundation stands firm both in this world and in that. Seeing, verily, is the firm foundation.

He, verily, who knows the treasure, to him his desires bring treasure, and the Bright Powers, and men. Hearing, verily, is the treasure.

He, verily, who knows the abode becomes the abode of his own people. Mind, verily, is the abode.

And so the vital powers contended among themselves as to which of them was the better, each one saying, "I am the better! I am the better!"

The vital powers, going to the Lord of beings, to the Father, said, "Master which of us is the best?"

To them He said, "That one of you through whose going forth the body is seen to be most afflicted, that one is the best of you!"

So Voice went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Voice said, "How have ye been able to live without me?"

"As those who are dumb, not speaking, yet breathing with the breath, seeing with sight, hearing through the power of hearing, thinking through the mind; thus." Voice entered in again.

Then Seeing went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Seeing said, "How have ye been able to live without me?"

"As those who are blind, not seeing, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, hearing through the power of hearing, thinking through the mind; thus." Seeing entered in again.

Then Hearing went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Hearing said, "How have ye been able to live without me?"

"As those who are deaf, not hearing, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, seeing with sight, thinking through the mind; thus." Hearing entered in again.

Then Mind went forth. Going forth for a cycle and then returning, Mind said, "How have ye been able to live without me?"

"As foolish children, mindless, yet breathing with the breath, speaking with the voice, seeing with sight, hearing through the power of hearing; thus." Mind entered in again.

Then, when the Breath would have gone forth, as a strong horse might drag away his foot-ropes, so did the Breath drag away the lesser vital powers with him. Drawing near to the Breath, they said, "Master! Be thus here with us! Thou art the best of us! Go not forth!"

To the Breath, Voice then said, "If I am most excellent, then thou art most excellent!"

Then Seeing said to him, "If I am the firm foundation, then thou art the firm foundation!"

Then Hearing said to him, "If I am the treasure, then thou art the treasure!"

Then Mind said to him, "If I am the abode, then thou art the abode!"

Therefore they call them not Voices, nor Seeings, nor Hearings, nor Minds, but they call them Life-breaths. For the Breath is all these powers.

The Breath said, "What will be my food?"

The powers said, "Whatsoever there is, even to dogs and birds!"

Therefore this is the food of the Breath. For the Breath is obviously its name. Nor, of a truth, is there aught which is not food for him who thus knows.

The Breath said, "What will be my vesture?"

The powers said, "The waters!"

Therefore those who are about to eat invest the Breath both before and after with the waters. For the Breath tends to receive a vesture. It remains not naked.

Therefore Satyakama, son of Jabala, declaring this to Goshruti, son of Vyaghrapada, said, "If one should declare this to a dry stump, branches would be born from it, leaves would unfold themselves!"

And so, if he should desire to go to the Great One, performing the rite of Consecration at the new moon, let him on the night of the full moon mingle a potion of all herbs with curdled milk and honey.

"To the most venerable and the best, adoration!"—saying this, and making an oblation of melted butter in the altar fire, he should add what remains to the potion.

"To the most excellent, adoration!"—saying this, and making an oblation of melted butter in the altar fire, he should add what remains to the potion.

"To the firm foundation, adoration!",—saying this, and making an oblation of melted butter in the altar fire, he should add what remains to the potion.

"To the treasure, adoration!",—saying this, and making an oblation of melted butter in the altar fire, he should add what remains to the potion.

"To the abode, adoration!",—saying this, and making an oblation of melted butter in the altar fire, he should add what remains to the potion.

Then drawing back, taking the potion between his hands, he forms these words without uttering them aloud: "Thou art He by name, for all this universe is at home in Thee! Thou art most venerable and best, the Ruler, the Overlord! The power which is most venerable and best, the power of Ruler and Overlord, let Him cause to come to me! Let me be all this universe!"

And so, of a truth, through this Rig verse, taken measure by measure, he tastes the potion:

"Of the spiritual Sun we choose—"

Saying this, he tastes the potion;

"—the food, of that Divinity—"

Saying this, he tastes the potion;

"—the best, the all-sustaining food,—"
Saying this, he tastes the potion;

"—let us meditate on the might of the Giver of all!"
Saying this, he drinks it all.

Then, when he has cleansed the drinking cup, or the vessel, he rests on the West side of the altar fire, on a skin or upon the earth, restraining the voice, self-controlled. If he should behold the Woman, let him know that the work has been completed.

Therefore there is this verse:

"When in work inspired by desire
He beholds the Woman in his vision,
Then he may know his success
By this appearance in his vision,
—by this appearance in his vision."

C. J.

God does not regard what amount of evil each man may be able to do, but what amount of evil he may have a mind to do.—ST. GREGORY.

Who shoots at the midday sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than he who aims at a bush.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

MY TWENTY-FIRST CONVENTION

WHEN a little exercise in arithmetic showed that I was approaching my twenty-first year of consecutive attendance at T. S. Conventions, I began to brood upon that disclosure. Twenty-one years of extraordinary privilege! What have I to show as the result of that opportunity? How much richer is my life, by reason of such advantage, than that of a member in Czecho-Slovakia or Gateshead or Rio de Janeiro, who has never been present at a single Convention? My first visit to New York at the end of April, I remember with some distinctness—the first meeting with the older members could not but be memorable; after that, these annual April days are not distinct,—they have been very much a matter of course, days brought by the calendar, which, in February, gives us Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays, and, later in the summer, the Republican and the Democratic Conventions.

Suppose a kindly judge, like Karma, were to place in the balances, on one side, people who have attended many Conventions, and, on the other, those for whom no Convention was ever called, such as the group of Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Thackeray, Clough,[1] and Ruskin, back in 1870, before The Theosophical Society had been founded—what might the verdict be? What do members of the T. S.—members of long standing—possess or practise that distinguishes them from the less favoured generation of 1870?

To the men of 1870, human life in the world appeared very much as it does to some of us; they, likewise, saw the world as "Vanity Fair," where the futility of all merely human endeavour is demonstrated.

> The world which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain.

That sentiment, it should be noted, does not represent a romantic pose, or the sad outlook of a disappointed and discouraged man. It is the sober judgment of a successful man of letters who was also a happy husband and father. Matthew Arnold had received a sufficient share of bread, butter, and pudding, and he had made a completely happy marriage; but he knew by experience that "man does not live by bread alone",—that all the bacon and pudding in the world, and a thousand felicitous marriages, could not for a moment satisfy a soul.

Arnold and his contemporaries were obviously in possession of that half of

[1] Thackeray and Clough died before 1870, but they are typical of the period.

Truth which is clear to many members of the T. S., namely, that all worldly ambition and endeavour is vain and fruitless. There is another half, however, that is necessary to make up the whole Truth, and this second, paradoxical, half is, that those who have followed the star of Theosophy, can do all things through Members of the Lodge who stand ready to guide and strengthen them. It is quite likely that up to the present moment of our lives, the proffered guidance and strengthening may have been unnoticed or refused; but in our very next duty, we may, if we will, accept it.

The second half of Truth, necessary to make the whole, members of the T. S. know, at least, theoretically; and it is our shame if we do not know it practically. The men of 1870, so far less favoured than we, did not know it at all. Only half a loaf of the Bread of Life was their sustenance, while to us has been given the whole loaf. Yet, what loyal and courageous soldiers they were!

Consider briefly their inner and outer environment. How great a change took place in the world between 1810, the period of Jane Austen's maturity, and 1870, the period of George Eliot's maturity. What made the provincial life of England change radically in the course of sixty years? Jane Austen's friends had no ache of body or heart that would not vanish at the announcement of a ball, or in the presence of handsome soldiers, or upon the arrival of a distinguished visitor for whom additional dinner parties could be planned. And George Eliot's friends: all the balls, dinner parties and military men in the world could not have satisfied Maggie Tulliver or Dorothea Brook. Maggie craved but one Presence—that which, intuitively, she felt to be hidden within the leaves of the *Imitation of Christ;* she felt It, but, alone, could not reach It. Dorothea Brook of *Middlemarch* longed for a *key* that would unlock the mystery concealed in all mythologies, and open to her a spacious height of intellectual freedom. That the key could be found, she felt, intuitively; but, alone, she could not close her fingers upon it. What had happened to bring, over the peaceful country-side of England, the change that is presented in this contrast? Why should Jane Austen's picture of provincial life be so cheerful, while *Middlemarch* is one of the dreariest stories in the world?

The answer would seem to be contained partly in the history of the Lodge Force that had been poured down during the cycle from 1775 to 1800. Men having failed to organize a body which could serve as vehicle for that Force, it was scattered and diffused throughout the world, instead of being concentrated into a guiding ray of light. The diffused Lodge Force, as aspiration, entered into such as were receptive to it,—and the group of 1870 (numbering the son, as well as the favourite pupil, of Thomas Arnold of Rugby) was receptive. From their hearts rose flames of aspiration which endeavoured to rejoin the Parent Flame, but the gap between earth and the Lodge was too great for that leap. There was no intermediary between those mortals and the Great Brothers; there was no bridge, no guide toward the Lodge, no one to help solve their perplexities, no organization, no Society, no older students of Theosophy, no Convention.

For the time, the Member of the Lodge who would appear to be their natural guide, seemed inaccessible, since, though loyal to Him in heart, their minds could not surmount the blank wall of books like Strauss's *Life of Jesus* (which George Eliot translated), and Renan's *Life of Jesus*, which circulated freely among Matthew Arnold's friends. The influence of such writings clouded with doubt and negation what had been happy beliefs.

> The sea is calm to-night,
> The tide is full, the moon lies fair
> Upon the straits . . . .
> Listen! you hear the grating roar
> Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
> At their return, up the high strand,
> Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
> With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
> The eternal note of sadness in.
> . . . . The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
> But *now* I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath
> Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

Again:

> While we believed, on earth he went,
> And open stood his grave,
> Men call'd from chamber, church and tent;
> And Christ was by to save.
>
> Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
> In the lorn Syrian town;
> And on his grave, with shining eyes,
> The Syrian stars look down.[2]

"Now he is dead!" To the death-knell in those words, the men and women of 1870, by a reaction of loyalty, made themselves worthy of emulation. If those words were true, the logical inference must be that the world's thread of connection with the supernatural had been severed. The reaction of Arnold and his friends proved once more that "man does not live by bread alone"; that even mere physical life cannot be maintained unless from the supernatural world there proceed a guiding incentive. The sceptics felt that

[2] Matthew Arnold.

they had affirmed their side of the argument, proving (to their own satisfaction) that no man comes back from the grave. In rebuttal, there seemed nothing for the opposing side to assert, save that a wraith may, and often does, issue from an unopened sepulchre; and though a wraith is only a whiff of vapour, nevertheless that whiff must be either explained or else explained away. Robbed of the Living Body in which hitherto they had hoped, the men and women of 1870 transferred their allegiance to the frail insubstantiality that alone remained to them—a phantom. The world called to them to "eat, drink and be merry", seeing that, no hope for the future remaining, there could be no reason to struggle in the present for a nobler mode of life. Arnold and his associates would not heed that mocking invitation to mingle with the swine, and, driven against the wall though they were, they could not be defeated or silenced. "The light we sought is shining still", again and again they replied. They had not succeeded, they had not found, but they *knew* that the flame of aspiration in their hearts was not of earth; that, some day, it must surely find its way back home.

Matthew Arnold's two longer poems, the "Scholar Gypsy", and "Thyrsis" (commemorating the death of Clough), record the determination to hold true to an ancient loyalty. The figure of the Scholar Gypsy himself, a wraith of the (alleged) unrisen Christ, is their centre of hope, and beckons them onward upon their quest, though so far it has been fruitless.

> The light we sought is shining still,
> This does not come with houses or with gold,
> With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;
> 'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—
> But the smooth-slipping weeks
> Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
> Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
> He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;
> Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Courageous, loyal soldiers: faithful to a mere wraith! how admirable they stand in contrast with this generation of twenty-one Conventions,—twenty-one years in the actual presence of living Masters. Like the men of Nineveh, the group of 1870 might perhaps rise in judgment with this generation and condemn it, seeing that, like the men of Jerusalem, we have turned to such slight profit the aid offered by the Great Ones, year after year, as they have stood with us.

From this contrast of opportunities, what practical conclusion shall we draw? what resolution to be carried into daily life? It seems to be a truism that gratitude—even to the Lodge and the Founders and torch-bearers—is too heavy a load for ordinary human nature to carry; a grateful man means a fine and far developed nature. On the other hand, even average men wish other men to be grateful to them. When a high motive fails us, such as the

gratitude we owe,—why not make use of a lower appeal: the gratitude of those whom we could put in our debt. We could put the whole world in our debt. We could put the souls of those we love, for ever in our debt. We could, if we wished, repay the group of 1870 a hundredfold,—besides putting them in our debt. Many of us owe them much. From their poverty, their half loaf, they gave with unstinted generosity. Many times we have heard, quoted for our encouragement, when we were downcast, the lines of Matthew Arnold:

> Tasks in hours of insight will'd
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

Many times we have been lifted out of our self-centredness by the noble example or inspiring ideals of those who, unlike us, had to struggle against darkness, as well as against themselves,—not only the group of 1870, but all whose writings, coming down from the past, aided us on our way toward Theosophy. It is now in our power to preserve for them the Bridge, built since their day, by the labours and sacrifices of others; to preserve the organism, the Society, which did not exist in their day; to preserve the possibility of Conventions, such as we have experienced, and from which, it may be believed, some of those older writers, when they awake to their next day of work, would draw such immense profit. Thus we may be the means of answering that prayer of Clough's (a prayer from a sincere heart), who prayed because his school master, Thomas Arnold, had taught him to pray, though, in later life, he did not know to whom he should pray. Clough wrote (not knowing of the Lodge):

> One port, methought, alike they sought,
> One purpose hold, where'er they fare.
> O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
> At last, at last, unite them there.

C. C. C.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Convention of The Theosophical Society was still echoing in our minds and hearts, and this was our first opportunity to discuss it. The Recorder volunteered the remark that the older members—the so-called Ancients—seemed to consider it the best Convention so far held, basing their opinion upon the admirable way in which the younger members had conducted the meeting of the New York Branch immediately following the Convention. "They showed real growth,—in depth of feeling, in philosophic grasp, in poise, in dignity and in terms of the 'atmosphere' they created. As one of the Ancients said, 'It made our hearts glad to see it',—and I do not wonder that it did, because, after all, the only real test of seniority in the T. S. is devotion to its principles and spirit, with corresponding concern about its future: and the promise of that evening meeting could not have been more gratifying."

"I think", said the Philosopher, "that the Convention must have meant a new start for all of us, regardless of years or experience; and that, surely, is the ultimate test of its fruitfulness. There may have been reactions, nervous or physical; possibly, in some cases, a momentary 'slump'; but I am confident that its fruit, by this time, must be manifest to the high gods as a greater sense of unity and responsibility, with a more positive determination to cut free from the personal self, and to fix our attention on things above. It must have seemed to all of us as if some Great Soul out of the invisible had cried: 'You will yet give all your heart to me. I have called and you must follow. Keep your eyes ever on me. Lift them up; they have been down long enough.' "

Someone quoted: " '. . . to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.' "

"Certain questions which were put to me after the Convention," one of the speakers at its sessions now said, "are, I suggest, well worthy of consideration in the 'Screen.' The first was: 'Can it be proper, at a Convention of the T.S., to give so much attention to national and international problems?'

"My answer was that some of us have been given the opportunity to study the principles of Theosophy for many years, and to apply them in our own lives; and that now—on the principle of 'now thou must sow'—we are expected to study their application to the problems of the world around us, in all fields of human conflict and endeavour. The interests of Masters are universal, and we, who aspire to be their disciples, cannot properly confine our interests to matters which affect us immediately and personally. Art, music, literature, commerce, science, as well as philosophy and religion, affect the evolution of man and his soul's salvation. Masters of Wisdom cannot be indifferent to such things, any more than wise parents can be indifferent to the games

their children play, or to the lessons they are taught. Clearly, methods of government, and the principles upon which such methods ought to be based, and the dealings of nations with each other, must influence human progress vitally. I did not say this, but might have added that perhaps, at some time in the distant future—infinitely distant I hope—we may be assigned the task of guiding an infant planet through its birth-throes and teething, and of applying then, unaided, our understanding of theosophical principles to the satisfactory development of our charge. In any case, the sooner we realize that, without scattering our limited energies, it is our duty to co-operate with the Masters in all their efforts for the welfare of mankind, in so far as these may be known to us,—the better off we shall be, intellectually and morally, seeing that our studies must necessarily broaden our sympathies and deepen our insight into the problems involved.

"The fact that, at a Convention of The Theosophical Society, the duties of nations can be discussed on the basis of principle, not only shows a real advance over the possibilities of years ago, when no more than the duties of individuals could profitably be considered, but also shows how unique the attainment of the Society is: for what other international organization, Freemasonry *not* excepted, could discuss with freedom and good feeling, as we did, the question of the Allied debts to America,—much less reach unanimous conclusions!"

"It was a remarkable achievement", our Visitor commented. "May I ask how you account for it?"

"Nothing but an understanding of the fundamental principles of Theosophy, could have made it possible", said the Historian. "Try to imagine the delegates at any Church Convention, or, for that matter, the Bishops of any Church, assembled in New York, doing likewise: the American Bishops of the Episcopal, Methodist, or Roman Catholic Church, declaring unanimously, in the name of Christ, or on grounds of *noblesse oblige* or of common decency, that this country's behaviour about the Allied debts has been, and is, nothing short of a disgrace!"

"Many orthodox Christians", the Philosopher now said, "confine their religion to Sundays; others, to their own trials, temptations, and personal problems. These would say that it helps them to live better lives; and I believe it does. The trouble is that they have no metaphysical or philosophical basis for the faith that is in them; no conception of universal spiritual law; no idea that political economy, properly understood, includes primarily the play of spiritual and moral factors, of which the physical are merely the effect. Inevitably, therefore, it would seem strange to such people that we should see in national and international life, merely an extension, as it were, of our own. Nations are entities, as yet undeveloped, but destined someday (those that survive) to become conscious disciples of the Masters. History is almost meaningless unless we see in it an effort to evolve vehicles capable of expressing some particular aspect of the World Soul. There is an exact analogy between the development of an individual and that of a nation. Just as personalities

die and disappear, the outer forms of nations die and disappear, their souls reincarnating, after a long interval, in other national forms, as a further step toward complete embodiment."

"Are you suggesting", asked the Student, "that England or France or the United States, is in fact a soul, temporarily occupying a body, and that someday these bodies, which we call nations, must die, the souls passing on to occupy new bodies, to be developed much as these present national bodies were developed?"

"I doubt if the nations, as such", the Philosopher replied, "have as yet reached that stage of evolution corresponding to the incoming of the Mânasaputra, of which *The Secret Doctrine* tells us. I think they correspond to Lunar Pitris, and are souls only in that sense. We are, however, getting into rather deep water. For the purposes of the 'Screen', it will be more helpful if we keep to general principles, as not many of our readers are students of *The Secret Doctrine*,—yet!

"Thus: there is only one study, so far as I can see, that is of real and permanent interest,—the study of life. This is partly because life is movement, perpetual movement, round and toward a centre which, diagrammatically, may be considered as motionless (God), but which really is the quintessence of motion, and its Cause. Art is a movement, literature is a movement, so, above all, is religion. Human nature, history, are movements,—each of them means to a specific end, instruments of a divine purpose, each intended to blend with the others in the production, or, better, the revelation of perfect Beauty, Wisdom, Joy. To study things as stationary, or to study stationary things (if there be any), is to induce death, intellectual and moral; is to be small and narrow-minded: is to be *dull*."

"What other questions were put to you?" asked the Recorder, turning to the earlier speaker.

"I was asked how we can really forgive unless we also forget. Reference was made to the criticism, during the Convention, of Winston Spencer Churchill's statement: 'Everyone remembers (and tries to forget) the German occupation of Belgium.' My friend, the questioner, suggested that if, for instance, a man 'has words' with his sister, and, later, they forgive one another but do not forget,—their reconciliation is superficial and incomplete. It was evident, however, that he was also finding it difficult to base his attitude toward Germany on what he understood to be Christian principles.

"This is a question that was discussed fully and often in the pages of the QUARTERLY during the War; but that, after all, was more than ten years ago, so it may be as well to touch on it again, though briefly. First, then, on the general subject of forgiveness, the Christian Master laid down this rule: 'If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive them.' As Germany has not even gone through the motions of repentance, it would be contrary to the rule of Christ to forgive her; and that, incidentally, is some-

thing that the leaders of the Y. M. C. A., and many clergymen of all denominations, see fit to overlook.

"It should also be remembered that if a man injures me personally, it is one thing, while if he injures a woman or a child or a cripple, it may be my duty to hit him before he knows what has happened. Moral indignation and wrath, arising out of injury done to another, should be entirely impersonal, and is essentially different from the rage of a man whose will has been crossed or whose feelings have been hurt, and whose anger is personal and shallow. Those who tell us that we ought to forgive Germany, prove themselves heartless and inhuman,—as only a sentimentalist, or an absolutely selfish person, can be.

"Even when it is clearly our duty to forgive, it does not follow in the least that it is our duty to forget. A servant breaks something; confesses, expresses regret, and is forgiven. It happens again, and perhaps again. If you forget that your servant is clumsy and is likely to drop things, so much the worse for you; and if you forget to the extent of recommending your servant to a friend as perfect, you will be guilty of a grave offence. I do not see how it can be right to forget anything, so long as we remember facts (*the truth*), instead of half truths or untruths, and our own feelings about them: which are the things that most people remember. As to forgetting what Germany has done,—all I can say is, it would be worse than folly; it would be criminal. Suppose I have a neighbour who has periodical fits of pyromania. Once in so often, he sets fire to my house. Suppose the best,—that the poor man is full of remorse between-whiles (which Germany certainly is not). If I live alone in the house, and am so peculiarly constituted that I have no objection to being burned alive, I suppose I should have the right to forget as well as to forgive; but if I have a mother and wife and children, or so much as a dog in the house with me, then to forget the danger of my neighbour's outbreaks, and not to provide against them, would prove me to be just as wild a lunatic in my way, as he, in his. Further, if I had a second neighbour, whose house had not been attacked—perhaps a convenient Pond between him and the pyromaniac—who assured me, in the name of Christ, that it was very wicked of me to keep loaded guns in my front hall, and that I ought to forgive and forget the periodic 'errors' of neighbour number one,—I should feel inclined to say to him what I feel inclined to say to the leaders of the Y. M. C. A., and to all those who, whether on sentimental or commercial grounds, urge the Allied peoples to 'let bygones be bygones.'"

"I agree with every word you have said", commented the Philosopher, "but before we leave the subject of forgiveness, I do think that something should be added in regard to the failure of many people to forgive, when they unquestionably ought to do so, and when they are entirely satisfied that they have. Real forgiveness is an achievement, to which all of us should aspire. The customary formula is: 'He behaved abominably, but I have forgiven him.' This means, in plain words, that the person who forgives, sets himself up as a model of virtue, having in no way been responsible for the other's misconduct,

and having now added the heroic virtue of forgiveness to original innocence and primordial superiority. Sometimes, of course, there are qualifying expressions —glittering generalities—such as, 'I know I'm not perfect, but . . .' or, 'I may be trying, but . . .' These, on the face of it, are meaningless. No one really forgives until, like Christ, he sees himself as responsible for the sin of the offender. The attitude and feeling of Christ were, in a sense, gratuitous; superhuman love drove him to place himself between divine Justice, or Karma, and the wickedness of men. This is beyond us, though we should strive for it. What is not beyond any of us is to force our unwilling lower nature to realize that, whatever the faults of our friend, our faults, in the particular case at issue, were greater,—things we said or left unsaid, our lack of tact and of sympathy, our previous record of self-centredness or disloyalty,—until we have piled up such cause for sorrow that the sense of it floods over and submerges our sense of offence. Then, when there is nothing left but a desire to be forgiven; when we no longer are conscious of anything to forgive, then, and then only, as between friends, is forgiveness perfect.

"Something of this is seen in the agonizing forgiveness of a mother whose beloved child has sinned: she knows what her child has done—she does not attempt to minimize that; she may feel it her duty, for his sake, to be uncompromisingly severe in her condemnation of his behaviour; but between herself and her God, does she not often pour forth a torrent of self-reproach—her real or imaginary failure to do this, or to provide for that—as her love for her child drives her to assume all the blame for his misconduct? She loves him more than she loves herself: that is the explanation of her achievement; and because such love is rare, true forgiveness is rare,—the spurious needing to be recognized for what it is, for otherwise we shall remain content with our hypocrisy."

"There are some people", commented the Ancient, "who go through life collecting injuries and grievances, which they formally present to the Almighty before partaking of a Church Communion, presumably to convince Him of their fitness, but which they count against Him to the end, as sufferings unjustly inflicted yet nobly endured. It is a curious psychology, often accompanied by an intensity of personal feeling which, if turned inside out, and changed into sympathy and repentance, would become quite a valuable asset in the spiritual life, instead of an active, self-reproducing poison. Yet such people insist that they 'forgive.' There is a simple test by which forgiveness may be known. The mother, of whom the Philosopher was speaking, no doubt prayed passionately and with tears that God would forgive her son, even as she had forgiven him. (I am drawing my illustrations from the ways of the orthodox, and am purposely using their terms.) Now, to forgive an injury implies that someone has sinned against us. Question: do these habitual dispensers of forgiveness ardently pray that God (whatever they may mean by that term) will forgive the offender? Do they worry about the other person's supposed offence against God,—or only about the offence against themselves? I know what the answer ought to be. I know also that if a

student of Theosophy were to approach his Master (Christ or another) with the request, 'Please forgive so-and-so, who has treated me very badly', and were to persist,—he would be likely to discover, before his Master had finished with him, which of the two, himself or the offender, stood in greater need of forgiveness."

"Experience is a process of self-extermination", remarked the Student.

The Philosopher eyed him, as if to say, "Where from, young man?"

"Too concise to be unpremeditated?" laughed the Student. "Well, you're right. My words were coined many hundreds of years ago in China, by Tu Fu, though doubtless the same idea had been voiced from the dawn of the Manvantara."

"And who was Tu Fu, may I ask?" There was a note of suspicion in this.

"An entirely authentic person, I assure you", the Student answered. "He was a poet, and his poems have been translated recently by Edna Worthley Underwood and Chi Hwang Chu. I am immensely fond of Chinese poetry. It is such a rest from skyscrapers, and from the angularity of our civilization. Chinese poetry gives the sense of lovely and gently flowing curves. Its moral texture varies enormously, in the nature of things, seeing that it was representative both of the good and bad in an age-long culture. Some of it is distinctly Sybaritic; but much of it is extraordinarily wise, the fruit of generations of experience."

"Were there other questions arising out of the Convention?" the Recorder now asked.

"I received a letter", one of the group replied, "which suggests that entirely wrong inferences may have been drawn from something said at the Convention. The writer of it asked whether a Theosophist 'has or has not the right to enter into a revolution' in order to rid his country of a tyrant, when that tyrant has persecuted the members of your family. The question seemed to me to show a very considerable misunderstanding of Theosophy, and as some of our members live in countries where revolution is constantly preached, and frequently practised, it may be worth while to deal with the subject in the 'Screen.' In the first place, a member of The Theosophical Society is not necessarily a serious student of Theosophy. As a member, he is bound only to help, so far as he sees fit, 'to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.' This, however, clearly implies a duty to his fellow-members. Suppose, for instance, that he lives in Mexico, and were a member of a Branch there: how could he conspire against the Government without prejudice to his fellows? Would not the Government infer, no matter how unreasonably, that the Society of which he is known to be a member, must in some way be 'tarred with the same brush'? Would he not inevitably bring suspicion upon his associates? Apart from that, if he would look more deeply into the principles of Theosophy, he would be led to look for the *cause* of the trouble in any one of the various Republics on the American continent. All of them were the 'children' of some European 'parent'; all of them rebelled; all of them have

inherited the Karma of rebellion. It has been said of the citizens of some of them that revolution is their national sport. At the time of the original rebellion—the rebellion that made them 'free'—it doubtless seemed that there was every justification for extreme measures. But actually and practically, intellectually and spiritually, would Mexico, for instance, be better or worse off, if she were a Spanish Colony with Alfonso as King? Children frequently rebel against their parents; to do so has become almost a custom in the United States; and sometimes they rebel for reasons which *seem* to be excellent, especially to friends of their own age. None the less, rebellion means that they are thinking of their rights to the exclusion of their duties. If they were capable of listening to advice, we should tell them so, and should urge them to wait. Wrongs, whether real or imaginary, usually are righted as the reward of patience. In any case, if the American Colonies had 'waited', instead of rebelling, I believe they would be better off to-day,—perhaps not so rich in a worldly sense, but far better off in terms of everything worth while.

"The Karma of revolution: what is gained by continuing the initial mistake? One revolution is piled on top of another; one 'tyrant' is disposed of only to make room for the next. It may be said: 'But we will put a good man in place of a bad.' Even so, in less than six months (the period varies in different Republics) there will be another revolution, organized by other people, to put a better or a worse man in the place of your choice; and if you do not throw the conspirators into prison, they will throw you there; and so on and on.

"I am not jeering at the South and Central American Republics. In this country we are not blessed with *a* tyrant; we have a Bureaucracy; also an Oligarchy; also a Congress. How they fix it up between them, we never know; but we have learned to tread softly, and to make friends with the Police.

"Many people in Russia wanted to get rid of their 'tyrants.' I can remember forty years ago the terrible stories of Siberian prisons, and of men and women sent there for political reasons. Well,—is Russia better or worse off, now that the Romanoffs are out of the way? Is China either happier or better, for being rid of the Manchus?

"Epictetus was a slave, but he was also a good Theosophist, and therefore was more free in fact than the vast majority of those who rejoice on the Fourth of July. Tyrants, as a rule, simply reflect, or epitomize, the 'mass' nature of the people over whom they tyrannize. They are a symptom, not the cause of the trouble. We need to be set free from ourselves, if we would gain political freedom. Meanwhile we should remember the saying of the Master Christ: Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,—and that he held a penny in his hand as he said it: just that much and no more. The method suggested at the Convention, which is an inner method, and which is based upon self-conquest, is the only way to help the nations along the path that Masters wish them to follow,—the path of abundant life and of true freedom; the path that lifts men Godward."

"Will you allow me to change the subject rather violently?" asked our

Visitor. Then, turning to the Ancient, he said: "This may seem personal, but I should really like to know: do you go to Church?"

The Ancient laughed. "Why, yes", he said.

"And do you say the Creed?"

"I do"— evidently wondering what was coming next.

"But do you believe in the Virgin birth?"

"The answer to that must depend, I imagine, upon what you mean by those words."

"I mean that Christ had no father in the physical sense; and I simply don't believe it."

"Why should you?" inquired the Ancient.

"But that is what most people believe who say the Creed, isn't it?"

"I doubt if most people believe anything in particular", the Ancient answered. "They say the Creed from habit, with very open minds as to what it is all about. In any case, I see no reason why my understanding of it should be governed by 'most people.'"

"How about the clergy?"

"I have yet to meet two clergymen who agreed in their interpretation of the Creed, and even if I did, a third would be certain to disagree. Apart from that, however, it would never enter my mind to ask a clergyman to approve of my interpretation. I should not expect him to do so. He is not there for that purpose. He has troubles enough of his own."

"But does he not speak for his Church?"

"Not if there are other clergymen within earshot!"

"Priests in the confessional are supposed to speak for Christ."

"That", said the Ancient, "does not happen to be my denomination; if it were, I should try to make allowance for an occasional 'bad connection.'"

"But there were Church Councils, at which the doctrine of the Church was defined."

"There were", agreed the Ancient. "I was not present at them, so far as I know, and do not feel in the least responsible for what they did or said. Do you?"

Our Visitor let that pass. Then he said: "You have not yet told me if you believe in the Virgin birth."

"I believe in it", the Ancient answered; "but a mystic—which is what my friends call me—should never allow himself to state his beliefs in negative terms. I believe that the mother of Christ, prior to her marriage, had been a Temple Virgin. You are aware also, of course, that all the World Saviours, such as Buddha and many others, were said to have been born miraculously, of Virgins. The name of Buddha's mother was Maya,—the negative aspect of the Logos. The symbology is universal, both macro- and microcosmic. It is best, however, to work these things out for yourself, as meaning lies within meaning, and it is a mistake to stand still with a 'sufficient' explanation."

"It seems to me", said our Visitor, "that your method would make possible almost any interpretation of any creed."

"That is part of its charm", the Ancient smilingly assented. "Mystics believe in the religion of experience, checking their own—this is essential—in the light of the recorded experience of the past. It is exactly what a chemist does in his laboratory. Even a creed is a record in that sense—an attempt to express in condensed form the result of many experiments, both intellectual and spiritual. Show me the creed, and, with the help of Theosophy, the universal solvent, I will undertake to find in it, among other things, a history of the soul's pilgrimage, and, therefore, an outline of the drama of Initiation. No mystic has any trouble with a creed!"

Our Visitor's point-blank questioning of the Ancient about his personal beliefs, had evoked answers which, although in the main serious, were expressed rather quizzically, arousing in the Student a more mischievous mood. "Quotation", he began: " 'Over the shallows,———' "

The Recorder, suspicious, and not knowing what was coming next, interrupted him: "More of Tu Fu?"

"No", said the Student; "a little thing of my own, composed in dream; deeply significant I assure you."

So the Recorder turned quickly to the speaker at the Convention who has already been quoted, asking him, "Any afterthoughts?"

"Everyone who speaks at a Convention must have afterthoughts, I imagine, —wishing that he had expressed himself differently, or had remembered this or that at the time, instead of when it was too late. It happened in my case that I read the *Life of General Dyer*, by Ian Colvin, after instead of before the Convention, much to my regret. Dyer was the man who saved India from a second mutiny in 1919, by firing on a mob at Amritsar, and by killing several hundred natives. In 1916, Lloyd George had engineered the fall of Asquith. In order to detach Asquith's former adherents, Lloyd George offered the great office of Secretary of State for India, to Samuel Montagu, who had been Financial Secretary to the Treasury under Asquith. Montagu, a Jew of a very different type from Disraeli, accepted the position in 1917, and went to India during the cold weather of that year. He fraternized with all the rebels he could find, and soon brought India to such a pass that Indians who had previously been loyal to the Government found that the only way to gain favour was to attack it as violently as possible, after which they were invited to Simla, there to be deferentially consulted. Both Soviet Russia and Afghanistan did everything they could to take advantage of this, and to bring the trouble to a head, the result being that the brutal murder of white people was followed by serious uprisings, and by 'open rebellion' which would have spread throughout India if Dyer had not shown the necessary courage, firmness, and inherent respect for law and order. The point is, however, that because Montagu was a member of the Cabinet, his fellow-politicians, including Winston Spencer Churchill, decided to sacrifice Dyer regardless of truth, justice and honour. They did this as 'the easiest way out'. They were childish enough to imagine on the one hand, that the official 'decapitation' of Dyer would conciliate the irreconcilables in India, who of course had done every-

thing possible to make capital out of this latest exhibition of 'savage militarism'. They wanted, on the other hand, to spike the guns of the Labour Party, which was loud in its denunciation of Dyer, and insistent that the Cabinet was responsible for his action. So Dyer, instead of being promoted and rewarded, as he ought to have been, suffered the full weight of the Cabinet's displeasure, including that of the Secretary of State for War (Churchill), which, as the victim was a soldier, meant the end of his career. The whole incident shows how utterly lacking in principle these politicians are,—how morally as well as intellectually unfit to govern. It may be argued, of course, that it is not so much the men as the system that is at fault, and it cannot be denied that men who by nature are honest and upright, become tricky and slippery after a few years of dependence upon popular support and a majority vote. But who made the system if not these same men, of all parties indifferently, outbidding each other in their willingness to extend the system (the franchise) which many of them, in their hearts, must know to be rotten? The procedure of the Cabinet in the Dyer case is a revelation of 'government by conspiracy'—the sort of thing that goes on constantly in America and France as in England, and wherever the *vox populi* is recognized, in practice, as the *vox Dei*. How great indeed is the need for God-instructed men to rule the nations! What folly to expect peace so long as a mob can declare war! And what is Congress, or the House of Commons, or the French Chamber and Senate, but a huge committee appointed by a mob?"

"It is fortunate for Anglo-American relations", said the Historian, "that this country now owns and governs the Philippines. If it were not for that, the Indian agitators who lecture here would receive far more support than they do, not only from the anti-British element which is always with us, but from our huge population of sentimentalists, who know nothing of British India or its history, and who are ready at all times to believe any evil thing that is spoken of Governments other than their own.

"I, also, read Colvin's book, and wish it were more widely known. It is published by William Blackwood and Sons, of Edinburgh and London. Among other things it would give people a better understanding of Indian discontent. It cannot be too often repeated that India had been over-run by wave after wave of conquerors, for ages before the British arrived there; that, for the most part, each conqueror exploited the Indian people—including those of the preceding 'waves'—with ruthless vigour; that the British conquest was gradual and often peaceful; that while many disputed, the greater part of the population soon acquiesced in this gradual process which gave to India benefits she despaired of finding under the decadent descendants of other alien conquerors and princes, vassals and brigands, who defied the Mogul Dominion. To quote Colvin: 'As neither Muhammadans nor Hindus had ever been willing the one to tolerate the other, they inclined to accept a rule tolerant of both. The princes accepted treaties which confirmed them in their dignities and possessions; the brigands were either suppressed or driven into desert and mountain country, and the great mass of the people, the culti-

vators, rejoiced in their hearts to find rulers who gave them security in their lands and placed stern limits on the rapacity of those who had robbed and exploited them. . . . There was, however, always a minority which could not reconcile itself to the British system. The caste of Brahmin ministers and counsellors who had secured a monopoly of rule in many parts of the crumbling Mogul Empire; the tax collectors and the money-lenders who were checked at every turn by the new administration; the *vakils* and pleaders who served those moneyed interests in the courts of law, and found their cunning curbed by British justice—all these formed a party linked together in common opposition under the organization of the National Congress. It was one of the several mistakes of the British Government to establish a cheap system [any system, I should say] of Western education without any roots either in the native languages or literatures. Students, herded together at non-residential university colleges, were taught in an alien language a smattering of Occidental philosophies, and were turned out on a world which could offer them but little and poor employment to swell the hungry ranks of lawyers, journalists, and agitators. The main interest of this faction was to obtain more place and power in the ranks of the various Government services, and as their demands could not be granted without injury to every Indian interest, they were the fiercest critics of those who stood in their way, and behind and beneath all this mass of discontent were the secret organizations of anarchy and crime already noticed'—by the author, in an earlier section of his book.

"The facts speak for themselves: nearly half of British India consists of native States, governed autocratically by native Princes, subject only to the advice of British Residents. In these native States, there are practically no disorders, either political or religious. The Indian Princes are loyal to the British Crown, as their behaviour during the Great War completely demonstrated, for they gave not only lip-service, but all the resources in men and money they could scrape together. The trouble—and this includes the constant and murderous riots between Hindus and Muhammadans—the trouble is confined to those parts of India, such as Bengal and Bombay, in which some form of 'representative government' has been introduced as the result of a so-called 'liberal' policy, instigated or approved by British Secretaries of State in London, who have proceeded on the almost unthinkable double fallacy that what is best for a white man in Manchester (or New York), is necessarily best for a brown man in Calcutta. They have not sense enough even to see that they are repeating, in principle, the mistake of those whom many of them, like Morley and Montagu, would have scorned,—the narrow-minded missionary who assumes that the religion of Beth-El or Eben-Ezer Chapel is necessarily the best and only religion for the whole world. Heaven help them! I know nothing of their motives, but their blindness is answerable for more suffering and bloodshed than Cæsar in all his wars. You ask for God-instructed men; I should say that plain common sense would have saved us from most of our troubles."

"Perhaps", assented the Ancient; "but having got into them, it may require

more than common sense to get us out of them. Plain common sense in matters of hygiene and diet would sometimes—not always—ward off collapse of the digestive system; but once the organism itself has acquired vicious habits, it may need more than the knowledge of many doctors to restore the body to a state of health. In truth, a brand new body, at much expense, may be the only way out!"

"In that case", the Philosopher suggested dryly, "more need than ever for God-instructed men to supervise the transition."

"It was said at the Convention that we should 'evoke' such guidance", the Beginner interjected rather pleadingly, "and I have no least idea how to set about it. I do wish that something more might be said on that subject."

"What are you doing now", asked the Recorder, "if not using 'the power of evocation' on this group? I do not know with what success you will meet, but I will gladly add my small power to your own. I appeal to the Ancient on behalf of the Beginner."

The Ancient laughed. "Irresistible!" he said. "I only wish that I could answer the question as it deserves. The difficulty lies in the fact that the power is exercised on so many different planes, for a dog in one sense 'evokes' his supper by begging his master for it after the manner of dogs, while, with a power unimaginable to us, the Lords of Being evoke from the stillness of Pralaya the worlds and systems of worlds, the hierarchies of souls and the multitude of forms, which the next great period of efflorescence is intended to bring to perfection. How does the dog 'evoke' his supper? It seems to me that first he feels, and perhaps may be said to recognize his need; second, he imagines the taste of food, and desires that which he imagines; third, he believes (has faith) that his desire can and will be satisfied; fourth, this act of faith immensely increases his desire; fifth, his sense of need and his desire, his imagination and his faith, result in action: not being in a position to order, he begs,—which constitutes one of the differences, in some cases, between the dog and his master. Each of the earlier stages is essential to success, no matter on what plane the power of evocation be exercised. The final stage, that of action, varies in method as men vary in spiritual attainment. Most people can do no more than beg. This is the ordinary prayer of petition,—by no means to be despised, as we see from the experience of the dog. In the occult sense, however, this should not be included under the term, 'power of evocation', although I have done so to facilitate understanding. It is rather the 'power of appeal',—a real and great power, though inferior to the other. That other power was defined by H. P. B. as 'will prayer'; as 'rather an internal command than a petition', and is based upon faith in the power of the divine spirit within us,—that spirit or flame which is part of our Master's own life, and which necessarily, therefore, contains all that he is. By identifying yourself with that, in terms of will, for a purpose known to be his purpose, you establish contact between the inner world and the outer, and help to project into manifestation the condition which he desires. It is impossible, however, to do this, or even to offer a real petition, without first

using to the utmost the faculties and powers of which I have spoken: we must intensely feel and realize a need; we must clearly imagine its satisfaction; we must arouse by all means our faith that it will be satisfied; we must determine to make every conceivable though sane sacrifice—of sloth or of self-indulgence —as our contribution toward the attainment of our object, and to persist in our effort, interminably, if necessary, until our end be achieved. These are the essential *preliminaries*, both to successful prayer and to the still greater power of evocation. Take once more as illustration, the mother, praying, this time, by the sick-bed of her child: she covers every one of these preliminary stages in a flash, without effort,—unless, poor woman, she has failed in the past to cultivate faith, which cannot, like desire, spring to life in a moment. In any case she sends forth a petition that is real, and not perfunctory: she would lay down her life for that of her child; more than that, she will gladly, gratefully, make daily and hourly sacrifices for his recovery. She does not pray, and then go to a party as if her task were done. She *lives*—eats and sleeps and labours—solely for the fulfilment of her desire. Does not this explain what has been taught from the beginning of time by mystics: that one moment of prayer is sufficient if only time enough has been given to its preparation? For the mother's 'preparation' has been done for her, so to speak, by circumstances; we, as a rule, need to cover the corresponding ground by effort of will. This will make our petition, or our evocation, irresistible,—on condition that it be in accord with the divine purpose; and it requires very little faith to believe that the procedure advocated at the Convention is an expression of that purpose, conceived by the Lodge, and, for externalization, waiting only upon the volume of response from below, beginning with our response, as the body or organization closest in touch, exoterically, with the source of the world's Peace, and with the Will which alone can establish it."

T.

Never to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always —this is duty.—AMIEL.



A HINDU CHÊLA'S DIARY*

(Continued)

FROM *THE PATH*, VOL. I., NOS. 3, 4, 5, AND 6, JUNE TO SEPTEMBER, 1886.

"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.

"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, but two, more awful, one of whom sat at the extreme end."

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[Here there is a confused mass of symbols and ciphers which I confess I cannot make out, and even if I had the ability to do so, I would check myself,

Note.—"A Hindu Chêla's Diary" was reprinted in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of April and July, 1916; but as it is a classic in our literature, we reproduce it again for the benefit of those to whom the back numbers of the QUARTERLY may not be accessible.

All the footnotes are exactly as they appeared in *The Path;* and the signature [Ed.] with which some of them end, refers to the Editor of *The Path*, William Q. Judge.—EDITORS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

* 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.]

because I surmise that it is his own 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 any one 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 Vaisya 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.'[11]

"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 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 everyone 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 top of that a triangular light. From the sea shore, the island would seem like an isolated spot covered all over by green bushes. There is only one entrance to go

[11] See *Agroushada Parakshai*, 2d book, 23d dialogue.—[Ed.]

inside. And no one can find it out unless the occupant wishes the seeker to find the way. On the island we had to go round about for some space before we came in front of the actual building. There is a little garden in front, and there was sitting another friend of Kunâla with the same expression of the eyes as 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 covetousness. 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 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 this 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, 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, being never used by him with carelessness. So when he says, to let it sink into my 'heart', in the very same sentence where he refers to my thinking part—the mind—why 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*,[12] I happened to look up at an old house I was passing, and stopped to

[12] An ancient Hindu book full of tales as well as doctrines.—[Ed.]

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 unravelling the tangled skein, while the much praised brain had remained in idleness. All at once the *flash* came and with it knowledge.[13] 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 you without being asked for,' he replied, 'stand still where you are.'

"Then he began to look at me fixedly. I felt a very pleasant sensation as if I were 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; 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 of 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.

[13] These *flashes* of thought are not unknown even in the scientific world, as when, in such a moment of lucidity, it was revealed to an English scientist, that there must be iron in the sun; and Edison gets his ideas thus.—[Ed.]

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 should 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 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—all 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 in the air above—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 to elucidate their meaning. That must be left to our intuitions, and possibly future experience.]

* * * * * * *

"Fourteenth 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 the teachings and all the symbols be, if I cannot rise to that plane of penetrating knowledge, by which I shall myself, by myself, be able to solve this riddle, and 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 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, that by your waking consciousness could not 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 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.' "[14]

[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 use for deep trance. If used by a chêla (a 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

[14] 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 chêla, 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 as in its corrupted form.—[Ed.]

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, not only of 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 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 centre 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 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 Tibet 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.[15] 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 shall 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.' "[16]

[15] The mystic syllable OM.—[Ed.]

[16] There is some reference here apparently to the Upanishads, for they contain a teacher's directions to break through all shrines until the last one is reached.—[Ed.]

[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, nor 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 of concern 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 harassed 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 I 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 were, of necessity, omitted very much that is sufficiently unintelligible in its symbolism to be secure from revelation. Honestly have I tried to unlock the doors of the ciphers, for no prohibition came with their possession, but all that I could refine from its enfolding obscurity is given to you.

As he would say, let us salute each other and the last shrine of Brahman; *Om, hari, Om!*

Trans.]

Do your little duties which most men make light of, with great exactness; for if you will faithfully do your lesser duties, your greater duties will take care of themselves.—MANNING.



REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Morning Session

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order at 10.30 A.M. on Saturday, April 27th, 1929, at 64 Washington Mews, New York, by the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston. Temporary organization was effected by the election of Mr. Johnston as Temporary Chairman of the Convention, and Miss Julia Chickering as Temporary Secretary. The first business of the Convention being to determine what Branches of the Society were duly represented, either by delegates or proxies, it was moved and seconded that the Chair appoint a Committee on Credentials, with instructions to report as soon as practicable. The Committee appointed was: Mr. Henry Bedinger Mitchell, Treasurer T.S.; Miss Isabel E. Perkins, Secretary T.S.; Mr. K. D. Perkins, Chairman of the New York Branch.

ADDRESS OF THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN

MR. JOHNSTON: While the Committee on Credentials is at work, it is the very great privilege of the Temporary Chairman to welcome the delegates on behalf of the whole Society. That welcome, as you know, is from the heart. It is sincere, and it is stronger and more earnest year by year as the years pass.

As we passed our fiftieth anniversary some time ago, and we see that special cyclic period receding, there may be some inclination to say, "Well, we have now passed that danger point, let us rest on our oars a while." No course could be more hazardous. It is essential that we put in our best work, and something more than our best work, every day of the theosophical year before we reach the next starting point.

There are delegates from many Branches, but this Convention is, in a sense, signalized by the new recruits,—those whose membership is counted not in weeks or months, but in days; so something may well be said about the conditions of service. One takes for granted that these new members have joined The Theosophical Society not for what they can receive, but for what they can give. It was said not long ago that there was never a period in the history of mankind when so many people rose punctually each morning to do a day's work. We must rise each theosophical day as Theosophists; we must determine to do a good day's work in the spirit of Theosophy, not *some* days, but every day, not *some* hours, but every hour. Only by untiring effort, never discouraged, knowing no relaxation, can we complete the task set before us. There is a verse which has been quoted before to Theosophists, and which, therefore, there is a very sound warrant for quoting now to Theosophists,—Christina Rossetti's verse:

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn to night, my friend.

To carry on the thought of that poem: when those young recruits do reach one goal of the journey and are ready to knock at the celestial gate, again a line from the poem—"They will not keep you waiting at that door": the gate will open.

I think the Committee on Credentials is ready to report, but I beg you to keep in mind that the journey will last the whole long day, and be ready beforehand for the sustained effort which it will need.

Report of the Committee on Credentials

Mr. H. B. Mitchell: The Committee on Credentials beg to submit the following report: they have examined the credentials submitted, and find represented here, by delegate or by proxy, eighteen branches, entitled to cast one hundred and ten votes. Seven different countries are represented:

Aussig, Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio
Dana, Arvika, Sweden
Gateshead, Gateshead, England
Hope, Providence, R. I.
Jehoshua, Sanfernando, Venezuela
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio
Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
New York, New York, N. Y.
Norfolk, Norfolk, England
Oslo, Oslo, Norway
Pacific, Los Angeles, California
Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
South Shields, South Shields, England
Toronto, Toronto, Canada
Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela
Virya, Denver, Colorado
Whitley Bay, Whitley Bay, England

It was moved, seconded and voted that the Report of the Committee on Credentials be accepted, and that the Committee be discharged with thanks.

The permanent organization of the Convention being the next business, Mr. H. B. Mitchell, President of the New York Branch, was nominated and duly elected as Permanent Chairman, and took the Chair.

Address of the Permanent Chairman

The Chairman: To those who see outer events as the reflection of the inner movement of the spirit, it would be strange indeed if the opening note of our Convention were not that of gladness and gratitude. Those were the feelings uppermost in our hearts as we came here this morning and welcomed old friends and comrades, and looked forward to the opportunity, accorded us to-day, of giving our best to the service of the Cause that we love. Mr. Johnston has already spoken of the accession of new members who have come to us during the year, and has spoken, too, of the fact that they are drawn to us not for what they may receive—at least not primarily for that—but in order to give. Yet I hope that what they may receive also draws them. I, who have received so much, would wish all others to seek an even greater measure; for there is no limit to what is offered. The only limit is what we ourselves impose upon our capacity to receive. I doubt if the two motives, the desire to give and the desire to receive, can ever be wholly divorced. In any spiritual undertaking, they are, and must be, but different facets of one and the same motive; for in the things of the spirit the distinction between them disappears. We receive from the Movement as we give to it; and more than that, we give to the Movement as we receive from it. The Theosophical Society has something to offer to all, and all can serve it. Does it seem strange that those who only seek to take, if they honestly use what they take, are those who also give? If the gift were a physical one, if it were a thing of the outer world, where to give means that one no longer has, where to use means to lessen, the paradox would indeed be a contradiction; but in the spiritual world quite the reverse is true. "As one lamp lights another nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness." As we take of nobility, nobility is increased. As we take of any spiritual value, to the extent that we respond to it, to that extent we increase it. It is a flame which grows as it is given fuel; spreads

as it is imparted to others. All that receives it, augments it. It is so in the Society. The more any member can take of what it offers, the more he gives,—provided only that he is sincere, so that, having taken anything as his own, he is thereafter true to it, true to his own truth. The motto of the Society stands there as a beacon-light to show us this. "There is no religion higher than truth." Truth: we seek it, we take it, each in our own measure and in our own kind. The truth of one is not and cannot be the same as the truth of another,—nor can the duty and responsibility that that truth entails. Neither the gifts received from the Society, nor the services rendered to the Society, can be the same for different members. Each must take for himself, must give for himself; and that which he receives and gives is alike unique. But he gives as he is true to the truth that he finds.

Theosophy, as we have said again and again, is not an intellectual dogma, nor a collection of dogmas. It is not, where we can know it, a single thing; for its unity transcends the mind's reach. It is that universal Divine Wisdom, the wisdom of the divine world, which is synonymous with Truth, and so shuts out nothing that is true. In whatever of truth anyone can find here, he is finding Theosophy; and when he is true to that fragment which he finds, to that extent he is true to Theosophy. Therefore to serve we must learn to take, and to take we must learn to serve; for if we do not put into practice the truths we perceive, we never can hold them. Only by living them can we make them our own and build them into the fabric of our being.

If this be understood, what I wish further to say will not be misunderstood. It will be clear that I am in no way forgetting our free and open platform, nor the fact that we recognize that the duty of one is not the duty of another.

Our open platform is an *open* platform, not an *empty* platform. It is open, so that all can bring to it their gifts of truth; but because of the gifts thus made to it, it is more than an open platform,—it is an open treasure-house, and the richness of the treasure it contains is beyond all estimate. Whatsoever a man may seek of the Spirit, he may find here; for here is the open door to the stored spiritual wisdom of mankind, the harvest of the spiritual experience of the human race. Those of us who have been longest in the Society and have received most from it, have the most overwhelming reason to believe the statement of its founders,—that its open platform was established at the bidding of the great Masters of Wisdom, and that these Masters laid upon it, as their contribution, the teachings of Theosophy. Once again I must point out that membership in the Society implies no obligation to accept this belief of its origin, nor to accept the teachings of Theosophy. Every member is free to believe or disbelieve as he will; but the Society is here, and Theosophy is here; and those who founded the one, brought to it the other. As they asked for the truths of others, so they gave of their own. They laid on that open platform the treasure of Theosophy, the restatement of the teaching of that "small old path that leads to the Eternal". They rephrased that teaching, for us, in terms that we, of our own time, could understand, and showed us how, once clearly seen, it could be recognized at the heart of all religions.

Many others have made other gifts. Were this not so, were the giving not continuous, the Society must long since have passed away. Each of us brings his own gift,—his view of truth, and what he is, be it wise or be it foolish. Here we find the gifts the world has given,—and they have been great: the world's experience, the world's knowledge; its latest scientific theories and fashions; its fads and fancies and common sense; its criticisms, sound and unsound; its unstable oscillations between hostility and respect; but here, above all, is the contribution from the great Lodge of Masters, and it is this which has made our Society, and makes it to-day, unique. We can find other open platforms,—or at least what are alleged to be such. We can find hundreds of societies where philosophy and science are brought together and discussed; and thousands of churches where theology is rephrased and reinterpreted in the most modern of modern terms. There are endless facilities offered to earnest students—whether in religion, philosophy or science—to aid them to gratify their curiosity or interest, and which they may use to learn of other beliefs or to penetrate more deeply into their own; but only in our own Society do we find, clearly ringing, the ancient note that has been struck anew,—the teaching of the ancient wisdom that leads to immortal life. Nowhere else is there the same clear

recognition, the same sure knowledge of the crowning fact of evolution,—the existence of the great Lodge of Masters, and of the spiritual hierarchy that stretches without break from man to the Supreme.

If the Society is to continue to be in the future what it has been in the past, if we are to be true to the responsibility with which we are entrusted and which we have met here to-day to try to fulfil, we must keep alive this gift which the Masters originally gave to us: the knowledge of their existence, of their teaching, and of the Path that leads to them. Such knowledge can live only as it is lived. This is not a service, therefore, that we can expect all members to be willing, or able, to give. It cannot be rendered by the visitors whose curiosity draws them within our doors, though they render us other services that we have learned to value greatly. It is a gift that can be made only by a certain class of members: and so I want to speak to that class: to those who are already disciples of the Masters' teaching, and who are striving to become, and to be, their personal chêlas. As in all of our Branch meetings, and in the pages of the QUARTERLY, we strive to meet the general need, and to talk the language of those whom we address, so perhaps it is fitting that at this one meeting of the year, when we come together to consider the best interests of the Cause we love, I should speak my own language and address myself directly to a certain class of my comrades. I feel it is the more fitting, since, if by any means this special class may be aided to fulfil the function that it alone can fulfil, then all other members will be aided too; for through the special contribution that only the few can make, the contributions of the many are quickened and vitalized, and become far more valuable and effective than they could otherwise be. I ask permission, therefore, to speak directly—and, in a certain sense, exclusively—to those who recognize themselves not only as students, but as disciples, of Theosophy, and who are aspiring to be more,—striving to follow the Path which Theosophy points out, and so to turn their faith into knowledge, reaching to communion with, and the service of, the great Lodge of Masters. Ultimately, the success or failure of any movement depends upon the success or failure of its disciples; so ultimately it must rest upon these to carry forward the life of our Movement, and to preserve the Society in the future as it has been in the past.

I think that even the newest member, even the most superficial student of Theosophy, will have recognized that what has drawn and helped him most is the presence here, within our Movement, of first-hand knowledge of spiritual things, of spiritual truth and life. It is not mere theory that he finds; not mere mental speculation, nor even the mere repetition of what we have been taught. There is in the Society a verified faith, a teaching that has been proved through personal experience, and so passed from faith to first-hand knowledge. It is this which has been the strength and real life of the Movement from its inception. No one could come in contact with H. P. B. or Judge without feeling that they spoke as those "having authority", who knew whereof they spoke. And from that time to this, such first-hand knowledge of the inner life has lived among us. It is this fact which constituted, in reality, the survival of the Movement over the turn of the cycle. In past centuries that knowledge has passed from the midst of the world with the close of the first twenty-five-year cycle in which it was given and gained. Here, we know that it did not, but that, remaining within The Theosophical Society, there remained within the world first-hand knowledge of the Lodge of Masters and of their work for men; and all our faith and aspiration have been quickened and sustained by it. We have been helped as first-hand knowledge always helps, helped more than we recognize or realize.

For twenty-nine years we have had that knowledge in our midst through a cyclic period when, in the past, the world has never had it. We have had twenty-nine years of such support as we were really not entitled to. The doorway has been kept open for us so much longer than we could have expected, that we must perforce look forward and ask ourselves how it will be with us when it closes; or how we ourselves may learn to do what has so far been done for us, and, gaining first-hand knowledge of our own, hold the door still open, both for ourselves and for those who come after us. For though the Theosophical Movement is itself eternal, though it moves from generation to generation, from century to century, through the whole of human history, in such a sweep that the hundred year cycle, with which we are now concerned, is seen

as but a day and a night in eternity,—it can manifest and act in the outer world only as there are those, in that world, who respond to it; and the human elements, which thus enter into it and carry it forward here, are not eternal. Their true life, yes, is eternal—the life of the soul and of the spirit; but incarnation comes and goes. Their presence with us in the outer world cannot be continuous, and the period between birth and death is brief. In the ocean waves, that troop in endless sequence from horizon to horizon, each drop of water can move but a little way, its part fulfilled if it pass on its motion to another. Therefore the knowledge which was given in the beginning, and which has quickened and deepened as the Movement progressed, that first-hand knowledge which we have always had amongst us, can only remain ours as it is gained by those who have not yet gained it. Those who now have it, who gained and have held it through these years, cannot remain with us always. They must pass on. Then, we ask ourselves, how will it be with us? and the answer must depend upon the success or failure of that special class of members, whom I directly address, who are now aspiring to discipleship and putting their faith to the test of action, that it may be transmuted into knowledge. There is no reason whatsoever why all who so aspire should not gain the knowledge that they seek, provided only that their aspiration be whole-hearted and complete in its self-giving, holding nothing back; not haggling over the price that must be paid in self-surrender, but eagerly offering all. There is no reason whatsoever why the Society should not continue to have what it has always had; nor why, having gone so far, it should not go all the way until the new outgiving from the Lodge. It is possible. Knowledge exists and is obtainable. Discipleship is a present-day possibility and fact. Nothing less than its full attainment should be our aim. Nothing less can meet the need. It may be that we shall fail. It may be that those who have reached that goal may die before we reach it; but let us not fail by reason of not trying,—by setting our aim too low.

I speak to those who seek knowledge; not to those who have it: and in seeking it, I ask that you should remember that it is there, that it is attainable. I ask that you should hold your faith firm that it is there, to be gained, and to be gained by you. Believe in it; and have the courage and the firmness to act upon your belief. It was by such faith as this that it was first gained by our predecessors. It is by such faith that it can now be gained by us; for such faith invokes knowledge, invokes power and invokes life.

We do not always recognize that our finite, human life, lived between the infinitudes that lie above and below, lives solely as it draws from these. These upper and nether worlds are symbolized for us in the constellations of the heavens and in the atoms of matter,—in the infinitely great and in the infinitely small. Each of these worlds is self-moving. In each is the law of radiant self-giving, radiant activity. But in the finite world between, the world of inert, material bodies, there is another and different law—the law of inertia—which expresses the fact that such bodies change their state of rest or motion, not of themselves, but only as they are acted upon by external forces. It is the difference between a dead and a living thing; and as we look honestly at our personal lives, we see how large a part of them obeys the law of death rather than of life. There is only one way to change this, and that is to evoke, from what is living, the power to quicken what is dead. We must evoke, from the radiant infinitudes above us, the life that will enable us really to live. We must open ourselves to it, and draw it into us, incarnating it in thought and act and being, so that it becomes our own, and we, too, become self-moving and self-radiant in the radiance of the spirit. We have that power of evocation and invocation, for it is the power of faith,—faith firmly held and lived. We do not know what the future may hold for us, nor whether our faith may always have the support that the presence of knowledge beside it, lends. If that support be withdrawn, our task must be harder; but, even so, it is wholly possible for us to do what our predecessors did, and, in doing, showed us how to do. In spite of darkness and denial, in spite of weakness and ignorance, through trial and struggle, we can hold fast to the faith that is ours, and, basing our lives upon it, invoke its realization, and so transform it into knowledge.

Looking forward to the future, and thinking of what must be required for the wise guidance of the Society, it seems to me that there may be no more important qualification for success than that we should learn to distinguish clearly between that in which we have faith and that of

which we have knowledge; for though, as I have been insisting, faith brings knowledge if we be true to it, it is not itself knowledge. Only as the distinction between what we know and what we believe, is held clear in our own minds, shall we be able to exercise either of the two great powers that we need to exercise: the power of knowledge and the power of faith. If we become confused here, the confusion will spread to all our thinking and to all we do; and, in misleading ourselves, we must run grave risk of misleading others, passing on to them, instead of the truth with which we have been entrusted, such half-truths as may be the worst of lies. On the one hand, if we begin to think we know, where we do not know, the transforming power, which we now believe true knowledge should bring, will not be verified in our experience, and little by little we shall lose our faith in it. We shall cease to search for what we believe we have; cease to struggle upward, if we think we are already on the heights. We shall thus constantly be tempted to lower our ideal and to lose our faith in the existence of what lies beyond. We shall be tempted to think that the intuitions, the flashes of light and inspiration, of insight and guidance, which come to all of us upon our road, are the goal of the road itself,—the pure, unflickering flame of wisdom, rising from the first-hand knowledge we are striving to attain. On the other hand, if we confuse faith and knowledge, we are more than likely to lose sight and hold of what we do actually know, and so not make the use of it that we should, but be like men who starve, forgetful of the emergency ration they carry with them.

Hold the ideal of chêlaship high. The very greatest heights to which our imaginations can rise are lower than the reality, less than the truth. There is possible a face-to-face communion, a direct knowledge, a close and clear and conscious sharing of life, of thought and feeling, of will and purpose, between man, the servant and the son, and his Master, his lord and his father, that is greater than any we can conceive; for it transcends in intimacy and closeness all those human relationships by which we seek to illustrate it, and that are all we have by which to guide our conceptions. Believe this; and never let your ideals sink beneath it. Never be content with any lower aim, nor rest in any lesser goal. Press on to that, to the highest you can conceive.

But on the other hand, knowing that you have not gained this goal, recognize what you have gained,—what you have and already are. We have received great gifts. Do not let us forget and neglect them, and thus render them impotent, in our search for something higher; for that higher is, in truth, contained in what we already have, and only as we recognize and learn to use what we have, can it develop into what we seek. We must treasure and cultivate the seed, if it is to grow into the tree.

Think for a moment,—we, who aspire to chêlaship, who crave to serve, who believe in Theosophy, let us think what we have. We know that there have come to us tidings of the existence of the Masters. We know that we have heard teaching which is said to have come from them. We know that this teaching has given us a view of our own life which is wholly different from the view of the world; that we do not look upon ourselves as limited by a single span between birth and death, but think of ourselves as having shared, through incarnation after incarnation, in the whole history of the human race, slowly growing toward that stature that man is destined to attain. There is no one of us who does not recognize at least something of the profound change that has thus been wrought in him; and this recognition is not a matter of hearsay or of faith; it is first-hand knowledge and direct experience. We are, and we know ourselves to be, other than we were. More than this, having heard of the existence of the Masters, having heard what we believe to be at least an echo of their teaching, and having experienced something of its transforming power, we have found our hearts drawn to them with a passionate, homesick craving, such as some lonely children may feel for their parents and their home. We have felt that the Masters' Cause was our Cause, and that the purpose and meaning of our life lay in loyalty to it and to them. Perhaps we do not know them. It may be only faith that tells us of the existence of what we crave. But we do know that we crave to know them, crave, here and now, and with all we are, to serve them. Our craving is not a matter of faith; it is a matter of knowledge; and of all the knowledge which we have, it is, perhaps, the most important. Let us never forget or overlay it. For it is the will to serve that makes a man a servant and a friend. Those serve who wish to serve; those are servants who so regard

themselves; and in the craving to serve, and the self-recognition that it awakens, there is the germ of such chêlaship as may lead to heights beyond our utmost vision.

I should like to make this clearer than I have made it. We may be faithless servants, ignorant servants, altogether unprofitable servants, doing more harm than good; but servants we are, if we wish to be. To give yourself wholly and completely to any cause, makes you there and then, and just as you are, the servant of that cause. You may not be in the least fit to serve it, and a bad servant may do incalculable harm; but nevertheless from the moment you give yourself to it you become its servant, and must strive to promote whatever you believe to be its interests, and to hold back what you think will work it harm. What you may be able to do will depend upon your opportunities and circumstances; but what you *are*, depends only upon what is within yourself, upon your own will and desire. Let us think of the Frenchmen or Englishmen, living all over the world during the great War. Some were able to go home and to enlist; but others were not, and many of those who remained where they were, rendered far more valuable service than they could have done had they returned. For the great War was fought not only in the front line trenches but in the public opinion and moral sense of the whole world, and there was not a country in the world which did not, in some way or another, contribute to it and affect its fortunes. Therefore, wherever Frenchmen were, there the War was also. To whatever extent they loved and wished to serve their country, they were its servants, wise or foolish, profitable or unprofitable. Did it matter where they lived? That did not alter what they were; it only determined the nature of their opportunity and of their service. They were Frenchmen if they felt themselves to be such. They may have received no orders from Foch or from the government. Nevertheless they were Frenchmen. They served as they could serve. So it is with us. Wherever we live, whatever our duties, however limited our opportunities may appear, we are the servants of Theosophy and of the Masters if we wish to be their servants,—if we feel and recognize ourselves as such. If our hearts be given to Theosophy and its truths, to the realities of the spiritual world and to the love of them, to the desire to further the great spiritual principles for which Masters themselves labour, if we love the Masters and would have their will prevail,—then the only limit upon our opportunity to serve is the extent to which we have learned really to understand Theosophy and what its interests require; really to enter into and to share the Masters' will. Let us not forget, therefore, what we already are and have, nor neglect to use these while striving to gain more so that we may give more. As I said, we may be very foolish servants, very unprofitable servants, but servants we are if we wish to be; and living as such, and knowing how much greater and higher service it is possible to render, how much more needs to be done than we are as yet able to do,—believing in the heights to which we have not yet attained, we can press forward to them.

I have sought to speak to that class of my fellow members who are striving to make to the Theosophical Movement a gift that only they can make. The world cannot make it. It is a gift to the Movement and a gift to the world, not a gift that can be drawn from the world. That is the final thing that I would say to those who seek to make that contribution; who, by being true to the truth which they have found in Theosophy, seek to give it to others and to make it effective in the world:—remember that this gift cannot be drawn from the world; remember that it must be drawn from above the world, so that to make it you must turn your back upon the world. It is something that must act upon the world; not something that is or can be produced by the world's action. Therefore we must fasten this truth upon our minds and wills, that, if we would be true to Theosophy and the Masters' Cause, we shall have to stand constantly against the full pressure of the world and of its tides. The world swings back and forth like a great pendulum, from one extreme to the other. Its fashions change from superstitious credulity to materialistic denial, from democracy to autocracy, from this to that; and the great Lodge, who strive to guard and guide it, seek to check that swing. So we, who would serve the Masters, must press always to the middle path, against the swing and movement of the world. When the world presses to the left, we must press to the right; when the world is to the right, we must be to the left. Our faces must be set against the world's wisdom, against the world's policy, against the world's standards and the

world's aims, in fidelity to the standards, the truth and the Cause of the Masters of Eternal Wisdom.

Following this address, to complete the permanent organization of the Convention, Miss Perkins was duly elected Permanent Secretary, and Miss Chickering Assistant Secretary. It was then moved, seconded and voted that the Chair should appoint the usual standing committees, and the following appointments were announced:

Committee on Nominations

MR. CHARLES JOHNSTON, *Chairman*
MR. K. D. PERKINS
MISS MARGARET D. HOHNSTEDT

Committee on Resolutions

MR. E. T. HARGROVE, *Chairman*
Mr. J. F. B. MITCHELL
Mr. A. J. HARRIS

Committee on Letters of Greeting

DR. ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, *Chairman*
DR. C. C. CLARK
DR. J. H. HOHNSTEDT

The report of the Executive Committee was then called for, Mr. Johnston, as Chairman, being the first to speak.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. JOHNSTON: The Executive Committee, as many of us know (but I think it will be wise to remind ourselves), is not appointed from year to year. It contains six members, two of whom are elected each year, with a seventh, the Treasurer of the Society, who is elected every year. The purpose of that plan was and is that a majority of the Executive Committee shall be permanently in session, that there shall be no break in continuity, no lapse even for a moment, from Convention to Convention. Were there such a lapse, it would be a dangerous situation. Therefore the Executive Committee, as to its majority, is perpetually in office. This means that it must bind together the past and the future. Therefore it is a definite duty of the Executive Committee to look backward in order to gain experience, and to look forward with what inspiration it may command, to plan for the future,—to look backward for the lessons of experience, to look forward for the problems and difficulties of the future.

In so far as I personally am able to carry out that function of looking backward and forward, therefore, it has seemed to me wise to stress certain things, and in order to do that, to draw attention to certain things. When Madame Blavatsky wrote *Isis Unveiled*, she directed an attack against errors in theology and errors in science. That was in 1876 and 1877. Since that time, there has been a tremendous alteration in balance between these two great powers. Theology, or the embattled conservatism of theology, has steadily waned. Science has increased and inherited the earth (though perhaps not for its meekness!), but it is a very shallow and one-sided and unbalanced science, for it is not theosophical science. There are two great fields at the present moment: biological and physical science—that which has to do with atoms and that which has to do with living cells. The physical sciences have become not spiritual but immaterial, a most important distinction. We were fortunate in hearing a very able and sustained exposition of physical science at the New York Branch recently, when it was clearly brought out that physical science is becoming, not so much like the air of the mountains, but like the air fifty miles above the mountains, which it is impossible to breathe and which cannot possibly sustain life. Eddington described a human being as a complex differential equation. He said it is impossible to consider divine life if you consider divinity as represented by such an equation. Therefore our physical sciences are running off on a parabola, or hyperbola, a curve which does not come back. They are going, and heaven knows where they will go, but there is no life in them for the human heart.

Our biological sciences, on the other hand, have become amazingly solid and are becoming in

certain aspects very crudely materialistic. I was reading the other day a discussion of Christianity in one of the best known scientific periodicals; and the conclusion was that Christianity is not only worthless but dangerous, because it is anti-biological. Christianity teaches among other things that we must aspire and must check the unbridled laxity of our lower natures. It is a religion of purity and asceticism, and purity and asceticism are anti-biological. They teach this openly and without disguise, and this is what is being taught in our colleges. They say to classes in biology, "Please park your soul outside the door; by no means check the impulses of your lower nature." The truth is that the lower nature of the human being is the most morbid thing in the whole field of biology, and what it needs, as a beginning, is to be trimmed down to biological truth.

That is really the problem that we, that Theosophy has to face. There is only one cure, and that is that we should really master theosophical science. Its presence in our hearts and minds, and its presence in the world, in virtue of the potency of spiritual law, will act as an antiseptic to this dangerous teaching. We must not be content with a devotional Theosophy alone, not with a Theosophy of the heart alone. These things are indispensable and we cannot live without them, but of themselves they are not enough. We need now, more than ever, theosophical science, a thorough mastery from the beginning, of the science of Theosophy; because the danger now is, not from theology, but from science, and no cure will serve but theosophical science.

So I would simply add to what our Chairman has been saying: let us among other things direct our effort in the definite channel, really to exercise our powers (and for the most part, we underestimate our powers), and let us make a resolute effort to conquer what is called in Sanskrit, *laziness*. We must use our intellects to master the science of Theosophy, so that it will gleam and glow in us, and in the inner lining of this outer world, forming a beacon light in this "scientific" age. This is what I can contribute and I hope my colleagues will generously supplement it.

Mr. Hargrove was then asked, as a member of the Executive Committee, to add to the report of its Chairman.

MR. HARGROVE: Mr. Chairman and Fellow-members: Both as an individual member and on behalf of the Executive Committee, I must of necessity speak first of the immense satisfaction and pleasure that all of us are sharing in this reunion,—this reunion of friends and of interests. We meet together on this large scale only once a year, and see faces that we very, very often think of; and I believe that our pleasure increases year after year as we recognize those, many of whom have been for so long our fellow-travellers. It would be out of the question to name you, one and all, but I do want to name Dr. Keightley. (Applause.) It is not, however, only of members who are present that we are thinking this morning, for there are many who are rejoicing with us, who are not present. Naturally, many of you will think first of those who have attended recent Conventions,—of Colonel Knoff in Norway, of Mr. Box on the West Coast, of Mr. González Jiménez in Venezuela, of Mrs. and Miss Bagnell in England, and of many others. Then there are those whom, from habit, we think of as dead—Mr. Griscom, Mrs. Keightley (Jasper Niemand), Miss Hillard, among them.

We are glad, very glad, to be here, and we are very glad to see you. It has been said in criticism that the members in New York are not sociable. I think that is true; for, using the term "sociable" as criticism uses it, we are *not* sociable. There is, however, an explanation. In the first place, some of us in New York feel as though we lived in a state of war rather than in a state of peace, and I do not believe that on a battle field, when you meet even your dearest friend, you stop to talk about the weather or to exchange the news of the day. I think as a rule, on a battle field, you must be in something of a hurry. In any case, here in New York, the truth of the matter is that we look upon our fellow-members as comrades rather than as incarnated sociabilities, and are perhaps inclined to take it for granted that their minds, like ours, are intent upon "our Father's business".

There is another reason: a few weeks ago, at one of the Branch meetings, a statement of the Buddha was quoted about the cultivation of the iddhis or powers—the powers of the soul.

The Buddha was asked what needed to be done in order to develop these powers. He replied that, among other things, we should learn "to see through things", and that we should be "much alone". In other words, sociability, as ordinarily understood, is really a barrier in the spiritual life. I would remind you incidentally that Apollonius of Tyana maintained silence for five years, not while living in a desert, but while travelling through Asia Minor. At the end, he said it had been terribly difficult because he had so often heard arguments that had annoyed him, and that he wanted to refute! As a result of his own experience, he refused to admit anyone to his Order until they had maintained silence for four years. (Are there any volunteers?)

Perhaps that will explain why, by some people, we are not regarded as sociable. It should be understood, however, that we do not grudge anyone his opportunity to be "sociable", if that be what he wants. Now to be more cheerful!

I am of the opinion that, during the past year, The Theosophical Society as such has made distinct progress, because I believe that our sense of unity has increased,—the sense of a unifying, underlying purpose and consciousness. I think there are members who really live in the strength of that realization, and that there are more of them, perhaps, outside of New York than here, because it is easier away from the centre,—members living at a distance being forced to look for the inner, as they lack daily or weekly contact with the outer, which members in New York are inclined to regard as sufficient. In any case, having the outer, it is fatally easy to assume that something of the inner is possessed also. Yet, in the Society as a whole, I have personally noticed this growing sense of unity, and am thankful for it. Inevitably there must remain some who, instead of enjoying and rejoicing in this common rootage, prefer to remain, let us say, "like flowers in a vase". But that is not a healthy life. It is not a theosophical life. It is an isolated life, and what one and all of us need to do is to increase our sense of a common life and purpose—because by so doing, apart from other considerations, we increase the size and content of our own lives.

An individual all by himself is a very little thing, a very unimportant creature, and he can only gain importance in so far as he merges himself in that which is greater than himself. A Master is one who has merged himself with the Oversoul. He thinks as the Oversoul. We cannot hope to do that, but we can distinctly aspire to think with the soul of The Theosophical Society, and as at one with our fellow-members.

People cut themselves off from this theosophical consciousness in many different ways. There are those who still hunger for the joys of the world. Well, Karma will perhaps stuff them with those joys until they cry, Enough! There are others who are sound asleep. They trudge through life, aware of what is going on in a physical sense as regards themselves, but as yet unable to wake up to the point of realizing that that is not life, and that membership in The Theosophical Society offers them life in superabundance, which they may claim, and with which they may become at one. Everyone present to-day should know something of what that more abundant life means. At a Convention we have first hand experience of a shared theosophical consciousness. Professor Mitchell spoke of the importance of distinguishing between knowledge and faith. We should *know* far more than we do if it were our habit to extract the lessons of our experience. I do not of course mean psychic experience; I mean spiritual experience, and that, as the Convention proceeds, we may share more and more vividly and more consciously this realization of singleness of purpose with something greater and more divine than ourselves. That is experience, and experience beyond price. Further, because of that unity we can do collectively what it may be difficult for us to do individually. We may be lifted up beyond our personal selves, toward the Masters who are responsible to-day, as they always have been, for the life and growth of The Theosophical Society.

What is the next step? Granted that we have a deeper sense of unity, a deeper realization of our existence as parts of an organism; granted that the next thing that we need is more faith in the power which that sense of unity gives us,—what is that power? Some people would define it as the power of united prayer, but there are others—I for one—who would think of it in terms of evocation: that we as an organism, because we have become more and more conscious of our unity, have acquired by that attainment the power of evocation, the power

to evoke not merely fire from heaven, but the power to draw out of the invisible the living form of an ideal, the power to make manifest the wisdom of the everlasting Light, to call out from the unseen and to make real in the world around us, the triumph that our souls desire.

Again, granted that we have that power, how are we to use it? I am speaking of members of The Theosophical Society, and it does not necessarily follow, as the Chairman said, that all members of the Society believe in Masters or in chêlaship or in anything of the kind. Where then can we find a point of common agreement where it seems likely that all of us can unite in a single aspiration, a single desire? As members of The Theosophical Society we are almost pledged to do what we can to serve humanity, and how can we best serve humanity? The needs of humanity are infinite, but it seems to me that there is one need as objective and as obvious as any, and that is the need for God-instructed men to rule the nations.

If you will look at the world around you, whether at America or Europe or Asia, I think you will agree with me that it is a picture of deplorable and dreadful confusion—confusion everywhere. A book like *The Aftermath*, by Winston Spencer Churchill, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer (he is probably above the average of politicians), shows clearly that not only during the war itself, but during the years following the war, the state of confusion, of chaos, as between the nations and in the minds of the statesmen supposed to be guiding the nations, was almost inconceivable. Its author says in extenuation that because "modern forces are so ponderous and individual leaders relatively so small", confusion was inevitable. He implies that the problems with which statesmen were confronted could not have been solved by mere human cleverness; but that proves my thesis, that more than human cleverness is needed, and that superhuman wisdom made manifest through God-instructed men can alone solve the world's difficulties, and is that which we should determine to evoke, that it may rule and guide the nations.

There is no time this morning to give you illustrations of the mistakes that were made. Turkey, for instance, thoroughly defeated, was ready to do anything she was told to do, but matters were allowed just to drift, drift, as a result of which tens of thousands of women and children were murdered—Armenians and Greeks; and finally that thoroughly defeated nation got practically everything she wanted out of the Allied powers. But it was not only in external affairs. It was in internal affairs also. For instance, during the war and since, very little has been said about the conduct of the munition workers in England, because none of the politicians has been willing to come forward and tell the truth. Winston Churchill, therefore, at least shows courage when he says in his book that "nearly every manifestation of discontent on the part of the munition workers had in the end been met by increases of wages"; and he puts into the mouth of these workers the words, "Let 'em have it and let's get the stuff." Even during the war, with their brothers laying down their lives at the front, those men were thinking what they could get out of it and said so; and what was their reward—more wages, just to keep them quiet! Was that statesmanship? Was it the result of wisdom on the part of those who governed, or was it moral cowardice? The same kind of thing—lack of principle—is just as evident in this country. Every time we read the morning paper we should see more and more clearly that human cleverness is not sufficient; that humanity has got itself into such a snarl as the result of its own folly and ignorance, and by the assertion of its so-called rights, that it will take superhuman wisdom to rescue it from the consequences.

Yet what can we do about it practically? It is a problem, and as usual, the way to solve the problem is to ask ourselves first, what is the ideal solution, and then what is the next step toward the attainment of that ideal. Most of us would agree, I believe, that when it comes to the ideal solution, the ultimate solution, there is only one, and that is to revert to the system which existed thousands of years ago in the rule of the Adept Kings. That may seem very remote, and doubtless *is* very remote, because the world must earn Adept Kings before it will get them, and the world is in no mood at present to do anything of the kind. Mr. Churchill, I imagine, would consider the whole idea preposterous; yet, if one were speaking to a man like Mr. Churchill, one would wish to ask him what has become of the great souls of the past—where are they—have they disappeared into nothingness? Where is Buddha? Where is Pythagoras, where Shankaracharya, Zoroaster, Christ, Apollonius, Plato if you choose? Where

are all those wise men (some of them doubtless wiser than others)—is it conceivable that they have been snuffed out of existence? Well, it is not conceivable to us. More than one of them declared that they could not be snuffed out of existence, and most of them demonstrated, after having seemed to die, that they were more alive than ever. Adepts exist; Masters exist; and we can at least pray for the day when they will not only govern the nations, but govern us,—although neither one thing nor the other will ever happen until we desire it from the feet up.

So much for the ultimate ideal. What is the next step? Am I suggesting, for instance, that the United States of America should be turned into a monarchy? All I can say is, Heaven defend us—things are bad enough as they are. It is fortunately impossible even to think of a King Walker. None the less, give us God-instructed men, rather than "business experts" or mere politicians and vote-getters. Practically, we must deal with things as we find them, trying, however, not only in the sphere of government but with everything with which we are in contact, "to make this and that more divine". Such is the mission of a member of The Theosophical Society. You may call it, if you choose, transmutation—beginning with the transmutation of our own natures: to take that which is commonplace, and to look through it, as Buddha said, and to see in that commonplace the divinely romantic; to take that which is base and to transform it into that which is radiant with divinity; to take all things as we find them, as they are, and to realize that the Masters stand behind us, ready to aid, ready to do this thing through us, if we will only open the way for them,—to transmute, to transform, to re-create (because they are the great creators). Beginning, as I say, with ourselves, with that which is worst in us, we must transform that; and then in the world around us, we may transform that, and so come to realize that that is our mission; wherever we go and with whatever we come in contact, to feel that with the help of the invisible we necessarily have the power to make this thing and that more noble, to bring it more into tune with the heart and will of Masters themselves. The same thing applies to the government of nations. To lift up one's heart and to cry out to heaven that that which we see in the world around us is intolerable! Then, if we keep our objective before us, realizing that we—if only because of our membership in The Theosophical Society, and supposing we do not possess that power as individuals—realizing that we have the opportunity to unite with our brethren, and with them to call forth from the unseen that which is already there and which is divine and to make that visible to all because of our own faith in it, because of our own conviction, having acquired the power because of what we have done in and on and against ourselves,—then, little by little, The Theosophical Society will fulfil its mission—not all of it, but part of it—and the Masters will be content.

What is the basic cause of the world's trouble? It is that men have ceased to look upon life in terms of spiritual value. The whole of modern civilization is based upon the assertion of man's rights: a right to happiness, a right to life, a right to comfort, a right to his pleasures, whatever he may think of as his pleasures. The truth of the matter is that man has no right whatsoever to anything, and that he has not even begun to live so long as his mind and heart are full of clamour for what is inherently non-existent. Do we realize that if a man stands on his rights, he has in fact dug himself in, has ceased to move, has become a mollusc? We have no rights. We have duties, duties and opportunities; not rights. The right to a vote! What right has any man to a vote? On what is it based? I will go further than that—if he could prove his right, he would be a fool to claim it. Is he fit, is he able, so much as to govern himself? You will remember the words of the *Gîta*, uttered by Krishna: "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." Trusting to themselves and heeding not: strange that most people think they are perfectly able to govern themselves,—to govern the universe for that matter. They have not learned that they are fools, and there is no beginning of growth or of wisdom until a man discovers that. It is the first step toward a new life. On what else can we stand, unless it be on some realization of our own insufficiency? With that grace from on high, we have a chance: a chance to tie our own hands in some directions, and to ask our fellows to do it for us if we cannot do it for ourselves; and then to seek for Wisdom somewhere beyond ourselves.

What do the nations need? To find wisdom somewhere, greater than their own. Winston Churchill might be puzzled. He probably believes, as Einstein believes, in a God, but "in a God who does not concern Himself with the fates and actions of human beings". The faith of the average, so-called Christian amounts to little more, though he would add Christ as God's embodiment. Full of respect for deity, it is probable that Winston Churchill, if one were to suggest that Christ might have been of some small assistance at the Peace Conference, would look at you with shocked surprise—"Christ is God: a Peace Conference is a rough and tumble affair!" It would seem blasphemous that divinity could have anything to do with a Peace Conference. Further, Christ, being divine, was not "practical". My answer to that would be that Christ knew a hypocrite when he saw one, which is more than can be said of Winston Churchill. In his book he undertakes to dream a dream of what might have happened if the leading statesmen had been wiser. He suggests that everything would have been all right if Clemenceau, considering the terms of peace, had said to himself, "Now is the appointed time for making friends with Germany, and ending the quarrel of so many centuries. We, the weaker, have got them down; we, the conquerors, will lift them up."

Christ, on the same principle, might have said, "Now is the time for making friends with the Scribes and Pharisees", and he might have taken them to himself and blessed them. He did not do anything of the kind, because he was wise, because he "saw through things". If he had been at the Peace Conference, is it not likely that he would have said, "Ye fools and blind", these men do not want peace and it is impossible to make peace with them! —A man must be a fool indeed, if he does not realize that Germany to-day is simply preparing the way for repudiating ultimately all of her obligations to the Allied nations. Germany is just waiting her chance, preparing for her next war. Of course, we are not the only people who see that. When all is said and done, The Theosophical Society does not monopolize the common sense of the world, and there are plenty of others who know that Germany is preparing for her next onslaught. It may not come in five years. It may not come in ten. But she is preparing for it, and Winston Churchill and those other of the world's statesmen who would have thought it ridiculous to appeal to Christ, or to any really spiritual person, for light in matters of world politics,—were either blind or wanted to be blind, I do not know which. But we who are here this morning, believing in Masters, knowing something about Masters, more or less as the case may be,—we at least know that Masters understand, that they see through things; and not only through things but through time: see, through the present, that which is in the future; see, through the past, that which is in the present. It is from them alone that the world ultimately can get the wisdom that it needs, the guidance that it lacks. Yet, we cannot convert the world to a belief in Masters—not in a day, not in a year, not in a century. Maybe, however, we can convert the world to a belief in the folly of its own procedure. We can, it may be, point out the fallacy of basing a civilization upon rights which do not exist. All the great minds of the nineteenth century—Carlyle, Arnold, Emerson, Ruskin—all foresaw the dangers toward which the world was heading, and warned us over and over again that the result of basing progress upon rights, must end in disaster. Very few listened to them, and we, as students of Theosophy, have learned that there is no power in preaching except in so far as words spring magically from the crucible of deeds. That is to say, we must live this thing from hour to hour in our own lives; must make our lives a working model of what we wish to see externalized in the world around us,—if we would hope to compel results. Are any of us still clinging to our rights? We must throw them away. In their place we must put the right performance of our duties, which are, in truth, our God-given opportunities. Yes, life, if it is to be worth living, must be based upon reverence, obedience, self-sacrifice, and upon devotion to the tasks of our individual environment and station. The hierarchical principle governs all things, whether the world likes it or not, and there are those who are wiser than we are, thank heaven! On the other hand, there are those who know less than we do. So we are given the opportunity to serve one another, according to our kind and degree,—not a "right" to serve, be it clearly understood; for if people at any time have assumed the right to serve you, you will know what a terrible experience it may be!

Mr. Johnston said that devotion is not enough; that we must master the science

of Theosophy. Of course that is true, and I am glad he said it; but anything that anybody says may be misunderstood, and I hope that no one will imagine that to "master the science of Theosophy" means no more than familiarity with the books, and then "pitter-patter" based on their contents. What we must do, if we are to understand, is to take hold of these thoughts, these facts, and then to live them, to work them into our wills, our daily lives, and so find out what it is all about. It is chatter about Reincarnation, Karma, and so forth, that has made people sick to death of the truth itself. In spite of our deficiencies and defects, if we can take one simple truth out of this great collection of truths that Theosophy is—the simplest truth of all, whatever it may be,—for instance, that silence is golden—and try to live that thing, then we shall be helping the world, shall be helping our friends, shall be doing something for The Theosophical Society, for the Masters,—and something real. And Masters will take that small gift of ours and make it of infinite value. They are creators, and the smallest gift from us is their opportunity; while, the smaller the gift, the happier we should be, because then we shall know that we are not deceiving ourselves with the idea of making a big gift, a valuable contribution!

Trying to do that sort of thing—remembering always that from books we can get at best the outside of a truth, and that we cannot get to the inside until we have worked it into the substance of our lives—we shall accumulate the power to join in this great chorus of evocation, welling up from the heart of The Theosophical Society, crying as some of the great prophets of the past have cried on behalf of their people: We are in darkness, we have sinned, we have claimed rights that were not ours, we have forgotten that life should be based on obedience to duty, we have worked ourselves and our affairs and our governments into a dreadful confusion—kind heaven deliver us!

It was moved, seconded and carried unanimously that the Report of the Executive Committee be accepted with the thanks of the Convention. The Report of the Secretary T.S. was then called for.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T.S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 26th, 1929.

MISS I. E. PERKINS: I have the honour to submit the following Report:—

Branch Activities

Annual Reports have been received from all our Branches, and have been read with keen interest and deep appreciation. Much effective work is being done—most of it very quietly. All appear to be seeking the same end,—the extension and deepening of the influence of the Society, not through a multitude of new adherents and new activities, but through the changed hearts and lives of its members. They recognize that attainment, by self-conquest, is the surest method of forming a magnet powerful enough to draw the hearts of men toward the inner world—and in that aim they unite their efforts. The *methods* of the Branches show great diversity: one, for example, conducts its work entirely by correspondence, undismayed by the inability of its members to assemble for meetings; another admits no new members unless they are able to attend Branch meetings regularly; and doubtless both methods are suited admirably to local conditions. Equal diversity is manifest in the way our Branches abroad utilize the reports of the New York Branch meetings which have been mailed to them, as heretofore. All have expressed appreciative gratitude for this provision by which, as one phrased it, they can "keep step" with the thought and aspiration of their comrades in New York. Those who gladly undertake the work of preparing these reports may be assured that their usefulness abundantly justifies the labour involved. One of the most gratifying items in certain Branch reports is reference to the special meeting they are accustomed to hold, every year, on the day of Convention, for the purpose of entering into the spirit of the gathering here, and of contributing to our deliberations such light and support as have been given to them. All are represented here, either by delegates or by proxies; and it is clear that they regard their proxies as their special line of communication from and to the Convention, expecting to be brought close through them.

The Theosophical Quarterly

Every member of the T.S. delights in our magazine, and blesses Mr. Griscom for founding it. It is unique in that it is the embodiment of a single purpose, the outer expression of a vivid inner life. To Editors and contributors, we owe an enormous debt of gratitude for the help we have received.

Much has been done this year to increase the distribution of the magazine among the libraries; most of those in representative American communities are included, and members who travel this summer are urged to visit libraries wherever they may go. If they discover any to which the QUARTERLY ought to be sent, the magazine office would welcome information, and could arrange for a free subscription through the assistance of the library committee appointed several years ago. Recently its activities have been extended to libraries abroad, and the current issues may now be found in the great continental universities and in the leading libraries of many countries. Not long ago, a number of foreign librarians received a sample copy of Volume XXVI, No. 3, and in accepting the proffered subscription, not a few of them suggested that the two preceding numbers of the volume would be a most acceptable gift.

For a few libraries, here and abroad, there is a special edition printed on "all-rag" paper, corresponding to that used by the *New York Times* in its so-called "imperishable" edition. This is the gift of a New York member who, not content that the future usefulness of the QUARTERLY should be limited by the short life of modern printing paper, conceived the happy idea of perpetuating it, through copies specially printed for a few widely scattered libraries and individuals. His hope is that, in the years and centuries to come, those copies may point out the Way to seekers for light. The need to cultivate a sixth sense for real things, was suggested by the recent receipt of a couple of early volumes of H. P. B.'s first magazine, *The Theosophist:* great beings had given their interest to its policy, and she had made enormous sacrifices to earn money to pay the printer—those copies might well call forth reverence from us. But what if each one had come to us when first issued, unheralded and not labelled—should we have caught the message and made glad response? How many, to-day, really appreciate the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY?

Something was said last year about a subject index for the 25 volumes of the QUARTERLY, now 26,—that index is still in the land of dreams, and probably will have to be left there, for newer members to undertake when their turn comes.

It will interest you to know that the magazine and its distinctive point of view are commanding attention from certain leaders in the world of thought or action, whenever the QUARTERLY discussions touch upon their particular domain,—for, with little or no interest in Theosophy as such, they are much too alert to fail to appreciate the plane from which the QUARTERLY views their own work and interests.

The Book Department

More book orders have come from the general public than from our own members, most of whom must already be provided with the books we have to offer. A very modest travelling library has been assembled, in response to demand. It contains books that help an inquirer to discover what Theosophy is, and also the issues of the QUARTERLY in which Mr. Griscom's "Elementary Articles" were published. Single books are mailed on request—the only stipulation being their return within a reasonable time, and the payment of postage. Members are invited to draw upon this library when they wish to put books into the hands of interested outsiders. There is also a fund from which our books may be sent to libraries, as a donation; and it is hoped that Branches and members-at-large will notify the Secretary of libraries near them where books on Theosophy would be useful and acceptable,—they will then know where to send inquirers for books to answer their questions and meet their need.

Acknowledgments

Valuable assistance in certain departments has already been spoken of, but at least mention must be made of others: first, there is the member who has repeated the very generous donation of previous years, paying the salary of a stenographer in the Secretary's office, the only non-member connected with the work there, the only one who receives pay for services rendered.

Then there is the "emergency committee", in several divisions. One of these is prepared to burn the candle early or late, when there is typewriting to be done in haste; another is expert in preparing books for mailing. There are three proof-readers whose work for the QUARTERLY deserves our gratitude; their watchword is, Accuracy always, rapidity in case of need. Occasionally an issue will be delayed for a day or two by the breakdown of a big printing-press or a huge folding machine—but never has there been delay because our trio of readers could not complete their work. One of these is the Assistant Secretary, who also takes notes of the addresses at the New York Branch meetings. In this reporting, a more recent member is now assisting most acceptably.

Dear Mrs. Gregg used to end her reports with thanks to her "brother-officers". Perhaps if I venture to speak of my constant indebtedness to the members of the Executive Committee and its advisers, the terms will be sufficiently impersonal so that I might add this: few can know or even surmise the extent to which the older members stand ready to assist those who need help and want it enough to ask for it. Their counsel may always be had, if the most obscure member make an unusual request of the Secretary, or ask questions showing a troubled heart. It is their wise guidance that foresees and forestalls complications; that opens doors of fresh opportunity for us all; that instils reverence for humanity, and a passionate desire to serve the Cause of Masters who have staked so much for the ultimate redemption of mankind.

Respectfully submitted,

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

After certain announcements by the Chairman, the Convention was adjourned until 2.30 P.M.

Afternoon Session

The Convention reconvened at the appointed time, and as the Treasurer's Report was next in order, Mr. Johnston took the Chair.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER T.S.

MR. H. B. MITCHELL: As in past years, the Treasurer's Report should really begin with an expression of his own and the Society's indebtedness to Miss Youngs, the Assistant Treasurer, upon whom has fallen the chief burden of the detailed work, and by whom the financial statement, which I shall read to you, has been prepared.

Its interest lies in its comparison with the reports of previous years. To begin with the receipts: current dues, dues for the year ending on the 30th of this month, are greater this year than they have been for any year in the past decade, $820.89 having been received as dues this year, as against approximately $700.00 last year.

The general contributions and donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are also larger by about $90.00. This year they are $679.24, as against $592.00 a year ago. The propaganda fund has also received a greater sum. This year it is $1,850.00. Last year it was $1,679.00.

Adding these all together, including the advance payments of dues, brings our total receipts during the year to a little less than $4,000.00,—$3,926.45, as against total receipts last year of $3,514.82, or over $400.00 more.

On the disbursement side, the cost of printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY has increased by about $350.00. This year it is $3,549.84. Last year it was $3,195.50. The total disbursements come to $3,877.01 as against $3,613.43 reported a year ago.

Comparing these disbursements with the receipts that can properly be credited to the year—that is, omitting the $144.00 received as advance payment of dues—we spent $3,877.00 and received $3,782.00. This means that we spent about $100.00 more than we received,—which Mr. Johnston will probably tell us is an experience with which we are familiar, so that if it were not in evidence we should feel that something was amiss. Nevertheless, because our members paid their dues more promptly than in the past, we close the year with a larger balance than we had at the beginning.

There are several things which perhaps the Treasurer may say in presenting this report to

you. The first is how very deeply I regret that there should ever be delay in acknowledging the remittances that are sent us; but despite every effort to the contrary, it sometimes happens. You all know that our Society has no staff of salaried workers, but that all of its activities are carried on as a labour of love, the work being divided around among very busy people who have many duties and many claims upon their time. Sometimes these claims become very pressing, or accident or illness intervenes, so that what we would wish to do at once cannot be done at once, but has to be postponed. It is a matter of very real regret to us when the work we most love is made to suffer from our personal limitations; but our members have been very generous in making allowance for such delays when they have occurred, and I believe that on the whole our difficulties have been relatively few, and of minor moment, since there has been none that has not been easily and smoothly adjusted.

There are, however, certain ways in which the members can aid us, and which will be apparent if it be remembered that the work of the Society is divided into different departments, and that those who conduct them do not all live in the same building, nor share a common bank account. If, for example, a member-at-large sends a single cheque to the Treasurer (or, as often happens, to the Secretary) to cover not only the payment of dues and perhaps a contribution, but also an order of books from the Quarterly Book Department and, further, a subscription to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY to be sent to a friend, then the Treasurer (or the Secretary, or some one of their kind assistants) has to do what that member failed to do, and write separate letters to these different departments, and divide the remittance properly between them. The cheque, unfortunately, cannot be torn in halves, or thirds, so that one might be deposited in the Treasurer's account and the remainder sent to the other departments. It must be deposited entire in some account, and then separate cheques must be drawn against it and distributed as the member asks. All of this takes time. If members will remember, therefore, to write separate communications upon separate subjects, taking pains to see that each is correctly addressed to the proper department, and if, in particular, they will send separate cheques or money orders for separate purposes, it will lighten the labour of their officers and command our gratitude.

I also wish to take this opportunity to express my sincere appreciation and thanks for the letters that come to the Treasurer's office, and for the close contact thus preserved for me with my fellow members both in this country and abroad. Several messages for the Convention have thus been sent me, which I have handed to the Committee on Letters of Greeting, so that you may all share the pleasure that they brought to me.

The Balance Sheet reads as follows:

APRIL 28, 1928–APRIL 27, 1929.

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Current Dues	$ 820.89	Printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (4 numbers)	$3,549.84
General Contributions and Donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	679.24	Stationery and Supplies	86.42
Propaganda Fund	1,850.00	Printing	33.75
Subscriptions to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	432.32	Rent	150.00
	3,782.45	Telephone	57.00
1930 Dues, prepaid	144.00		
Total Receipts	$3,926.45	Total Disbursements	$3,877.01
Balance April 28, 1928	431.08	Balance April 27, 1929	480.52
	$4,357.53		$4,357.53
Assets		*Liabilities*	
		1930 Dues, prepaid	$ 144.00
On deposit Corn Exchange Bank April 27, 1929	$ 480.52	Excess of assets over liabilities	336.52
			$ 480.52

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,
Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.

The Report of the Treasurer was accepted with the thanks of the Convention. Mr. H. B. Mitchell then resumed the chair, and asked for the Report of the Committee on Nominations.

Report of the Committee on Nominations

Mr. Johnston: The first nominations are for two vacancies on the Executive Committee, and your Committee on Nominations advises for these two vacancies, Colonel Knoff of Norway, to succeed himself (and we hope he will go on succeeding himself so long as the Manvantara holds), and Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, who was first elected to succeed Judge McBride, now to succeed himself. The Committee further presents the nominations of Miss I. E. Perkins as Secretary T.S.; Miss Chickering as Assistant Secretary; Mr. H. B. Mitchell as Treasurer T.S., and Mr. G. M. W. Kobbé as Assistant Treasurer.

The Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the officers nominated. The report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was then called for.

Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting

Dr. Keightley: The Committee has received a large number of letters of greeting, and as you hear the many passages which, thanks to Dr. Clark, have been selected, you will see the remarkable confirmation of what Mr. Hargrove spoke of this morning, and of what Professor Mitchell also referred to, —the unity of aim and effort in all countries and all the Branches. You will see it much more when the letters come to be printed in the Quarterly at a later date. [Dr. Keightley then read from the letters, which are printed in full at the end of this Report. In the course of the reading, referring to Mr. Baker's letter in which the writer spoke of his Branch as "enjoying a rest", the Chairman explained that Mr. Baker had been too ill to write or even to sign his name, but, unwilling to let the Convention pass without sending a message of greeting, had dictated what had just been read. The "rest", therefore, was of a kind which no one need envy. The Chairman also commented upon the generosity shown in a letter from Czecho-Slovakia, received by him as Treasurer.]

The Chairman: You have heard the Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting, and, more than that, have heard the greetings themselves. I think that all of us must wish to express our thanks to the writers of those letters, and our sense of the way in which they have strengthened our consciousness of the unity of the Society, gathering up, as it were, its far-reaching outposts, and bringing them to a focus here. I believe that in thanking the Committee you would wish formally to express your thanks to the writers of those letters who sent them to us. Next on the order of business is the report of the Committee on Resolutions.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions

Mr. Hargrove: The first resolution which the Committee presents is that Mr. Johnston be authorized and requested to acknowledge, on behalf of this Convention, the letters of greeting to which we have listened with such great interest and pleasure.

Second, that the officers of the Society be authorized by this Convention to visit the Branches.

Third, that the thanks of the Convention be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality shown during the Convention.

(These resolutions were carried unanimously.)

It is the privilege of the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions to suggest subjects for your consideration. This afternoon, there is one subject in particular on which I hope you will express an opinion. We do not want to put it in the form of a resolution, as we do not wish in any way to commit the Society; but I think it would be entirely proper if we were to ask for an informal show of hands. I intend to speak briefly, as we are looking forward with eagerness to hearing from the delegates who have, in many cases, travelled long distances to share in these deliberations.

First, however, and as usual, there are certain points left over from the talks of the morning session. A friend expressed the wish, a few minutes ago, that some mention might have been made of Kitchener as an exception to what was said about the statesmen of the World War. It gives me the greatest pleasure to mention his name. He was an exception, because he was a mystic. To put it bluntly, he was and is "one of us". That might seem to some people a claim on our part, but from our point of view, it is a recognition. He was a mystic; therefore he saw further than others. He was the only one of the Allied Generals who declared from the first that the war would last for several years. He was a man who looked through things to the future, and not to to-morrow merely. He was in the fullest sense of the word, a *man*.

One thinks also of Foch—a real man. One regrets, deeply regrets, that he made the mistake of agreeing to an Armistice when he did. There is no question in the minds of many of us that it was premature. Yet he was not only a great general but an example in many ways that any of us might aspire to follow,—an example of selflessness, of devotion, of courage, of tenacity of purpose, of clear and honest thinking, with a rare gift to pierce to the heart of his subject.

We have been listening to letters of greeting of immense interest and value. I think that members at a distance do not always realize the importance of their function. Sometimes they doubt their ability to contribute to the Movement as a whole; are inclined to think of themselves as far away and as dreadfully isolated, while actually it is within their power to maintain—to an extent depending upon the strength of their devotion and the intensity of their daily effort—to maintain a thread, or a rope, or a whole world of union, between themselves and headquarters in New York. It was here that the Masters started the work in 1875, and they have maintained their connection with it. An outlying member, therefore—perhaps in Czecho-Slovakia, or on the West Coast, or in Norway or elsewhere—may keep a link unbroken in the inner world, so that the whole earth is bound round with these threads of gold, along which the Light of the Lodge may travel.

There is one other subject I want to touch on before coming to the main subject: I think that many members of the Society are very anxious to help, honestly want to do what they can, but sometimes say to themselves, Well, I have not had many advantages, I cannot talk and I cannot write, and I cannot do all these things that some other members do,—though I wish it were otherwise. Then they are inclined to accept their own limitations—which may be real—as a barrier to service. That, of course, would be tragic, because heaven knows the recognition of their own limitations is a gain and a gift in itself; but apart from that, what is the secret of real power? Think of H. P. B.: as a young woman, she was a perfectly wild creature, judging by her own statements; but she made a discovery—she discovered her Master. Then she gave her life with absolute devotion. She endured all things gladly; she gave all the passion of her nature in service of her Master, service of her ideal. All the passion of her nature—that was the secret of her life, the secret of her success, the secret of her occult attainment, the secret, if you choose, of her adeptship. Most people squander the forces of lower nature, often on trivialities, on things beneath contempt. She learned that those forces can be redirected; she learned to value her treasure, and to give the whole of it, everything that she was, to the love and service of the one thing she saw as worth while.

Think of a girl, a child, like Joan of Arc. What was the secret of her power? Exactly the same thing: a passion of devotion for France, for its cause, for its king; and giving all the passion that was in her, without any reservation whatsoever, was worth all the cleverness of the world and more. It may be said that not everyone has what she had, to give. I am not so sure. We waste it; we allow it to leak. I am inclined to believe that most people possess that treasure, but that they scatter it in talk, or in worry, or in some sort of self-concern. If they would only stop, and recognize the treasure that is theirs for what it is, and use it in constructive and right directions, they would perhaps be surprised by their own achievements. If they have sins and weaknesses, so much the better, in one sense, for them; because all they have to do is to take the passion out of their sins and weaknesses and give it where it belongs. In so far as a man is immersed in himself and in his little pains and his little concerns and his little appetites, how can he have anything to give?

Of course, meeting here at Convention as we do, it is possible—easy enough—to see the

truth for the moment; but we need more than that: we need to see it so that we shall never forget it. We need to see it so as to carry the conviction with us wherever we go and whatever we are doing, and to see that we must, if only for reasons of self-respect, lift ourselves above our littleness, and hold ourselves there, once lifted; lift ourselves above these wretched personalities of the moment, that are going to wither anyhow in a few days or years, and then go forward with the new life and new vision within us,—remembering, please, that even the murkiest smoke conceals the possibility of radiance, of fire.

We are always inclined to think of the great ones of the past as having been specially and wonderfully endowed. It is said that nobody can imitate Christ because he was Christ; nobody can imitate Joan of Arc, because she was Joan of Arc. Yet each one of us, by reason of our very existence, must have been endowed from on high with all the capacities of God. They are latent, yet must be present within us. Joan of Arc was not *born* a saint. She might have become something else. Nobody made her do what she did. It was her devotion, her desire. She was not educated; probably could not have written an article for the QUARTERLY to save her life! What has that to do with it? Some of the greatest saints that ever lived could not sign their names. It is devotion, singleness of purpose, one-heartedness,—instead of giving our hearts to every little thing that comes our way.

It does not take much experience to know how interest in some external situation can lift us above our physical limitations. If any one of us who has been speaking here had begun the day with a toothache, I guarantee that that toothache would have been forgotten by this time; and if that is true of physical limitations, it is equally true of mental limitations. Interest, devotion, will enable us to rise above them in terms of service. If we as a body of people were to leave the Convention in that spirit and with that realization—keeping both alive—we could accomplish marvellous things. In any case, I do feel that everyone ought to leave this Convention with a sense that the Masters are relying upon him for his contribution; that the Masters have called upon him to do his part, big or little makes no difference; that the Masters are with him and for him through life and through death, if only he will look to them for the fulfilment of his mission.

Now for a different subject. Reference was made this morning to the intentions of Germany. I spoke of Germany as preparing for war, and I want it known that there is more than sufficient evidence to convict her. I need trouble you with only one piece of direct testimony, that of General Morgan, formerly Senior British Officer in charge of German Effectives on the Control Commission in Berlin, and at one time Deputy Adjutant General of the British forces. Speaking not long ago (and of course without receiving attention), he said that "Germany is now spending on field training almost ten times the sum that is being spent yearly by Britain; that she has concealed thirty times as many cannon as she is entitled to under the Treaty establishment, and that she has been camouflaging these military expenditures among the civil estimates." General Morgan acted in an advisory capacity to the President of the Control Commission down to its withdrawal in 1927, and, when he spoke, had just completed an examination of the latest German estimates. He concluded by stating: "I do not say that Germany is planning another war, but she is getting ready for one." My information is taken from *The New York Times* of November 15th, 1928. Glancing at to-day's paper during lunch, I noticed that a former editor of *The New York Commercial*, an authority on the chemical industry, warns the public that the formation, with the support of leading financiers, of an American branch of the German Dye Trust, threatens to re-transfer research in this important field (which is the source of explosives, as well as most of our medicinal specifics and our dyes) from America to Germany. Then, when war comes, knowledge of the necessary processes will be possessed by the Germans, even if stocks and shares (at such times, valueless) be held here. It is in just such ways that German industrialists are co-operating with the military party to put Germany in the position once more to take the aggressive. Their aim is positive and single. The aim of the rest of the world is negative in comparison. The aggressor, or the man with an aggressive policy, has always an advantage over the man who simply wants to remain where he is. England may say, We want peace everywhere; leave us alone. This country may say, in effect, the same thing. But such an attitude is negative and feeble. I should say the aim of all nations

ought to be: Suppress an obvious danger while you can—which would be a very positive and aggressive process. It is sheer folly and worse, to shut one's eyes to the facts. That is one of the things that are so deplorable about our present-day statesmen, including a man like Winston Churchill. He means so well in some respects, yet says in the same book from which I quoted this morning, *The Aftermath:* "Everyone remembers (and tries to forget) the German occupation of Belgium." What virtue is there in forgetfulness? It is absurd on the face of it. We should never forget—anything, for that matter. Even when a man repents, while you should, must, forgive him, it would be as wrong to forget his sin as it would be to forget his repentance.

As bearing upon the subject of Germany, I should like to add something to what I said this morning about the problem of government. We must look behind words and appearances if we would see the right application of theosophical principles. For instance, I believe it to be true that the more democratic the form of government, the less representative is it of the entity of the people governed. It does not follow, however, that a monarchical form of government would be beneficial in all cases. It would be unthinkable here, and to prescribe it universally would be to make exactly the same mistake as was made by well-meaning Americans and Englishmen—missionaries and others—who, in China, thrust democracy down the throats of a bewildered people, with the result that they have been in a condition corresponding to "the staggers" ever since. Further, if we happen to believe, as I do, that a monarchical form of government makes a country more one-pointed in character and in purpose, then, for that very reason, we should be opposed to the re-establishment of monarchy or empire in Germany. As a republic, they are less one-pointed. Therefore I should be inclined to do everything possible to maintain the republic there. Granting that monarchy emphasizes the character of a nation, and expresses more completely than a republic what I have called the entity of a people, then, depending upon a nation's character, good or bad, monarchy may be helpful or disastrous for the rest of the world. The German Emperor was thoroughly representative of his people; just the kind of man his people wanted, and he led them just where they wanted to go,—except to military victory.

Clearly, we cannot jump from where we are, in matters of government, to something infinitely better. We must move one step at a time. I spoke this morning about our need for God-instructed men to rule the nations; and that, I am certain, should be our objective. But as a beginning, let us be modest, and—using a dreadfully abused word, though the only word I can think of to convey the idea—let us demand to be governed by "gentlemen", with the code of gentlemen. Unfortunately, this is Kali Yuga, and therefore, as the *Gîta* says, everything is in a terrible mess, so that who is or is not a "gentleman" has very little to do with birth,—people who are well-born sometimes having the nature of stable-boys or Shylocks, and people who are ordinarily born, sometimes having the souls of nobles.

Consider the matter of the Allied debts: as I remember it, this country is going to collect seven-tenths of everything that is collected from Germany; that is to say, devastated France, crippled England, half-ruined Belgium, Italy and the others, will be allowed to receive three-tenths, while this country will get seven-tenths. Suppose you had had a class of people in control of this country who were gentle people in the sense that by instinct and feeling they would prefer to forgive a debt rather than collect it from friends by whose side they had fought —which I am assuming to be one of the characteristics of gentle people. Would that be too much to expect? Is it quite irrational in its idealism—just decent behaviour, the kind of thing that you do meet in life very often; for I think you will agree that while you do occasionally meet people who are very grasping, not to say disgustingly mercenary, you also meet others who, by nature and by instinct, would rather give than grasp. If that be true of the better type of individual, ought it not to be true of a governing class, of our so-called representatives? It is not true, as they have proved, because first one political party and then another, first one representative statesman and then another, has taken the side of the man who says, I am going to get seven-tenths of all that Germany pays. I do not know that we can do much about it, but if we think about it, and if, in our own conduct, we try to live the nobler code of which I have been speaking, I think we shall achieve something, although it may take years to do it.

That is the subject about which I hope you will express your opinion by a show of hands, though I shall ask only native-born Americans to take any part in it. We do not want anyone to say that a lot of foreigners and English people "padded the vote": so only the elect, only the cream of those who are present,—the birth-right Americans! But first I want to ask the Chairman if we may not hear from another member of the Committee on Resolutions, Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, because he *is* one of the elect!

MR. MITCHELL: Mr. Chairman, Fellow Members—The thought that must be uppermost in all our minds is our own intense gratitude that we are here, and that we have the privilege of taking part in the discussion of such a question of honour and justice, because there is one thing we can hardly fail to have noticed over the past fifteen years, and that is the profound effect that right thinking and right feeling on the part of The Theosophical Society have on the world as a whole. It is a responsibility that ought to weigh on everyone of us, and make us strive to keep our thought and feeling such that they can safely be reinforced and multiplied by the tremendous power back of the Theosophical Movement.

To speak to the question of the war debts: I do not think that the United States is asking for the collection of those debts from greed. The American people are not greedy. The politicians have misread them there. I believe that the fundamental cause is the same blindness that kept us out of the war for so long, though whether such blindness be preferable to greed, may well be open to question. For years the people of the United States could not see that the war concerned us in any way, and it is this same inability to see the facts that underlies the attitude of America to-day. Most Americans still feel vaguely, for they do not think it out, that the war was none of ours, and that we went in through a chivalrous desire to help the Allies. We who are here know that the United States did not go into the war to help England and France. There were many of us who for three years ardently longed to have this country do so, and we know that it did not. For three years members of The Theosophical Society hung their heads in shame at the attitude of America. The reason we finally went into the war was because we were forced into it, when we could no longer stand having our ships sunk and our citizens murdered. We went in for the same reason that Belgium, England and France went in, because of a wanton, unprovoked attack by Germany. Was it Belgium's war? Was it England's? Was it France's war? Even when our participation had become inevitable, we waited two long months more for an "overt act" of murder against our own citizens, before we finally declared that "a state of war exists", and began our belated preparations.

The average American has forgotten all this. He has come to feel, with complacent self-satisfaction, that though "the war was none of ours", we sent our armies over to help the Allies, won the war for them, loaned them a lot of money besides, and now, with black ingratitude, they will not even pay us the money they owe us. I believe that if the country as a whole could see the truth, there would be a tremendous change, and perhaps it is our privilege to-day to help in bringing about that change.

At the time of our declaration of war, we were utterly unprepared to take any part on the battlefield. The country as a whole felt rightly that our self-respect required that we should do all in our power, as any self-respecting man, or nation, must wish to do his full share in a common cause. This is doubly the case when one's part can only be done at the risk of one's life. It is then only a coward who holds back and lets another take his place. No man of right feeling wants to shirk his part, and if, for any reason, he cannot do his share in one direction, he will want to make up for it by doing more in another. Our full part would have been to take over at once not less than one-third of the battle line, to hold it with our own armies, and to supply that third with food, munitions, artillery, aeroplanes and all else that was required. We were in the war for nineteen months. For fourteen months out of the nineteen, we had no army at the front, took no real part in the fighting, suffered no losses. All that we could do was to provide money, and if that money be repaid us, we shall be in the position where, for three-quarters of our participation in the war, we shall have done nothing. During that time, 550,000 of the Allies were killed, and over two millions wounded. Our total losses in the entire war were 50,000 killed; about 70,000 deaths from disease and about 200,000 wounded.

And it was *our* war. What would have happened if the Allies had not held the line during those fourteen months? We ought to ask ourselves what our position would have been had they made peace or been beaten. Most Americans have forgotten such things as the Zimmerman note, in which Germany offered to give Texas, Arizona and California to Mexico in return for an alliance against us. Would a victorious, arrogant Germany, with a conquered Europe at its feet and the British navy in its hands, have made peace with us for the asking? Germany had nothing but contempt for us then, or she would not have forced us into the war against her. With her own war expenses to pay, and most of the world's gold here, what part of our wealth would she have demanded from us for our participation in the war against her? Should we have consented to pay her an indemnity for peace? Or should we have gone on and fought her to a finish alone? What would that have cost us? How many million lives and how many billions of dollars?

Those are facts to which we like to shut our eyes. We prefer to brush them aside as too remote to consider. They were not remote then. They were real dangers, and we were saved from them only by the self-sacrifice of our Allies in our common cause, in part by the lives that they sacrificed in our place.

Suppose that we had been ready; that we had had an army that could have taken its place on the front line, so that this nation could at once have borne its share against the common aggressor, the wild beast that had broken loose in Europe; suppose that we had been able to do our third, should we not have sent our armies immediately, without any question whatever? We should have fed them, supplied them with munitions, and should have paid for those supplies ourselves. Our sons would have taken their part in the fighting. At least two hundred thousand of the killed would have been our killed. What is the money value of two hundred thousand lives? What of two million wounded? What of the widows? Who is paying the pensions of the widows in France to-day, the widows of French soldiers who fell where our soldiers ought to have been? Are we? Ought we not to be? If a man gave his life in the place of your son, would you feel no responsibility toward his widow and children? What was it that happened?

France and England stretched their armies across the third of the line that this country should have been holding. We could not then supply armies, but we could and did supply rifles, ammunition, food. Now we ask our Allies to pay for the supplies for that third, where our troops ought to have been and were not, and for which we should have paid had they been there. *Because* we did not have the armies, *because* they gave their men and their lives, we ask them to pay!

Our loans to them are great sums, but they are only a small proportion of the total spent by our associates. Great Britain borrowed $4,600,000,000 from us and loaned to her other Allies $8,850,000,000, or nearly twice as much. Her total war expenditures were over $35,000,000,000. Between April 6th, 1917, the date of our entry into the war, and the Armistice, France borrowed from us approximately $2,000,000,000, and spent herself, in that same period alone, $18,000,000,000, to assure the common victory.

There are many things about the debts that the American people have still to understand. I do not think that many of them know the truth about the Belgian debt. Before the Armistice, we loaned Belgium $171,000,000, England loaned her over $500,000,000, France loaned her over $600,000,000. Later, the official representatives of England, France and the United States all agreed to what was in effect the cancellation of their debt from Belgium. Impoverished England and France have kept their word. The United States has not. We have repudiated the agreement of our President, on which Belgium, to her cost, had already acted, and we shall collect the full $171,000,000. I do not think the American people would tolerate that if they knew the facts.

It was our principle, laid down and insisted upon by President Wilson in the peace negotiations, that no war expenses should be collected from Germany—though her attack had caused all those expenses—but that reparation should only be made for pensions and for material damage done. Our Allies, so far as I am aware, have never questioned the strict legal validity of the debts. They have taken the position that they signed their name and, to the extent

of their ability, they propose to honour their signature. But one of the greatest of American lawyers has said that in his judgment a large part of the debts are invalid as a result of our action, and would not be enforceable in a court of law. His point, if I as a layman may attempt to state it, is that it was the implicit understanding at the time the greater part of the debts were contracted, that those debts were at the risk of the war, and in the event of an Allied victory, were to be paid by Germany. (Certainly had Germany won, there would have been no question of repayment of our loans.) Then the United States, by its own voluntary action in requiring that Germany should not be asked to pay any war expenses, but only reparation for material damage, made it impossible to collect the loans in the manner contemplated. Let me say again, the Allies are not questioning the legality of the debts, nor should their legal validity or invalidity affect our attitude toward them in the slightest degree. It is a matter of our honour and our self-respect, not of our legal rights. I speak of the legal aspect only because it draws attention to the moral inconsistency of our position, for we, who suffered no material damage whatever, now propose to take the major part of all the reparation payments to ourselves.

The conscience of the American people has been lulled to sleep by such statements as that of Secretary Mellon that the sums to be paid to us will be more than met by the payments to be exacted from Germany, and hence will impose no burden of taxation on our comrades in the war. To repair damage done by Germany has already cost France over 96,700,000,000 francs, equivalent, at the value of the franc when most of the expenditures were made, to over $7,000,000,000. To name but one item, nine hundred thousand French houses and twenty-three thousand factories were destroyed, and have had to be rebuilt. Interest alone on $7,000,000,000 at 4% is $280,000,000 yearly. On the basis of the funding agreement with this country, there is no year in which France will receive from Germany $280,000,000, in excess of what she must pay to the United States directly, and to England to be paid to us. The maximum left to her is less than half that sum, about $132,000,000. This means that we are not leaving to France, from German reparations, enough in any year to pay even the interest on the amount she has had to expend to repair war devastation. Nor can she add a dollar from those reparations to the pitifully small pensions she is able to pay to her widows and her blind and maimed soldiers. From Germany, whose unprovoked aggression cost us the full sum of our war expenditures, we ask nothing; but from our comrades, whose sacrifice saved us and the world, we are seeking to collect, in principal and interest, $21,000,000,000. The maximum reparations to be required from Germany are not expected to exceed $27,000,000,000, and we are demanding from our friends $21,000,000,000. It has been calculated that for them to pay us this sum will require the equivalent of the labour of four hundred and seventy thousand of their citizens working for us as bond-men for sixty-five years.

Was our part, or theirs, in the common task of defeating Germany, such as to make this fair? There can be no question that at the time we felt it to be a common task, and realized fully that, from the moment when Germany's aggression finally forced us to declare war, it was essential for our honour and security that Germany be beaten. We suffered no devastation of our land, and were far richer after the war than before it. We had an army at the front for only five months of the fifty-one months that the war lasted. We took no part whatsoever in the fighting for three-quarters of our own participation in the war. Our total losses of 50,000 in killed and about 70,000 in deaths from disease were approximately one in one thousand of our population; our wounded, one in five hundred. Great Britain lost 900,000 killed and over 2,000,000 wounded, or about one in twenty of her population killed or wounded. France lost 1,360,000 killed and over 4,000,000 wounded. Practically all of the men in France between the ages of nineteen and fifty were called to the colours. Out of every six, one was killed and three of the remaining five were wounded.

If you were to stand at the Arc de Triomphe—perhaps in a dream—and see the army of the French dead pass, four abreast, at double quick, four men every second, you would stand there for five days and five nights, while, four men each second, that army of the dead went by. Think of it! You would stand there another five days and five nights while, more slowly, the army of the permanently maimed, the crippled and the blind, went by. I do not know how

long it would take for the widows and orphans of the war to pass. There are 630,000 war widows and orphaned children in France to-day.

Who is it that we are asking to pay? From whom are we collecting? The widow of a French soldier receives a pension of $67.60 a year, all that France, devastated, impoverished, only just balancing her budget, can afford to give. The additional allowance for each dependent child is $33.00 a year. A man who is totally disabled gets $257.60 a year. One so maimed that he cannot live without the service of an attendant, receives $481.60, on which to support himself and pay his attendant. This is sometimes increased, in cases of complete and multiple disabilities, as of a man both blinded and armless, to a maximum of $757.00 a year. I wonder from which of these the American people wish to take their payment. It has got to come from somewhere. I wonder which pension we want to reduce.

In a letter to Frederick Peabody, an American who has done a great deal to bring a knowledge of the facts to the people of this country, S. C. Gillespie sums up the situation in a few lines. He wrote: "I am one of the men who did not have to go to France in 1918. Some Frenchman went to the front in my stead and probably was killed. I am opposed to asking his widow and orphans to pay me for the shoes he wore while doing duty for me." But, Mr. Peabody adds, the Government of the United States demands payment for the shoes the French soldiers wore while doing duty for us.

There is little to add to that, save perhaps to try to remove misconceptions. One such misconception—widely held and which has done great harm—is based on the statement of Secretary Mellon to the effect that, except in the case of England, we have forgiven all save the post-Armistice debts. We have forgiven no part of the principal of any debt. We have forgiven some interest. On the basis of an interest charge of three and three-tenths per cent per annum, England pays us in full, principal and interest. Assuming 3% interest, she overpays us and we make a cash profit. France, whose total borrowings from us were $3,340,000,000, is to pay us $6,847,670,000, which represents not only the full payment of the principal of all loans, pre- and post-Armistice, but also includes $3,507,670,000 for interest on them. Secretary Mellon wrote to President Hibben of Princeton, in a letter widely published, that the present worth of this settlement at 5% is only $1,680,000,000, and hence cancels all but the post-Armistice debt. The use of 5% has no justification in fact, and was used—unfortunately with great success, for few understand its significance—only to bolster up an indefensible position. Secretary Mellon himself gave the facts in his statement to a committee of Congress on May 20th, 1926. He said:

"Although the United States has outstanding a substantial amount of Liberty Bonds bearing 4¼ per cent interest, a large part of the Government's requirements are now being financed at a much lower rate. The average cost of money to the United States will probably continue to decline. Securities with high interest rates issued during the war will be paid, redeemed or refunded. If we assume that the average cost of money to the United States for the next 62 years will approach a 3% basis and if we determine the present value of the French annuities [i. e. France's yearly payments to us] on that basis, we arrive at a figure which would approximate their actual value to-day. The present value of the French annuities on a 3% basis is $2,734,000,000. This is approximately 82% of the $3,340,000,000 French debt."[1]

In plain English, all of this means that if in the next 62 years, France pays us $6,847,670,000

[1] The "present worth" of a sum to be paid in the future, say in ten years, is the amount that, if received now, and put out now at an assumed rate of interest, would increase so as to be equal at the end of ten years to the sum payable then. For example, if $150 is to be paid at the end of ten years, its "present worth" at 5% per annum, simple interest, is $100—because interest at 5% on $100 is $5 for one year and $50 for ten years; at 3% the present worth of $150 is about $115; at 1% it is about $136. The higher the assumed interest rate, the less the present worth may be made to appear. Secretary Mellon used 5% to President Hibben when he wished to make us appear generous, and 3% to Congress when he did not. Before the war, issues of British, French and United States Government Bonds bore interest of from two to three per cent.

As no one knows what interest rates may prevail in the coming sixty years, the calculations of "present worth" are very untrustworthy. The indisputable facts are that both Great Britain and France are to pay us the entire principal of our advances to them; in addition to which, Great Britain is to pay us interest at three and three-tenths per cent, and France at the average rate of one and six-tenths per cent.

in payment of the total of $3,340,000,000 that she borrowed from us, we shall at most be giving up some interest, perhaps the equivalent of eighteen per cent of the debt, as Secretary Mellon suggests above. It does not look like a very heavy sacrifice on our part.

There is another misconception, widely disseminated by Secretary Mellon and by the *Saturday Evening Post*,—that the proceeds of the loans, in the case of England particularly, were not expended for the benefit of the United States, but for her own purposes. This is a half-truth whose implication is wholly false and misleading. It is true that the expenditure of a part of the American loans saved England money, just as it is true that the expenditure of the lives of English soldiers saved American lives. It is not true that any part of these loans went for any other purpose than the defeat of Germany. England gave herself and all her energies completely to the task of winning the war. To bring the common victory, she loaned to her other Allies nearly twice the amount that she borrowed from us. Great Britain mobilized 8,900,000 men. Her losses in killed and wounded alone, exceeded the entire American army at any time in France. The fact is that those in a position to know, realized that a crash in the English pound, in its far-reaching effects, would have been the equivalent of a major victory for our enemy, Germany, and would have prolonged the war accordingly. A small part of the proceeds of the loans was directly spent to prevent this, benefiting England as well as ourselves in the process. Another part provided food for the civilian population. How long can you ask troops to fight for you, if their wives and children are starving at home? All of the expenditures were made with the full knowledge and approval of the United States. As the Treasury official who actually made the loans said to me recently, in comment on those statements: "If you think the proceeds of the loans were not spent for the benefit of the United States, do not blame the Allies; blame us, the officials of the United States Treasury, for we made the loans and we knew how every dollar of them went. They were all spent for the prosecution of the war and the victory of the United States."

Another wide-spread fallacy is the division of the debt into pre-Armistice loans and post-Armistice loans. No such easy distinction can properly be made. Let us suppose that France had contracted to purchase in this country, two million rifles. If one million were delivered and paid for on November 10th, 1918, it was a pre-Armistice loan; if the remaining million were delivered on November 12th, it was a post-Armistice loan. What is the distinction? The Armistice was an Armistice, not a peace. We and all our associates had to maintain our armies and to supply them for months after it, for our own protection. Suppose that, after November 11th, we supplied food to the Allies. We had kept many of our men on our farms, raising wheat to be sold at two dollars a bushel. Our Allies had kept theirs on the firing line where they could not raise wheat. Which service was the more onerous? They could not create a crop immediately on the signing of the Armistice. It takes a year to raise a harvest.

One point more, as to what they received and for what we are asking to be paid. The Allies borrowed in all about eleven billion dollars from us, after we had declared war,—before that act, which made it officially our war, no loans whatsoever were made by the United States Government to the Allies. Of the eleven billions, approximately ten billions represented purchases made in this country at prices nearly double those prevailing before the war, and, in some cases, nearly double those of to-day. We are not asking them to pay what they got from us; are not letting them pay the same number of bushels of wheat for which they were charged two dollars a bushel and which are now worth only about $1.10. We are asking them to pay dollars. On the authority of Mr. Winston, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury (quoted by H. B. Joy from page 354 of the Foreign Debt Commission Report), we charged them enormously increased prices, made huge profits for ourselves, and then "*most of these profits came back into the Treasury of the United States by way of taxes*". In 1918 the taxes on war profits ran to 80%. In other words, we have already received back a large part of what we loaned. The testimony which we quote deals with Italy, but the same thing is true of England and France.

"MR. MILLS: The amount of the purchases of Italy at normal prices with a normal dollar, would not have exceeded $900,000,000 as compared with $1,600,000,000 which they were

obliged to pay at war prices?

"MR. WINSTON: That is, if they had bought with a 100-cent dollar, they would have received much more than they did at the time they actually paid with a 42-cent dollar.

"MR. MILLS: The debt that Italy owes us represents not only normal value of goods received, but in addition the enormous increase in prices and the enormously increased profits made during the war.

"MR. WINSTON: That is correct.

"MR. MILLS: And those profits were all derived by citizens of the United States.

"MR. WINSTON: And most of them have come back into the Treasury of the United States by way of taxes."

This was followed by testimony that all but $80,000,000 of the $1,600,000,000 was spent in the United States. Thereafter Secretary Mellon spoke.

"SECRETARY MELLON: And the point Mr. Winston made a few moments ago was that in those purchases there were large profits and our Treasury took large excess profit taxes, so the Treasury benefited to a very large amount."

Of this large amount, no account has been taken in the debt settlements.

But the heart of the question is not one of dollars and cents. It is whether, in view of all the facts, our own sense of honour and self-respect will permit us to accept repayment of our money from comrades who, for fourteen long months, freely gave their lives to our common cause while we could only give dollars.

MR. HARGROVE: That concludes the Report of the Committee on Resolutions. As I have said, it seems best not to move any formal resolution, but it would be of interest to many of us, and possibly to readers of the QUARTERLY as well, including non-members, to know from the native-born Americans present this afternoon, how they feel about it. I suggest that those who feel that Mr. Mitchell's presentation of the facts requires revised action by this Government, should signify the same by holding up their right hand [the large majority of those present, instantly, and with evident intensity, did this]; and that those who think that things are satisfactory as they are, and that the Allied debt should be collected on the present basis, or on any basis resembling it, should now hold up their right hand [no one responded]. The feeling is unanimous.

THE CHAIRMAN: No further action seems to be required.

The time has now come when it is our privilege to hear from the delegates and visiting members who are with us, and I am going to ask if Dr. Hohnstedt will speak for Cincinnati.

REPORTS OF DELEGATES

DR. HOHNSTEDT: I shall not speak for the Branch, because others will do that; but I am glad of this opportunity to say that I came here to enjoy the banquet of spiritual food which is served to us by the Masters, and that every time I come here, I find the food more sustaining and better served,—inspiring me to become a better man, to do better work, and to think better thoughts. I shall never miss a Convention if I can help it.

In Cincinnati we have always kept in contact with the New York Branch; we have always looked to the New York Branch for inspiration, while keeping in mind all the Branches throughout the country, and looking forward to these Conventions as a time of reunion. Trying always to send some delegates, I think that this year we sent about one-fifth of our membership as delegates. Some of us did not know that the others were coming. Like Quakers, when the spirit moves us, we go; and I know that I try to have the spirit move me every year! Looking through some of my old papers, I was very much gratified to find a badge of the 1902 Convention, at Indianapolis, which I attended, and which I recall very distinctly, some twenty-seven years ago.

I think it would be best to call upon Miss Hohnstedt, and Mr. and Mrs. Waffensmith, who are present, to speak about the work of our Branch.

MISS HOHNSTEDT: First of all, I should like to give you the greetings of the members of the Branch who could not be here to-day; they asked me to say that all would be with us in spirit. As for our work, we have had weekly meetings throughout the season. Last summer we continued our Study Class as long as the weather permitted, up to the 4th of July, when it became too hot to hold classes. We have had public meetings once a month for the last two years, and personally I think that all of our meetings should have been public. We have not grown in membership, but we have not lost in members except by death, and while we are not great in numbers, I think we are growing in inspiration. We have been studying *The Secret Doctrine*, the stanzas of the first volume, and this year we have taken up the second volume. We have tried to impress upon members that it is individual work that counts,—that we must be careful of our thoughts and our deeds, and how we affect others. I read something in the last number of the QUARTERLY which impressed me very much. It is in "The Screen of Time": "Partly, perhaps, because I am so painfully conscious of failure to use my opportunities, as I might and should have done, I confess an intense ambition for members of The Theosophical Society. I want them to be distinguished everywhere by charm of manner, kindliness, evenness of temper, poise, good judgment; I want them to be recognized for their unconscious distinction, the result of lofty and detached thinking, with the purposes of Masters their centre of interest, not themselves; I want them to be able to handle affairs of the world with skill but with unconcern, as angels might swiftly and thoroughly clean a room,—and disappear. I do not want them to be cranks, or fanatics, or sentimentalists, or to drag Theosophy into their conversation when it is not wanted, or for the purpose of dragging themselves into the limelight; I do not want them to adopt an attitude of superiority to their neighbours, or to the ideas of their neighbours. Yet they should remember that the only way to impress the world is to be above the world (can a seal impress wax otherwise?), while never forgetting that the world, in these matters, is not easily deceived, and that the attempt to appear superior will at once be recognized for what it is: proof of inferiority. Slow to take offence, gentle in speech, restrained in laughter, incapable of mere chatter, they will be worthy of respect and will win it."

MR. WAFFENSMITH: Mrs. Waffensmith and I would express our thanks for the QUARTERLY, and also for the opportunity to be here to-day. As regards the work, Miss Hohnstedt has spoken about that, and I hardly think I can add anything to it.

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. Leonard, will you speak to us of Los Angeles?

MR. LEONARD: It is a great pleasure to me to have the opportunity of successive attendance at Theosophical Conventions, such opportunity having been denied me during my twenty-six years' residence on the West Coast. We should recognize our great debt of gratitude to the Cause of Masters, and should endeavour to become more fitting vehicles for keeping the link unbroken until the coming of the next Lodge Messenger. We should not be content with such progress as we may have achieved, from the time of our first connection with the ancient truth, coming to us from the Masters through their agents, and should not entertain the false idea that we have reached the peak of our activity,—solacing ourselves, possibly, with the thought that we shall be able to attain better progress and service in our next incarnation, if we do our utmost in the present one. This has been made so very plain and clear at these Conventions, yet we hear the admonitions without perhaps always grasping their kind significance. We have something within our grasp, which we hesitate to seize, possibly linking it with the sacrifice of our worldly ideas or desires—yet it is in no sense a sacrifice but rather a gateway of liberation from an unreal existence to one of reality. Have we the desire, the will and courage to seize the opportunity offered to us at these annual Conventions—a gift from the Masters, a germ of their life—offered us for our own salvation and the salvation of others through service? We seemingly hesitate to accept. May it be that we are not unlike the rich young man in the parable, who hesitated to part from his worldly possessions for the pearl of great price and who departed from the Master when the opportunity was offered him? If during our leisure hours we give some portion of the time to the reading of devotional books, we shall create a spiritual atmosphere which we shall carry into our daily occupations, making it a basis for each undertaking, and at the same time forming a basis for continuous meditation. In one of Mr. Griscom's letters, published in the QUARTERLY, he advised a correspondent to take his per-

plexing problems to his Master, and to talk to him about them. Mr. Griscom knew the nearness of the Masters, and was a living example of all that he ever committed to speech or writing. May I offer a meditative prayer of thankfulness, in the silence of the heart, to the Masters of our ray.

THE CHAIRMAN: We have two members who have come to us from Venezuela, Mr. Jugo and Mr. Vermorel. May we now hear from them?

MR. JUGO: Because I cannot speak English well, I shall limit myself to saying that I feel very happy to be here, and to represent the Venezuela Branch.

MR. VERMOREL (speaking in Spanish): There is no aspiration of the soul nor any pure and elevated sentiment of the heart which comes not to fulfilment, and so in finding myself in this assembly I see my own realized. It has been in truth a great privilege that has been granted me, and I express my gratitude with a full heart to the Masters; and although I have not been able to understand anything that has been said here, because of my ignorance of English, nevertheless I firmly believe that the simple contact with this sacred surrounding will awaken in me a greater understanding of the work of the Masters, and give me, to carry back to my comrades in Venezuela, as is said in our message to the Convention, somewhat of the power of the "gift of tongues and the healing fire".

THE CHAIRMAN: Will Mr. Harris of Toronto now speak to us?

MR. HARRIS: Mr. Chairman and friends, I am certainly very happy to be here with you to-day, and to bring the greetings and very best wishes of the Toronto Branch. Ours is a small Branch, but we are doing something which we think is of great importance, and that is to keep the door open, through which anyone who is looking for a true understanding of Theosophy can enter. We have thus provided the means by which Theosophy has been brought into the lives of men who, still young, show every promise of entering into the work heart and soul, and of continuing in it; and that is what we need, because many of us are growing old, and it will not be long before we shall have to make room for others.

There is another point I should like to mention: it has been brought home to us that as soon as anyone speaks of Theosophy, or becomes known as a believer in it, he is closely watched by others. We know, of course, that those who claim to be religious are kept under observation by their friends, but I think that those who are known to be members of The Theosophical Society are watched still more closely. Things have happened which show that the effect on other people of the efforts of our members to practise what they preach, is certainly marvellous.

Mr. Mitchell, speaking of the War debts, gave us information and quoted figures that were new to me, and I almost regret that those figures should have to be printed in the QUARTERLY, although doubtless it is best that the truth should be known. My reason is that I am afraid of the effect those figures will have on the feeling of Canadians for Americans, which is none too friendly as it is. There was a time when the feeling of Canadians was very different, but it has changed noticeably into something resembling dislike, which I, of course, much regret.

I hope it will not be very long before I may be with you again.

THE CHAIRMAN: May we hear from the Providence Branch?

MR. ROY: It does us good to be here, and I am grateful for the privilege. With each new day, the desire to become a more worthy member grows stronger.

MRS. ROSE: I cannot very well bring greetings from Hope Branch, because nearly all of us are here, and are very happy to be with you. Our work has been much the same as last year. We have a Study Class and an evening meeting, on alternate weeks. This year we have been very fortunate in having the notes of the New York Branch meetings. Then we read at the meetings various extracts from "Letters to Students", from Cavé, from the old issues of the QUARTERLY, especially on preparation for chêlaship. In Providence it has been said that it is very important to remember that a student of Theosophy should behave in the way suggested by the extract from the "Screen" read to us by Miss Hohnstedt. This is a "large order", but it is what we are trying to do on our firing line.

MR. DANNER: Our report is in, Mr. Chairman, covering the work done by the Pittsburgh Branch, and I will not bother you with anything further in that connection. I just want to say

that we are happy to be privileged to return home again, and doubly happy, on arriving home, to find the family heads here to greet us.

MISS RICHMOND: Here is a message that came to me from Los Angeles by air mail,—from Mr. and Mrs. Box. They say that they are truly here in spirit though they could not be in the body; and they speak of Convention as our Easter.

DR. TORREY: This morning Mr. Johnston referred to the present condition of the physical and biological sciences. The physicist would reduce man to a mathematical expression; the biologist sees in him only a set of complicated reflexes.

In both camps there is a growing worship of mathematics. Some time ago a physiologist from a leading Eastern university delivered an address before a scientific body. He covered the blackboards of the lecture room with complex mathematical symbols all dealing with the subject: how does the earthworm turn a corner?

Now there is a mathematics—a Pythagorean mathematics—which might lead to the rediscovery of important spiritual truths, but the scientist is not concerned with spiritual truths. Likewise there are other basic spiritual principles which, applied to the mass of material which biology has accumulated, would be of inestimable benefit to mankind.

It has been my good fortune recently to be asked by the College where I teach to give an honours course to a group of high-grade senior students, and in a tentative sort of way I have tried to do a bit of pioneering in the field of the New Biology whose outlines begin to be dimly discernible. Whether the hemlock cup awaits us all in June, we don't know, but, anyhow, the exploration has been a thoroughly happy one.

DR. CLARK: I should like to add a parallel to what Dr. Torrey has said. A hundred years ago, Carlyle was trying to write something about "things in general", so people would understand that there is a purpose in life. For many years, Dr. Torrey has had some of his pupils come to his rooms to read and to talk, to try to turn their minds in the direction of seeing that there is a purpose in life. After doing this privately for ten or fifteen years, the College authorities have come to him and said, The students demand it; do not give us a course in science; just talk about anything you want; let it be things in general.—So, after a hundred years, we again have Sartor Resartus!

MRS. FIELD: Mr. Chairman, first of all an expression of gratitude to those who have gone before, and cast up a highway in consciousness that babes and fools may walk therein. It is such a privilege to be here. Those of you who live here, and always can attend Convention, miss the joy that comes from being here just occasionally. I could not have understood the figuring on blackboards of Dr. Torrey's Professor, but I could have told him how an earthworm turns a corner. We are turning a corner in Dayton at present. The work began with a theosophical interpretation of passages from the Bible in regard to personal conduct and problems. It passed through the various stages that such work does pass through. The "Elementary Articles" by Mr. Griscom, published in the QUARTERLY, will perhaps be the next step.

THE CHAIRMAN: We should like to hear from Mr. Perkins, to whom, as Chairman of the New York Branch, we owe so much in the conduct of our meetings.

MR. PERKINS: Over on Eleventh Avenue, the other day, a motor truck passed me, and the sign on the truck said, "Eternal Trucking Company—Long-distance moving." I knew instantly that there was a kind of service that I and some of my friends would like to engage, because we have some long-distance moving that we want to do, some moving from this world into the world of the eternal.

When the very last of our possessions has been transported to the real world, the moving has just begun. To make the point clearer, I should like to tell a story about one of the old 'Forty-niners. He made his pile in the gold placers, moved down to San Francisco, and lived comfortably and happily in Squatters Row. As soon as his only daughter returned from a finishing school in the East, she persuaded the old man to build a marble palace up on Nob Hill. The matter was turned over to the architect and decorator, who were given a free hand to build, decorate and furnish a marble mansion, complete. One day, in the fulness of time, the old miner returned from a journey and found he had been moved. He went to the new mansion

on the hill and tried to settle down; there were various conveniences there which he did not altogether relish—his own private bath tub and a valet to make him use it. The good, old, comfortable ways back there in Squatters Row, how he missed them! It was not many days before his daughter found that, one by one, her father's cherished possessions, like the disreputable old easy chair and his carpet slippers, were disappearing. In a month the mansion on Nob Hill was only the old man's mailing address. He was back in Squatters Row where his heart had been all the time.

Like the old 'Forty-niner, some of us have transferred part of our possessions, part of our hopes, part of our keen desires, to the real world. But back in Squatters Row, there are things to which our hearts are still attached. The decent side of us says, "One could not take that old pack, and the old rusty gold pan, and the battered old rocking chair, up to the mansion on the hill." That is the decent part of us, but it is mistaken. Nothing we crave or fear may be left behind. The other part, that does not want to go there, says, "It is so nice and comfortable down here in our shirt sleeves, with our feet on the table. Just as soon as we get well rested, and have attended to several important matters, then we shall move up there to stay."

We have been reminded here to-day so many times, that there is only one way that succeeds, and that is the complete, long-distance moving of everything that we possess, everything that our hearts are tied to; moving it over into the real world, where everything that we really love belongs. There live those who started this Movement, and who carried it forward—those who made a path for us and who have gone before; there they live in the real world, there the starry-eyed Immortals of the Lodge live, and beckon to us and invite us to come. But we must do long-distance moving. We cannot leave anything behind. They will not have us come half-heartedly. They invite us to engage the services of the "Eternal Trucking Company—Long-distance moving."

The Chairman next asked whether, before discharging the Committee on Resolutions, the chairman of that Committee had anything further to say.

MR. HARGROVE: We have nothing further to report, but there is one word I should like to say in regard to the feeling in Canada. My own belief is that when Mr. Mitchell's address is reported in the QUARTERLY, instead of arousing feeling against this country, it will have exactly the opposite effect. The facts are known in England and France, and it will tend in any case to re-establish the good name of the American people to go on record as we have done. That was one of the purposes I had in mind in bringing the subject before you. Coming as you do from all parts of the country, you have affirmed that the action of the Government has not been representative of the will of the people, and that, to that extent, America has been misjudged. It has been judged by its officials, by its Government. I know as well as anyone that the heart of the people is sound. If in Canada it is once known that we, in Convention assembled, and particularly all those who are native born, expressed themselves as they did here, then Canada will begin to realize that Americans are not so bad after all when they have a chance to express themselves! The Government expresses the mob, not The Theosophical Society; and not until the Government is a mere outer expression of The Theosophical Society ought we to be satisfied with the Government!

It was then moved, seconded and voted that the Committee on Resolutions and the Committee on Letters of Greeting be discharged with the thanks of the Convention.

Mr. Acton Griscom then moved a vote of thanks on behalf of the Convention to its Chairman, adding that this was the twentieth Convention at which Professor Mitchell had acted in that capacity—a vote which was passed with the enthusiastic applause of all present. Thanks were also voted to the other officers of the Convention, and to Mr. Johnston for his work in acknowledging the letters of greeting,—Mr. Johnston replying that he holds this to be a very high privilege which he values more and more every year.

THE CHAIRMAN: I doubt if it would be such a great innovation if we were to close with a vote of thanks from each of us to all the others. It would be unusual, yet I think that something of that sort is your wish and my wish: that we close our Convention on the same

note on which it opened, a note of deep and profound gratitude for all that has been given to us.

After announcements by the Chairman, upon motion, the Convention was adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.

JULIA CHICKERING,
Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

ARVIKA, SWEDEN.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: In this year as in the past, we are sending you our fraternal and hearty greetings.

Since we know that the least effort in the right way has to be a blessing for the whole, we will in our thoughts be with you in your work at the Convention, and we wish to be as always with you in the safety of the Masters.

For all members of the Arvika Branch,
Fraternally yours,
AMY ZETTERQUIST,
Chairman.

The Secretary of the Arvika Branch also wrote:—It is a pity that we have never been able to visit America to meet you personally, but in our hearts you are [known to us], and we send our best wishes for the Convention and the next year's work. With thanks for all we get,—
Yours sincerely,
MAJA FJÆSTAD.

AUSSIG, CZECHO SLOVAKIA.

To the Members in Convention Assembled, New York: The members of the Aussig Branch of The Theosophical Society send you heartiest and fraternal greetings and best wishes.

The key-note of the last Convention aroused in the hearts of all members a great desire for better accomplishment of the objects of The Theosophical Society. The request in regard to the practical activity of members, found in us a joyful echo. Our newly established Griscom-meetings are one of the results of this echo. Our longing, strengthened anew, may become a firm determination by means of the power of the Convention. Further, we desire that the example of our leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, Mr. W. Q. Judge, Mr. C. A. Griscom, for a thoroughly self-denying, untired and continuous work in the service of the Masters, may inspire and kindle our hearts. Then, as a result of the Convention, we shall be able to listen to the Voice of the Silence, and we shall recognize the unreality of personality.

All of us will make great efforts to be with you in thought, in spirit and in humility.

Yours sincerely and thankfully,
HERMAN ZERNDT,
President, Aussig Branch T.S.

SCHRECKENSTEIN II, CZECHO SLOVAKIA.

To the Chairman of the Executive Committee: On the occasion of this Convention I am longing to write you. All of us here are touched by a new source of power, and we know from where it flows. Everyone knows that there must be done more than before, and above all that it must be done better.

I am asked to read the article, "Religio Militis", October, 1928, QUARTERLY, at our Convention Meeting on Saturday the 27th of April, and to deliver a little lecture on this theme. What an advantageous and beautiful task. It fills me with gladness to speak about this arti-

cle, because it is near to my heart. I must think about our task to become chêlas, i.e. recruits in the service of the Lodge. I realize anew the importance of personal discipline for the purposes of the common cause which is as necessary as water for cleaning the body. Also I realize that The Theosophical Society suffers often through its youngest members, and that each one in particular is important for the service. Therefore I am obliged to train myself and to combat energetically all pretexts which laziness prepares, for instance: I am not able to do this or another thing, another member will do it better; what I say is: I will do it as well as I am capable, but *I will work in any case.* The personality inclines easily to delay an object in waiting for a better chance, but this is again a trick of the lower nature; because of this delaying, forgetfulness happens full often. For our service we need personal courage and resolution.

Years ago I found a magnificent example of the personal courage of French soldiers which I cannot forget. We are told about a battle where French soldiers offered on a hill heroic resistance against greatly superior German forces. *Always one* of the French soldiers could work a gun of ordinance with the definitive prospective of death. One soldier after another died, and evermore a new man took the place of his killed comrade. What personal courage and thorough devotion! There is a great difference in the courage of persons, or between the courage of one soldier and another in a common battle.

I imagine that each branch of our Theosophical Society must do duty for a watching-post, and that the individual members should work steadily *to gather and to produce munitions in stock,* in order to be prepared if the call comes. For in opposition to the meaning of the world, we know that we have no peace, but war, and that the battle is not finished. We were not successful in welcoming the "Heart of the World" in full glory, to welcome this Heart as victors. I acknowledge that I did not abandon all things in order to get the real freedom.

At first, therefore, watchfulness within ourselves is necessary, in order that we do not retard, by means of our faults and sins, the progress of our comrades and fellow-members. We know that Theosophy influences in a high degree the thinking of the world, and what immense power Theosophy lends to those who are willing to serve unselfishly.

I realize very often the personal courage and devotion of Madame Blavatsky, who had thrown herself with great pressure against the prejudices of the nineteenth century, and at the end she possessed only a few true friends. What gratitude we owe her because she did not despair; and it is due to her untiring work that we can celebrate this year the 54th birthday of The Theosophical Society.

I imagine that the note of Silence in the last Convention will be present in a certain sense also this year. From year to year new doors are opened to us and new possibilities are inaugurated for us by this Voice of Silence, and it is our task to undertake the right steps. May we all partake in these benefits of the Silence, always in a higher degree, and be able to appreciate them better.

So, filled with gratitude and enthusiasm, I wait afresh for the new Convention; and my whole longing is concentrated on sharing in this great festival in some measure.

Thankfully and faithfully,

Yours,

HELENE ZERNDT.

SCHRECKENSTEIN, CZECHO SLOVAKIA.

To the Treasurer: I ask you to accept the $36. as a common donation of the Aussig Branch to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, to be used as a contribution to the costs of issuing the complete Index to the hundred numbers of the QUARTERLY. That donation you will consider as a weak expression of our heartfelt thanks, which we owe to the founder, Mr. Griscom, who is venerated by all—and also to the present editors and collaborators of that highly esteemed magazine.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY has endeared itself to us, that we might not miss it as a vade-mecum. The day of receiving it is for each one of us a day of great joy. Being the journalistic organ of the T.S., it is certainly for each member—especially for us, who live far distant from the Headquarters—a continuously gushing fountain, providing us spiritual

nourishment and refreshment; it inspires us; it is teacher and adviser to us, and also a guide through the labyrinth of the events of most importance which are precipitating themselves. But its mission seems to be also to sweep the sleep out of the eyes of all men who are searching after truth. And—after Locarno, Geneva, Kellogg-Compact, Zeppelin and the Negotiations of Reparation—this is a very necessary function, for the commonplace saying of the "economic interests which would reconcile the nations," as likewise the psychism which is working under different aspects and forms, cause narcotic effects. The QUARTERLY has the function of an admonisher, of a guardian, of a sign-post; it tries to shake and to inflame the lulled, numbed, conscience of the world. Therefore we wish it a very large diffusion.

To the Convention I wish from the depth of my heart an harmonious course; to the proceedings, the blessing of the Lodge, in order that the spiritual seed may ripen.

With kindest greetings and best wishes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,
R. JÄGER,
Treasurer, Aussig Branch.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

To All Members of The Theosophical Society, the members of the Whitley Bay Branch send sincere fraternal greetings. The continued progress of the Society depends upon the knowledge and intensity of conviction of its individual members. If during the hours of Convention we can, even in a small degree, strengthen the realization of our immortality—that in the mystic past we were, and that we shall continue into eternity as members of one great Brotherhood; that "No man hath ascended into heaven but he that descended out of heaven, even the son of man which is in heaven"—then shall we be better fitted to carry on the work of the Society to form the nucleus of Universal Brotherhood. May the dignity of our identity and destiny be more fully realized during this time, so that we may each continue to build with greater zeal, because of our increased conviction and knowledge.

Yours fraternally,
FREDK. A. ROSS,
President, Blavatsky Lodge.

DENVER, COLORADO.

To the Secretary T.S.: The Virya Branch of The Theosophical Society has held regular meetings on the first and third Sunday evenings of each month beginning in October, and we expect to continue until June. We have studied continually the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, reading a few verses in rotation and analysing them as fully as possible; we have taken as supplementary work various articles in the QUARTERLY, parts of the *Yoga Sutras*, selections from the Bible, and other contributions to the subject in hand which have been brought to our attention. The discussion has turned largely on practical questions of conduct and right living. There has been unavoidable irregularity in attendance as practically all the members suffered from the epidemic of influenza, but except for this the interest has been well sustained.

We regret that we are unable to send a delegate to the Convention, but shall keep it much in mind, with the hope that it may be in all ways the greatest possible success.

ANNE EVANS, *President.*
MARY KENT WALLACE, *Secretary.*

GATESHEAD, ENGLAND.

Gateshead Branch sends its Greeting to the members in Convention assembled, with best thoughts and wishes for a most enjoyable and fruitful meeting. We should like to be with you in person, but we send you of our best which space cannot separate.

Yours fraternally,
P. W. WARD,
Secretary.

SANFERNANDO DE APURE, VENEZUELA.

To the T.S. in Convention Assembled: As every year, I beg to send you this year our kindest greetings and wishes for a successful Convention. Congregating at Convention day, we shall be united with you at this solemn hour. Our studies during the Branch meetings have principally been concentrated on our daily theosophical life, and Mr. C. A. Griscom's letters have been of great value for us. These letters carry one to a true understanding of what *real inner* progress is, and they clean the mind of psychic disturbances.

Mr. Griscom was a perfect practical man, and there is no doubt that "practice makes perfection." Therefore I am very glad to let you know that the members of the "Jehoshua" Branch have worked this year on that supreme exercise: *daily theosophical practice.*

May your work be blessed.

D. SALAS BAÏZ,
President.

EAST BOLDON, CO. DURHAM, ENGLAND.

To the Members of T.S. in Convention Assembled: The members of the Krishna Branch, So. Shields, unite in sending hearty greetings and all good wishes for a successful Convention.

Yours fraternally,

H. MAUGHAN,
Secretary.

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

To the T. S. in Convention Assembled: Another year has passed, and the "Great Master of the Universe" has given us generously of his great love and mercy. May we all live nearer to him each day, that each little Branch of this Society can aid and help the great New York Branch in the wonderful work it must do the coming year. Without every member's earnest efforts, best wishes, good thoughts, kind words and kind deeds to all, our New York Society cannot do, as quickly, the great work they have set as their goal.

Fraternally yours,

ROSSIE JANE WHITTLE,
Secretary.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: On behalf of the Members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Branch, I have much pleasure in conveying to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes. We trust that your deliberations, to-day, may be fraught with the spirit of love and devotion, and across the distance we send our contribution to that end.

Another year has gone by and we may well ask ourselves what use have we made of its opportunities. Have we the courage and determination to embody the keynotes of the Convention as they are struck each year? To the extent that we have exercised the will along such lines, to that degree is the T. S. strong and vigorous to-day.

There are other keynotes which are also helpful in our journey from one Convention to another, and it may not, here, be inopportune to speak of one. This keynote is to be found in *Religio Militis*, and it is a clarion call to us English members particularly; a call to appreciate such an experience and to do all in our power to support it. We cannot too clearly and definitely realize that "First-hand knowledge is the prize of those who stake their life upon their faith and put it to the test of battle, and that it can be gained in no other way."

Whatever little our Branch may have done, and however much it has left undone, it has certainly done something to consolidate its forces and to conserve its energy by the step it took in changing its meeting place from a public room in Newcastle to a private house at Low Fell. The Branch, having shortened its sails, and being better prepared to fight with the storms as

they come along, must profit by its renewed vigour and interest, to make headway for the souls of men—not by going out to do, but by *living* discipleship in the various spheres to which its members are called.

So on this great day of inspiration and trust, may we all be strengthened and lifted up for the Work that lies before us. As we are fearless for the right, we shall overcome the forces of selfishness and impurity, and rise triumphant to that first-hand knowledge of the Soul.

Yours faithfully and fraternally,
E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
President.

AYLSHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T.S.: The Norfolk Branch of the T.S. sends greetings and best wishes for the Convention. We regret that none of us can be present in person, but we shall, as always, be with you in thought,—and I think that each year the tie grows closer. We are more grateful than we can express for the excellent reports of the meetings of the New York Branch which, through your great kindness, we receive regularly; we feel in touch with you, and we realize more and more that distance and time are illusions, when we are working for a common cause. We realize the labour it must be to take the notes and transcribe them for our benefit—and we thank you. Your work and your care for us are very greatly appreciated.

With fraternal greetings from us all,
Yours sincerely,
ALICE GRAVES,
Secretary, Norfolk Branch T.S.

Mrs. Graves also wrote:—Once again our thoughts are full of the approaching Convention, and I think each year the tie between us, our tiny nucleus here, and you, grows stronger. We are greatly helped and encouraged by the reports of the New York meetings that we receive, and by the sense of your thought for us. We can hardly see that we make progress; but we do feel that we are not forgotten by you. You cannot think how much this feeling helps in our seeming isolation. We are a scattered group. Some of us have never met personally, and know each other only by our Study correspondence. I am speaking therefore of my own feeling, but I think we must all have the same sense of our unity with you in the common cause.

There are long periods of "dryness" and apparent stagnation, and we wonder if we are progressing at all. Then, when discouragement comes very near, some circumstance or condition arises, bringing a test of our faith. We are faced with something that calls for decision, possibly for action. We turn for help to the Light that has been given to us, to our faith, our belief in Theosophy and the Masters, and our cry for help is heard. Not perhaps, in the way we expect or have imagined, but in so sure and certain a manner that we cannot mistake it, and if our efforts to learn and understand have been steadfast and continuous, we know what we must do. Our standard of values adjusts itself, and things fall into line and we see them in their true proportions; and perhaps catch something of the meaning of the pain and sense of loss that had threatened to overwhelm us. This has been my experience during a year of much stress and strain. I have realized more than ever before that "A little of this Dharma protects from a great fear."

We send you our most heartfelt greetings for Convention, and our assurance that we shall be with you in spirit, in a very real manner.

Mrs. Bagnell wrote:—It seems to me that never has the world needed all that Theosophy can give it so much as it does in this day, and that it is really ready to hear its great message, if only it can be brought to its ear. There is a restless spirit everywhere, but it is one that has an element of eagerness in it. Men's minds are groping after something that they sense, and dimly feel that they need, but so far have been unable to find; and I believe that it is really an ideal that they are seeking for, something above and beyond themselves that they can live and

strive for, and that will give light and meaning to their lives. We know that Theosophy contains in itself the very highest ideal, all that the soul of man longs for and is dimly feeling after, and so we, who have the great privilege of membership in the T.S., have a very great responsibility, for we have to bring this great ideal to the knowledge of our fellowmen. As we have been told in *Fragments*, life here on earth is often a veritable hell, and our task is "to show a way out of this hell, to make men wish to walk in it when shown."

Every year that passes increases the privileges that are ours, and so increases our responsibilities, and each Convention gives us an opportunity of reaffirming our gratitude to Masters, and to the T.S.,—and of learning how we can best prove it, by carrying out the work that they wish to see accomplished in the world. Some words of St. Peter's Epistle have often come to my mind lately: "Qui de ténebris vos vocávit in admirábile lumen." We have indeed been called into that "admirable light", and at each Convention it should be possible for every one of us, if we are not blind, to advance still further into it, until our whole lives are irradiated by it. It is unimaginable that we should not desire to share it with others, to carry the light of Theosophy and the Masters into the world, which is so full of darkness. Two events in the last year would seem to show that men can appreciate a high ideal and be moved by it. Here in England the King's illness roused the nation, as nothing has done since the Great War, uniting all classes in the closest bond of anxiety, sorrow and loyalty. In France, *Maréchal* Foch's death shook the very soul of the nation. On the day of his funeral there were memorial services in every town, village and hamlet in France, and I am told that the national grief and reverence for its dead soldier surpassed anything that one could imagine. In both those cases, I believe that it was not so much the man as the ideal he represented which moved men's hearts so deeply, and, if so, surely they could be touched by a far higher one, that would satisfy all that is highest and noblest in them. I am hoping that this year in Convention a note will be struck that will vibrate through the world and not fall on deaf ears. Above all that everyone of us, members of the T.S., may not only hear and understand it, but so express it in our lives, during the coming year, that all those we contact may be conscious of it and vibrate in unison with it.

Miss Bagnell wrote:—As always at this time our thoughts are turning to Convention, and all that it means to the Society, in rendering account of the past year, and seeking to discover if there has been any intelligent response to the call of last year, and waiting, in the stillness, for the message for the year to come.

Recently I have been travelling in Northern Italy, seeing much of interest, and making the connections with the history of places where the destinies of nations have seen their rise and fall. In such travels, I think what is most striking is the apparent impermanence of all the finest efforts of first one civilization and then another, of ancient Rome or mediæval Florence. What is best in art or literature does survive, to the extent that it has within it the quickening spirit, but the bloom of even the finest civilization is all too soon withered and dead. I have thought insistently of *Light on the Path*, p. 64—"it is left to the individual to make this great effort." In our day most clearly does it seem the destiny of the Society as a whole—as composed of its individual units—to make that great effort, to become the redeemer of the race, and in some measure to redeem the failure of past ages. It is for *that* that the Pioneers sacrificed their lives, and their example is felt by us as inspiration, where alone we might often feel helpless or uninspired. May it be, as ever, an inspiring Convention, and fruitful in its result—for those who direct the work and call for the labourers.

Greetings from Mrs. Graves and Mrs. and Miss Bagnell, sent by cable, were also read to the Convention.

OSLO, NORWAY.

To The Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, Greetings. Again you have met on this annually recurring day in order to be inspired with wisdom, and to receive from the Lodge renewed strength and power for our future work. What a great

privilege it is to those who are able to join you on this occasion, having thus the opportunity to share directly in the blessings bestowed on you all, and through you on the whole Society, whose Members and Delegates you are.

I shall never forget the Annual Convention of 1927, at which I was so fortunate as to be present. It brought me to feel vividly in contact with you, not only at every recurring Convention, but always when I am going out to you in my thoughts and feelings of warm sympathy and love, which happens so very often, nay even every day.

With renewed greetings, and best wishes from your Comrades in the Oslo Branch of The Theosophical Society,

I am,
Sincerely yours,
THS. KNOFF,
Chairman.

Colonel Knoff, who also sent greetings by cable, wrote in a personal letter:—If I had been able to attend the Convention this year, I should have liked to draw the attention of those present to the eighth article on "Lodge Dialogues" in the January issue of the QUARTERLY. I should have confessed what I felt when reading it. I was struck by its tremendous wisdom, —by the excellent lesson it gave on our conception of God and our fellow-men,—its lesson about tolerance, compassion, detachment, kindness, and caution, which qualities are so important for us to possess, and to use from the Divine point of view, when trying to do good work for our fellow-men and the cause of the Masters.

You have, of course, read that article all of you, and noticed what I have said here; but there might be some members of the T. S., spread about in different countries, who have not yet made it a subject of repeated study and meditation. To them my feelings, when I was reading that article, might act as an impulse to reread it again and again, and to meditate on it frequently.

SALAMANCA, NEW YORK.

The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, Greetings to you all: The Sravakas Branch is experiencing one of those rest periods of which we so often read, but I am expecting great things for it, for did the Master not say, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled"?

Fraternally yours,
HOMER P. BAKER.

Per H. C. B.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: No year has really been lived unless in it we have gained a new conception of Theosophy and of the mission of The Theosophical Society. Otherwise we should have to say, with Titus, on the arrival of the day preceding the Convention: "We have lost the year." In this memorable hour of the Convention, your comrades of the Venezuela Branch earnestly desire, for all and every one of you, that in meeting again to examine yourselves and make your reports, each one may find that his understanding has widened, or at least that he may be able to say to himself that he has not understood all that he would wish to understand—which in itself is an understanding.

The world, at this time of severe shocks, interior and exterior, is in dire need of a wide diffusion of this understanding, and the duty of the members of the T. S. is to serve as silent inductors. The world is in a state of restlessness, and all currents of thought and will are reversed in every sense—in political, scientific, and religious activities. Fortunately, among many, the com-

pelling personality of Jesus holds sway, and the auditors of the Sermon on the Mount are increasing in number. This is most evident in France, where, even among the very priests of the Christian sects, the doctrine of Him whom they call Master is beginning to be expounded as the fuel of life, rather than as a soft cushion for spiritual indolence.

And it would seem that the same problems which arose some two thousand years ago, and which led to the coming of Christianity, are springing up again to-day. At that time the scene was laid in Palestine, where the movement was met by the neutral figure of the juridical law of Rome and the inquisitorial figure of the religious law of Israel, which together sought to bar its progress. In culpable partnership these two conspired to raise a barrier to the impetuous current of the Spirit which, flowing from Egypt, its source, eddied around the very edge of the continent of mysticism in the endeavour to leap at once to the full West, where Destiny had written that some day the latest flower of Universal Love, which the mild and humble Galilean had come to plant, would bloom in all its radiant splendour. As the field for this, the Mediterranean Basin—the melting pot of races and civilizations—presented itself; as a reserve, the Isle of Albion, and as a decisive Marne, the fertile soil of France. Since then, the message of redemption of the latest Avatar of the Great Lodge, which began with the patient symbol of the Cross in Palestine, and which has to transform itself into the symbol of the Heart in the France of ideals, still walks along an interminable way of sorrow with the load of redemption on its shoulders.

Now in the presence of such a state of perturbation and turbidity and cowardice through which the world is passing, and which has recently assumed a universal character, where shall be found a clarifier and a panacea? In Theosophy, in The Theosophical Society, in the infusion of Theosophy into science and into religion; in teaching the world to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness", knowing that the "rest" comes by accretion; in teaching it that science and religion are two expressions of the soul, the two pans of the balance in which the Spirit will weigh life.

This will seem, perhaps, to many members of the T. S., to be something already known; but the fact is that it is not sufficient to know it, one must *be* it, for well regulated charity begins with oneself, since indeed it is impossible to give unless one already has. And if, according to the terrible saying of the Maha Chohan, the T. S. exists in order to be the corner stone of the future religions, and, according to H. P. B., the granary of the societies of the twentieth century, then it is our unquestionable duty as members of the T. S. to infuse and induce the theosophical spirit and method into our surroundings, and to spread them by contagion to the religions and the societies of our time; to use what we have to the best of our ability, since that does not imply the creation of new liturgies and rituals, new academies and schools, but a new spirit in what already exists and is at our hand. And this utilization is possible because our Theosophical Society of to-day, by its incarnation, at the transcendental Convention of Boston in 1895, into the body of the T. S. of 1875, passed from one cycle into another without the night of Devachan, and so opened and initiated a new and unimpeachable opportunity which makes possible the salvation of this civilization, in its period of natural decline, and enables us to make use of it as a vehicle for the incarnation of the *new religions* and the *new societies*, to transport the world to the plane of a tropical zone, of a perpetual spiritual springtime. To-day the apocalyptic cry is, "I make all things new."

In the presence of this unprecedented opportunity and privilege, many of us will ask ourselves to whom we owe so much, and what are the causes of such an outcome. Those of us who believe in Masters have the answer already formulated; and those who have given themselves to a study of the various reappearances of the Theosophical Movement in the last quarter of each century may perhaps find an answer in the fact that a different method was employed in 1875. The movement was not initiated by a single individual; there were several, and among them two, H. P. B. and W. Q. J., had had experience in previous movements, and so took all possible precautions to overcome this time the action of those causes which had precipitated the failure of the former manifestation. Thus it did not enter into their plan to establish a rigid dogmatism or a circumscribed philosophy from which one would hope for the *immediate* fruit of acceptance and partisanship, but they opened the doors of complete

freedom of thought within a mutual fraternal respect, which in time, and only in time, would germinate in a universal collective consciousness. The conception was, instead of providing a special kind of bread to which all palates should conform, to furnish necessary leaven with which each one could make the bread which he himself preferred. By not expressing a preference for any special religion, or prescribing any form of government as universal systems in themselves, to Cæsar was left what is Cæsar's, and to God what is God's. Nevertheless, in its three fundamental objects which, with the synthesis of the universal evolutionary scheme, revealed and gave the only key to every religious system and every governmental form, these three propositions naturally correspond in religion and governmental politics to the laws which are immanent and inherent in every manifestation. In the religious manifestation it is the purgative, illuminative, and unitive way of all theologies; in the scheme of government it corresponds to the fundamental bases of the constitution and conduct of life itself. In THE QUARTERLY for April, 1916, there is a reply by X. Y. Z. to Question No. 195, in which it is said that the ideal form of government would be that which combines in due proportion the three recognized aspects of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy, as being the system used by the Lodge, that is to say, a combination of the three objects: a republic of creeds, races, sexes, castes, and colours; an aristocracy in sciences, philosophies, and ancient and modern religions; and an absolute monarchy of the consciousness of the Higher Self which must reign supreme in all the acts of life.

We are well aware that you already know all this, but in setting it forth here we wish to say that we, members of the Venezuela Branch, have learned it from you and our incomparable QUARTERLY, and in this way express our gratitude, which in itself might be regarded as our chief message.

Our meetings follow their normal course, with almost the same attendance. They were suspended during the months of August to October.

As the quarterly edition of *El Teósofo* is not at present practicable, we have limited the issue to one number a year, that of July. In that the report of the Convention will hold the place of honour. We await a more propitious era in which we can resume the publication of four numbers a year.

We are with you in spirit as in outward remembrance on the day of the Convention and during the same hour; and we raise our heartfelt prayers to the Masters that, in our mission of serving them and mankind, it may be in our power to "make all things new", and that to us may be given at this time, in which the world cries out for help, "the gift of tongues and the healing fire."

A. GONZÁLEZ JIMÉNEZ,
Corresponding Secretary.

ADUANA DE LA GUAIRA, VENEZUELA, S. A.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Please accept my brotherly greetings and sincerest wishes for a successful Convention in the present year. With my whole heart I am with you in spirit.

We have been told that the strong efforts of the Masters of Wisdom to supply the spiritual needs of the world have been concentrated and incarnated in The Theosophical Society. Therefore, we must consider this and acknowledge it to the gods. I have in mind the watchword of the Convention of 1927, "We must call down fire from heaven", to inspire our minds and our hearts.

Fraternally yours,
J. MELITON QUINTANA.

ONEAL, ARKANSAS.

To the Secretary T. S.: May I ask you to convey my sincere greetings to the members in Convention Assembled; also my lasting gratitude to those who make the QUARTERLY possible.

I should like above all things to be able to attend one Convention of The Theosophical Society; and though I am not with you next Saturday in person, I shall surely be there in thought and in spirit. I hope our Lord's blessing may be realized by every member present.

I realize the necessity for increased effort on the part of each and every member of The Theosophical Society towards becoming a real centre of spiritual life, ever trying to become disciples of Masters who have sacrificed so much that we might benefit. Only our daily life can demonstrate whether or not we are worthy; whether or not we have appreciated their *endless* sacrifice for us.

With best wishes to all,
Sincerely and fraternally yours,
WM. E. MULLINAX.

BERLIN-SCHÖNEBERG, GERMANY.

To the Convention of the T. S. in New York: To the members and friends in Convention assembled, we send our heartiest greetings and wishes for a very successful outcome of the Convention's activity. Our entire sympathy will be united with your efforts. From the stillness of the spiritual life we all constantly receive the power for the work we have to do; we long for nothing so much as to be enabled to give to the souls of those around us, the help through which they also can find this quiet source of life and power which comes from the Master. May this animating spirit be intensified in us all by our united effort during the Convention. Moreover, an apparent failure should not discourage anyone, as the result of our work is in the hands of the Master.

Most fraternally yours,
HELLMUTH PINTHER.
RICHARD WALTHER.
LUISE BETHGE.

TRIESTE, ITALY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, New York: Dear Fellow-Members: This year also our thoughts fly to you over the ocean to bring you our kindest wishes and greetings. The darkness here is evermore thicker, and the thin light of human sympathy and tolerance which still flickered in the first years after the war, is nearly burnt out. May the Master save us from complete darkness, from which it will never be possible to escape. Pray for Europe!

Fraternally yours,
ALBERTO PLISNIER.
TERESA PLISNIER.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Dear Comrades: Our greetings and our prayers for the Convention. A year has passed since the last Convention which brought us so great a promise, but was exacting also a strong effort of all of us. Have we accomplished what was expected from us, has the promise drawn nearer to its realization? Have we really formed a ladder for the ascension of the Chêla who is to become the link between ourselves and the Lodge? The present Convention, we believe, may tell us thereof.

Speaking of ourselves we humbly confess that our mite was very small, and we fear that we gave not all we ought to have given, that we yielded too much to our weakness; but, small as it is, we lay it on the Altar, trusting that the Masters in their mercy may accept it, endowing us with new strength to do more and better work in the year to come. While you are assembled at this Holy Day of ours, we shall lift up our hearts to unite with yours, trying to catch an echo of the Message which will be delivered to you and to all of us. Silence, Peace,

Trust and a renewed fierce determination to endure, endure for ever, that is what we will hold present in our hearts.

May the Masters bless you and your service in their work, the deliverance of Humanity.

Ever yours in fraternal love,

LEO SCHOCH.

ELISABETH SCHOCH.

BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: We deem it a great pleasure to be able again to convey to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes for a successful Convention. We shall be united with you heart and soul, and pray that Masters may bestow their blessings upon your deliberations that day.

As to our work, we must say it has been carried on quietly. We have occupied ourselves with the study of articles taken from the QUARTERLY, as well as the heart- and soul-stirring Convention report. Our studies have, however, been marked by a special feature. Each member has given a paper entitled, "Upon what grounds rests my conviction as to Germany's blame in the World War." Owing to the fact that these various addresses were essayed in a manner reflecting the individual conception of each member in regard to Germany's blame in the war, they were, just because of this, the subject of animated discussion. They revealed in mutual emphasis the right understanding of theosophic principles, an harmonious unity of heart, and a profound and ever-increasing will to serve.

As a consequence of this striving for ever greater unity of heart, profundity, and perfection —which embraces a continually growing devotion to the Cause—we shall become, one day, what at present we can only dare hope,—supporting, maintaining members, who stand up for the continuity of the T. S. like the "Ancients".

On behalf of the Wilmersdorfer Study Class, we remain

Very sincerely and fraternally yours,

OSKAR STOLL.

ALFRED FRIEDEWALD.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

To the Secretary T. S.: This year has been the most wonderful and helpful to our small band of students, of all the years in our Theosophical experience. We understand the word "disciple" as meaning also "higher humanity", and we have had greater help than ever before along this line of thought and endeavour. The QUARTERLY has been wonderful, also. It is as though all previous work had really been to understand *more* this last year. Greetings to the Convention.

JENNIE B. TUTTLE.

TORONTO 13, CANADA.

To the Secretary T. S.: The Convention will soon be in session and I wish for all who attend, that peace that always comes when the Masters are present, as I believe they are present at this time. I am sure their influence must be felt; in fact year by year this influence is reflected in the QUARTERLY and felt through reading the account of the Convention. And so once more I wish for you and all fellow members,—Peace.

Sincerely yours,

S. WALSOM.

Messages of greeting received from Mr. Birger Elwing (Texas); Miss Flora Friedlein (Kansas); Miss Flora J. Henry (Louisiana); Mrs. Antonin Raymond (Japan); Miss E. Silveira (Venezuela); Mr. A. Valedon (Venezuela); and Mr. F. Weber (Germany), were also read to the Convention.



Rābi'a the Mystic, and her Fellow-Saints in Islām, by Margaret Smith, M.A., Ph.D.; Cambridge University Press, England, 1928.

This book suffers from having been compiled originally in order to obtain a University degree; that is to say, it had to be written so as to impress the examiners, representing the world of "scholars"; and "scholars", with few exceptions, are dominated still by German methods and standards. They are "thorough", which means that the more you quote from other people, and the more you crowd your pages with references and footnotes, and the less you think, the more scholarly you are. There is the usual crushing "Survey of Sources." Yet, in this case, we sympathize with the author, believing that she did these things because she had to, and not because she liked it. Our belief is based upon the spirit in which she writes, and upon her evident sympathy with, and understanding of, religious mysticism. In spite of the methods imposed upon her—of her "goose-step"—she manages to reveal Rābi'a as one of the saints of God,—not a chêla, but a typical saint, who would have been annexed and canonized long ago by Rome, if it were not for the barrier of a name or two (such as "Allah" for "God"), and similar accidents of birth and environment. The Sūfis of Rābi'a's day (she was born in A.D. 717, in Basra) were intensely and astonishingly Christian in all except name; and their Christianity was of a very high order. Not many among Christian saints have seen as deeply into the spirit of things as they did. Take, for instance, the subject of Repentance: Rābi'a was always weeping for her sins, but, when questioned, she said: "My sorrow is not for the things which make me grieve; my sorrow is for the things for which I do not grieve." They held that "repentance may be from what is wrong to what is right—the common kind; from what is right to what is more right—that of the elect; and from selfhood to God, which belongs to the degree of Divine love." Again, "there is the Repentance of return, through fear of the Divine punishment, and Repentance through shame of Divine clemency. 'The Repentance of fear is caused by revelation of God's Majesty, the Repentance of shame by the vision of God's Beauty.'" Nor was their understanding of sin narrow: "The sins of those who are near to God are the good deeds of the righteous."

Consider, also, this definition of gratitude (we may apply it in human as well as in divine relations): "Gratitude is the vision of the Giver, not of the Gift." The same thing was said by Mme. Guyon, as the author reminds us in a footnote; but the definition quoted is from Al-Qushayrī, who lived and taught before the Normans had conquered England.

It is a valuable book in many ways, though it can in no sense replace the works of Professor Nicholson, whose studies of Sūfism cover a much wider field, while Miss Smith limits herself to her subject,—Rābi'a the Mystic, who belonged to a period ante-dating the metaphysical developments within Islām, and the influence of Indian thought, particularly of the Vedanta. This is as far as Rābi'a travelled,—and we must revere her for having travelled so far: "O my Lord, if I worship Thee from fear of Hell, burn me in Hell, and if I worship Thee from hope of Paradise, exclude me thence, but if I worship Thee for Thine own sake then withhold not from me Thine Eternal Beauty." It was Mahmūd Shabistarī who said: "If you ask, Who is the traveller on the Way? It is one who is aware of his own origin. . . . He is the traveller who passes on speedily; he has become pure from self as flame from smoke"; and again: "In God there is no duality. . . . The Quest and the Way and the Seeker become one." But

Shabistarī lived centuries after Rābi'a, following in the tracks which she and a thousand other Sūfi saints had beaten and established for him. He reaped in understanding what they had sown in love and sacrifice.

H.

Madeleine Sémer, Convert and Mystic, by Abbé Félix Klein; translated by Foster Stearns, with Foreword by James J. Walsh; The Macmillan Company, New York, 1927; price, $2.25.

Abbé Klein, writer of many books which have been crowned by the French Academy, and well known in America as a distinguished lecturer, has given us in *Madeleine Sémer* an absorbingly interesting human record. Madame Sémer, who died less than eight years ago, was, before her conversion, a woman of the world, beautiful, cultivated, charming, who in her early years was surrounded by every luxury, the centre of a brilliant social life. An insatiable reader, her mind was steeped in rationalistic thinking—Rousseau, Renan, Nietzsche. With delicate satire she mocked at all religious thought, but, endowed with unusual gifts of heart as well as mind, she had one supreme gift, "the instinct for loving others for themselves," coupled with a passionate desire to *give:* always to do better than her best; always to outdo her utmost. "*Toujours rêver au-delà et désirer davantage,*"—that was her cry. Hers was an ardent and generous nature, its very richness being first her undoing and later her making. Her life shattered while she was still young, she passed through many years of bitter humiliations, poor and alone. The very depth of her misery, however, made her reach out for something of which she had never before felt the need. "I love God without believing in Him; I believe a whole lot of things that I do not love, and I prefer to live by my loves rather than by my beliefs,"—so she wrote in her Journal. She was groping, she hardly knew for what. She began to pray, the result being, "peace, courage, resignation and charity; longing so intense that it had all the force of an action." Then something happened. Alone in her room one night, weary, anxious, oppressed with an overmastering sadness, yet clinging courageously to the thought, "What matters sorrow, since I desire the Good, and the Good above everything," suddenly: "I saw beside my face a sweet and beautiful countenance, a shoulder was offered to my inquietude, and I retain the remembrance of a clear second when I smiled at Jesus." Never again was her life to be the old life of groping, for, although she evidently found some difficulty in accounting for the "marvellous vision", the Master had come to claim his own, and Madeleine Sémer knew that her heart belonged to him, and hers was not the nature to hold back anything, once she had given herself. There were still many years of suffering ahead of her, but her spiritual progress continued steadily, and little by little she won her footing in the real world, until finally her personal life was lost in a mystical union. Anyone interested in mystical experience will find inspiration in this book, and students of Theosophy will be among the first. The book is built upon the Journal and letters of Madame Sémer, preserving for us many of her most intimate thoughts, and giving us a vivid picture of this ardent soul. We are often reminded of Elizabeth Leseur, or of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, though Madeleine Sémer seems to live and glow in a special place of her own; and we are much indebted to Abbé Klein for the skill and sympathy with which he has told this story of a soul's journey toward the Kingdom of God.

Y. M.

The People of Tibet, by Sir Charles Bell. Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1928; price, 21s.

This is the second book which Sir Charles Bell has written about the mysterious land to the north of the Himalayas. The first, *Tibet: Past and Present*, was published four years earlier. A third is promised, dealing with the religions of Tibet. Sir Charles Bell is also the author of a grammar of colloquial Tibetan and an English-Tibetan dictionary. These numerous writings imply a thorough and intimate knowledge of a country of great interest to students of Theosophy, and, from a study of his books, one reaches the conclusion that Sir Charles Bell has given the first true account of the hidden land, an account which is in complete harmony with the conditions suggested by sentences in the writings of Mme. Blavatsky, and in some of the letters addressed from the Snowy Mountains to Mr. Sinnett.

Sir Charles Bell does not generalize or paint in broad surfaces. He accumulates innumer-

able brief notes regarding each subject; let us say, children, or land tenures, or dress, and so constructs a mosaic picture. For the present reviewer the most interesting thing in this singularly attractive book is the translation of a Tibetan word: "When riding with another Tibetan friend, he calls to an elderly peasant woman to move to the side, and in doing so addresses her as 'Mother' (*A-ma*). Those between about thirty and fifty years of age we may accost as 'Elder Sister' (*A-chi*); the younger ones as 'Daughter' (*Pu-mo*)." This brings to memory a phrase in the letters to Mr. Sinnett (p. 315): "He will turn back on you some day, *pumo!*" The masterful Old Lady was addressed by her yet more masterful Guru as "daughter".

Sir Charles Bell was, in his several official visits to Tibet, particularly impressed with the complete sincerity and devotion of the Tibetans; they are, he says, the most religious people in the world, so much so that for many years the population of the nation has been decreasing because so many boys and young men are determined to turn their backs on worldly life, and devote their entire energies to spiritual discipline, or, as he phrases it, the way of salvation. He has much to say regarding the position of women: "Even in religious careers the Tibetan women have come to the front from time to time. The standard modern example of this is to be found in the monastery on the peaceful hill overlooking the 'Lake of the Upland Pastures' and facing the eternal snows of the Himalaya. . . . For here resides the holiest woman in Tibet, the Incarnation of the goddess Dor-je Pa-mo. The present is the eleventh Incarnation. When one dies, or 'retires to the heavenly fields', her spirit passes into a baby girl, and thus the succession goes on. The ninth Incarnation was the most famous of the line." Then follows a very sympathetic account of his visit to the "eleventh Incarnation", a young woman of twenty-four, whose photograph Sir Charles Bell was allowed to take, and with whom he talked in her own tongue for some time: "Her sweet, though pensive, smile, her youth, her quiet dignity, invested the young abbess with a charm that was all her own."

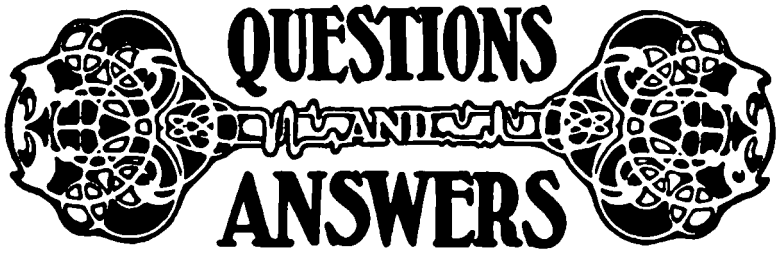
Sir Charles Bell describes Tibet as a landed aristocracy, in social structure not unlike the Britain of more idyllic days, and, in speaking of the ruling class, he again and again uses words like "gentleman" and "lady," with a feeling that they are entirely fitting. Indeed, he more than once plainly says that in generous and graceful courtesy he was no match for the aristocrats among "the laughter loving people of Tibet".

One's only regret is, that the book is so good, and describes a land so attractive, that others may be tempted to penetrate thither, inevitably bringing with them the restless spirit of the West.

J.

El Teósofo. It was a great pleasure to receive the double number of *El Teósofo*, for January and April, 1928, completing the third volume of this most attractive magazine of one hundred pages, published by the Venezuela Branch of The Theosophical Society, at Caracas, and through which this Branch continues the excellent work which it has already done in making theosophical writings available to Spanish-speaking readers. The current number contains a notice that hereafter it is to be an annual, published in July instead of quarterly. It is to include among other translations, the full report of the Convention of The Theosophical Society, as published in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. A statement of its contents shows the value of the magazine. The number just received contains in Spanish the full report of the 1928 Convention at New York; Mr. Johnston's lecture on Theosophy given the Sunday after the Convention; "Fragments"; an article by Mr. Judge from the *Irish Theosophist* of July 15, 1893, on "Meditation, Concentration and Will"; Jasper Niemand's article, "The Christian Life", from the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of April, 1927; "Obedience" by E. M. S. from the QUARTERLY of October, 1909, and Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students." There are also Notes by A. G. J., and reviews of recent issues of the QUARTERLY. The number closes with an account of the meeting of the Venezuela Branch held at the time of the 1928 Convention of The Theosophical Society, and the tribute paid by those present, standing, to the memory of Mr. Griscom.

M.



QUESTION No. 346.—*Several statements made in the article on "Perseverance" in the July, 1927,* QUARTERLY, *on page 31, lead me to ask whether students of Theosophy are justified in demanding from those with whom they come in contact the same attitude toward life which they themselves try to maintain.*

ANSWER.—It would perhaps be well to make a distinction between an *attitude toward life* and a *standard of conduct.* There are probably few students of Theosophy who do not believe in Masters, in Reincarnation and in Karma, and their attitude toward life would therefore be based on these convictions; but for a student of Theosophy to "demand" from others an attitude toward life depending on a belief in Reincarnation or Karma, would obviously be little short of an impertinence. There are, however, certain standards of conduct which have been invariably accepted by all great moral and religious teachers, and which are to be found in any code of ethics; such, for instance, as the conscientious performance of duty, thoroughness, courtesy, and the like. Why would not a student of Theosophy (we should expect it from any one else sufficiently public spirited to recognize the social and moral value of these standards)—why would not a student of Theosophy be entirely justified in demanding first, of course, from himself, but also, during working hours, from those whose duty it was to serve him (telephone operators, shop assistants, etc.) a strict observance of these universally accepted rules of conduct? Were a student of Theosophy to force his way into the private life of any of these individuals with the same "demands" that he makes from them as paid employés, it would be quite another matter; but so far as I can see, no such suggestion appears to have been made in the article referred to. It amounts to this: whether we are students of Theosophy or whether we are not, we are members of a community, and we must know that the conscientious performance of a public duty is a matter of simple public honesty, if nothing more. Being members of a community then, are we or are we not absolved from all responsibility in trying to uphold this honest standard, because we are students of Theosophy?

T. A.

ANSWER.—No, students of Theosophy are not justified in demanding from others any particular attitude toward life as a whole, but only toward that fragment of life for which they are responsible. It is not, for example, our duty to reform the language of others. It is our duty to see that vile language is not used in our presence. In just the same way, it is not our duty to reform the work of others, but it is our duty to see that work for which we are responsible and for which we pay, is properly performed. If we fail to do so, we thereby become participants in the carelessness, bad manners, or dishonesty which we condone. If everyone were to demand honest work and the faithful, courteous performance of service due, the world would be better and workmen happier.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Doubtless we ought to exact from others the full performance of their duties, in so far as we are ourselves responsible for that performance. It is a corporal's duty to keep his squad in order. But it is not the duty of a private to appoint himself the judge of the weaknesses of his equals and superiors. Let him first discover all that can be known about his immediate duty and some day he may be promoted to be a corporal. Meanwhile, "the duty of another is full of danger".

V. S.

QUESTION No. 347.—*Several times in the past eight or ten years I have been wakened by three distinct raps on my bedroom door. These knocks have seemed to me to be unmistakably something out of the ordinary, different from the usual sounds of the night, in a class by themselves. Can I be right in so interpreting them, and if so what might be their significance?*

ANSWER.—We do not know what caused the knocks or whether that cause was inside or outside of the questioner's brain. The significance of such things, however, is what we choose to give them. They can, for example, be treated as a call to recollection, as one may profitably do with any other noise that awakes one in the night. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Certainly the questioner may be right in interpreting these knocks as "out of the ordinary"; their significance, however, on that basis, can be determined only by the person who was wakened by them. It would be legitimate to assume (always on the supposition that they were not nervous disturbances, reflected, in dream, as external knocks) that they were intended to wake the sleeper, either to help him register in his brain some inner and important experience of dream-life, or to protect him against the continuance of some demoralizing influence such as a lower type of dream can exercise.

E. T. H.

MAHLON D. BUTLER

Mahlon D. Butler, an old and valued member of The Theosophical Society, and at one time a member of the Executive Committee, died at the home of his son, in Indianapolis, on March 16th, in his 88th year. His advanced age had made it impossible for him, during recent years, to attend the annual Conventions of the Society, of which he became a member in November, 1892; but he always contributed a letter of greeting, and always kept in touch with his old friends at Headquarters. He was a loyal supporter of W. Q. Judge, who knew him well, and who often spoke, with high regard, of his integrity, and inherent fidelity of nature. Freed from the burden of the flesh, he has joined the ranks of the unseen "Army of the Lord", to fight for the Cause he loved, and to reinforce the efforts of those who survive him.

He is mourned also by the Grand Army of the Republic, of which he was Adjutant-General in 1920–21, and by his Brethren of the Scottish Rite, among whom he ranked as Honorary Member of the Supreme Council, 33°.

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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., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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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 colour. 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

OCTOBER, 1929

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 Buddha's Teaching of the Logos

FOR millenniums the Brahman community has dominated the religious and intellectual life of India. It may be added that, to-day, the Brahmans are working to preserve that domination by means of political agitation against the suzerainty of England; for while popular agitators speak eloquently of liberty for the people of India, the astute Brahmans who really direct the agitation have as their true goal the confirmation of the Brahman caste in its ancient despotism, with all the advantages, social and financial, which for many centuries have rewarded Brahman political skill. Opposing this Brahmanical plan are various forces. First, there is a nucleus of Englishmen, of whom Sir Walter Lawrence may stand as the type, who clearly recognize the reality of Brahmanical tyranny over the humbler classes and the less endowed races, and who as clearly see that impartial British justice has given these lowlier classes a genuine protection against Brahman Zemindars, or landlords, who are swollen with the sense of their privileges, but have little feeling of their obligations. In the *Letters* to Mr. Sinnett, the way in which the Zemindars gained their power over the cultivators is thus explicitly stated:

"Recall the past and this will help you to see more clearly into our intentions. When you took over Bengal from the native Rulers, there were a number of men who exercised the calling of Tax Collectors under their Government. These men received, as you are aware, a percentage for collecting the rents. The spirit of the letter of the tithe and tribute under the Mussulman Rulers was never understood by the East India Company; least of all the rights of the ryots (village cultivators) to oppose an arbitrary interchange of the Law of *Wuzeefa* and *Mookassimah*. Well, when the Zemindars found that the British did not exactly understand their position, they took advantage of it as the English had taken advantage of their force: they claimed to

be Landlords. Weakly enough, you consented to recognize the claim, and admitting it notwithstanding the warning of the Mussulmans who understood the real situation and were not bribed as most of the (East India) Company were—you played into the hands of the few against the many, the result being the 'perpetual settlement' documents. It is this that led to every subsequent evil in Bengal" (page 389).

The character of these evils, in Bengal, and, to a degree, throughout India, is depicted in a slightly earlier letter: "The 'Cradle Land of Arts and Creeds' swarms with unhappy beings, precariously provided for, and vexed by demagogues who have everything to gain by chicane and impudence." The attitude of the Landlords, many of them Brahmans, into whose hands the village cultivators were stupidly delivered by the "perpetual settlement" of Lord Cornwallis in 1793, is sufficiently characterized by the same observer in a single word: "The resistance to, and the intrigue set on foot by the Zemindars against the Bill *are infamous* . . . ." It may be added in parenthesis that the Bill alluded to was duly passed, as the Bengal Tenancy Act of 1885, and that it did in fact give to the hapless village cultivators of Bengal a certain measure of protection against their rapacious Landlords, many of whom were Brahmans.

If we go from Bengal to the other side of India, to Kashmir, we shall find Sir Walter Lawrence describing an almost identical situation in *The India We Served* (page 133):

"My object was to encourage the peasants to cultivate their fine land, and to restore the land revenues of Kashmir. The object of the [Brahman] pandits was simply to take the best of the land and to force the Moslem cultivators to work for nothing. The wicked system of forced labour had ruined the country, and as I settled in each division of the valley the revenue that the villagers were to pay, in cash, and not as heretofore in kind, not to middlemen [Brahman] pandits, but to the State, I set free the villagers from the crushing exactions which were enforced by the privileged classes under the tyrannous system known as *Begar*. No wonder that the city disapproved of me, and that the *fermier* [Brahman] pandits, who lost their power and perquisites, disliked me." Sir Walter Lawrence adds, a little later: "Nowhere in the East have I met any body of men so clever and so courteous as the Kashmiri [Brahman] pandits."

The tragedy is that these gifted men, with their high spiritual heritage, misuse their brilliant gifts to the ends of extortion and tyranny.

It will be noted that both Mr. Sinnett's correspondent and Sir Walter Lawrence speak of the Mussulmans, the Moslems, as opposing Brahman tyranny. One may surmise that to this end the Karma of India brought across the North-West frontier successive hordes of Moslem invaders, often cruel and rapacious, but nevertheless to some degree breaking the power of the Brahman priestcraft both by armed force and by their militant monotheism. The Moslems of India, therefore, are the second of the three forces alluded to at the outset, as making headway against the despotism of Brahman

priestcraft. A third power, well worthy of consideration, is rising in the India of to-day, namely the great organization, already reckoned at more than twenty-five million souls, explicitly opposed to the Brahmans, in Southern India, and especially in the Presidency of Madras. This anti-Brahmanical community, largely recruited from the "depressed" classes, who had been deprived of almost every privilege of manhood by the Brahmans, has been strongly fostered by Christian missions, as though the great Western Master had reached out to India, with the definite purpose of co-operating in this way in the effort which the Eastern Lodge is making, to break the grip of Brahman tyranny over India. We shall presently see how this special and profoundly interesting effort is related to the work which the Buddha inaugurated, along almost identical lines, twenty-five centuries ago.

For what has been written above is an introduction to the study which we have been making, of the attitude of the Buddha toward the Brahmans of his day, and his strong and long-continued efforts to redeem the Brahmans, who are and were among the most gifted races of mankind, from the dangerous degradation into which they had fallen through the abuse of their high spiritual heredity. One line of this effort is set forth in the *Tevijja Sutta*, a dialogue between the Buddha and two young Brahmans, Vasishtha and Bharadvaja, a part of which has already been translated. The Buddha was at that time dwelling with his disciples in a mango grove on the bank of the river Achiravati, to the north of the Brahman settlement of Manasâkata.

In this dialogue, which is sterner in tone than some of the other discourses on the same theme, the Buddha shows that he is familiar with the whole Brahmanical tradition and system, the Three Vedas (from which the Sutta takes its name), and the names of the great Rishis of old, to whom the composition of the hymns of the Rig Veda was attributed. He has asked Vasishtha whether the Brahmans and their disciples, or even the ancient Rishis themselves, had ever seen the Divinity, Brahma, the way to whom they claimed to know, and Vasishtha has replied that neither the Rishis nor the Brahmans had ever seen Brahma, though they professed to know and to teach the way to Brahma, the path leading to entry into the being of that Divinity.

The Buddha then makes his criticism more personal and pointed:

"Once more, Vasishtha, if this river Achiravati were so full of water that a crow, standing on the bank, could drink, and a man with business on the other side should come up, desiring to cross to the other bank; and he, standing on the brink of the river, were to call to the farther bank, 'Come hither, farther bank! Come hither, farther bank!' What thinkest thou, Vasishtha, would the farther bank of the river come over, by reason of that man's invocations and prayers?"

"No, indeed, Sir Gotama!"

"In exactly the same way, Vasishtha, the Brahmans who know the Three Vedas, neglecting the conduct which makes men truly Brahmans, knowers of Brahma, and pursuing conduct which makes men cease to be Brahmans, make such invocation as: 'We invoke Indra, we invoke Soma, we invoke

Varuna!' and so with the other Divinities; and they think that, because of these invocations, they will, departing from the body after death, enter into companionship with Brahma—but such a condition of things has no existence.

"Once more, Vasishtha, if this river Achiravati were so full of water that a crow, standing on the bank, could drink, and a man with business on the other side should come up, desiring to cross to the other bank; and if on this bank he were bound with a strong chain, his arms chained behind his back, —what thinkest thou, Vasishtha, would that man be able to cross over from this bank of the river Achiravati to the farther bank?"

"No, indeed, Sir Gotama!"

The Buddha proceeds to apply his parable. The Brahmans who put their trust in the Three Vedas are bound and tied by bonds, such as the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, like the traveller bound with chains on the hither bank of the river Achiravati. It is impossible for them, when they depart from the body after death, to cross over into companionship with Brahma, just as it is impossible for the traveller, while chained on the hither bank of the river Achiravati, to cross over to the farther bank and proceed to his desired destination. But there may be other hindrances besides bondage:

"Once more, Vasishtha, if this river Achiravati were so full of water that a crow, standing on the bank, could drink, and a man with business on the other side should come up, desiring to cross over to the other bank; and if he were to lie down, and, wrapping his head in his mantle, were to go to sleep,—what thinkest thou, Vasishtha, would that man cross over from this bank of the river Achiravati to the farther bank?"

"No, indeed, Sir Gotama!"

But the Brahmans who put their trust in the Three Vedas are in like manner swathed about and covered up with veils of illusion and delusion. Therefore, it is impossible for them, when they depart from the body after death, to cross over into companionship with Brahma. Then the Buddha becomes still more definite and concrete:

"Then what thinkest thou, Vasishtha? Whether hast thou heard from Brahmans who are old and full of years, when teachers and pupils are talking together,—is Brahma possessed of wife and family, or no?"

"He is without wife and family, Sir Gotama!"

"Is Brahma of angry heart, or not of angry heart?"

"Not of angry heart, Sir Gotama!"

"Is Brahma of malevolent heart, or not of malevolent heart?"

"Not of malevolent heart, Sir Gotama!"

"Is Brahma prone to mental sloth and perturbation, or no?"

"He is not thus prone, Sir Gotama!"

"Is Brahma lord of himself, or not lord of himself?"

"He is lord of himself, Sir Gotama!"

"Then what thinkest thou, Vasishtha? Are the Brahmans of the Three Vedas possessed of wives and families, or no?"

"Possessed of wives and families, Sir Gotama!"

"Are they of angry heart, or not of angry heart?"

"Of angry heart, Sir Gotama!"

"Are they of malevolent heart, or not of malevolent heart?"

"Of malevolent heart, Sir Gotama!"

"Are they prone to mental sloth and perturbation, or no?"

"Prone to mental sloth and perturbation, Sir Gotama!"

"Are they lords of themselves, or not lords of themselves?"

"Not lords of themselves, Sir Gotama!"

"So then, Vasishtha, Brahma is without wife and family, not of angry heart, not of malevolent heart, not prone to sloth and perturbation, lord of himself; while the Brahmans who trust in the Three Vedas are possessed of wives and families, of angry heart, of malevolent heart, prone to sloth and perturbation, not lords of themselves. Therefore, it is impossible for them, when they depart from the body after death, to cross over to union with Brahma. Therefore, Vasishtha, these Brahmans who put their trust in the Three Vedas, who sit in fancied security, are in reality sinking in a quagmire; while they think that they are crossing to a happier world, are in reality falling into misery. Therefore, the Vedic knowledge of these Brahmans who trust in the Three Vedas should be called a Vedic desert, a Vedic jungle, a Vedic destruction!"

It is, therefore, clear that the Brahmans of the settlement of Manasâkata, by the river Achiravati, in the land of the Koshalas, instead of being true knowers of Brahma, knowers of the Eternal, were already in the Buddha's day, twenty-five centuries ago, exactly like the Brahman landholders, as described by the writer of the *Letters*, exactly like the Brahman pandits of Kashmir, as described by Sir Walter Lawrence: greedy, worldly, ambitious, a tyrannous and despotic priesthood, using their great gifts for selfish and evil ends. It must be added that the Buddha's efforts to save them, though successful in the case of some individuals, completely failed to alter for the better the communities of the Brahmans as a whole. They still rule despotically over the temporal fortunes of the lowlier Hindus; they still exercise a mental and psychical despotism over a great part of India. And, precisely because the rule of just Englishmen is a check on that despotic sway, these Brahmans are seeking to drive the English out of India, craftily alleging that "liberty" is their goal, while their true goal is an increase of their own despotic power.

But to return to the Buddha and his youthful interlocutor, the Brahman Vasishtha. The dialogue at the point which we have reached takes a new turn, which brings us to matters of immense interest and importance.

Thus addressed, we are told, the young man Vasishtha spoke as follows to the Master:

"It has been heard by me, Sir Gotama, that the ascetic Gotama knows the way to union with Brahma!"

"What thinkest thou, Vasishtha? Manasâkata is near by, Manasâkata is not far from here?"

"Even so, Sir Gotama! Manasâkata is near by, Manasâkata is not far from here!"

"Then what thinkest thou, Vasishtha? A man was born in Manasâkata and grew up there. Suppose that they should ask this dweller in Manasâkata the way thither. Would there be any doubt or hesitation in the mind of this man, born and brought up in Manasâkata, concerning the way to Manasâkata?"

"No, indeed, Sir Gotama! And for what cause? Because, Sir Gotama, since the man was born and brought up in Manasâkata, all the ways to Manasâkata would be well known to him!"

"Yet even though the man born and brought up in Manasâkata might fall into doubt and hesitation concerning the way to Manasâkata, the Tathâgata could not fall into doubt or hesitation concerning the world of Brahma or concerning the path which leads to the world of Brahma. For Brahma I know, Vasishtha, and the world of Brahma, and the path which leads to the world of Brahma. As one who has attained to the world of Brahma, as one who has entered the world of Brahma, that world I know!"

The young man Vasishtha logically pursues his enquiry, and asks the Buddha to reveal to him the path. The Buddha answers by setting forth in order the rules of discipleship, and the following of the path under the guidance of a Master: rules which have already been considered at length. We may for the present leave this part of the subject, in order to consider what the Buddha has already said to Vasishtha.

It will be remembered that, in the Buddha's discourses, the Divinity, Brahma, has more than one meaning. There is, first, the gently ironical treatment of Great Brahma, to correct the too literal view of those who persist in representing Divinity as "a magnified and non-natural man." This is finely exemplified in the *Kevaddha Sutta*, when the Buddha narrates to Kevaddha the story of an enquiring disciple who, inspired by a boundless desire for knowledge, made his way, by force of supreme asceticism, to the world of Brahma, and, when Great Brahma appeared, heralded by a radiance and a shining, put to the Great Lord a very difficult question concerning the constitution of the elements during the period of the dissolution of the universe. The Great Lord made answer:

"I am Brahma, mighty Brahma, Maker of all, Father of all . . . ."

But the ascetic, naïvely relentless, replied:

"I did not ask whether you were Brahma, mighty Brahma, Maker of all, Father of all! I asked concerning the constitution of the elements during the dissolution of the universe!"

This was twice repeated. The Buddha thus continues his narrative:

"Then great Brahma, taking that ascetic by the arm, and leading him away to one side, said this: 'Of a truth, ascetic, these Bright Ones here, attendants of Brahma, think that there is nothing whatever that Brahma does not know, nothing whatever that Brahma does not perceive. Therefore in their presence I did not answer. But the truth is, ascetic, that I do not

know what the constitution of the elements is, during the period of the dissolution of the universe! . . . ."

We shall see presently that, in addition to the gently ironical correction of the belief in a "magnified and non-natural man," there is, in this answer a profound philosophical truth.

What is at first sight a different view of Brahma is given in a magnificent discourse, in which the Buddha describes, under the guise of a fairy tale, a Convention of the Immortals, ranged in order under the Four Maharajas, in the Realm of the Thirty-Three Divinities. To the Immortals, thus assembled in Convention, comes the manifestation of Great Brahma, again heralded by a radiance and a shining. And to each of the Immortals it appears that Great Brahma draws near directly to him, speaks directly to him.

Finally, we have the very remarkable declaration of the Buddha, in the discourse just translated:

"Brahma I know, and the world of Brahma, and the path which leads to the world of Brahma. As one who has attained to the world of Brahma, as one who has entered the world of Brahma, that world I know!"

There is, in the *Secret Doctrine*, a conception which at once illuminates and harmonizes these three apparently different expressions: namely, the conception of the Logos, the Divine Mind, as made up of the sum total of the spiritual consciousness of the cosmos; or, to use an alternative expression, as the collective Life of the Divine Host, the Host of the Dhyan Chohans, a collective spiritual consciousness which, so far as our cosmos is concerned, is omniscient and omnipotent. It is further taught in the *Secret Doctrine* that this Divine Consciousness of the Heavenly Host overshadows and inspires the Lodge of Masters; and we may suppose that this overshadowing is especially potent at certain times, on certain occasions, perhaps such an occasion as would correspond to the Convention of the Immortals, in the fairy-tale which the Buddha told.

If we take Great Brahma thus to mean the Logos conceived as active, then there would be the completest justification in the declaration of the Buddha: "Brahma I know, and the world of Brahma, as one who has entered the world of Brahma, that world I know!" For the attainment of Buddhahood is precisely such entry into the Life of the Logos, with a resulting knowledge of the Life of the Logos, as it were, from within. Further, this clear declaration, so unaccountably ignored by certain Western Orientalists, bent on seeing in the Buddha an agnostic, and sometimes even a philosophical Nihilist, once more demonstrates that his teaching is in all ways identical with that of the Great Upanishads, which hold as the ideal the completeness of identification of the individual consciousness with the Eternal, of Atma with Brahma; and, in those older Upanishads, the word Brahman means "one who knows Brahma, one who knows the Eternal," the sublime significance which the Buddha constantly seeks to restore to a name which in his day had come to mean little more than a member of an hereditary priestly caste.

To come back to the gentle irony of the *Kevaddha Sutta;* we have found

good reason for holding that by Brahma the Buddha means the Logos of our cosmos, the sum of the spiritual consciousness of our system of worlds. It is evident, however, that in this definition there is already a suggestion of something which falls short of absolute Omniscience, the Omniscience of the Absolute, if such an expression may be permitted. For our cosmos is one of many within the inconceivable immensity of the Universal Kosmos; and, if one may speak without presumption concerning matters which are wholly beyond any form of perception which we can conceive, it would seem logical to hold that there are certain things which of necessity remain unknown even to the supreme spiritual consciousness of the Logos of our cosmos. There is, to begin with, the eternally unanswerable question: Why is there a Kosmos? So it would seem that, under the guise of gentle irony, the Buddha was in reality conveying a profound philosophical truth, a fundamental truth of the *Secret Doctrine*.

It has been shown previously that, in several remarkable instances, the Buddha quotes the identical words of certain of the Great Upanishads. It would appear that he is thus quoting, in the vitally important declaration which has been translated: "Brahma I know, and the world of Brahma; as one who has entered the world of Brahma, that world I know!" For this phrase, *Brahma-loka*, has, in the Great Upanishads, a quite definite meaning. It is found, as indicating the supreme spiritual attainment, in the story of the King-Initiate Pravâhana, son of Jivala, which occurs with deeply interesting variants in the two greatest Upanishads.

In the version of the story which is given in the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad*, the King-Initiate, instructing his Brahman disciple concerning the consummation of the way of Liberation, the path of Divinity, says that, to those who go forward along this path, there appears "a Spirit, of the nature of Mind (*mânasa*), who leads them to the Brahma-worlds. . . . For them, there is no return."

The parallel version in the *Chhandogya Upanishad* reads: "A Spirit not of the sons of Manu (*a-mânava*) leads them to Brahma. This is the path of Divinity."

It would seem, then, first, that the Buddha is affirming of himself exactly that Liberation which the King-Initiate taught, in these two greatest of the Upanishads; and, second, that the Spirit, which is at once "of the nature of Mind" and "not of the sons of Manu," is the Divine Host already considered.

In that treasure-house of knowledge, *Isis Unveiled*, there are certain passages which confirm this view of the Buddha's teaching, as identical with that of the Great Upanishads. Speaking of "pre-Vedic Buddhists," *Isis* goes on to say: "When we use the term *Buddhists*, we do not mean to imply by it either the exoteric Buddhism instituted by the followers of Gautama Buddha, nor the modern Buddhistic religion, but the secret philosophy of Sakyamuni, which in its essence is certainly identical with the ancient wisdom-religion of the sanctuary, the pre-Vedic Brahmanism" (ii, 142). It should be added that "Brahmanism" here means, not the priestly system of the Brahman

caste, but the ancient teaching of the knowledge of Brahma,—precisely the teaching revealed to the Brahman disciple by the King-Initiate Pravâhana, who, in revealing it, added the significant declaration: "This Wisdom has never dwelt in any Brahman before thee, but has been handed down among the Kshatriyas alone!" It will be remembered that, like King Pravâhana, the Buddha was also a Kshatriya. It would seem clear, then, that by "pre-Vedic Buddhism" or "pre-Vedic Brahmanism," *Isis* means precisely the secret teaching which, handed down from time immemorial among the Kshatriya-Rajputs, King Pravâhana revealed for the first time to the Brahmans.

Yet another passage from *Isis;* "Gautama, no less than all other great reformers, had a doctrine for his 'elect' and another for the outside masses, though the main object of his reform consisted in initiating all, so far as it was permissible and prudent to do, without distinction of castes or wealth, to the great truths hitherto kept so secret by the selfish Brahmanical class. Gautama Buddha it was whom we see the first in the world's history, moved by that generous feeling which locks the whole of humanity within one embrace, inviting the 'poor,' the 'lame,' and the 'blind' to the King's festival table, from which he excluded those who had hitherto sat alone in haughty seclusion. It was he, who, with a bold hand, first opened the door of the sanctuary to the pariah, the fallen one, and all those afflicted by men clothed in gold and purple, often far less worthy than the outcast to whom their finger was scornfully pointing. All this did Siddhartha six centuries before another reformer, as noble and as loving, though less favoured by opportunity, in another land. . . ." (ii, 319).

It may be noted that these passages from *Isis Unveiled* are identical in import with what has been said concerning the relation of Buddha to the Brahman caste; and that the second passage suggests, toward its close, that identity of purpose which makes readily intelligible the co-operation of the Western Master with the Eastern Masters in their purpose to break the grip of Brahmanical tyranny in India. When in this long and difficult conflict victory is finally won, then the high name, Brahman, will no longer mean a member of a selfish hereditary caste, but, what it originally meant, a "knower of Brahma," a knower of the Eternal.

FRAGMENTS

WHEN in the night the stars shed forth their radiance, unmindful of their shining, intent upon their silent courses, do thou consider how a noble life uplifts the eyes and hearts of lesser men.

Do thou resolve, in imitation of them, to intend thy course on Primal Truth, on its perfections; seeking a knowledge of its laws, obedient to them; forgetful of the outer things that pass away. Then, in time, thou too shalt be a point of light, set in the darkened midnight sky of earthly life. Yet thou must remain unmindful of that service, all contained in service of thy Goal, thy Central Sun,—thereby truly serving, pure from taint of self.

Thus live and serve the Immortals: wouldst thou live with them, live likewise.

Perchance in years to come, the Sages, sweeping the heavens with telescopic vision, may exclaim: Behold a new planet, shining in the West!

Hell is man-made; God made Paradise: so Heaven will outlast Hell. All things have an end, saving God's love for man.

Yet God made Hell in that he made man, and endowed him with free will. Thus Hell is everlasting, to the extent that man's will to sin prevails; but sin being death, that which is sin-created must likewise die. Hell is also everlasting in that God's love continues it, to furnish man opportunity to repent in future days, that in the flame of his suffering he may at length see light.

So that which prevails, and causeth to prevail, is God's unfathomable love for man.

CAVÉ.

WAR MEMORIES

V

Life in Occupied Belgium

AFTER that terrible night when the Germans had come to the Château d'E——, there were, of course, the bitter and galling readjustments to the new conditions which their coming necessitated. I saw little of this myself, however, for as soon as full daylight had flooded the house, and we were set at liberty from that closed chamber of death; as soon as the poor dead boy had been laid to rest in the garden—Félix dug his grave there, though we had to ask permission to have even this done—I began to make plans for a return to Ghent. My duty was, of course, with my unit—if indeed it still existed—and there was no time to lose. It was hard to say good-bye to Madame de R— and her sister, after all that we had just lived through together, but already I was learning one of the great lessons of the War: individuals came and went, in and out of your life, as though they were passing in and out through an open doorway. They might be intimately and vividly near to you for a day or a week; then, out through that door they would go, perhaps at a moment's notice—out and away. The vast conflict swallowed them up as completely as it had swallowed you: of what account were individual lives or concerns at a time like that? Each man had stepped quickly into line as his name was called; he was drafted as quickly into another line when his hour had struck; and perhaps you never saw him again. You had your memories of your old comrades; those with whom you had toiled and striven; but when you were in the heat of some fierce, new struggle, even these became ghostly, unreal, at times. A long procession of ghosts the War has left with us who were in it—ghosts of the dead, ghosts of the living; they come trooping back as we summon them; for a fleeting moment we look once more into their eyes, and we know that all of them are dear, yet we know too that they move silently, as parts only, of the one great whole, and that, in the larger sense, there *were* no individual lives—there was only the War.

Of course, it was not altogether a simple matter to get back to Ghent, as there was now no direct means of transport, the Germans having taken possession of everything; but I did manage it somehow, walking part of the way. No sooner there, however, than it became quite evident that work with my unit was over, for the obvious reason that, with the coming of the enemy, the unit itself no longer had an official recognition; it had, in fact, already been unceremoniously suppressed, and there was no prospect of reorganization on a different basis. I came to a swift decision therefore, determining to return to England and make a fresh start. After all, I had

left London at a few hours' notice, and while I had been gone barely a fortnight, so much had happened in those two weeks, that I felt a fresh start would not be altogether unwise, especially as, with Belgium still in view, I hoped the next time to make a long sojourn.

After a short stay in London, therefore, and an uneventful journey to Holland (the Belgian coast was now, of course, closed) I found myself—feeling quite like a War veteran by this time!—once more "inside the lines". Depression and fear, like a thick cloud, had hung about the frontier, and as we had crossed it, our train gliding first past the Dutch sentry boxes, then past the German; as we had left free Holland and slid into occupied Belgium, it was as though heavy iron doors had clanged to behind us, sharply severing us from all that had been familiar and dear in life up to that time. I cannot describe the sense of finality, of irrevocableness. The moment the frontier was behind us, there was of course a most thorough inspection of papers and of luggage, and I remember that the German officials, hard and rough, made me think uncomfortably of stone-crushing machines. German soldiers were everywhere busy "keeping order", just on general Hunnish principles, so far as I could see, for there appeared to be no tendency whatever to disorder. As I looked, I wondered which of them (or if all) had been guilty, only yesterday, of abominable atrocities—and at the same moment I noticed with a shock that their belt buckles were all engraved in large letters with the device: "*Gott mit uns*"! I found myself staring at it, recoiling from it, but I could hardly have told you whether it was the irony or the blasphemy which seemed the blacker. Stopping that night at an hotel in Antwerp, I have a clear memory of a most amazing spectacle of crowds of superbly uniformed German officers, with closely cropped, square heads, and literally covered with decorations. I had never dreamed there could be so many iron crosses in existence. The hotel lobby and all the corridors swarmed with these men—rather magnificent looking barbarians they were—and they strutted about arrogantly and with an offensive air of possession which, foreigner though I was, aroused my bitter indignation. What the Belgians must have felt, I could not bear to think. At dinner that night, in the large dining room, I remember hearing for the first time, what became so familiar later—the Prussian toast, coined, someone told me, when War was first declared: "*Der Tag!*" At that time they thought "The Day" was not far off, a matter of a few months only—the day when they would hold the world in the hollow of their hand—and I can still see the insolent and boastful way they flourished and then touched their glasses, bowing over them and smiling exultantly. That evening in Antwerp gave me my first clear idea of what life in occupied Belgium was going to be.

Though my "official excuse" for going again into Belgium had been some work, of which I had heard, in the little village of M— to the east of Antwerp, I decided, nevertheless, to push on to Brussels, and make my real beginning (wherever it was foreordained that I should end!) from there; and, arriving without mishap, my first duty was, of course, to report at the *Kommandantur*.

I had flattered myself that nothing done by any German could surprise me, but I was mistaken; for, thanks to the secret service, everything about me appeared to be known already. The officer in charge of the particular bureau to which I was directed, was a super-dreadnought kind of man who, the moment I gave my name, said:

"You have been working in Ghent recently."

"Yes," I answered, a little taken aback at the suddenness of his identification; "why not?"

He made no answer to my question, but, turning on me rather a piercing look, continued:

"You have just come to Brussels almost direct from England. You are intending to go to the village of M— beyond Antwerp. That is near the frontier. Why do you want to go there?"

This amused me—I was such a "greenhorn". It had never entered my head that when in enemy territory, to *choose* to sit down near a frontier just "was not done" by those who were wise. But I had not even yet really grasped the significance of what he was saying.

"Why on earth shouldn't I go near the frontier?" I asked lightly. "What is the matter with it?"

He glared at me.

"You are in Germany," he snarled.

"I am in Belgium," I retorted, too indignant to keep silent.

"You are in Germany!" he thundered, and if there had been rafters to that room, they would have echoed.

There was one thing I was more afraid of than any other—that I might give the Germans the right to put me out of the country. They had the power to do so, and I had been warned that this had not infrequently happened to imprudent travellers. But I did not intend to furnish them with an excuse. Moreover, there had, of course, been nothing in that embryonic plan of mine to go to the village of M—, which they were not quite welcome to know all about, and I was beginning to wonder if they did not, perhaps, know more about it than I did myself. I ended the matter, at least temporarily, by remarking, with as much of an air of indifference as I could assume, that it now looked as though I should remain in Brussels and work there, certainly for the present, and I left the *Kommandantur* without further difficulty. Curiously enough, I completely forgot, until long afterwards, that first experience of mine with the German secret service.

It soon became evident that the life now opening before me was to be a very different one from that which I had passed in Ghent; that while I was still just as much in Belgium, and really not so many miles from the scenes of the earlier work, I might have been on another planet. While working in Ghent, I was in the midst of splendid movement, of kaleidoscopic change, of daring, of adventure and of achievement; now, I realized, I was entering on a phase of the War which was calling out very different qualities from the heroic little country—fortitude, in the face of the most monstrous and abom-

inable injustice; endurance, when there was not a glimmer of light ahead; hope, when there seemed literally no hope in sight; faith, never faltering, in ultimate victory. The Belgians at home were making in *their* way, the same splendid and determined stand against the Germans of the occupation, as their invincible little army was doing in *its* field; and while they were being called upon for the display of a far different kind of courage, it was, perhaps, a kind more rare than that which faces death in the heat of battle. It would be very difficult adequately to describe the atmosphere of the occupation, as little by little I came to appreciate it; its peculiarly insidious character; the strange, contradictory emotions of the Belgians: the gaunt fear, which, despite themselves, gripped at the hearts of many of them; the indomitable courage with which this creeping dread was faced; the magnificent way they trampled it under foot. The Germans never lost an opportunity to humiliate them, to harass and torture them. They imprisoned them without the least justification; they deported them for refusing to work for their "conquerors", and so against their King and their country; they shot them by hundreds, almost without trial, and certainly in most cases without excuse. It was the "cat and mouse" horror; the tyranny of the strong over the weak,—a form of cruelty, ancient as the hills, but peculiarly "refined" as practised by the Germans. Yet the Belgians met all their trials with a mocking, and only slightly veiled defiance; a kind of reckless indifference which left you mute with admiration. One of the finest things in the War was the way the Belgian people, through all the grinding miseries and heartbreak of the occupation, kept their spirit and their interior independence. The way they behaved towards the Germans in public was really a work of art. They treated them with an ill-concealed, half-humorous insolence, most refreshing to see; passing them as though they did not exist, or with an over-emphatic courtesy which threw ridicule upon them, without giving even a German the excuse to retaliate; and if the Germans (as was evident) were trying to crush the spirit of Belgium, even they might have seen (if they had had the wits to look) that from the very first their task was hopeless. But the Germans never saw anything which they did not want to see, and because they closed their eyes to the real situation, they merely defeated their own ends, and though Belgium was "occupied", it never was conquered.

Naturally I lost no time in trying to find work to do, and I had not been mistaken—there was plenty. Just at first it was, of course, odds and ends, anything that came my way; but before long I had the great good fortune (the result of a kind word on my behalf, by someone who was able to pull a wire) to be admitted as *infirmière*, on night duty, in the Hospital of the Royal Palace—the Hospital which the Queen had installed at the very commencement of hostilities, and which had been kept open and smoothly running after the Government and the Court had moved to Antwerp. It had from the beginning been a dream of mine to work there, though I saw little chance of doing so, but the dream came true, none the less. It was a splendidly equipped hospital, in a magnificent setting. The main portion of the building

had been given up to it; the great *Galerie des Fêtes*, with the seemingly endless rows of small, white cots stretching off into misty distances; with its brilliantly decorated walls, and lofty, gold-embossed ceilings from which hung enormous crystal chandeliers, being only "one of the wards." The vast *Salle de Bal* was another, and you reached the smaller wards from these. The first wounded had been received as early as the middle of August, and they had been coming and going ever since. At the time that I started my duties, allied or enemy wounded were alike mercifully admitted—Belgian, French, English and German. Of course, all save the German wounded were prisoners of war, and so at any moment were liable to be carried off to Germany, and this was one of the most painful aspects of our hospital life. As our men healed toward convalescence (or even before), would they be taken away from us, and sent to some distant and dismal internment camp? We got so fond of our men, nursing them back to life, day by day. A wounded man is so dependent on you, if his hurts are grievous; he turns to you for the least thing, and often I found myself, with a lump in my throat, hoping that mine, at least, would not get well too fast.

Picking up one of the many threads of my memory, therefore, I am taken back to a certain night when, for the first time, I learned why the youthful occupant of one of the beds in my ward, lay for hours at a time, staring into darkness, with sleepless eyes, in an agony of silent, inner conflict, which nothing seemed to still. For weeks he had lain there, on that narrow, hospital bed; only semi-conscious at first; with white, drawn face, where that awful look of mingled youth and age was already indelibly stamped—a familiar look to us since the War had come; emaciated, for he was paralysed from the waist down; his lips sometimes moving as though he were trying to speak, yet almost always relapsing again into silence. Sometimes at night, though, when everything in the ward was so quiet that he fancied himself alone, I would see him throw an arm out as if to shield someone, and once I heard him cry: "*Non, non . . . . Jésus . . . . non!*" I used to tell the head nurse about this, but she seemed as puzzled as I how best to help him. No doubt she consulted the doctors in charge, and we moved him to a far corner of the ward, hoping to give him greater quiet, but it seemed to make little difference. The head nurse told me that they knew he had been in some way connected with the horror of those August days when the massacres at Dinant took place, but no one seemed to be sure of the facts. It was my habit, when my duties in preparing my men and my ward for the night were over, to go and sit beside him, as he lay there with those wide-open eyes, seeing some dreadful sight, I knew. Hours on end I used to sit there. At intervals through the night I would, of course, make tours of my ward, to see that all was as it should be, or in response to a moan from some other bed: "*Sapristi! Quelle misère!*" escaping between clenched teeth; or the familiar: "*Ma sœur, j'ai soif!*" Then I would hasten with a glass of water, beat up a pillow or two, or take a temperature, but I always hurried back as quickly as I could to that boy (he was little more than that), with the drawn lips and the sleepless eyes—

for even when he was given narcotics he did not seem really to sleep. My medical responsibilities amounted to very little; it could not have been otherwise since I was in no way a trained nurse,—that, of course, is why I had been given night duty. There were no dressings, no operations or other technical matters, but at least I could *watch*, and I was learning something which concerned me far more than the amputation of arms. So, night after night, I used to sit beside this boy until the daylight came, when his eyes would sometimes grow heavy, as though, now that the darkness had gone, he *dared* to close them.

At last one night, when the ward was specially still, to my surprise he spoke to me, gravely, and in a quiet, level voice.

"You have sat here many nights beside me, *ma sœur*. You have been kind."

"I have always hoped that you would sleep," I answered. "Don't you think you could sleep now? Try!"

But he shook his head. "By and bye—perhaps," and he looked away from me quickly.

I waited; I knew he wanted to say more. Presently he turned his head again:

"You are not Belgian," he said, "but do you know our country? Do you know Dinant?"

"I have never been there," I told him, "but I have always heard that it was beautiful."

"Yes, it *was* beautiful," he answered, "and it was my home."

His bed was, fortunately, at some distance from the rest of the wounded; so his speaking could not disturb them in the silence of the night, and he continued, still in the same level voice. I was glad he was speaking, at last, for I felt that nothing would ease him so much.

"We were guarding both banks of the Meuse overlooking Dinant—we and the French—those days of August, and my regiment (I am of the Chasseurs) was there. This seemed like good fortune to me because, being of Dinant, I liked to have a hand in defending my own town. But I was taken prisoner, with others, and we were crowded into a kind of enclosure thrown up by the Germans, just behind the lines, and were left there with few to guard us, while the fighting went on for days. We heard our cannon booming from both sides of the river, and the German artillery answering furiously; the fighting must have been desperate. I was wounded in my right arm; it had not been properly tended and had become very painful; but early one night, under cover of darkness, I managed to make my escape, and to get into Dinant (I knew all the country round about so well, you see), and to my own home, where my wife and our baby and my old parents were. You can imagine their joy at seeing me, thus unexpectedly. I intended, of course, the next day to get back to my regiment if I could, but I did not then know that already our brave allies, the French, had been forced to abandon one bank of the river, and that our town was doomed. It was toward morning,

and my wife and I were still sitting there, making our plans for the future (for I had not seen her for what seemed a long time, and I did not know if I should see her again), when suddenly, in a neighbouring street, we heard the sound of rapid firing, and then a rush of heavy feet pouring into our own street. We had had no warning at all. I peeped through the shutters—daylight was just coming—and saw to my horror that we were in a trap. It was the Germans. At the same moment, my old parents, roused by the furious noise, came hurrying into the room, and I saw my wife holding out some civilian clothes to me, imploring me to change. But I could not. My uniform is my country's; I had not the heart to abandon it. Outside, the noise in the street grew into an uproar; huge military cars, filled with soldiers who were shooting right and left, aiming at nothing but hitting everything, came dashing through it. They all seemed to be intoxicated, for they shouted and sang as they tore by. Then I saw that the Germans who had first swarmed into our street, were breaking open the doors of some of the houses, and that other houses were being set on fire. Our turn would come soon, I knew. I looked at my wife; she had snatched up our baby and was holding him tight to her breast. I looked at my old father and mother, and they were praying. The Germans had, of course, removed my rifle when they took me prisoner, and I was unarmed; but I remembered a heavy club which I had owned before the War, and I ran and got that. I could not use my right arm, which was hanging limp and useless, but I hoped I might manage to strike with my left. 'Be ready,' I cried, 'and follow me wherever I go.' By this time, many of the civilians in our street were rushing from their houses, driven out by smoke and fire. I saw that men and women and children alike, were being shot down as they ran, or that they were being herded together in crowds, evidently to await a more lingering death,—you see we had heard how the people of Visé had fared, so we knew what to expect. I saw Germans standing about, laughing. For them it was a carousal. I gripped my club tighter—I knew our moment had come. A second later, I realized that our house, too, was on fire, for great clouds of dense smoke came pouring over us, and, at the same time, I heard them at our door, pounding with their axes to force an entrance. It gave way, and I rushed at the first German who entered, and dealt him such a blow on the head that he reeled, and fell backwards. I shouted to my wife: 'Get out of this, all of you, if you can,' while I tried to smash the next man. I saw my old father and mother run into the street where they were shot as they ran. My old mother did not die at once; she begged for mercy,—so they beat her on the head, as she lay there, and I saw her brains splash out on the stones. I saw my wife rush past me, holding our baby; I saw a huge German tear him roughly from her, while two others seized her, and then the most horrible thing that can happen to any woman, happened to my wife —you understand? Those men attacked her, while others stood by and laughed—yes, again that night I saw them making merry, as though at a kind of feast[1]—and I was powerless to help, for by this time I was pinned against

[1] They were making real the *ritterliche Ehrenhaftigkeit* ideal of the German army.

the wall of our house by four or five other Germans, and I could not move. God! how I struggled to get free, to save her—not ten yards away. I saw it all. And then they killed her; they ran a bayonet through her, twice, three times,—and she died. I saw her die; without a word she died, though I called and called to her. And I saw the huge German who had snatched our baby from her, lift him high in the air, and choke him—yes, choke him with those great hands of his; and then he tossed him away with his little broken neck, as you would throw away a glove. I saw it with these two eyes of mine,—and I could do nothing. Those men held me there, pressed against the wall of our burning house. And then they shot me. I suppose I fell, and they thought me dead—I do not know; I remember nothing more until I found myself here. That is all. From the first moment that I regained consciousness, I have had but one desire—to avenge that hideous outrage, those monstrous murders, and, paralysed though I am, I still hope, for I see that sight always, and, my God! may I never forget it!"

Once more he lapsed into silence; once more those sleepless, wide-open eyes stared into the night—but his tale was told. Yet, as though he must drink the last bitter dregs of his bitter cup, he was, before long, taken away to Germany with others, as a prisoner of war. Why they should have taken him a paralytic, I never knew,—but they did. One night, without any warning whatever, a German officer in command of a few soldiers arrived, and informed the hospital authorities unceremoniously that the men on the list which he brought, must be given up at once. There were emphatic protests, of course, but they were useless. The nursing staff was quickly notified, and we had, as quickly, to prepare our poor wounded for their cruel journey. No one knew where they were to be taken, and that was perhaps the hardest part of it. Two men from my ward went that night, and the boy from Dinant was one of them. As the head nurse and I worked over him, I watched to see if he had any final thing which he wanted to say, but he only thanked us gently for our good care—though I saw that his face was firmly set. Then, into the dimly lit ward, usually so quiet and still at that hour, came the heavy and unheeding tramp of feet; we lifted him carefully from his bed, and the last I saw of him he was being carried away by two thick-set German soldiers, on a narrow German stretcher. I have often wondered if those sleepless eyes of his are now mercifully closed for good—but I have never heard.

Life in the Hospital was very much of a routine. Each night I went on duty at seven o'clock; each morning I went home about eight. In the afternoon I would go for a walk, to see something of the War-time life of Brussels, or to the house of some acquaintance, and so back to Hospital duty at seven. There was little change. We had our celebrations at the Hospital—Christmas came, and the New Year, bringing visitors and flowers and what cheer we could summon. We had our "parties", when there was singing or reciting for the men; we had "parties" of a different sort when, toward the spring, the Germans, not infrequently, used to come and inspect us; but I think the most interesting event of all (perhaps chiefly because of something unusual

which happened in connection with it) occurred on the 18th of June, 1915, when the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo was celebrated. The Germans had announced, tactfully, that the chief event of the day would take place early in the morning, directly in front of the Royal Palace, when Governor General von Bissing would address the Army and the German civilian population then resident in Brussels. From the windows of the Palace there was a perfect view of all that went on, though we had, of course, the strictest injunctions from the Hospital authorities, to avoid being seen by the Germans—a somewhat unnecessary caution, as the last thing we wanted was to give them the satisfaction of supposing that we were paying any attention to them. My duties for the night were really over, but I could not leave the Palace without getting involved in that crowd of Germans which was beginning to collect outside, so I decided to stay where I was until after the ceremony.

It was a wonderful, sunny morning, and as the various regiments picked for the occasion, swung into the Place des Palais from the Rue Royale, with colours flying and military bands crashing, and then finally came to rest, massed in solid formation, it was really quite an imposing sight. I remember the arrival of the Imperial Guard, in gorgeous scarlet and glistening white, and tall, white-plumed helmets, shining brilliantly in the sun; the magnificent black horses they rode, the smooth, glossy black coats making a fine contrast with the vivid colour of the uniforms. Hundreds of German school children, standing in a dense crowd to the left, had been transported from the Fatherland for the occasion—this was what the Germans always did; whenever there was an "historic *fête*", you found young Germany present in force. The German residents of Brussels, also a dense crowd, balanced the children on the right. I doubt if there was a single Belgian to be seen anywhere near the spot, for, not only on their own account would the Belgians wish to ignore this German demonstration, but particularly would they wish to do so on account of their allies, the French. When everything was ready, we saw the gates of the lovely little Park, directly opposite the Palace, swing open; von Bissing, with members of his staff, came out into the Place des Palais, and, mounting a platform erected for the occasion, he began his address. We could hear his voice, but we could not hear what he said. There was the usual applause, and the address came finally to an end. This was all *outside* the Palace. *Inside*, something was brewing of which I knew nothing, though, as a matter of fact, it concerned me rather particularly. I had been standing off to one side, a little apart from the rest, by one of the folding doors which opened on to the long, wide balcony at the centre of the Palace façade—the balcony used for all State occasions, which directly overlooked the German ceremony now in progress below. No one was supposed to go out there, of course, as long as that ceremony lasted; so it was with great surprise that I saw one of our wounded men (he was one of *mine!*) shoot suddenly out from somewhere, hobble quickly over to the balustrade, raise his tasselled, military cap in the air, and——

"*Vive Napoléon! Vive l'Empereur!*" I heard him shout.

For a moment, I could not believe my ears, nor could I move, so amazed was I, and so delighted; but, of course, as part of the Hospital staff, I was in honour bound to assist in maintaining order (especially so, since the man belonged to my ward), and nothing could have been more contrary to order than this glorious insurrection. It did not take me long, therefore, to dash from my seclusion, seize his arm, while in one ear I cried, "*Bravo!*" and in the other, "*Mais taisez-vous, donc!*" He said not a word, but moved slowly away—as I thought, to leave the balcony, where he had no right to be; but before I could stop him, he had made another swift turn toward the balustrade, and again that protesting voice rang out:

"*Vive Napoléon Vive l'Em——!*"

He was not allowed to finish his second outburst, however, for an enormous and indignant *brancardier*, who had been a tardy witness, pounced on him with a growl.

"*Imbécile!*" he snapped, "Do you want to get yourself and all the rest of us shot?"

And without another word he put a powerful arm round the offender, and pulled him in through the glass doors. I followed closely and swore the *brancardier* to solemn secrecy, for I knew what the consequences to my man would be if the matter came to the attention of the Hospital authorities, who, while they would no doubt heartily sympathize, could hardly be expected to approve. Then I began to ask myself how it was that, with the Germans just below us, near enough for us to have been able to hear von Bissing's voice, almost his words, they had apparently taken no notice of our "balcony scene", and I realized that at the very moment of *our* outbreak, there had come a burst of loud and prolonged German applause, following von Bissing's address—of course drowning us. If anyone from below had chanced to *see* our man standing there with raised cap, there could only have been a favourable interpretation, even if some surprise accompanied it. You could always count on the vanity of the Germans. Later I asked my man why he had done it, and learned, for the first time, that he was of French descent; that he had been brought up on the Napoleonic tradition, as his father had been before him; that he always carried a picture of Napoleon about with him (he showed it to me with great pride), and to use his own defiant words:

"Don't talk to me! I stood it as long as I could, but when I saw those *sales Boches* celebrating this day, I just boiled over, *voilà tout!*"—and his jaw closed with a snap.

I think there can have been no doubt whatever in the mind of anyone living in Brussels through that first winter of the War, that the Belgians were as far from surrendering, in any real sense, to the Germans, as they had ever been; but if you wanted a final proof, if you wanted to see unveiled the spirit of the Belgian people on a large scale, you had but to go to the Church of St. Jacques, quite near to the Palace, on a Sunday morning. High Mass was always celebrated there, and such crowds gathered that even the portico

was packed, the throng overflowing like a cascade down the steps, and well out into the street. I remember the first time I found myself in the midst of that crowd. Quite evidently these people were not all Catholics; they had by no means all come to take part in the Mass, but they lingered—they were waiting for what they knew was to follow it. At the altar were the officiating priests; the flash of moving colour; the smell of incense; around me, these men and women with eager, expectant looks—waiting for something which, more than anything else that happened in those dark and anxious days, renewed their courage and their determination; and when the Mass drew to its close, I watched the smouldering inner fire glow in every rapt face in that great multitude. As the last words at the altar died away, there was a short pause, when no one seemed to breathe at all, so poignant was that moment —that moment for which they had all waited. Then, very softly at first, the great organ swung into the splendid and martial rhythm of "*La Brabançonne*", the proscribed Belgian National Anthem; softly at first, but swelling gradually, sweeping onwards chord on chord, filling the whole church, and pouring out into the street, over the heads of the people there. I saw men, standing outside, uncover; the women's faces were pale with intense but silent emotion; and when at the end, the dearly loved last words of that hymn were brought to their memories on the flood-tide of the music—"*Le Roi, La Loi, La Liberté!*" —patriotic feeling, hope and longing, burst all bounds, and I heard men crying aloud, "*Vive la Belgique!*", and even the death-penalty cry, "*Vive le Roi!*" Nothing that happened in occupied Belgium was more deeply stirring than this weekly celebration at St. Jacques; nothing was more mysterious. I have never heard an explanation of why it was allowed, when almost everything else seemed forbidden. Perhaps the silent endurance of the Belgians had (even at that early stage) begun to intimidate the Germans!

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

Thou sufferest injustice; console thyself; the real misfortune is to be guilty of it.—PYTHAGORAS.

WHY I BELIEVE THIS TO BE A "SHADOW-WORLD"

I

MATERIAL objects are like shadows. They are unstable and unsubstantial, for they appear and change contour and disappear. Their existence is conditional and contingent, and their meaning and significance depend upon the degree to which they bear witness to some enduring reality of which they are reflections.

The materialist recognizes the transitory and tentative character of phenomena, and he logically postulates a real and immutable *nature* as their ground and cause. However, he makes no distinction as regards quality between the noumenon and the phenomenon. He represents the substratum of the material world as some condition of matter or energy differing only in its degree of subtilty from the conditions which we know through the experience of the physical senses.

The Platonic philosopher regards the noumenon as qualitatively distinct from the phenomenon. The world of matter, he asserts, is the shadow and emanation of the causal world of Consciousness. Man living in an animal body has a lower and a higher nature. Through the lower nature he participates in the shadowy existence of the physical universe. In his higher nature he is an undivided part of the universal Consciousness of which all temporal existences are fragmentary projections.

The student of Theosophy has an opportunity to make explicit these tenets of the Platonic doctrine which is, of course, far older than Plato. The following may be suggested as some of the meanings which may be deduced from them.

The lower personal consciousness is the shadow of a shadow, for it is a reflection of the sensuous experience of the body. The sorrows and evils of what is called psychic life seem to be almost entirely the product of the illusion that the lower personal consciousness is the most real thing in our possession, whereas it is less real even than our bodies. It is like a mirror reflecting the reflection of a light in another mirror.

There are nobler elements, however, mingled with the dross in the crucible of the personality. One may believe that they are radiations of the higher nature of man. They reveal, by contrast, the darkness of the shadows surrounding them, but by bringing light to the shadow-world they also show forth something of the purpose for which it was created.

Through their agency we become aware of an ideal of perfected humanity which we can realize personally and self-consciously if we will. And they

bring to us evidence that this ideal has already been attained by living men who desire to help us to rise to their condition.

We live, therefore, in a shadow-world which is, nevertheless, not wholly devoid of light. Such an existence can be made profitable only if it be accepted realistically for what it is. This means that, not with the intellect only but with our whole nature, we must resolve to treat material and psychic objects and concerns as shadows, as things having no existence in themselves, as mere dreams, pleasant or unpleasant. At the same time, since our present powers of perception are incapable of rising from the contemplation of darkness to the unveiled vision of light, we shall be wise to make the best of the situation and to rejoice that we can see even a little in the darkness. A shadow is the witness and symbol of the being of something more real than itself. The very incompleteness and imperfection of our humanity may become a cause of inspiration and a stimulus to progress, for it suggests that somehow and somewhere a complete and perfect humanity has been evolved by others and may, in turn, be evolved by ourselves.

S. L.

II

When Socrates said to the Athenians, "Whither are you hurrying, wretched ones? You seek happiness where it is not, and if anyone tells you where it is, you will not believe him," he was telling them, in effect, that they were pursuing shadows, mistaking them for realities.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain," sang the Psalmist.

The author of *Light on the Path* speaks of "those who have seen no light, whose souls are in profound gloom."

To-day, even as in the time of Socrates, most people, if they attend at all to statements such as these, regard them as eccentric; evidence, perhaps, of sickness, trouble or disappointment, which have depressed and slightly unbalanced the speaker's mind, distorting his view of actualities. To them such ideas appear morbid, unnatural, not worthy of serious consideration; and yet these ideas, since they receive such high endorsement, must surely be worthy of thoughtful consideration by all open-minded seekers of truth.

How, then, may one account for or reconcile two such contrary views of life as the all-but-universal one, which may seem to require no explanation, and that unusual view, exemplified in these sayings?

One way of answering the question is this: Human life is almost universally considered as it appears from the standpoint of the personality. The Teachers of men view it from the standpoint of the soul. That which is "bright day" to the personality, the false self, may well be "dark night" to the soul, which is the Real Self.

Men think of themselves as *persons;* they are self-conscious as personalities, not as souls. Even if the idea that they *have* souls is accepted as a working

hypothesis, it amounts to little more than a hazy notion, a theory, which has very little effect on their everyday lives.

What is this personality which poses as, and takes itself to be, the real man? The personality may be defined as a fragmentary and distorted reflection of the soul, the real man. It has been created by the soul as a means of attaining to self-consciousness. Its proper function in life, its *raison d'être*, is to serve the purposes of the soul; to be a useful instrument.

But the personality, having reached a pseudo-maturity, and waxing lusty and strong, has deposed its rightful lord, usurped his throne, and holds the soul in bondage.

This self-crowned ruler, the personality, lives his—fancied—separate, personal life in an imaginary *personal* world, known only to himself. He has built up an image in his own mind of a special and peculiar *person* which he takes himself to be, and which, mentally, he has endowed with such and such virtues, qualities, characteristics, possessions, privileges and rights.

As a result of this conception of himself, there arise in his consciousness a myriad desires and ambitions, hopes and fears, likes and dislikes, loves and hatreds, all based on the underlying idea of a *personal* man in a *personal* world.

Every event and aspect of life he views from this personal standpoint, and according to the bearing which it may appear to have on the person he takes himself to be. Loving and admiring himself enormously, he sees the universe as centring in himself.

The life of the personal man, therefore, is one of self-centredness, self-seeking, self-indulgence, self-defence. It is also a life of vibration, of constant alternation and change, since this is the essential nature of the world of fancy in which he lives, a world of mingled and confused reflections. His consciousness swings back and forth, like a pendulum, between hope and fear, satisfaction and disappointment, pleasure and pain, and the other "pairs of opposites." This oscillation and vibration are to the personal man both the sense of life and the assurance of his own reality and importance. Without them life would become a blank; a dark and fearsome void.

But the real man is the soul, whose nature is one with the Eternal, whose essence is love and joy, whose home is in realms of Light. To the soul, the divagations of the personal man, his self-love and self-seeking, his incessant searchings for pleasure and comfort, his strivings for recognition and for admiration, are naught but the pursuit of shadows; a shadow-life in a shadow-world.

The longing of the soul is for freedom; freedom from the trammels of self; freedom to live in the Real; freedom to live as Immortal; now, in this present life.

How can this freedom be won? Only by the defeat and subjection of the personality. And this can be accomplished only through long and arduous warfare, which, once begun, must be continued until complete and final victory has been gained.

"Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee. Take his orders for battle

and obey them. Obey him, not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself. . . . He is thyself, yet thou art but finite and liable to error. He is eternal and is sure. He is eternal truth. . . . At the day of the great peace he will become one with thee."

Then shall the night be turned to day;
Darkness and shadow shall flee away.

C. M. S.

III

Things visible are but the shadow and delineation of things that we cannot see.
GREGORY OF NAZIANZEN.

A "Shadow-world", this world in which we live and move and have our being: difficult to believe for the materialist, difficult for those even somewhat further up the scale of inner development. Things, events, appear so real; we identify ourselves with them to so great an extent. Yet even those least given to sustained and serious thought will admit that, to a certain degree, we ourselves create events; that effect follows cause; that the ordering of our life and conduct is the result of the way in which we habitually think, of the kind of thing which we habitually want. What we do and say is the outward expression of our inner thought and desire. Our habitual motive and intent, selfish or selfless as it may be, furnishes the material for the pictures of our acts which are thrown upon the screen; and upon the succession and sequence of the pictures depend the events which follow as a result of those acts. To this extent will they admit that this is a "Shadow-world", but when they do so they are thinking only in terms of human motive uninspired by direct contact with the spiritual world. The shadows of which they have knowledge are blurred and vague; they are without that Light which makes them so clear-cut and distinct that their very sharpness of outline renders brighter, in turn, the Light itself.

We are told, in *The Secret Doctrine*, that "everything on Earth is the shadow of something in Space";[1] that the Real World is Space; that Space is peopled with invisible beings. With this as our point of departure, world events take on a new meaning. They are no longer merely the result and expression of divergent human motives and opinions, shadowy and indistinct and difficult to visualize clearly. Such an event as the World War is clearly seen for what it was, a colossal contest of the Divine Powers against the Powers of Evil. Spiritual forces were in action. Across the screen moved the shadows of a succession of stirring events, which aroused in the hearts of men unsuspected reaches of heroism, self-sacrifice, courage, endurance. To one was offered the opportunity of completely changing the Karma of this incarnation; to another that of rising to further inner heights never before possible. Across

[1] *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I., p. 539; Ed. 1893.

the screen moved the figures of men among the nations, used by the Spiritual Powers for the furtherance of their purposes, until the limitations of each individual set a definite end to the possibilities of further usefulness; these very limitations themselves were used to hold back the progress of events at a given point, until the time to drive forward had come and the situation demanded new and different qualities. Then we saw other men taking their places, men who had been guided step by step until their training was sufficiently complete to enable them to carry on where their predecessors had failed. Everything was used, in this Divine warfare. Impossible to doubt that men functioned on a far higher plane of consciousness, of inner spiritual activity—by whatever name they themselves called it—than they ever had before; impossible for them not to have done so with such forces at work. Individuals and nations, for the time being at any rate, found their souls; they responded to this incentive, sometimes only partly understood, but which they recognized as coming from outside of themselves, while blending with something within themselves which before they had only known imperfectly. Through their response came the progress of the events upon the screen; the shadows so cast were blurred when the limitations of men stood in the way, clear and defined when illumination was in their hearts. Back of the shadows, casting all into relief, shone the Light.

This warfare against evil is not ended; it goes on ceaselessly, in different forms, in the world to-day. "The Silent Watcher, or the Divine Prototype, is at the upper rung of the Ladder of Being, the Shadow at the lower."[2] For each one of us, the battle-field lies in the shadow of his present incarnation. Drawn increasingly toward the Light, pressing toward it with aspiration and effort and desire, the individual becomes increasingly conscious of the illusion inherent in the things of the material world, of the unreality of its standards. He searches and strives for a consciousness of reality. Sometimes it is a belated recognition; immediate consciousness is delayed by mixture of motives, by inattention, by wrong self-identification at the moment. Sometimes conviction of reality comes to him at once, in a blinding flash, and his field of action is clearly defined, and he knows what it is that he must do next. Forever joined with his struggle to raise the level of his perception and of his consciousness, is his battle with his lower self, his constant warfare against self-deceit and lack of self-honesty, his fight to attain that purity of heart and nature that will enable him to "see God." But in the measure in which realization of illusion is his, in the measure in which he has been able through self-conquest to attain to consciousness of reality, to that degree will the darkness in which he is fighting be illumined, to that degree will the shadow be clearly defined to him who watches from the upper rung of the Ladder.

So, in each case, the analogy of the screen is complete, the truth of the statement that this is a "shadow-world" is evident, whether it be when the man of the world dimly recognizes that his obscure thoughts and desires

[2] *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I., p. 285; Ed. 1893.

produce results in the form of events, or when the Powers that rule the Universe deliberately move the hearts and minds of men to conform to their great purposes, or when the individual seeker after truth and reality consciously fights his battle in the sight of that Master upon whose Ray he has his being. Yet there should not be discouragement or despair because this battle must be so largely in the shadow. "Shadow is that which enables Light to manifest itself, and gives it objective reality. Therefore Shadow is not evil, but is the necessary and indispensable corollary which completes Light or Good; it is its creator on Earth."[3] The shadow in which the individual moves is relatively real to him, and affords him his opportunity; it is for him to use the circumstances and surroundings in which he finds himself, in terms, and in the light of, his present level of consciousness, until increased perception brings to him still greater vision and opportunity.

Nothing can make this more clear than the following, again from *The Secret Doctrine*:—

"The existences belonging to every plane of being, up to the highest Dhyân Chohans, are, comparatively, like the shadows cast by a magic lantern on a colourless screen. Nevertheless all things are relatively real, for the cognizer is also a reflection, and the things cognized are therefore as real to him as himself. Whatever reality things possess, must be looked for in them before or after they have passed like a flash through the material world; for we cannot cognize any such existence directly, so long as we bring only material existence into the field of our consciousness. Whatever plane our consciousness may be acting in, both we and the things belonging to that plane are, for the time being, our only realities. But as we rise in the scale of development, we perceive that in the stages through which we have passed, we mistook shadows for realities, and that the upward progress of the Ego is a series of progressive awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea that now, at last, we have reached 'reality'; but only when we shall have reached absolute Consciousness, and blended our own with it, shall we be free from the delusions produced by Mâyâ."[4]

The extent of our conviction of Reality must, therefore, depend upon ourselves. In the nature of things, it must be for some a long and slow and laborious process; but it can come in a blinding flash,—it *has* come thus to those who were ready to receive it. So it came to the dying thief upon the cross, because he turned completely at the last; so it came to St. Paul on the road to Damascus, and illusion fell away; so it came to men killed in the War, at the very moment of death, because the heroic nature of that death itself made conviction possible. Upon the greatness of our desire and of our longing must depend, for us, the extent to which we can turn from the Shadow to the Substance.

C. R. A.

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[3] *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II., p. 225; Ed. 1893.
[4] Vol. I., pp. 71, 72; Ed. 1893.

IV

In one sense I do not believe this to be a "shadow-world." For the few who take the alchemists' view of it, those few who see in differentiation but the manifestation of Proteus in nature, this is a very real world. But they who hold this view are in so small a minority that by and large I believe it correct to term this a "shadow-world."

A shadow is a reflected image and also an obscurity. Hence anything which is a reflection and an obscurity can be, to those who see merely the surface of things, but a shadow; the reality from which the shadow is cast is beyond their powers of perception. Such people, and their name is legion, verily walk to and fro in the "valley of the shadow", seeing no connection between "a clod, a stone" and themselves. They think, if indeed they favour nature with their thoughts at all, that these various things of nature are separate one from another, and in some way have separate existences. They carry this idea all the way up, or down, to themselves, and by virtue of it, "confer" upon themselves a right to a distinct and separate existence. They deal only with the rinds of things—and rinds differ in appearance. Hence they perceive diversity instead of unity, reflection instead of reality; in short, they live in a world of shadow, and that "shadow-world" is this world.

Of course there are reflections of reflections, obscurities of obscurities, and we, who to a greater or less extent make up this people whose name is legion, can hardly expect to jump at once from the rind to the reality, from perceiving many differentiations to perceiving Proteus; from our ingrained sense of separateness to the alchemists' conception of primordial Substance. But a start toward the alchemists' view may be made in a simple and logical manner. Though the real of the real must be sought within the within, we are so accustomed to deal with the rind of the rind, that we may find it easier to commence by trying to accustom ourselves to certain surface similarities, before beginning to probe beneath and behind the surface, which is what must eventually be done unless we are to continue to live in a world of "shadow."

Each will have his own way of going about this; and his way will be the best for him because it will be adapted to his requirements; so there is no special significance claimed for the suggestions set forth here, except as they may serve as stimuli.

Suppose we select for these experiments three pairs of familiar objects such as a lump of coal and a stone; a cauliflower and a wild carrot; an elephant and a giraffe, with the idea of finding some apparent similarity between the objects of each pair, and then some apparent similarity which may be carried on from a lump of coal to a giraffe. When this has been done it will be interesting to note if a way has not been opened which will lead to probing beneath the mere exterior of things perceived.

If a lump of coal and a stone of about similar size and surface texture be placed in the hands of one who is blindfold, it will be difficult for him to discern any difference between them. A similarity between the second pair is evident,

because both belong to the flower-cluster family, for the cauliflower is a variety of cabbage in which the head consists of a thick flower cluster, while the stalk of the wild carrot bears a single flower in a flower cluster. Of the third pair, both the elephant and the giraffe have an elongated organ: one a snout, the other a neck; moreover, both snout and neck are used to reach for sustenance. Now if a lump of coal be examined under a strong light and with an ordinary magnifying glass, it is possible to see on its glistening black surface certain wavy grass-like shapes which, coming together at their base, suggest an incipient stem. Though less undulating in character, these same shapes may be seen if the rough surface of a stone be similarly examined. But the undulations of the stone are more plant-like in appearance, for they converge in such a way as to form what resembles a short stem, and are, in miniature, not unlike the individual flower shapes which form the various clusters combining to make the head of the cauliflower. Through its short stem, which is rooted in the ground, the cauliflower derives a certain amount of nourishment, while an elongated edition of this is the stalk of the wild carrot; and an animated edition of this stalk, or tube-like contrivance through which certain sustenance is derived, is the trunk of the elephant and the neck of the giraffe.

True, there is nothing profound, nothing occult, about these similarities: a child could trace them. But whither and to what can such simple beginnings lead, if the process be carried farther? Certainly, out of some of the reflections, some of the obscurities, of this "shadow-world."

Unless such beginnings, once made, are further developed into the nucleus of a system, they remain childish. All systems of science, of philosophy, of religion, start either with the apparent, and proceed toward the hidden, or proceed from the unknown which is traced to the known. Alchemy is no exception. It may be begun by studying the metals only; but again this is of small avail unless used as a basis to pass from the mineral to the vegetable kingdom, to the animal kingdom, to man; and thence to Those, and to those things, as much above and greater than man, as is "man above the black beetle." Thus alchemy may be used to trace inward to a conception of the One.

On the other hand, starting from a conception of the One, the origin of All, alchemy may be used to show us how to trace outward and downward until the One is apprehended in All. To do this, consider alchemy in its simplest form as concerned with the art of making silver and gold, or of transmuting the base metals into the noble ones. The early alchemists regarded all substances as being composed of one primal Substance or Solvent. The apparent differences of various substances they attributed to the different qualities imposed upon the primal Substance or Solvent. This primal Substance or Solvent was identified as mercury—not ordinary mercury, but the essence or soul of mercury, the "mercury of the philosophers." The problem of the operator was to remove the different qualities imposed on this "mercury", and then to treat the primal Substance or Solvent, thus obtained, with sulphur,

to "confer upon it the desired qualities." Again, this sulphur was not ordinary sulphur. It may be spoken of as the principle of sulphur which constituted "the philosopher's stone or elixir." Thus the early alchemists held that all metals were in essence this "mercury" which, when fixed by virtue of pure white "sulphur", engendered a matter which "fusion changed into silver," whereas, when united with pure yellow or red "sulphur", it formed gold; but by the imposition of various impure qualities it formed the so-called base metals.

As fragmentary as the foregoing exegesis is, it embodies, nevertheless, the doctrine that everything "endowed with a particular apparent quality possesses a hidden opposite quality." This, then, is a glimpse of Proteus in nature, a hint of the One manifesting in the All. Until we, the many, find some system leading toward a conception of Proteus, this world will remain for us a world of rinds, a "shadow-world."

G. M. W. K.

V

The average person, upon reading the title to this series, would be likely to exclaim: "Why, the fellow is crazy; he must be a 'crank',—a Christian-Scientist, or something equally queer!" If such a remark be assumed to represent the attitude of *the world* toward a magazine venturing to publish an article so entitled, members of The Theosophical Society can safely comfort themselves with the thought: "So much the better for the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY!"

The idea that this world of sense is unreal or illusory, is utterly foreign to the method of thought, and attitude toward life, of the Western world, owing to its traditional habit of regarding earthly life as a separate existence, with no belief in Karma and Re-incarnation. Through identification of self with the body, the majority are deeply immersed in the materiality of the physical world, and in the meshes and enchantments of the psychic world. This wrong self-identification colours their thoughts and aspirations towards higher things; and this condition has been intensified in recent years as a result of the mad haste to be "up-to-date", in a religious sense, by trying to keep pace with the rapid advances in scientific knowledge. The wonderful "discoveries" of modern science have, for the most part, merely amplified and elaborated the details of life in this world of effects, have afforded men new play-things with which to indulge the desire for sensation, and, at the same time, have tended to intensify the already over-developed sense of separateness from, and of superiority to, the simple-minded folk who were so unfortunate as to have lived in an age previous to this one of "marvellous progress". Deluded by the notion that the manifested world is real, men have become accustomed to mistaking the shadow for the substance, the effect for the Cause. Small wonder, then, that there has been complete misunderstanding

of such statements of the Christian Master as: "My kingdom is not of this world", and "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, . . . but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven"; and of the Apostle, St. Paul: "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal". In these statements an effort was made to lift man to a vantage-point above his ordinary consciousness, from which he could begin to understand the impermanence of everything on the plane of manifestation, and to awaken him to a realization of the true Self, as distinguished from the false, or personal self. It was a part of the immemorial effort of the Lodge to enable man to distinguish between the Real and the unreal, and so to gain some understanding of one of the three fundamental propositions set forth in the Proem of *The Secret Doctrine*, i.e., "The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Oversoul, and the obligatory pilgrimage for every soul, through the cycle of Incarnation, or Necessity, in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic Law." Liberation of mankind from this illusion of separateness, and from bondage to the "Wheel of Re-birth", has been the aim and object of the Lodge for ages past. To encourage man in his effort to attain this liberation, it has been revealed that a knowledge of the Real world exists and is obtainable; but also that it can be acquired only through experience, by experiment,—through an actual contact with the Causal world, which will result in a loosening of the hold of this world of "shadows" and reflections. The old Hindu teaching was that all that is subject to change and decay is unreal, and that that alone is Reality which is changeless and eternal. Poets, saints and mystics have gained glimpses of this Real world, but through veils which have hidden and shrouded in mystery the face-to-face knowledge which has been gained by the Seers, the Men of Wisdom, who have learned that: "By a veil as of gold, the face of the Real is hidden."

Have there not been occasions, when we have been lifted, if only momentarily, above the plane of the ordinary consciousness of self-centred existence by some great crisis in our own lives or in the world at large? Some of us have been privileged to attend Annual Conventions of The Theosophical Society, where we were taken to heights from which we were able to glimpse the beauty, the glory, the majesty of the Real world, and at the same time made to realize that the world in which we had lived until then was but an imitation, or "shadow". Had we searched deeply for the causes underlying this experience, we should have understood that only as we transcend the plane of our ordinary consciousness can we see truly the objects on that plane. What, then, do we mean by the term, "shadow-world";—what is it that casts the shadow? Theosophical literature speaks of the triad, "Consciousness, Force, Substance". Even as the "created universe" is the product of Divine Mind, Ideation, or Consciousness, projected by it upon the physical plane, and, owing to the limitations of that plane, but an imperfect image of Reality,—so do we, in our turn, project "shadows" upon "shadows" by means of the same divine power which brought the universe into being, but by a perverted use of that power. The result is that we are surrounded

by "shadows"; and by continuing to compare one "shadow" with another, we come to regard them as real, and their true nature is not revealed until we rise above them to a higher plane of consciousness, whence we can see them for what they really are. Then we perceive that they are an imperfect and faint representation, an indistinct image of the Reality, having no permanence; we may perhaps have learned also that it is possible for us to constitute ourselves mirrors of Reality, in which true reflections can be found.

How strange in the ears of the Western world sound the words of the Ancient Wisdom, as revealed, for example, in the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom;* yet how true they ring in the ears of students of Theosophy, who have reason to believe,—nay, for some of us, to be convinced of their truth, to the point of putting them to the test of experience: "When the true Self of stainless radiance is concealed, the man, deluded, thinks of the body, which is not the Self, as 'I' . . . . As a cloud wreath, brought into being by the sun's shining, spreads and conceals the sun, so the personal self, which comes into being through the Self, spreads and conceals the true Self". When, weighted down with the darksome toils of this "shadow-world", and seemingly unable to free ourselves from the meshes of self-induced illusion, let us take heart and gain new inspiration and strength from the beautiful lines of the poet of old:

"Each speck of matter, did He constitute
"A mirror, causing each one to reflect
"The beauty of His visage. From the rose
"Flashed forth His beauty, and the nightingale,
"Beholding it, loved madly . . .
"Where'er thou seest a veil,
"Beneath that veil He hides."

H.

VI

Most normal children instinctively rebel when some wise and experienced grown-up tells them: "You cannot have your cake and eat it." Somehow they know that this ought not to be so—though the argument is all against them when the cake is eaten. In a certain sense the child is right; his instinct is a true instinct. Anything so nice as cake, should not, must not, cease to be, simply because it is eaten up. Yet if he eats the particular cake set before him, it is gone. What is wrong?

The wrong is that some people insist that pieces of cake on the table or in the mouth, are the only reality in cake. The child, "trailing clouds of glory," senses a higher, more enduring, reality. He feels that there is something wrong with a world in which the good things vanish; and one cannot dissuade him from the belief that somewhere in the Universe there is cake which is not perpetually exhausted, an equivalent of immortality among cakes, with twelve baskets full, always left over, no matter what happens. Because he is a child, he has not adjusted his scales of reality, nor worked out the inter-

relation between differing degrees of relative realities. Under the influence of "practical" older minds, he usually learns to discard, at last, the instinctive sense of inner realities, and becomes converted to the acceptance of "hard facts." The practical people, in his case, probably are mothers with strictly defined budget-allowances for cake. Their sense of reality is virtually limited to a logical relation between so many dollars and so many cakes, or so many children and so many cakes. The practical problem becomes acute on birthdays, when an extra-special cake graces the board, when psychic appetites are stimulated, and when the last doctor's bill curtailed a summer vacation. So when Master William Greedy wants to plunge right in, he hears the same old kill-joy remark: "Remember, dear, you cannot have your cake and eat it."

For many years—no, for countless incarnations, Willie has struggled with this problem. Cakes (and other things, of course, for cakes are just a symbol) come and go endlessly; the idea of cake, however, remains, and perhaps the desire therefor. Gradually, though slowly, a new comprehension is borne in upon his maturing consciousness. He incarnates, let us say, in Egypt, and cakes are eaten to celebrate his advent. He acquires early a taste for Egyptian cakes himself, eats many thousands, some really well cooked, and some indifferently, until the cake habit may be said to be fully formed. But his Egyptian experience introduced some valuable additional elements. When his family or friends died, he attended solemn funeral feasts, and there consumed special cakes—which tasted the same, and were often very good, but which, because of their setting and associations, somehow seemed different, and acquired a new significance. When he died, with several thousand cakes to his credit, and his body, beautifully mummified, lay with a supply of cakes at hand to support his famished spirit in another world, his friends ate their quota of funeral cakes, and thought of him, mournfully or joyfully (according to their temperament), as eating cakes with Osiris. After a while he is born in Palestine. Here there is a great variety of cakes, made out of anything that would in any way lend itself to that end, some of them (*pace* Pythagoras) even being made from beans. But again, the Jews knew that there was a God and another world; they knew that "All things come of thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee." So there were days on end when no man durst eat so much as a crumb of cake; the first dough of the new harvest was made into a cake, and offered as a heave-offering to the Lord of all cakes (Num. xv. 20); and the pentecostal cakes, and peace- and trespass-offerings, called "the bread of their God", were placed on the altar, and like the shew-bread ("bread of the presence", also cakes) could be eaten only by the priests. Cakes had by now risen above the domain of things solely devised to minister to his well-being and delectation, and had begun to take on a universal significance. The idea of cake as symbolizing the inner world, the world of departed spirits, the world of the Lord of Hosts, had taken root. In a sense the cakes one ate, and so lost, were less real than the cakes one took into the other world or which came out of the inner world, as when on a memorable occasion in "a desert place apart," five thousand men were filled.

But in Kali Yuga it is hard to learn and to remember these things,—even a King must be scolded for permitting cakes to be burned; while another King, Louis XIV, *le grand monarque*, had daily for his dinner, we are told, "four plates of various soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large plate full of salad, mutton *au jus et à l'ail*, two large slices of ham, a plateful of pastry, and then fruit *and cakes*." This was his average diet. On Fridays and fast days, when he was obliged to "*manger gras*", he "was content only to have *des croutes*, a *potage aux pigeons*, and three roasted chickens, and the next day the same, *les croutes*, a *potage* with a fowl, three roasted chickens, of which, as on Friday, he ate four wings, all the breasts and a leg, with *some cakes*."

After similar accumulated experiences, Mr. William incarnates in such a way as to lead him into the Theosophical fold, probably with an impaired digestion. He comes to realize that he has consumed millions of cakes, which seemed real enough when he ate them, but which to-day are no more than shadows, no more than unsubstantial dreams compared with, first of all, his abiding idea of cake, and second, with that which cake was intended to be. For physical cakes are but a projection on the plane of matter of that which lay in the mind of the man who invented or made them, which, in its turn, was a projection of that spiritual consciousness, or being, which endowed mind itself with life.

Cakes, then, are real enough in their own place and on the physical plane; but that reality virtually ceases by means of so simple an act as eating. The idea of cake remains, however, when individual cakes have ceased to be. This idea, in its turn, has only a relative reality; for just as a given cake could dissolve in the mouth, so a given idea of cake can dissolve in the mind, for the thing we call cake to-day, with numerous varieties, has little relation to the cakes of ancient Palestine and Egypt. Moreover, cakes are a symbol, for as Philo wrote: "This is the teaching of the hierophant and prophet, Moses, who means to say: 'This is the bread, the food [manna] which God hath given to the soul' [a gloss on Ex. xiv. 15], for He hath given for meat and drink, His own Word [ῥῆμα], His own Reason [λόγος], for this is the bread which He has given us to eat; this is the Word."[5] We discover that: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"; and the man who lives by the Word of God, sees physical bread as but the shadow of a shadow. For Philo also wrote that the whole creation is "God's shadow", and "The shadow of God is his Word which He used like an instrument when He was creating the world. And this shadow, and, as it were, model, is the archetype of other things. For, as God is Himself the model of that image which He has now called a shadow, so also that image is the model of other things. . . . There is also a more perfect and purified kind of philosopher, who has been initiated into the great mysteries, and who does not distinguish the cause from the things

[5] *Alleg. of Sacred Laws*, III, sec. lxi.

created as he would distinguish an abiding body from a shadow, but who, having emerged from all created objects, receives a clear and manifest notion of the great uncreated, so that he comprehends Him through Himself, and comprehends His shadow, too, so as to understand what it is, and His Logos, too, and this universal world. . . . For the images which are presented to the sight in executed things are subject to dissolution; but those which are presented in the One Uncreate may last for ever, being durable, eternal, and unchangeable." This may be compared with a passage in *The Secret Doctrine:* "Maya or illusion is an element which enters into all finite things, for everything that exists has only a relative, not an absolute, reality, since the appearance which the hidden noumenon assumes for any observer depends upon his power of cognition. To the untrained eye of the savage, a painting is at first an unmeaning confusion of streaks and daubs of colour, while an educated eye sees instantly a face or a landscape. Nothing is permanent except the one hidden absolute existence which contains in itself the noumena of all realities. The existences belonging to every plane of being, up to the highest Dhyan-Chohans, are in degree, of the nature of shadows cast by a magic lantern on a colourless screen; but all things are relatively real, for the cognizer is also a reflection, and the things cognized are therefore as real to him as himself. Whatever reality things possess must be looked for in them before or after they have passed like a flash through the material world; but we cannot cognize any such existence directly, so long as we have sense-instruments which bring only material existence into the field of our consciousness. Whatever plane our consciousness may be acting in, both we and the things belonging to that plane are, for the time being, our only realities. As we rise in the scale of development we perceive that during the stages through which we have passed we mistook shadows for realities, and the upward progress of the Ego is a series of progressive awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea that now, at last, we have reached 'reality'; but only when we shall have reached the absolute Consciousness, and blended our own with it, shall we be free from the delusions produced by Maya."[6]

A. G.

[6] *The Secret Doctrine*, 1st ed., (1888), I, pp. 39-40.

In the present life he is sunk in sleep, and conversant with the delusion of dreams.—PLATO.

BEGINNINGS

MANY a visitor to the New York Branch meetings has been heard to say as he took his seat in the studio: "How peaceful—unlike any other place in town!" That comment always freshens the memory of my own first T. S. meeting—when I said the very words repeated since then by many another. What contrast with the mauling crowds of the subway, possessed by their elementals, and struggling, as swine do around the trough, for a more advantageous foothold! What relief from the hideous sights and sounds of the street! In that gracious and courteous assembly, my own hurrying, harried, scatter-brained personality—a veritable part of the mob—began to slink away, while something altogether new began to expand within me, evoked by the aspiration and prayers that have accumulated in that neighbourhood since the day when H. P. B. earned her bread and butter by making paper flowers in a house on the other side of Washington Square.

It was a feeling that here, at last, were friends,—not college fraternity-house friends nor intrusive "good mixers", but disinterested and understanding friends. They let you alone, if isolation was what you wanted, or if on the other hand, you had questions to be answered or sought sympathetic companionship, they came forward to satisfy the demand. Before long, that feeling as to friends, became a conviction that this was "home"; and then when doubts and fears were silenced, and one actually said to himself: "and I belong"—well, one had turned from the dusty roadway and had entered a garden.

At first, Theosophy had been of intellectual interest only. Though its hypotheses did seem to bring order out of a world otherwise chaotic, yet those hypotheses were not susceptible of proof. Time passed; speakers and writers contributed each his small beam toward the white light of truth, until, even through my clouds of ignorance, there began to dawn a realization that these people actually believed and lived exactly as they spoke and wrote. The serenity and graciousness that had first impressed me, began to appear as by-products of right living—of a life regulated by theosophical ethics —rather than as ends in themselves. That the theosophical philosophy was not measurable by the yard-stick of my college-acquired science, troubled me less and less: it meant only that the limitations of science had been overcome. Science has its own field, that of the temporal,—the kaleidoscopic world of matter with its perpetual cycles of combination, breakdown, and recombination. Around that field of science, ever-changing, lies the real world, permanent, beautiful, true—the Celestial City of the poets and saints, the goal of all humanity, though as yet so few know of its existence, and that every man can reach it, if he will but make consistent effort.

From that real world lying all about us, rays of light penetrate into our

world of the shadow—poetry is one such ray, painting another, and still others are the heroic sacrifices made by man when inspired from above with love for God or for his fellows. Such rays may shoot across one's darkness or may shine there with some permanence, but until the man has definitely set his face toward the celestial country, he cannot know what those beneficent lights really are. He judges them to be merely "in better taste" than the garish illuminations of the street. Gradually one becomes aware that within himself there exists a state of disturbance and discontent: one part of the dual nature is drawn toward the source whence issue the rays, and the lower self is willing to acquiesce in such a movement provided it be not itself molested in its "right to enjoy" the sensations offered by the world of shadows. Shall a state of war be declared? That a truce should continue is impossible, and a crisis is approached. The lower self, a coward and pacifist, dreads to precipitate a fight, because of the allies that may be drawn to coöperate with the higher nature.

How the fight at last gets launched has been told over and over. Without Krishna's urging, Arjuna might never have risen from the chariot floor. Botticelli, in his illustrations for the *Divine Comedy*, shows that even in Paradise, Beatrice has to lift Dante upon the ladder which of himself he seems unwilling to climb. At some point, there occurs a revulsion against the tyranny of the lower nature, as Ulysses at last turned from the nymph Calypso for whom, through so many years, he had hankered. In their compassion, the Divine Powers seem to magnify the small degree of volition prompting that revulsion, as, rushing to the aid of the prodigal, Pallas Athene (Divine Wisdom) dispatched Hermes (Reason) to guide Ulysses, and Beatrice (Divine Wisdom) gave Virgil (Reason) to be a guide to Dante.

Everywhere there now spring up witnesses beckoning to the path and aiding us toward the Gates of Gold. For the law of the new country seems to be "Give". In "the world", our material wealth is diminished when shared, but true wealth of the spirit seems, on the contrary, to increase when divided: "the more there are who say 'ours', the more of good there is for all" (Dante). The T. S., through its Founders and Continuators, *gives*, continually. Even beginners must therefore learn to *give*, and in order to *give*, they must have possessions. We must, consequently, "desire possessions above all. But those possessions must belong to the pure soul only, and be possessed therefore by all pure souls equally, and thus be the especial property of the whole only when united".

MINIMUS.

THE SELF AND THE EGO

LÉON DAUDET is best known as the associate of Charles Maurras in the royalist movement of the *Action Française*. Nevertheless, he is only incidentally a politician, for he is temperamentally as versatile as a man of the Renaissance, and is quite incapable of considering any subject with indifference. He approves and disapproves with enthusiasm, for he is a true child of that Provence which was so loved by his father, Alphonse Daudet. He investigates things with equal pertinacity, whether he admires or detests them, intending upon each problem a mind fashioned and refined by his manifold experiences as physician, critic, novelist, journalist, parliamentarian, orator, conversationalist.

Moreover, in spite of so many external concerns, Daudet has found time to study himself. He has cultivated, with courage and detachment, the rare art of introspection. Using self-knowledge as a basis, he has gone farther, and has examined the general properties of consciousness as revealed by the actions and the speech of mankind. Finally, he has undertaken the *rôle* of a philosopher, correlating and interpreting the data thus collected.

In a volume of philosophical studies, *The Heredo and the World of Images*,[1] he develops a curious theory concerning the influence of heredity upon personal consciousness. The ideas, which are given definite form in this book, are the product of a long process of thought and have already found expression in his novels, notably in the charming romance of Provençal magic, *Un Jour d'Orage*. Although the theory contains many provocative and dubious factors, it is notable as an effort to interpret life in terms of consciousness. It is a commentary upon the present state of psychology, that such an effort should appear to be revolutionary.

For Daudet, psychology is properly the science of consciousness. He goes further, practically affirming that it is the key science upon which depends the proper understanding of the others. The physical sciences study the interrelations of forms and numbers, but form and number are emanations or attributes of consciousness. Consciousness is prior to form. It is the moulder of form, the "weaver of vestures", as an Eastern sage has said. Our physical organism is, according to Daudet, only the outermost expression of our will, imagination and desire, and it is within our power to dominate the apparently automatic movements of the body by transforming the psychic mould which is the pattern of the body.

"Every organic disorder", he writes, "has a psycho-moral origin. By the correction of the psycho-moral trouble, we shall be able to conquer certain

[1] *Œuvre Philosophique: L'Hérédo; Le Monde des Images*, by Léon Daudet; Nouvelle Librairie Nationale, Paris, 1925.

organic diseases considered to be incurable. It is not true that the body rules the mind. It is the mind which rules the body and which can, on occasion, transform it" (pp. 165–166). Elsewhere he speaks of the human body as a collection of organic projections or "prolongations" of psychic images (p. 306). The psychic and the physical are related to each other as the positive and negative poles of a single substance.

The ethical and spiritual implications of this view of consciousness are still more significant. If the mind be the lord of the body, it cannot be pretended that the moral state of a man is simply the passive reflection of his bodily condition. Daudet devotes many pages to vehement denunciation of the theories of Lombroso and others who affirm that criminology is a branch of organic pathology. There can be little doubt that some criminals have been apparently "reformed" by surgical operations. But if the physical malformation, which seemed to be the seat of a moral disorder, was originally produced by a psychic deformity, it appears extremely probable that the psychic deformity has not been removed with its "organic prolongation." We may assume that it is still present as a cause of trouble and that it will tend to generate a new "organic prolongation" of itself as a vehicle for its expression on the physical plane. Moreover, a centre of moral disease is a focus of destructive force, which will react upon and begin to decompose the "psychic body", when it is denied a free outlet through the channels of the physical body. There are worse things in this world than symptoms. They enable the wise diagnostician to discover the existence of some psychic congestion which would otherwise be undiscernible, and they provide objective evidence that Nature is at work purging the interior consciousness of its evil "humours".

Therefore, the physical treatment of moral disease is of lasting value only if it be supplemented by an ethical and spiritual purification which sterilizes the inner cause of the disease, and not merely one or another of its external symptoms. "The multitude of moral idiots, who have believed themselves to be the victims of fatality, ought to realize that it is possible for them to triumph over their confused heredity, with the assistance of a proper 'psychoplastic' training, and with the aid of reason" (p. 32).

The consciousness which moulds the body is seldom guided by a single purpose. Daudet restates a fact with which students of Theosophy are familiar, that the personality moves back and forth between a higher and a lower pole, between the spiritual centre of Buddhi and the animal centre of Kama. There results from this condition a persistent impression of duality in the nature, of a constant struggle between divine and demoniacal forces. "Psychoplastic training" has the objective of unifying the consciousness through the progressive purification of our personal motives and concerns. When that process is completed, the personality will no longer distinguish between its desires and the divine will. "For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

Daudet designates the two protagonists of the inner warfare the Self (*le soi*) and the Ego (*le moi*). "The Ego is the physical and moral mass of the

individual, including his inherited qualities. The Self is the essence of the human personality disengaged from its inherited qualities through their elimination, their equilibrium or their fusion, constituting an original and new being which is recognized as such by the consciousness. The Ego is a composite vesture. The Self is a stuff of a single piece, if not of a single thread" (p. 13).

He sharpens the definition of the Self by specifying some of its properties which enter in some degree into the experience of everyone who has ever known a lucid moment. "I distinguish in it at least three elements: the creative impulse or initiative, acting on the plane of the intellect or of the senses; then, what I shall call, for lack of a better term, the tension of the will (*le tonus du vouloir*); and finally, a state of equilibrium, which tends to induce inner harmony and wisdom. The creative impulse is at once the highest expression of the Self and the supreme 'moment' of the Ego's dissociation and dispersion. The hero who, in the full possession of his faculties, immolates himself for his country, the novelist or the dramatist who gives life to some masterpiece, the scientist who lays bare a law of nature, . . . all make manifest their Self through the sacrifice and the partition of the Ego. They conquer by giving themselves. . . . It is a wealth invested in those who merit it by their effort, this effort resulting from the tonicity of the will which is, as it were, the permanent tension of the Self that precedes and makes possible the act of will. One is conscious of it when one closes one's eyes and imagines with intensity some end to be attained, some problem to be solved, some energy to be expended. . . . Intellectual and moral equilibrium or poise is the proper state of the human being. . . . As the needle of the compass turns to the north, so human reason seeks equilibrium, the condition of inner happiness. It does not attain it always; indeed, it rarely attains it. But the quest itself originates with the Self and returns to the Self" (p. 19–20).

On the other hand, the Ego is "the transmissible and modifiable element of the personality" (p. 2). It is the negative, passive, plastic aspect of our nature. It is the reservoir of mental and bodily habits.

We now come to Daudet's peculiar theory of heredity. "In the Ego", he says, "sleeps the line of our family, like a series of portraits piled up in the dark, each portrait being related, trait for trait, to some corresponding part of our individual nature. When a sense-impression illumines a fragment of our consciousness, the corresponding fragment of our heredity vibrates and lights up in turn, with a surrounding territory more or less extensive and clear, according to the intensity of the shock. Behind our own reaction we discern, after some introspective attention, the reaction of an ancestor or of a line of ancestors. Thus, for a brief instant, a fragment of an inherited form is animated, and this form can be completed by subsequent sense-impressions of the same kind" (pp. 28–29).

According to Daudet, a very large part of our ordinary consciousness consists of the *débris* of these inherited elements (*heredisms*). This explains the strange title of his book. "I call a man an *heredo*, when his Ego is victorious

over the Self." He adds: "The measure of the defeat of the Self, is the measure of the heredo's degree of curability. But no heredo, however complete his failure, should despair of being cured" (p. 166).

The struggle between the Self and the Ego is conceived as the effort of the individual soul to dominate its psychic and physical heritage. The good elements must be separated from the evil, and the evil must be rejected, but even the good must be handled with care. For it is the nature of heredisms to act automatically and subconsciously, and there is no merit in being good only because one's ancestors were good.

Therefore, the more decent qualities which we may inherit, must be consciously exercised, subjected to reason and to the spiritual will. The heroic personality is characterized by the spirit of high adventure (*le risque noble*). It lives perpetually in an atmosphere of risk, counting each successive conquest as a preliminary to a greater victory.

The Ego is to be regarded as the raw material which the Self uses in its work of creation. The reasoning power of the Self should attract towards its centre the good and beneficent elements of the Ego, and should repel the others. Seeking an image to illustrate this idea, Daudet finds a correspondence between the motions of our mind-images and the motions of the heavenly bodies. In a language reminiscent of Pythagorean astronomy, he writes that our states of consciousness "constitute psychic spheres, accompanied by satellites, and themselves grouped in systems, like the stars and constellations. Systems and spheres gravitate before the Self. . . . It governs them freely" (p. 167). According to the degree of our personal attachment to the Self, will be the measure of the harmony and order of our imagination. The perfected man is, as it were, a microcosm of the firmament.

The Self, however, does not act directly upon the Ego. "The Self wishes and decides to create. The instrument of creation, both corporal and intellectual, is the instinct of personal desire (*l'instinct génésique*). But this is an imperfect servant who plots and contrives dangerous rebellions against his lord. In every epoch, these revolts have nourished the romantic and dramatic qualities in literature. There is nothing in fact more tragic than the assaults of animal instinct upon reason and than its frequent victories over reason. The creative impulse of the Self is sane and rational. The instinct of desire, left to itself, is destructive" (p. 60).

Daudet points out that desire awakens and revivifies the elements of the Ego, expanding them and scattering them across the field of consciousness. The imagination is stimulated and enriched, and the man of genius knows how to take real advantage of this enhancement of his psychic powers. He is able to carry out, in greater or less degree, the purpose of the Self, because he dominates the sentiment of desire which is properly the vehicle of that purpose. Like Krishna, in the *Bhagavad Gîta*, he puts forth his creation, yet remains separate.

Unfortunately, the average mortal makes little effort to retain and to express the purpose of the Self. He sinks into self-identification with the

successive metamorphoses of his Ego. Drifting into a sort of trance, "he is inhabited and governed by his father or mother or some other ancestor" (p. 29). Thus he loses control over the motives of his acts, for in a sense those motives are no longer his, but belong to the creatures who obsess him and who vampirize him, even transferring to themselves his sense of identity. In other words, he acts irresponsibly and automatically, as if he obeyed the dictates of a hypnotist. He is not an individual but a changing complex.

Daudet has promised to concentrate, in another work, upon the ethical solution of the problems which he has proposed. An honest man must admit that Daudet's description of the symptoms of the average personality fits the facts. But what are we going to do about it? Daudet's explicit answer to that question is awaited. Meanwhile, he makes certain suggestions.

He finds in the arts, especially in literature, a memorial of the warfare between the Self and the Ego. "Art and science, like literature, are of low or high degree, according as the victory of the Self which they register is more or less brilliant or manifest" (p. 165).

His emphasis upon the significance of great art becomes intelligible in the light of his theory of "elimination". The Self conquers the Ego by eliminating its ancestral elements. The Self becomes visible as the object of personal aspiration, through the removal of the detritus of heredisms which buries it from view. The Self is like a reef unperceived until it appears above the receding tide.

The great artist spends his life in the work of elimination. He does not wait until the ordinary activity of Nature revivifies the forces of his Ego. He deliberately calls them from the vasty deep by the magic of sound and colour. Through the exercise of a sympathetic but disciplined imagination, he endows them with his own life. Then, drawing back that life into himself, he exorcises what he has evoked and thereby permanently frees himself from whole systems of heredisms which would otherwise have continued automatically to govern his actions. He gives himself, in order to detach himself. But in the process he has left in space and time a document of experience as unique as his own individuality. He has created, after the image of Cosmic Nature which alternately expands and contracts its powers according to cyclic laws.

Daudet gives as an example the "organic development" of Shakespeare's characters. "They have a spontaneity comparable to that of Nature. Their sentiments, once planted, germinate and grow in accordance with a cadence that is copied from reality. This cadence was necessarily in Shakespeare. It could only come from the perpetual formation within himself of beings and events with their characters and traits, and with their moral and material development. He was a haunted chamber, a museum of reanimated family portraits. His dramatic composition released him from all these family forms, which were no sooner conceived than they were fixed, and which were always seized at their *apogée* of intensity and beauty. His ancestors brought him diversity and force. He gave them splendour . . . Having lyrically

abandoned himself to his familiar demons, the master dominates and withdraws himself" (pp. 52–53).

The reviewer has so far refrained from introducing his own interpretations into this exposition, however incomplete and fragmentary, of the general outlines of Daudet's book. But it is obvious that Daudet's ideas demand a commentary. A student of Theosophy reflecting upon them, finds much that is stimulating and inspiring, but much also that appears like a rather blurred reflection of theosophical doctrines. One ventures to regret that Daudet shows no familiarity with Indian metaphysics, or with certain ancient Greek philosophical traditions which bear directly upon the questions which he is considering.

Take, for example, his conception of heredity. Students of Theosophy are acquainted with the "ancestral traits" which actuate so many of our thoughts and acts and which he calls "heredisms". They are the *skandhas* of Buddhist psychology, the "bundles" of finite attributes which "unite at the birth of man and constitute his personality" (*Theosophical Glossary*, p. 280).

It is a fact of experience that when we identify ourselves with a desire or emotion of the mind or body, we generate a dynamic mind-image or "elemental" in which a definite portion of our personal consciousness is imprisoned and isolated. Our lower nature is composed of systems of dynamic mind-images. By virtue of the consciousness which we have attributed to these elementals, each of them becomes, in a certain sense, an independent "life" having its own desires and volitions. Thus we find ourselves impelled to repeat the mental and physical acts with which we have at any time merged our sense of identity. For instance, if someone listening to jazz responds to the rattle of his nerves by saying, "This racket thrills me", it will most probably not be long before he will again be listening to jazz, in quest of another thrill. The point is not that he should have no awareness of the noise in his vicinity, but that he is deliberately identifying himself with a certain complex of psycho-physical reactions. He cannot do this without fashioning an elemental out of his own life and substance, and without losing control of the creature which he has made. Thenceforth, he will carry with him, wherever he goes, the seed of a desire which will automatically tend to germinate in action whenever conditions make this possible, and often when he least expects or intends it.

As Daudet suggests, the seeds of desires survive the death of the body. The mind of the infant is not absolutely empty, as Locke pretended. On the contrary, it is full of all sorts of tendencies towards various kinds of action. Daudet attributes these tendencies to the ancestors whose desires and illusions are reborn in the Ego of the infant. A student of Theosophy believes that the facts are most clearly explained by the Buddhist doctrine of the *skandhas*. In other words, he offers the hypothesis of reincarnation.

After all, it is hardly just that one soul, newly made by the hand of God, should be born in a family of wise and holy folk, while another soul should

be obliged by a divine whim to accept as physical ancestors a long line of rogues and morons. If such be the nature of things, Calvin's notion of predestination to bliss or damnation can scarcely be very wide of the mark.

If we adopt Daudet's premise that consciousness is the root-substance of existence, it is illogical to postulate that consciousness has either beginning or end, for its being is not conditioned by the forms which it creates. However, Daudet professes the official Catholic doctrine that the individual Self is immortal in the future, but that it has no being before the birth of the physical body. "At each birth", he writes, "something new intervenes, which is of the order of a special creation" (p. 327). But how can a thing be endless and not also beginningless?

The great schools of philosophical mysticism have always taught that the individual Self is eternal because it is identical in essence with the Universal Self or God. In the doctrine of the Neoplatonists, the individual Self was defined as a mode of the Self-consciousness of God. Students of Theosophy, adopting this metaphysical postulate, have correlated it with the view that the individual Self reincarnates many times on Earth in a series of bodily vestures.

Although the doctrine of reincarnation is most closely identified with the great systems of Indian thought, it was by no means limited to the East in ancient times. Among the philosophers of Greece, Pythagoras and Plato clearly taught it, and there is evidence that it was an integral part of the mysterious theology of the Egyptians. It is significant that most Christian Neoplatonists have believed in pre-existence, if not in reincarnation. The celebrated theologian, Origen of Alexandria (185–254 A.D.), asserted that "our course is marked out according to our works before this life", nor were his teachings definitely accounted heretical until the Council of Constantinople in A.D. 551.[2] Incidentally, the hypothesis of reincarnation has been revived as a psychological theory in recent years by a thinker who certainly has not borrowed his ideas from the religions of the Orient (cf. *Human Immortality and Pre-existence*, by Dr. J. Ellis McTaggart, Fellow and Lecturer in Trinity College, Cambridge).

Believing in the eternal essence of the individual Self, in reincarnation, and in Karma or divine justice, a student of Theosophy cannot accept Daudet's notion that our "heredisms" are merely the products of our ancestry, unless we include our own past lives as the most important factors of our ancestry. The consciousness and force which we put into any dynamic mind-image is our own consciousness and force, an emanation of our Selves, and we cannot conceivably separate ourselves from it without undergoing a kind of annihilation. Therefore, if we have not reclaimed our lost substance before our physical death, the *skandhas* in which it is imprisoned will act as a magnet drawing us back into earth-life.

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[2] *Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers:* Ser. 2, Vol. XIV, pp. 318–320. In spite of the anathema, Origen has always had his defenders in the Roman Church. Pope Leo III inserted passages from his works in the Roman Breviary.

This does not imply that racial and family traits have no existence. On the contrary, they may be said to provide the psychic atmosphere from which the elemental *reliquiæ* of our dead personalities draw the necessary material to weave anew for themselves the forms proper to their natures. The Self is thus brought into contact, through incarnation, not only with the *skandhas* of the past personal existences which it has overshadowed, but also with the *skandhas* of the family and race to which its present body belongs. In many instances, it is probable that the family and the race are more important than the individual soul as moulders and determinants of the personality. There are creatures masquerading in human shape, of whom it is aptly said that they have no souls of their own. Such creatures are like animals, for they have not succeeded in really individualizing the consciousness of their species. Daudet's theories may be applied quite literally to these people and, in greater or less degree, they may be applied to every incarnation. Individuality is not a state of isolation but a phase of universal life. Every man's "private" Karma is inextricably interwoven with the Karma of his family, his nation and his race. There is no contradiction between the doctrine of individual reincarnation and the recognition of the essential oneness or brotherhood of all souls. "Heredity in giving us a body in any family provides the appropriate environment for the Ego.[3] The Ego goes only into the family which either completely answers to its own nature, or which gives an opportunity for the working out of its evolution, and which is also connected with it by reasons of past incarnations or causes mutually set up. . . . When we look at the characters in human bodies, great inherent differences are seen. This is due to the soul inside, who is suffering or enjoying in the family, nation and race his own thoughts and acts which past lives have made it inevitable he should incarnate with. . . . The limitations imposed on the Ego by any family heredity are exact consequences of that Ego's prior lives" (W. Q. Judge: *The Ocean of Theosophy*, pp. 72–73).

Daudet has described human life as a state of war between the individual Self and the Ego or false self. As we have seen, he compares the triumph of the Self to the attainment of the creative artist who gives his own life-force to vivify his ancestral elements and who then eliminates them from his personality by withdrawing the life which he has given.

The analogy is vivid and attractive, but also dangerous. Only the greatest artists have been "creators", in the sense suggested by Daudet, for the reason that only a great soul can evoke the native forces of the lower nature without grave peril to itself. Daudet notes how easy it is for a person, who has talent but not genius, to play the ignominious *rôle* of a "sorcerer's apprentice". He starts his imagination and cannot stop it, finally losing himself in a jungle of elemental growths.

It is obvious that no one can detach himself from a thing to which he has given himself, unless part of his personal consciousness has been really detached

[3] It should be noted that Mr. Judge does not give to the term, Ego, the same qualification as Daudet. He was referring to the Self as the incarnating principle.

all the time. The great soul alone can safely expend its powers in the deliberate evocation of the elementals of its past lives, for a great soul is so committed to truth that it does not readily fall in love with creatures which it recognizes as mirrors of illusion.

It has been said that the Self-conscious soul constitutes a real personality in contrast to the unreal personality which is a mere congeries of the powers that make up the lower nature. The first task of the neophyte is clearly to develop within himself the germ of this real personality. To do that, he does not have to begin by trying to evoke all his "personal devils" at once. Let him start more humbly by working first to get rid of the elementals which do not need to be evoked for they are already present.

Creation on the lower and outer planes may be regarded less as an end in itself, than as a phenomenon incidental to the growth of the soul in Self-consciousness. Plato seems to have had such an idea in mind, when he sought to eliminate every form of dilettantism from his ideal commonwealth. In *The Republic* no one is allowed to "create" until he can definitely prove that he has acquired a real character which can stand the strain of the creative force.

Daudet speaks of the elimination of "heredisms" as an objective of the Self in its struggle to dominate the Ego. It may be suggested that this elimination conditions another objective, more significant because it is positive, the reclamation of the life-force which properly belongs to the Self but which has been imprisoned and scattered among the elementals with which we have wrongly identified ourselves. The Self needs the powers of the false personality for the endowment of a true personality.

The Self, acting through a true personality, cannot help creating, as a seed nourished by light and air and earth cannot help growing. The attainment of true personality is made possible, as Daudet says, "through the sacrifice and partition of the Ego", but, above all, the instinct of personal desire, the principle of *Kama*, must be converted into an instrument of aspiration. As the misuse of personal desire is the cause of the triumph of the Ego, so the transformation of personal desire becomes the cause of the triumph of the Self.

The great world-religions have venerated their respective Founders as supreme embodiments of the Self. Students of Theosophy believe that the accomplishment of those great Masters, "the firstborn among many brethren", may be repeated in the history of every soul. They cannot escape such a belief, for it is a corollary of the postulate that every individual Self is an inlet to the whole of the Universal Self, and that it submits to many incarnations upon this planet in order to gain the full realization of its cosmic destiny.

Daudet himself has excellently expressed the mystical doctrine of the One Self: "Every soul contains, in its celestial gamut, the potentiality of all souls, for otherwise compassion and all communion would be impossible" (*Un Jour d'Orage*, p. 238). Such passages occur more frequently in his novels than in his philosophical writings. However, no review of his work would be complete without reference to his remarkable theory concerning the origin and formation of the human species.

He suggests that man is the production of involution rather than of evolution. Referring to the apparent corroboration of Darwinism by the data of embryology, he writes: "I admit that man is an epitome of the Universe, but this epitome is an involving and not an evolving thing. It gives one the impression of being a separate, distinct, exceptional creation, a recast of the whole (*une refonte du tout*). It does not imply the idea that it is the termination of a series of retouchings and improvements" (p. 284).

Daudet's conception seems to be very close to the ancient view of man as the microcosm of the macrocosm. Madame Blavatsky's works are full of allusions to the processes whereby the hierarchies of cosmic powers integrate their powers and their consciousness in man, who thus becomes an image of the Universe. We find an extraordinary uniformity of testimony to such a view of human nature among the students of the occult science of anthropogenesis. For example, there is the saying of Paracelsus that man is the synthesis of the animals.

It is presumed that the evolution and "outbreathing" of the Universe precedes its involution and "inbreathing". There is no contradiction in the thought that evolution, in the proper sense of the word, terminates with the appearance of the varieties of animal life, and that in the human kingdom a process begins which is the direct opposite of evolution or unfolding, and to which we may well give the designation of involution or infolding. The Logos, in which is contained the perfect idea and essence of every creature, was called by the ancients the "Heavenly Man".

It would lead us too far afield to discuss in detail the deductions which Daudet draws from his theory of involution. The most interesting of these are concerned with the reflection of the great rhythms and cycles of Cosmic Nature in the tissues of the human organism where they reappear *en minuscule* as periodicities of function and habit (p. 324, *seq.*). As the body is the mirror of the physical Universe, so the Ego is a psychic replica of the family, of the nation, of the race. So also, one may believe, the individual Self is a unique integration of the spiritual Universe, of God.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

One of our great objects in life should be to learn to pity other people instead of pitying ourselves.—DYOLF.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART V, SECTIONS 11–24

A KING INITIATE AND HIS DISCIPLES

THIS is one of a group of passages in the great Upanishads which are of the highest historical value, since they explicitly declare that the Brahmans learned wisdom from the King Initiates of the Rajputs. It is, indeed, somewhat surprising, and in a way creditable to the Brahmans that, during the many centuries they have been custodians of the sacred books of India, they have never destroyed or even attenuated these evidences of their debt to the royal sages, though these same Brahmans have for centuries claimed pre-eminence for their own caste.

Whether the five "owners of great houses, great in the traditional lore" were Brahmans, we are not explicitly told; they may have been wealthy Vaishyas, since the Vaishyas also were admitted to the traditional teaching of the Aryas. But concerning Uddalaka, son of Aruna, we are fully informed. He was by birth a Brahman, the father of the youthful Shvetaketu, "conceited, vain of his learning, proud," to whom the great Rajput King Pravahana, son of Jivala, addressed a series of perplexing questions, not one of which the Brahman youth was able to answer. Of the youth Shvetaketu we are further told that he had learned by heart the Three Vedas and was able to repeat their verses. But the questions which the King Initiate put to him involved the immemorial Mystery teaching handed down among the Rajputs, centring about the twin doctrines of Liberation and Reincarnation; and of these there is no clear revelation in the hymns of the Three Vedas.

Uddalaka, son of Aruna, proposed to his son Shvetaketu that they should go together to the King to learn wisdom, but Shvetaketu replied that his father might go alone. So the elder Brahman went, and, after being submitted to certain trials, was accepted as a pupil by the King, with the significant words: "This teaching never went to any Brahman before thee, but was among all peoples the teaching of the Kshatriyas alone."

In the present story, Uddalaka plays a part which reminds us of more than one Brahman in the discourses of the Buddha. He is apprehensive that he may be asked questions too hard for him to answer; and it is this apprehension, which he seems to have kept to himself, which inspires in him the thought of going, with his five querents, to the great King Ashvapati, famous for his wisdom and for the admirable state of his kingdom.

Uddalaka and his friends were courteously received by the King; at the same time, they were submitted to a test, just as had happened to Uddalaka when he went as a suppliant to King Pravahana. The King told them that

he was about to celebrate a great sacrificial ceremony, and that he would give each one of them the same gifts that he had prepared for the celebrating priests. But they were not to be drawn aside from their deeper purpose. They said: "With what purpose a man may come, that, verily, let him declare! Declare the Spirit to us!" So, setting aside the proffered gifts, they came to him on the next morning with fuel in their hands, the traditional symbol of the disciple who comes, ready to be enkindled, and asks the Master for light. Then we are told that without subjecting them to the form of acceptance, the King proceeded to teach them. This may mean one of two things: either that he was satisfied by their disinterested desire for wisdom, and therefore thought the ceremony of acceptance unnecessary; or that he did not formally accept them because they were not yet ready for the final teaching concerning Liberation and Reincarnation,—themes which, in fact, he did not touch on.

The King followed the course that is customary in the Orient,—he asked them questions, demanding of each one in turn what, or whom, he reverenced as the Spirit, the supreme Reality. Both questions and answers follow a definite plan, exactly as in one of the shorter Upanishads, where six disciples betake themselves to a Master. The series of questions and the answers of the six querents depict six planes or manifestations of Being, symbolized as the heavens, the sun, the wind, shining ether, the waters, the earth, and generally corresponding to the six manifested Elements, so-called; but the querents have no understanding that these six manifestations are in reality aspects of one Being, the Eternal, the Supreme Brahma.

With lively symbolism, not devoid of humour, the great King Initiate stresses the limitation of their conceptions, telling them that calamity would have befallen them, had they not come to him. The deeper meaning is, that a partial view of the great Life, any view that is circumscribed and limited, inevitably limits and dwarfs the mind and spirit of him who holds it, so that it is not unfitting to call him blind or lame.

A significant phrase is addressed by the King to each questioner: "Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear!" Food is, in the symbolic language of the Upanishads, a general term for experience gained and assimilated. The questioners gained experience; they saw what was dear. But the time had come for them to gain deeper experience, to seek, in the words of Yama the Initiator, not the dearer, but the better, not the pleasant, but the real, the immortal. Therefore, when the King tells his questioners of the Infinite Spirit, the Eternal, he adds that he who rightly knows and reverences that Spirit, "of the measure of a span, yet of infinite extent," eats food in all worlds, among all beings, in all Spirits; his experience begins to be universal, of universal significance.

Then comes the teaching of the Five Breaths, the Five Lives. Here, in graphic images, a profound truth is half-revealed: that the powers made manifest in the celestial bodies and the wide realms of Nature are in reality all powers of the One, the Eternal, the Spirit which is present in all things.

Further, it is taught that these same powers, and all of them, are represented in man, in the perceptive and active powers of his body, in the powers of his mind, in the powers of his inner being, his soul, his Spirit: "When the Forward-breath rejoices, the eye rejoices; when the eye rejoices, the sun rejoices; when the sun rejoices, the heavens rejoice," because the golden thread of unity runs through all these powers; because the powers of man are directly connected not only with the cosmic powers, but, even more, with the divine powers. It is in virtue of this bond that man may awaken to a fuller consciousness of his divine kinship, and inherit the Eternal; entering that world, he shall no more return.

THE SPIRIT AND THE ETERNAL

Prachinashala, son of Upamanyu, Satyayajna, son of Pulusha, Indradyumna, grandson of Bhallava, Jana, son of Sharkaraksha, Budila, son of Ashvatar-ashva,—these were owners of great houses and great in the traditional lore. Meeting together, they entered into an investigation: What is our Spirit (Atma)? What is the Eternal (Brahma)?

They came to an agreement, saying: Sirs, this Uddalaka, son of Aruna, thoroughly knows this Spirit which is common to all. Let us betake ourselves to him!

They betook themselves to him. But he came to this conclusion: These owners of great houses, great in the traditional lore, will ask me questions, and I may not be able to answer everything. Let me recommend them to another!

So to them he said: Sirs, of a truth King Ashvapati, son of Kekaya, thoroughly knows this Spirit which is common to all. Let us betake ourselves to him!

They betook themselves to him. To them, when they had arrived, to each one of them, he caused due honours to be paid. Rising in the morning, thus he said: In my kingdom there is no thief, nor any avaricious, nor a drinker of spirits, nor one who offers no oblation, nor one without wisdom, nor any man or woman unchaste. Wherefore, Sirs, I am about to make an offering; so much wealth as I shall give to each priest, so much, Sirs, shall I give to you. Sirs, remain here with me!

They said: With what purpose a man may come, that, verily, let him declare! The Spirit, that which is common to all, thou knowest thoroughly. Declare that Spirit to us!

To them he said: In the morning I shall give you an answer. They, verily, came back to him again at the beginning of the day with fuel in their hands. Without subjecting them to the form of acceptance, he spoke to them thus:

Son of Upamanyu, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The heavens, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit endowed with splendour, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, in thy family the essence is seen distilled and increased. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear!

He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the head of the Spirit. Therefore, thy head would have fallen off, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Satyayajna, son of Pulusha:

Prachinayogya, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The sun, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit of universal form, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, in thy family much is seen, of every form, such as a chariot drawn by she-mules, a bondmaiden, a chain of gold. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the eye of the Spirit. Therefore, thou wouldst have become blind, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Indradyumna, grandson of Bhallava:

Vaiyaghrapadya, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The wind, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit of diverse ways, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, offerings come to thee by diverse ways, ranks of chariots follow after thee by diverse ways. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all, But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the breath of the Spirit. Therefore. thy breath would have departed, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Jana, son of Sharkaraksha:

Son of Sharkaraksha, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The shining ether, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit abounding, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, thou art abounding in offspring and in wealth. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the bodily vesture of the Spirit. Therefore, thy body would have fallen away, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Budila, son of Ashvatarashva:

Vaiyaghrapadya, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The waters, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a Spirit of wealth, common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, thou art possessed of wealth, well supplied. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is only the bladder of the Spirit. Therefore, thy bladder would have burst, if thou hadst not come to me!

And so he said to Uddalaka, son of Aruna:

Gotama, whom dost thou reverence as Spirit?

The earth, Sir King! said he.

That is, of a truth, a firm foundation, a Spirit common to all, whom thou dost reverence as the Spirit. Therefore, thou art firmly established in offspring and herds. Thou eatest food, thou beholdest what is dear! He eats food, he beholds what is dear, there is divine radiance in the family of him who thus reverences this Spirit common to all. But, said he, this Spirit of thine is but the feet of the Spirit. Therefore, thy feet would have withered, if thou hadst not come to me!

To them he said:

Ye, all of you, but partly perceiving the Spirit which is common to all, eat food. But he who rightly reverences this Spirit common to all, of the measure of a span, yet of infinite extent, he eats food in all worlds, among all beings, in all Spirits.

Of this Spirit common to all, the radiant heavens are, of a truth, the head; the sun of universal form is, of a truth, the eye; the wind of diverse ways is, of a truth, the breath; the shining ether is, of a truth, the bodily vesture; the abounding waters are, of a truth, the bladder; the firm earth is, of a truth, the feet; the breast is, of a truth, the place of the altar; the hairs are the sacrificial grass; the heart is the household fire; the mind is the fire of sacrifice; the mouth is the fire of oblation.

Therefore, the first food to which he may come, should be made an offering. The first oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation of that to the Forward-breath, saying: Adoration to the Forward-breath! The Forward-breath rejoices. When the Forward-breath rejoices, the eye rejoices; when the eye rejoices, the sun rejoices; when the sun rejoices, the heavens rejoice; when the heavens rejoice, whatsoever the heavens and the sun govern, rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

And so the second oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation to the Distributive-breath, saying: Adoration to the Distributive-breath! The Distributive-breath rejoices. When the Distributive-breath rejoices, hearing rejoices; when hearing rejoices, the moon rejoices; when the moon rejoices, the spaces rejoice; when the spaces rejoice, whatsoever the spaces and the moon govern, rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

And so the third oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation to the Downward-breath, saying: Adoration to the Downward-breath! The Downward-breath rejoices. When the Downward-breath rejoices, voice rejoices; when voice rejoices, fire rejoices; when fire rejoices, the earth rejoices; when the earth rejoices, whatsoever the earth and fire govern, rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

And so the fourth oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation to the Uniting-breath, saying: Adoration to the Uniting-breath! The Uniting-

breath rejoices. When the Uniting-breath rejoices, mind rejoices; when the mind rejoices, the rain-lord rejoices; when the rain-lord rejoices, lightning rejoices; when lightning rejoices, whatsoever lightning and the rain-lord govern, rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

And so the fifth oblation which he may make, let him make an oblation to the Upward-breath, saying: Adoration to the Upward-breath! The Upward-breath rejoices. When the Upward-breath rejoices, touch rejoices; when touch rejoices, the wind rejoices; when the wind rejoices, shining ether rejoices; when shining ether rejoices, whatsoever the wind and shining ether govern rejoices; together with the rejoicing of this, he rejoices in offspring, in herds, in divine radiance.

He who, not knowing this, offers the Fire-invocation, it is as though he were to scatter the red embers and pour the oil on dead ashes. But he who, knowing this, offers the Fire-invocation, his offering is made in all worlds, among all beings, in all Spirits.

And so as the stem of a reed cast into the fire burns away, thus, verily, do all his sins burn away, who, knowing this thus, offers the Fire-invocation. Therefore, of a truth, should one who knows thus offer the leavings of his food to a Chandala, an outcast, nonetheless the offering would be made to the Spirit, common to all. And there is this verse:

> Like as hungry children here wait upon their mother,
> So all beings wait upon the Fire-invocation.

PART VIII, SECTIONS 13–15

From the dark, I go forward to the many-coloured; from the many-coloured, I go forward to the dark. Just as a horse shakes off loose hairs, so I rid myself of sin; ridding myself of this body, as the moon escapes from the mouth of the Demon of eclipse, I, a Spirit completely formed, am born into the uncreate world of the Eternal, I am born into the world of the Eternal.

That which is named the shining ether is the moulder of name and form, of separate life. That within which these dwell is the Eternal, that is the Supreme Spirit. To the assembly of the Lord of beings, to His dwelling I go forward. I become the glory of knowers of the Eternal, the glory of kings, the glory of the people. Glory have I attained. Therefore may I, the glory of glories, not fall into hoary and toothless days, into toothless and hoary and decrepit days. May I escape decrepit days.

This teaching Lord Brahma imparted to the Lord of beings, the Lord of beings imparted it to Manu, and Manu to his descendants. He who, following the rule, has learned this Wisdom from the family of a Master, in the time left over from doing the Master's work, turns again home. Nor does such a one return again.

C. J.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

AS I think backwards over the years, I realize that it was my Mother who first told me about it; that it was she who had constantly tried to teach me where and how I should search for it; she tried to show me along what road I should travel in order to find it. I do not mean that she spoke to me of The Theosophical Society, for it is quite likely that she never even heard of it,—I do not know. But one could not be with her without being conscious of that which in Theosophy is the Great Magnet to many of us,—it certainly was in my case—the sense of a *living* Master. She made Christ, simply and literally, the "Head of our house"; to him all things were without question referred, and with perfect conviction that "he would understand". So vivid and personal was this, that I have never forgotten the impression made upon me, and I know that all through my earliest childhood, he seemed to me, though unseen, yet actually and penetratingly present in our home. It was "the Love that never faileth"—that was what she taught us to feel; and we all responded to that wonderful atmosphere in which she folded us. It seemed actually to emanate from her, for I can well remember the stillness which I used to feel creeping about me, whenever she came into our nursery; and I shall always believe that in those early days, something was given me which I recognized years later, when I first met Theosophy.

There had been another fertile source of comfort. As a very young child I was evidently somewhat clairaudient—so many children are; for, in an old diary kept by my Mother, the ink now faded and the paper yellow with age, it is recorded of me that I used to "confide" to her that frequently, when I was alone, I heard someone talking to me, and that whenever I *thought* of it, and *listened* for it, I always heard that voice speaking, and telling me things. It evidently surprised me that my brothers and sisters did not also hear it when they were alone, for it seems to have been very real to me, and an important feature in my daily life, though I do not now, at this long interval, recall the actual things that were said. My Mother's counsel, grave and quiet, I am sure, seems to have been that I must give all my attention, and never forget anything that was told me; that I must listen to every word. "Do you, Mother?" it is recorded that I asked on one occasion, very earnestly, thinking that she must often hear that voice. Evidently this caused her a good deal of gentle amusement, for her account of it is at some length; but she appears to have given me complete confidence that the voice was *real* and not to be turned away from lightly.

My Mother died, however, before I was seven, and the years moved on;

but she seems to have left with us, as a priceless inheritance (though too soon it vanished), a deep-rooted belief in the *living reality* of Christ, and the sense of his overshadowing remained with me for a long time despite the fact that, after she left us, the happy conditions of our home completely changed. An atmosphere of entire worldliness, and indifference to all those matters which had been of paramount importance to her, swept over it; and I often wonder how any spark of real life was left in me; any desire for inner things. Yet heaven is kind; and somewhere, hidden away in the dark earth of my material surroundings, there were those seeds which my Mother had planted with her loving hands. I believe that I owe a great deal also, to a natural love of solitude; to the habit of creeping away by myself from the noise of people; and I think that those quiet hours alone, helped me to keep alive a few of the things which she had taught, a little of the wisdom which she had tried to establish permanently. In the house where we lived there was a kind of storeroom, at the end of a long corridor; a great, dark, windowless room not often entered, and I can see myself, a small object sitting on an empty box, which I found more comfortable than a trunk, because it was so low that my feet rested easily on the floor. In this storeroom I was usually quite safe from intrusion, and at these times I used to think a great deal about heaven—and eternity! Particularly eternity. Heaven did not attract me so much, although I believed that my Mother was there, because my nurses told me so. But to me, she seemed always so close that I did not understand how she could be in heaven too. Heaven had begun to assume the orthodox, remote and chilly aspect given it by our servants; but eternity, and the feeling I had about it, was all my Mother's, for I had heard her talk of it (it must have had a special significance to her); and somehow, from what she had said, it had come to be like a vast, soft, protecting radiance, stretching endlessly in all directions, as far as my imagination would carry me, and I used to love to reach breathlessly out and out into it, and then turn quickly and feel it *inside*. This was a little, solitary game I used to play. Occasionally it frightened me with its immensity, but not often. My eternity was wholly indescribable; a source of peace. I can remember no actual words that my Mother ever used in speaking of it, but such was the effect of the thought of it on me, that all during my childhood, whenever I was either unhappy or frightened, if I could only manage to creep off alone, and "put myself into eternity", as I called the process, all my troubles vanished as if by magic, even though I knew, from bitter experience, that I should have to pick them all up again when I "came out of it". No sorrow or fear ever had the power to enter my eternity; it was a "place" of such absolute stillness and peace, that if I could only manage to stay there, while the whole house might be humming with excitement, that marvellous stillness shut it all out. I speak of this childhood feeling about eternity, this feeling which was so *real*, because of what happened many, many years later, when Theosophy burst upon me.

"God", however, was a source of great vexation to me. I could not understand Him at all, and I had every reason to believe that He did not understand

me. He seems to have been wholly a creation of our nurses, after my Mother's going—I do not remember that He came into my calculation until then. They told me, for instance, that He always answered our prayers, but I knew better. Sometimes He did, and sometimes He did *not*—there was no counting on Him. Had He not failed me over and over again? Had He always answered *my* prayers? I should think not! I used to have tumultuous and scorching arguments with Him in consequence. I must have been getting somewhat peevish and exacting about this time. My Mother's serene and heavenly influence was being overlaid. I had discovered, for instance, that if, while walking through the fields, you pulled at a buttercup plant, it would sometimes come up out of the earth with a nice, little, round, bulby root at the end, and this destructive occupation so fascinated me that I could hardly be dragged past buttercup fields at all. My methods were very systematic, and developed into a kind of ritual. I would select my buttercup, say my prayer, and then jerk. If, as very often happened, the stem broke before the little root appeared, I felt dreadfully aggrieved. Had I not prayed? What was "God" doing at that moment? Had He not heard me? Then the disillusionment about "God" would turn me mercifully back to eternity, and *that* never failed me. So those childhood days seem to have been spent in the violent oscillations of youth; tearing up lovely and happy buttercups by the roots, or creeping away into "my eternity". If you had mentioned "the chêla's hair line" to me at this period, I should have laughed in your face,—a scornful, perhaps rather bitter, nine-year-old laugh.

The years crept on, and alas, the realities of my childhood became little more than twilight memories, infrequently haunting my young maturity; and, as I lost myself in the current of worldly affairs, even these heaven-born memories gradually faded. They left, indeed, their pale reflection in a kind of natural attraction which I seemed to feel for all mystical subjects, but I never did anything with this interest; the roots now lacked the vitality to penetrate to the cool moisture of the lower depths, so that the interest itself gradually disappeared—or almost so, though never quite, as I now realize. My life was a busy and eventful one; a life full of high lights and sombre shadows, and I passed along its highways, forgetful of the past, unmindful of the future, living (whether cloud or shine) in what was always a dangerously vivid present.

Then came a wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten night when, for the first time in this incarnation, I met with Theosophy, and some ancient, long dead chord was instantly struck in me. This, I now know, is by no means an uncommon experience among us; I speak of it merely because it was also mine. But how strangely fortuitous the entrance upon the great events of our lives appears to be! I went to that first theosophical lecture on the invitation of the most casual acquaintance; one who was "mildly interested" and who thought that I also might be; someone whom I cannot remember ever to have seen afterwards, and whose very name has since gone from me. Did I, that night, forge a vast, new, karmic debt of gratitude to that passing

benefactor of mine, or was it, perhaps, the reverse—the repayment of some long past and unremembered service which it had been *my* privilege to render; unremembered by me, but unforgotten by that good Samaritan? I have often wondered which.

I shall never forget that night. The lecture was in a great hall, and the audience must have numbered several thousand, yet from the very first, it was as though the universe had suddenly been emptied of all things save the words which I heard, and my own insignificant self sitting there in rapt silence, listening. I have no longer a clear recollection of the actual subject of the lecture—save, of course, that it was theosophical in general—but it had the most extraordinary effect; extraordinary to me, at least, and quite new in my experience. Almost every thought seemed strangely familiar; at times I even had the feeling, though I am not sure that I realized this until afterwards, that I could guess beforehand something of what was going to be said. From the first moment that they were mentioned, it was the Masters, and the thought of them, which drew me, and I accepted the truth of their existence at once, as something long known and beyond dispute—like the stars in the heavens which I watched nightly. I knew that the stars were there, because I had seen them all my life. I knew, for what seemed to me, then, something like the same reason, that the Masters lived and laboured to help us. I can remember no other detail of that lecture, I remember only its effect; and it came, at last, to an end, though I cannot now say how it ended, for I was in a kind of dream; rapt away from the world; as completely severed, at least temporarily, from my old life and interests, as though they had never existed. As I left the great hall, I stopped at a table near an exit to buy one of the theosophical books for sale, choosing it seemingly at random. I remember this much, but I have never been able to remember how I got home that night. All that remains in my memory is that somehow I found myself there, sitting in a deep armchair in a dark room, tightly clasping my new book, but once more, oh! marvel of marvels, bathed in that soft, wide and protecting radiance which had been so familiar in my earliest days. In an instant of time, I seemed to have crossed a rainbow bridge which spanned the rolling ocean of the years separating me from the past—in some strange way I had regained the lost state of childhood. I should think I must have sat there for hours, I do not know. I cannot claim that I was "remembering"; but I do know that life seemed suddenly to have become immense, far-reaching, with a new kind of continuity—though perhaps at the moment I should not have described it thus. Then at last, I thought of that small book, still tightly clasped in my hand, and, turning on my lamp, I saw the title—*Light on the Path*. So far as I could then guess, it was quite new to me. The first page or two meant little, but, as I read on, I stopped suddenly when I came to the words: "Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the Eternal"; and later: "For within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the path." What was this book that was talking that way about eternity, *my* eternity, and about that light within? Had not those

solitary, childhood hours of mine whispered the same strange secrets to me long ago? But what was "the path"? I read the book through from start to finish. Most of it was veiled from me, a mystery, of course, but I could not bear to let it go from my hand. No book that I had ever held had made me feel like that book. I would not have parted with it for kingdoms.

For two or three days and nights I lived in this new and magical world into which I seemed suddenly to have penetrated. That marvellous and still radiance did not leave me, and I moved about in it as one would float on a summer sea. Then I determined to go in search of someone who could tell me more about Theosophy, what it was and what it meant; but when I began to investigate the Society calling itself Theosophical—the Society whose lecturer I had heard—alas for me! I came away in disgust, if not in a kind of panic of dread, for there was the feeling that, if I did not have a care, I should be "swallowed up", body and soul, in a kind of huge machine,—and I was not at all prepared to be "swallowed up". It was not Theosophy which I had found, only something which *called* itself that, though undoubtedly, when I had listened to that lecture, old and loved harmonies had been stirred to life by the very words spoken, and I must have "remembered"—remembered what I already knew,—yet what, on closer investigation, I now found, was *not* what I "knew"; and I was repelled. None the less I never lost my interest through the time that followed, nor a curious kind of faith that, whatever Theosophy was, it could be found *somewhere*, though I had not the least idea where. Several years went by in this way, and then, when I had ceased to look for it, I found it! It fell across my path one summer's day—Theosophy and The Theosophical Society.

And why did I join? Well, I doubt if at the time I could have told you definitely—but I can now. I "joined", in this incarnation, because I had already joined long, long ago, and so this time it was only a home-coming. I joined because I knew I had found all that my Mother had told me to look for; all that had been the dream of my childhood; all that anyone *could* look and long for—and more!

N. F. T.

OCCULTISM AND MEDICINE

IN summing up Part I of Book I of *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 276, Ed. 1888), Madame Blavatsky makes the arresting statement that while it is their materialism that has blinded men of science, it is their ignorance of "the true essence and nature of matter" that has misled the Spiritualists. She adds that: "It is on the right comprehension of the primeval Evolution of Spirit-Matter and its real essence that the student has to depend for the further elucidation in his mind of the Occult Cosmogony, and for the only sure clue which can guide his subsequent studies." Throughout the whole of this first part of the book—the foundation for all that follows—the chief emphasis is laid upon this inseparability of Spirit-Matter, the dual aspects or poles through which and between which the hidden Fundamental Unity, the unknown Absolute, emanates the manifested universe. The separation of Spirit and Matter is "Maya," the cause and the effect of manifestation; and the occultist, who seeks to penetrate beneath the manifest, must learn to see them, not as two things, but as one,—realizing that cause and effect can not be divorced, nor force and form. In manifestation they are opposite poles; in the unmanifest they are merged in One.

To have grasped this fundamental principle of unity is to have passed from the basis of exoteric philosophies to that of esoteric teaching. Exoteric philosophies must draw their premises from what is exoteric,—from what is manifest; and as, in all manifestation, spirit and matter, consciousness and its object, force and form, are separate and opposite, so must they be separate and opposite in the philosophies based upon the manifest; and therefore such systems must either be marked by an irreconcilable duality, or else strive to minimize and ignore one or other of the two interacting poles. So physical science ignores consciousness; and the evolutionist (of the old school) seeks to explain it as but a by-product of material organization. On the other hand, the idealist and spiritualist minimize matter, and are misled by their failure to understand its true nature in relation to the spirit. Esotericism alone takes due account of both sides of the duality, and this it can do because it passes behind both, to the unity from which they rise.

An analogy can be drawn between this theosophic view of Being, and the scientific view of electricity. Science does not pretend to know what electricity *is*, but it knows much about how it is *revealed*, and about effects which it produces. The definitions given in dictionaries are significant of this: "One of the forces of nature, *made evident* by friction, chemical action, the motion of coils of wire in a magnetic field, etc." So Theosophy speaks of Being—or, as Madame Blavatsky amends, "Be-ness". In itself it is unknowable; but it is "made evident" and manifested in ways which we may study. These ways have this in common with the ways in which electricity is made

evident: the first step is the emanation of a duality from what was a unity, and thereafter all the effects produced are the results of the interaction of the two poles of this duality. Here is an electrical machine, at rest, a thing apparently of inert glass and wood, rubber and metal rods. The electricity, with which science tells us it is vibrant, gives no evidence of its existence. We touch it and receive no shock; there is no spark or glow, no manifestation; and the reason for this is that there is no outward differentiation into positive and negative aspects, no polarization of unity into duality. Put the machine in motion, and this polarization takes place. The positive and negative draw apart, until the tension between them is too great for the intervening medium to resist, and they rush together, regaining unity, in a stream of electric sparks—a lightning flash—of light and heat and power and radiating magnetic field. The manifest reveals duality; it is manifest because of duality; but in the unmanifest, in the hiddenness of quiescence, there is the unity from which the duality springs and which alone explains it.

We can see from this why it is that every purely exoteric philosophy or religion must of necessity be one sided. It aims to reduce diversity to unity, to reconcile duality and paradox into a logically consistent and unified system; but in the very nature of things the unity and reconciliation do not exist on the level where the diversity and paradox are found. The branches of the tree must be followed back to the central stem; and that takes us from the world of the manifest to the unmanifest. The philosophy which is not willing or able to make this transition, can never reach true unity, and must substitute for it the spurious appearance of consistency which may be attained by artificially limiting its field, as does science, considering only one half of the dual aspect which manifestation always presents. Life itself, however, can attain consistency in no such way; and as experience inevitably includes what such philosophies ignore, no one of them can be permanently satisfying. The vacuum created by one school of thought is filled by the arising of another, which over-emphasizes what the first minimized, and minimizes all that was formerly stressed. So the pendulum swings from one extreme to the other as generation succeeds generation; and the "tough" and the "tender minded" (as William James called them) of the same generation, looking at life from opposite poles, contend one against the other, each striving to make the whole out of his single half. The ridiculous conflict of "fundamentalist" and "evolutionist," which still echoes in the newspapers, is as old as human thought. The names and forms change, but the essential opposition is the same. Each new reformation is soon seen itself to need reform; and the alternating cycles mark the changing winds of thought, veering always to the mental areas of lowest atmospheric pressure.

This is the background against which the history of the Theosophical Movement can be seen in a truer perspective than it is easy otherwise to gain. Century after century, in its successive "reincarnations", the Movement has been an agency acting to check the extreme swing of the cyclic pendulum, its human representatives opposing themselves single-handed to the momentum

of the world. Always it has pointed to the Way, by which the partial and the divided may be transcended, and wholeness and unity be found,—the hidden Way, from the manifest to the unmanifest, "the small, old Path that leads to the Eternal." But too often, its deeper teaching misunderstood or rejected, it has succeeded in checking one extreme only at the cost of inaugurating a counter movement which, if itself unchecked, sweeps forward to the other. The student of Theosophy, studying its larger history from this point of view, is soon compelled to revise his concepts of success and failure,—perceiving that what the world counts as success may have been the gravest failure. That action is most successful which is most perfectly adapted to its end, its force so nicely calculated that the action ceases as the end is reached, with no surplus carrying it beyond its goal or prompting to reactions that will later set it back. In the restoration of the world's balance, the Lodge agents have probably been most successful when they have been able to remain the most obscure, and when their work has seemed to die with them, leaving no other trace than an unexplained change in the tone and temper of men's minds. The effort to correct excesses can, however, be but one aspect of the work of the Theosophical Movement. The aim must include not only the restoration of the world's balance, but also its maintenance; and, as has been pointed out above, this can only be done through a knowledge and hold upon truth which cannot rise spontaneously from the world, but must be gained from above the world,—flowing from the unmanifest into the manifest. This is one of the surest hall-marks for the recognition of Theosophy, in whatever time or garb it may appear. It always points above, or within, to the unity that reconciles diversity; and it insists that, until this unity be found and held, all else is "Maya" and delusion. Spirit and matter, the inner world and the outer, consciousness and conduct, faith and works, are and must be One,—otherwise each is false, and no more than a mirage.

It is interesting to look back through the history of philosophy and religion, reviewing the long roll of those whose names are now associated with some definite view of life or trend of thought, and to try to apply to their work such tests as our knowledge of the Theosophical Movement suggests. Pythagoras, Plato and Plotinus; Krishna, Gautama the Buddha, and Jesus the Christ; Confucius and Lao-Tse; Shankaracharya and St. Paul; Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, "the most saintly among the learned, the most learned among the saints,"—we have too little command of our yard-sticks, perhaps —whether intellectual or moral—to enable us to measure these; but what of lesser figures, striking in at random: Paracelsus and Mesmer; Luther and Erasmus; St. Ignatius and Calvin; Galileo and St. Theresa; Bishop Berkeley and Leibnitz and Kant; Darwin and Karl Marx and Allan Kardec? What was their relation, if any, to the Theosophical Movement? Were they friends or foes, conscious or unconscious,—part of the swing of the world's pendulum, or standing against it? How did they touch the Theosophical Movement? What of it did they absorb and express?

To make our point as sharply as possible, we began by saying that no purely exoteric religion or philosophy could be more than one-sided; but now we ask ourselves whether there is, or ever has been, any *purely* exoteric view of life. Is there any past or present movement of thought into which something of the Theosophical Movement has not entered, which does not contain something of esoteric truth? There can be but one answer; for had there been no truth in them, they could not have lived; and whether they have by now lost that truth or not, it is still by virtue of it that they continue to live. As Fielding Hall has written, "the faiths are all brothers, some younger, some older"; and some may have been born deformed, and others may have become wayward and perverted into evil; yet it was from the common fatherhood of Truth that they first drew their life. A new set of questions thus presents itself: Through what channels did Theosophy reach these thinkers, through what sieves and veils had it to pass, that so many of them could reflect it only in dim and broken fragments?

Such questions are, however, pertinent to our present purpose only as they tend to clarify our view of the conditions with which the Theosophical Movement has to deal, and to show us that it must seek to preserve, as well as to destroy and to create,—for even in the extremes which it must oppose there is the life and truth which, in the past, it itself imparted to them. It was so at the birth of the Society—the present incarnation of the Theosophical Movement—in 1875. Madame Blavatsky had to attack the extremes and perversions of both science and theology, in order to liberate and preserve the ancient gift of life and truth that were in each, as well as for the purpose of opening men's minds for a new unveiling of the esoteric teaching. More than this, however, because these great protagonists had drawn so far apart, the middle ground that they had vacated had been occupied by a host of heterodox movements which had grown largely without guidance or restraint. Chief of these was the Spiritualistic movement, charged with the immeasurable potentialities for good or evil which attend any breaking down of the barriers between the seen and the unseen worlds. In France, led by Allan Kardec, the Spiritists taught reincarnation and certain other occult doctrines, as part of the philosophy which was revealed to them, though this teaching was opposed by the American Spiritualists; and in a significant foot-note (*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 476, Ed. 1888) Madame Blavatsky speaks of the old Count d'Ourches as "one of the earliest Eastern Occultists in France, a man the scope of whose occult knowledge will never be appreciated correctly by his survivors, because he screened his real beliefs and knowledge under the mask of Spiritism." But both in France and in America, mediumship was being developed with no thought or understanding of the dangers which it involved. Because tables tipped and teacups moved, untouched by human hands, it was inferred that these phenomena must be the work of the spirits of the dead; and the movement threatened to become the disseminator of such degrading concepts of the after-death states as to make materialism attractive in comparison.

It was in reference to such phenomena that Madame Blavatsky made the statement, quoted at the beginning of this article, that the Spiritualists were misled by their ignorance of the true essence and nature of matter as inseparable from spirit and consciousness. To elucidate the bearing of this criticism, we may add, to what we have already said, two corollaries, upon which Madame Blavatsky constantly insists:

"Everything in the Universe, throughout all its kingdoms, is *conscious:* that is, endowed with a consciousness of its own kind and on its own plane of perception. We men must remember that because *we* do not perceive any signs—which we can recognize—of consciousness, say, in stones, we have no right to say that *no consciousness exists there.* There is no such thing as either 'dead' or 'blind' matter, as there is no 'Blind' or 'Unconscious' Law. . . .

"The Universe is worked and *guided* from *within outwards.* As above so it is below, as in heaven so on earth; and man—the microcosm and miniature copy of the macrocosm—is the living witness of this Universal Law and to the mode of its action. We see that every *external* motion, act, gesture, whether voluntary or mechanical, organic or mental, is produced and preceded by *internal* feeling or emotion, will or volition, and thought or mind. As no outward motion or change, when normal, in man's external body can take place unless provoked by an inward impulse, given through one of the three functions named, so with the external or manifested Universe. The whole Kosmos is guided, controlled, and animated by almost endless series of Hierarchies of sentient Beings, each having a mission to perform, and who . . . are 'messengers' in the sense only that they are the agents of Karmic and Cosmic Laws. They vary infinitely in their respective degrees of consciousness and intelligence; and to call them all pure Spirits . . . is only to indulge in poetical fancy" (*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 274, Ed. 1888).

The application of these corollaries to the spiritualistic movement of teacups, is not far to seek. If we see a conscious being, a man like ourselves, sitting on our tea-table, we may, of course, pick him up bodily and deposit him on the sofa across the room; but it is by no means unthinkable that if we asked, or ordered him to move, he would do so of himself, untouched by our hands,—or if he did not, we might even call a servant to move him for us. If he were not conscious, and we had no other servants at our command than our own two hands, we should, indeed, be limited to the first procedure. This is the materialistic view, which regards the limitation as so obvious that no amount of evidence can weigh against it. If the cup moved, it was carried; that being the only possibility, that is all there is to say about it. The spiritualistic viewpoint was scarcely less material, but had to accept the evidence which the materialist could arbitrarily deny. The teacup did move, therefore it was carried; but it was not touched by any material thing or person, therefore it was carried by "spirits." Each argument presupposes the absence of consciousness in the teacup, and also the absence of any other servants of man's will than his bodily members. Neither supposition is in accord with the tenets of Theosophy; and it was this which Madame Blavatsky

pointed out, when she duplicated the phenomena for her spiritualistic friends, without recourse to a séance or an appeal to "spirits".

Of course those who rejected the spiritualistic phenomena were compelled by the same reasons to reject those produced by Madame Blavatsky. If a thing be impossible, the most highly improbable alternative is to be preferred to it. Christ's simple statement of the occult law: "If ye have faith and doubt not . . . and shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done",—is not the only one of his sayings which is repeated without being believed. It is the last explanation that would be generally credited, if the world suddenly found that one of its mountains had vanished. As, however, Madame Blavatsky ascribed all her own knowledge and powers in these matters to the teaching in the ancient wisdom which she had received in Thibet, it is of interest to note that one of the first European travellers to penetrate the fastnesses of central Asia, has left us an account of precisely similar phenomena which he witnessed at the Court of the Great Khan. It was in May of 1275 that Marco Polo was received by Kublai Khan in his summer palace at Chandu, and in Chapter LXI of Book I of his *Travels*, he writes of his stay there, noting the manners and customs of the Court, including the part played by the "Bacsi" ("Bakhshi" or "Bhikshu", a name, Sir Henry Yule tells us, applied among the Mongols in the sense of "teacher", "religious devotee", or "medicine-man"), from which we take the following paragraph:

"There is another marvel performed by those Bacsi, of whom I have been speaking as knowing so many enchantments. For when the Great Kaan is at his capital and in his great Palace, seated at his table, which stands on a platform some eight cubits above the ground, his cups are set before him (on a great buffet) in the middle of the hall pavement, at a distance of some ten paces from his table, and filled with wine, or other good spiced liquor such as they use. Now when the Lord desires to drink, these enchanters by the power of their enchantments cause the cups to move from their place without being touched by anybody, and to present themselves to the Emperor! This every one present may witness, and there are ofttimes more than 10,000 persons thus present. 'Tis a truth and no lie! and so will tell you the sages of our own country who understand necromancy, for they also can perform it."

The same phenomenon is described more briefly in the Travels of Friar Odoric: "And jugglers cause cups of gold full of good wine to fly through the air, and to offer themselves to all who list to drink" (Sir Henry Yule, *Cathay*, p. 143).

We may credit or reject such accounts, and believe or disbelieve the evidence of our own senses if it falls to us to witness similar occurrences; but if we accept the fundamental tenets of Theosophy—that consciousness is omnipresent, and that the Universe is worked and guided from within by an "endless series of Hierarchies of sentient beings"—we have, at least, a rational basis for their explanation. What was theoretically impossible under a materialistic philosophy, becomes wholly reasonable under the postulates of

Theosophy; and it appears no more "unnatural" that a cup should be brought us, in obedience to our will, by an unseen "elemental", than that the same cup should be carried, in obedience to the same will, by a liveried butler. The materialists have really over-estimated the importance of the livery in making it the criterion of the possible.

Yet while *The Secret Doctrine* insists that there is no "dead" matter or "unconscious" law, it warns us against the assumption that all consciousness is like our own, and it stresses the infinite variety of grade and type of consciousness in the hierarchies of Being that are above and below mankind in the scale of development. The problem which magical phenomena present to the layman, is thus reduced to a problem of communication,—of how the will of the magician is able to reach and influence the intelligences, different from his own, that animate the substances with which he would deal, and that are operative in their laws and actions. The radio has taught us to think of communication in terms of attunement and harmonic adjustment; and these are perhaps as suggestive as any we can find,—though there is always awkwardness in the use of mechanical and spacial terms as applied to spirit and consciousness, where "within" is also "above", and "harmony" means far more than a ratio between rates of vibration. Yet it will not be misleading to say that the first requisite for the *legitimate* control of the occult forces of nature is the attunement of the occultist's consciousness and will to the one central principle of action that runs through the whole Universe, guiding and controlling it from "within outwards", from above down. He must open his consciousness to the Consciousness above him, and make his will one with a Will higher than his own. He must make the current of his own life merge with the current of the universal life; no longer actuated from without by the desire for outer things—for comfort or sensation or wealth or fame—but guided and moved from within by an inner voice and an inner power. As he attunes himself to that which is above, placing himself under its authority, he finds the range of his own authority deepens and broadens. In learning to obey, he gains the power to command. In making himself the servant of "Divine Intelligences" and "Karmic and Cosmic Laws", he takes his place in the "Hierarchy of sentient beings" who are their agents, and who render free-willed obedience to what speaks to them with their Masters' voice.

The whole theory is given in the words of the Centurion to the Master Christ: "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers; and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." The faith, at which Jesus marvelled, went far deeper than the perception of the Master's authority and power; it was a recognition which penetrated to his standing in the spiritual Hierarchy, the standing which gave this power to him. The Centurion did not say—as is sometimes misquoted, missing all its deeper significance—"For I also am a man *having* authority"; but, "I also am a man set *under* authority". The servants who obeyed him were not his own, but the soldiers of the Emperor.

This is the reason that self-abnegation and holiness can work miracles, which, worked by them, are no miracles, but the perfect expression of the Law. He who enters into occult power by any other means, he whose word and will are his own, and not the "Father's", is but a "thief and a robber",—for "the Universe is worked and guided from within outwards", and this movement must be continuous and without break, from the inmost essence, the hidden Absolute, to the outermost particle of matter.

As "man—the microcosm and miniature copy of the macrocosm—is the living witness to this Universal Law and to the mode of its action", it would seem that we should be able to draw from the lore of the physician an outline for a true cosmogenesis and philosophy; or, conversely, apply what we may know of the universal relations of spirit and matter to the interaction between man's consciousness and his physical organism. How far Paracelsus, perhaps one of the greatest occultists as well as the greatest physician of the middle ages, succeeded in doing this, we have endeavoured to show elsewhere; but the advances in medical science, since his day, great though they have been, have probably done more to obscure than to clarify our understanding of fundamental laws. It has become hard to see the forest because of the trees. The efficient methods of physics and chemistry have made it easier to treat a disease than a man; and it has appeared that the chief difficulties in psychology and biology could be largely avoided by omitting any consideration of the *psyche* and of life. In medical science, as in all else, there has, of course, been the swing of the pendulum; but at neither extreme has it been free from the twin obscurants of the real,—materialism and ignorance of the true nature of matter.

We have been dealing at some length with two of the fundamental principles of Theosophy. There is a third which must be kept in mind if our own observations of life, and particularly the established facts of medical science, are not to appear contradictory to the movement and guidance of life from within. This third principle is the law of Karma,—the law of reaction, the return current moving from without in, reflecting back to spirit its own initial action upon matter; so that it is itself affected and modified by its acts, and, experiencing their results, learns to know them and itself. This in no way contradicts, but supplements, what we have heretofore stressed. The current from within outwards is primary and causal; the return current, from without in, is secondary, a reflection and effect of the first. But this return current is the carrier of the karmic consequences of the first, and it is through it that these consequences are impressed upon the consciousness, altering, sometimes profoundly, its state. "Desire precedes function, and function precedes organism"; but it is through the organism that the cycle is completed and the fruits of desire return to it,—modifying it, so that the new cycle is different in intensity or kind from the old.

It is this return current which most strikes our attention when we seek to study the relation and interaction of mind and body, of character and health. Particularly is this true if our approach to such questions be from

without—as is the common approach of science, medical science included; for then we are proceeding in the direction in which this current itself flows, so that it is not hard to follow its movement. It is, indeed, only in oneself that one is able to proceed purely from within, along the primary, causal current from spirit to matter,—unless, as we can scarcely do here, we include in our view the special relation of Master and chêla. To study or affect others, we are compelled to approach and deal with them from without; using outer things as the levers by which to move inner things, making the karmic current carry back with it, not only its own proper effects, but those which we have artificially imposed upon it. One cannot wonder, therefore, that medical science in general has come to regard this secondary current as primary and causal; for in medicine it *is* causal, in that it is through it alone that medicine has effect.

The work of Mesmer and his pupils, in one sense deriving logically from the "magnetism" of Paracelsus, until it was diverted by Charcot and his school into what we know as hypnotism, re-established indisputably the fact that an idea, implanted and fixed in the mind, could work out into visible, physical effects in the body. To this extent it called attention to the primary direction of life's flow; but it is important to note that in hypnotism this movement from within out, is the secondary consequence of an initial movement from without in,—the will of the hypnotizer being imposed upon that of his subject. The normal order is thus completely reversed, and the domination of a foreign will and thought is a far deeper violation of individual sanctities than is the injection of foreign matter. We have to face the fact, therefore, that modern medical practice, called upon to ameliorate, modify or suspend the natural action of Karma, breaks artificially into the circle of cause and effect, and makes primary what life makes secondary. If this be forgotten, the lore of the physician will be more likely to mislead than to enlighten us.

There would be little to be gained by dwelling at any length upon the ways in which mental and moral traits have been altered by physical or chemical means. They are too numerous and too well known. Yet some of them are very striking. There is, for example, the Krogh-Jaensch effect. There are children who can visualize and recall once-seen pictures and maps in all their minute details. A spectacle, once presented to the eye, can be seen again by them precisely as they saw it first, with complete accuracy of design and colour, and as at the same distance from which it was originally viewed. Lime and cod-liver oil put a stop to this activity, which is resumed when the lime and oil are stopped. Or we may think of the remarkable changes in the emotional, psychic and intellectual status of a cretinoid idiot—as well as the alteration in skin, hair, bones and teeth—that can be produced by feeding him with thyroid. Interesting as such phenomena are, and they might of course be endlessly extended, they are more likely to mislead us in the larger problems of life, than to help us to a true solution. We are brought nearer to wisdom when the Katha Upanishad tells us: "Know the Higher Self as the Lord

of the chariot, and the body as the chariot; know the soul as the charioteer, and the mind and the emotional nature as the reins. They say that the powers of perception and action are the horses, and that objective things are the roadways for these; the Self, joined with the powers through the mental and emotional nature, is called the enjoyer of experience by the wise." Our discoveries regarding the endocrines simply show us how to polish up the chariot, and to make the reins more pliant, so that the true and instinctive relation between the driver and his horses is carried out with greater ease.

It should not be inferred, however, that the picture which modern medicine gives is all one-sided. There has been a vast amount of work showing how the glandular secretions, which have such a potent reaction upon the mind, are themselves influenced by mental and emotional states. More than this, some of the physical conditions, accompanying an excess of one or another of these secretions, are identifiable as those normally associated with one or another of the emotions. Thus, Dr. N. D. C. Lewis, writing on the "Psychological Factors in Hyperthyroidism", finds that the chief symptoms of hyperthyroidism, chemical, physiological and psychological, are exact duplicates of those of fear. Even the eye-signs are those of fear. Exophthalmic Goitre, a special type of hyperthyroidism, occurs, he says, most commonly in persons whose unbalanced habits of life, whose conflicts between instinctive desires and moral codes, and emotional and sexual disorders, cause strains upon the Thyroid and other glands. Therefore, he concludes, such Goitre is what may be called "Structuralized Fear". In such conclusions as these we come close to the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*, and they may well help us to understand better the workings of Karma.

It may be of interest to note one other example, not so much because of what it as yet reveals, as for the line of thought it suggests. Professor William Bullock, writing in *Nature* a few years ago upon "Recent Researches on the Causation of Tumours", comments upon the work of Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard, showing that: "Inert 'specific factor' from fowl tumour, plus inert 'primary culture' from human tumour, caused sarcoma in the fowl." Professor Bullock says: "It has long been a commonplace of medical writers that the development of most diseases requires the co-operation of two sets of factors. On the one hand, the organism, within which the morbid process is to unfold itself, must conform to certain conditions of structure and function. This is the so-called 'internal' cause. On the other hand, some agent, the 'external' cause, actually or functionally outside the organism, must exert an effect peculiar to itself, and a property of its own structure, upon the organism which is in process of becoming the seat of the disease. The revolutions in medical knowledge which came from bacteriological discoveries showed that for most infective diseases the specific agent was the external one. Thus the tubercle bacillus is the specific element in tuberculosis. In the case of tumours—if Gye's work is confirmed—it would appear that the specificity is not resident in the virus, but in the 'internal' cause—a new conception in connection with infective disease." In other words, in every case of in-

fectious disease, the man's own nature, the "internal" cause, must be such as to permit the foreign agent, the "external" cause, to enter and to develop; and in the case of tumours, the indications are that the specific character of the result is not determined by the nature of the external element, but by the nature of the internal. We are always exposed to infection, moral and mental as well as physical; but whether we shall react to it or not, and what the specific character of the result will be—whether good or bad, increased or diminished strength and health—depends not upon the infection alone, but upon ourselves.

Significant as such illustrations are, however, to the student of Theosophy, they tend, as we have said, without the light that Theosophy throws upon them, rather to obscure than to reveal the truth. To the occultist, the self and its environment are polarized aspects of one Life, spirit reflecting itself in matter; and thus the "internal cause" is seen by him as the total inner self, and the "external cause" as the return to that self, through karmic reflection, of something which first emanated from it. Modern medical theories, lacking any esoteric basis, can recognize no such unity, and the concept of the internal cause is commonly limited to the mere physico-chemical condition of the body. The treatment of disease thus becomes purely materialistic, and the physician, utilizing the karmic current for the amelioration of the ills he sees, does so too often with no thought of the deeper purposes to which Karma itself is directed. As life flows and takes form from within, there can be no permanent health of the body if this causal current from the inner self be stultified or wrongly directed; and it is to its correction that Karma ceaselessly presses. That medical practice is the best, therefore, which, in accomplishing its immediate end, interferes least with the patient's Karma,—working with, and not against it. It is the charioteer who must guide the chariot, wheresoever the Lord of the chariot would go.

There is a very simple physical experiment, which was popular as a parlour game some forty or fifty years ago, but which has for so long lost its favour that it may well by now have been forgotten. A thin membrane was stretched over the opening of a trumpet, somewhat resembling the horn of a modern loud-speaker, and a thin layer of fine powder, such as lycopodium, was scattered evenly upon it. A single note was then sung into the tube. The powder at once sprang into motion, its particles grouping themselves into a definite pattern. Another note, another pattern; and so through the auditory scale. The fine powder may be compared to the atoms, or the electrons, of the physical cells, or, further back, to the primordial matter in its first differentiation; and the voice of the singer may be likened to the "breath" of the Spirit. So, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory."

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY,
HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

GLEANINGS FROM A HOLIDAY

IT has always roused scorn in my none too charitable personality when foreigners blessed with a holiday have come to our country, have rushed by fast express from New York to Chicago, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Montreal, and to the steamer back to duty,—and then have written, at length, their impressions of America and Americans. It seems so crudely superficial. It suggests such protruding egotism. If they know that they know nothing at all about it, let it pass; but can one be certain! And then the hundreds or thousands who may read the impressions,—are they, too, impressed, and how? It is in the spirit of penance, then, for past intolerance, and not impelled by any sense of adequacy, that I follow in their footsteps, and after a similarly abbreviated journeying through France, give in response to a question, not so much my impressions, as some expression of what the country offered to one who was paying her—a position which is made almost singular by its rarity nowadays—a *first* visit.

My acquaintance with France was necessarily one-sided,—one-sided for one thing, in the sense in which a *genre* painting is one-sided, but equally so in other ways as well. Possibly this is inevitable. One tourist whom I met, second-hand, this summer, had gone by aeroplane from London to Paris, then by aeroplane from Paris to Berlin, then by aeroplane from Berlin to Brussels, then by aeroplane from Brussels to dear knows what seaport, and then (probably because no aeroplane was starting at the moment) had taken steamer for New York, having "been all over Europe." He saw Europe through one element, air. Most of us, I suspect, are little better off. We see any person we meet, any country we visit, through whatever element we have built up by our own previous thinking, our likes and dislikes, our whole personal bent or bias. We see largely what we take there. In my own case, the "element" was a feeling for France built up through twenty years of waiting and expectation, and my desire was to find, as far as possible, the France of the Frenchman and not of the tourist. It was pleasing that my first glimpse of the country was a more than life-size crucifix on the jetty towering above my small boat, and beneath the bronze figure, a diminutive French urchin, waving his arms like a windmill and shouting a joyous welcome to the incoming strangers. In a sense, it was a greeting from the highest and the lowliest of the land.

My next "impression" came in joining a jostling throng of homeward-bound workers, their wooden-soled shoes clattering in noisy rhythm on the cobblestone streets of a mediæval town. It was worth being American, at that moment, for the breath-taking wonder of coming from a new country, where youth, vigour, dynamic energy are the ruling power, to walk at sundown in the midst of this ancient peace, these brooding depths of stillness, where age holds its own: aged loveliness, not discredited or outstripped or pushed aside,

but revealed in the nobility, the beauty, the rich individuality that by right belong to it.

Agedness like that extends a hope to those who view with dread the closing years of their own life. Free from the querulous backward longing and regret in which age so often indulges, it suggests quiet reverie over the experiences of life, with a view to their profitable use. Flocks and herds and silver and gold, we know cannot be taken with us beyond the gate of death, but there is no such restriction on the garnered experience of a lifetime, if it be assimilated. And how else are we to avoid the necessity of learning over again next time, many of the painful lessons of this life? Age spent in such wise, filled with purpose, and positive, forward intent, would almost inevitably take on the mellow, well-seasoned quality, the beauty and nobility which rightfully should characterize it.

The century-old streets, with their crumbling stone and crooked houses, bear almost palpable testimony to the ancient teaching of emanations, revived by Theosophy. Whether or not our imagination re-peoples them with the knights and monks and other picturesque figures with whom history associates them, whether or not we try to reinvest them with the soul and spirit which in many cases seem to have gone elsewhere,—they bear the unmistakable impress of the deeds which they witnessed. Good and bad alike, even from the remote past, seem still to live on. There is a power in long tradition; a tremendous force in true greatness, past or present; and a country that lacks it or that fails to recognize its worth, must inevitably suffer. In the mere recognition of, and reverence for, the fine things of life, we take on some small portion of their fineness. This seems particularly noticeable in England, where the humblest servant, guide or custodian, often takes on a dignity—perhaps more than that—in proportion to his genuine conviction of the worth of some monument of the country's rich tradition with which he daily comes in contact. The extolling of greatness—be it only of human greatness—gives dignity and value to all life, including our own. It may, and doubtless should show us, in humbling contrast, the littleness and insignificance of our life and possible achievement, but at the same time, it should be an aid to seeing that small part of ours as a needed element in the great whole, and therefore infinitely worth making as fine, as rich, as great-in-little as possible.

At first sight, the clattering, homeward-bound workers on all sides of me seemed to share in the brooding aloofness of the ancient landmarks about us. But a question, asked at random by way of experiment, brought surprising assurance to the contrary. The next morning, to solve a doubt as to direction, another question was asked, equally at random, of a passer-by. "Ah, Madame, we met before," came the reply, with a joyful little cry of recognition, as friend to friend. It had been but a momentary contact the night before, with this friendly woman, an inquiry for a restaurant ("No, not a restaurant where English people go, but one where French people go"), and she had given in return, not merely a reply but some of herself as well. Truly the

genius of a race is a wonderful thing, with the many facets of a diamond. This fact had earlier been brought home forcibly, in watching a fashionable wedding as it left St. Margaret's, London, with the chimes overhead making their peculiar wedding din. First the bridal group and guests, then the crowd of curious spectators, and then, five minutes later, an amusing encounter with a loquacious old fruit vendor—each represented a different world, a distinct level of consciousness, and each was a facet of that elusive thing, the genius of a people. Here in another land, this warm-hearted French woman, with her smile and quick responsiveness, gave a happy glimpse of one facet of the French genius.

Other chance encounters corroborated the impression she gave. In one old city, I was seeing the sights from an antiquated trolley car, designed for perhaps a dozen persons—too delightfully absurd to be resisted. With a view to a trip next day to a nearby town, I asked a fellow-passenger, on approaching a railroad station, whether trains for X left from that station. He replied that they did, but at about five o'clock in the morning, later trains going from elsewhere. At this, another passenger expressed doubt, and thought there might be a train from here just about to start. Everybody on board immediately began to give animated assistance. In vain was it explained that only for later use was the information wanted. The farther went the car, the greater and more alarming became the danger of missing that train, and the more lively became the interest, admonition and advice, until forcible ejection seemed imminent.

The same kindly concern for another's welfare was met in a different and certainly unexpected way, in a pleasant river town full of memories of Jeanne d'Arc. A little restaurant where only peasant folk and workmen congregated; a ruddy faced, smiling old man, in shirt sleeves and white apron, who acted as host, waiter, cashier and dispenser of goodwill; the order had been given for a simple and cautious meal, and then came the question of drink. "What, nothing to drink, Madame?" No. "No wine, Madame?" No. "Not even water to drink!" No. "Nothing what*ever* to drink"—each with a rising crescendo of incredulity. "But, Madame," he cried, in most genuine concern and with the naïveté of a small boy, "it—it won't go down!"

The ingenuous camaraderie (accompanied with invariable courtesy) is often a bit disconcerting to one with New England habits of mind, but at the same time it is a challenge,—a challenge to come out from one's reserves and meet such generosity half-way. Matter-of-fact, business-like, practical, wholly intent, it may be, on their own affairs, these simple people seemed instantly able to detach themselves from their own interests, and, often quite unsolicited, to give themselves completely to another's apparent need; also to meet any friendliness with a generous outpouring of goodwill. For those of us who are struggling along the lower stages of the Path, they afford a worthwhile lesson in detachment from self. For in one sense, it is selflessness, though of course such a statement is open to misunderstanding. The taxi driver who demands a tip equivalent to his fare, or the energetic madame with flying

knitting needles who admits you to her inn with an appraising stare that seems to note each flaw in character, have not left self behind. They may be irritatingly intent on satisfying at your expense some of that self's less fortunate propensities—but they need no "degumming process", as many of us do, to extricate them from it. They wear self as an outer garment, rather than as a coat of skin.

In contrast with outlying districts, Paris at first sight seemed a part of another land, beautiful with a lavish prodigality of beauty, yet subtly disappointing. The throngs on the boulevards, with their foreign faces and their polyglot speech, tend at first to blot out everything that is France. One finds there little but that lamentable, restless searching for a "good time" (or among the older and more disillusioned, for "something to help pass the time"), which is characteristic of certain classes throughout the western world. So obviously, to borrow a phrase from *Light on the Path*, "human life is the governing power, not that which lies beyond it." Here, as nearly everywhere that pleasure-seekers congregate, one is impressed by the thinness, the parchedness, the ghastly emptiness so far as inner things are concerned, of most people's lives, and, in contrast, by the richness and depth of the life which Theosophy offers, if we will really enter in. As for Paris, one can sense that with its tremendous, pulsating force, its life is the source of the life of the country—as the heart is, in one sense, the source of the life of the body; at the same time, in a brief and hurried visit, it is only here and there, in some relic of the past, full of wistful loveliness and charm, or in some unexpected glimpse of simple everyday life, that one finds the characteristic atmosphere of the land. But these are worth waiting for, and when met, come with the joy of discovery. One such bit I enjoyed by proxy, when a none too reverent sight-seer told of withdrawing in awed silence, on discovering at the tomb of Saint Genevieve, a father, mother, and five little children, each with his candle lighted, kneeling in prayer to the saint. Another enterprising visitor went shortly after dawn—a magic hour for that particular trip, it seems—to see the markets; then stepped into the nearby Church of Saint Eustace (famed perhaps the world over for its music), and found there the market women, basket on arm, redolent of peppers and garlic and herbs, making their morning devotions.

Still another characteristic incident occurred in the wide stretch before the Invalides, where several thousand people, on a Sunday afternoon, were gathered expectantly about an open oval. Investigation showed at the upper end of the ring, thirty or more little children, perhaps five years old, decked out in light blue with white caps. Some were drawn up in toy automobiles, others on "scooters", and still others in little boats with wheels. It was the children's race, an annual event, and French mamas and papas were delighting, this glorious Sunday afternoon, in the delight of the youngsters—a happy picture, and another facet of the genius of the people. They seem to live *an* inner life in a sense,—seem to have learned the art of turning inward and finding their resources within themselves.

Here and there, in delightfully unexpected places, one comes across these glimpses of the French genius: the porter on the quai, with the swarthy and forbidding aspect of a pirate, who, when victorious by a franc in a question of fee, laughed back with the merry eyes of a little *gamin;* a nun in her convent, with radiantly joyous face, lighted by an inner shining. All of these people are like the minute organisms in a coral reef. We visit now, with delight, marvellous cathedrals and castles from a bygone age, works of art of many and varied kinds, and call them, rightly, an expression of the French genius. It is not always that we think of the thousands of lives whose blended consciousness made these great monuments possible, and which still live in and through them. Similarly, the pirate, the nun, and the peasant, unknown to themselves, are uniting in a consciousness which will find expression in some thing of beauty over which future generations may marvel, with little thought of these now living elements who give their lives to its making.

It would be a satisfaction to have someone wise in theosophical matters trace the seven principles of theosophical teaching, as applied to a nation such as France. Doubtless it is comparatively obvious in a nation that is old enough and evolved enough to be reasonably well individualized. Each one of us will probably think of certain places, certain historical epochs and developments, as particularly expressive of a principle. Versailles in its glory, and the life and spirit which animated it, immediately occur to me as a very complete expression of one principle. A higher one is suggested by the Cathedral of Chartres, not only in the far past when self-sacrifice, devotion, aspiration were built into it with every added stone, but in the present as well, for one still finds there an almost palpable and visible manifestation of spirit. It is the place where the soul of France is enshrined—or better to say *one* of the places, for one finds elsewhere, as well, suggestions of the same ensoulment. A wayside shrine may breathe it forth; Millet found and tried to depict it in the life of the peasants, the highest reflected in the lowliest; a sunset in the Loire valley is radiant with it, earth and sky wrapt in silent adoration of a beauty beyond the visible loveliness of the scene. What we feel, may be the accumulation of centuries of aspiration, adoration, consecration. Whatever it be, it affords contact, if we will, with its own sources of inspiration, with higher levels from which everyday life, with its perplexities and harassments, drops away, leaving us for the moment free. Any such contact with the spiritual undercurrent of the country must perforce bring to one an added realization of the power of spiritual contagion, and of our great debt to those beings—whoever and wherever they be, the world over—who by lives of aspiration and devotion are pouring into the inner world, force for the buoying-up of mankind; and at the same time comes an overwhelming sense of the inestimable privilege which many of us are granted, in contacting such a fountainhead of force and power as membership in the T. S. may disclose to us.

MINUS.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student did not wait to be called upon. As soon as we had assembled he issued a reminder to "all and sundry" that The Theosophical Society, and its organ, the QUARTERLY, provide an open platform for the discussion by members of every theosophical subject, including that of Universal Brotherhood; he added that he desired to exercise his privilege by telling the truth, as he saw it, in regard to the Conference at The Hague and the present international situation. "The English press," he said, "appears to be almost unanimous in the opinion that the behaviour of Chancellor Snowden has 'placed British prestige in the eyes of Europe on a pedestal higher than it has occupied at any time since the Armistice' (*Daily Express*)." Then he went on: "That England has reacted against the Young recommendations, I do not wonder. As some English newspaper remarked, she is tired of these American experts whose function it seems to be to discover new reasons why Germany should pay less, and England more. But while I sympathize with England's disgust, I deplore her selection of a representative who appears to be incapable of expressing what could and should have been stated with complete regard for the sufferings and difficulties of the other Allied nations. Above all I regret that no one seems to have learned the most evident lesson of the Conference, namely, that 'open' diplomacy, with its public discussion of international affairs, is a mistake, and is certain to sow the seed of future wars. It means that the representatives of nations, instead of concentrating their efforts upon arriving at an understanding among themselves, talk to the gallery, strike attitudes, and think more of their constituents at home than of those with whom they are supposed to be conferring. The mob only half understands, and retains from the report of such discussions, no more than a blind resentment and a desire to 'get even'. This tendency is aggravated by the press of each participating country, which seems to think it 'patriotic' to suppress any arguments, or any facts, which tell against the claims of its national representatives. Thus, according to the *Courrier des États Unis*, published in New York, H. N. Brailsford, a member of the English Labour party, wrote to the *New Leader* from The Hague, complaining that the English press had failed completely to give a résumé of the French position, and that it had ignored the speech of M. Chéron (the French Minister of Finance), though, among other merits, it had been 'a model of courtesy', and had called attention to facts which were not known in England. Quite apart, however, from such lamentable suppression of the truth in order to 'make it unanimous', —imagine trying to settle a dispute between neighbours by inviting the public to attend a free-for-all wrangle about their conflicting grievances! The whole procedure is typical of the democratic obsession, and is, therefore, completely lacking in common-sense.

"As to 'prestige', it should be evident, I think, that rudeness does not show strength, but weakness. In any case the impression made by the Labour Chancellor upon the more intelligent classes in this country, was that he lacked the courage to tell the truth; for they knew that he was indulging himself at the expense of those from whom he had nothing to fear financially, while toward America, which is obviously responsible for the financial pressure on Europe, and for the differences at issue between France and England, he maintained an attitude of entire civility."

"In what way is America responsible for the differences between France and England?" asked our Visitor, in a tone of surprise.

"Read Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell's speech at the Convention, in the July issue of the QUARTERLY. He answered your question much more fully than I can. Morally, the Allied nations owe this country nothing; in fact the debt is the other way round. Technically, America is in a position to collect as much or as little as she chooses: and America elects to stand on her technical rights. Everyone in Europe knows this; everyone in America who has studied the question with an open mind, knows it also. Snowden, fearing this country financially, or, rather, fearing the effect on his constituents if he said anything to ruffle the 'patriotism' of Senator Borah and people of that type,—Snowden chose to treat France and Italy as the real culprits. It was not courageous, but cowardly; and America admires courage.

"Another absurdity: in a dispatch to the New York *Sun* from The Hague, dated August 20th, the attitude of the British Labour delegates is explained on the ground that 'Great Britain knows well that Germany can pay her reparation debt only by huge exports of goods to foreign markets. Fearing German competition, *Britain wishes that the German reparation debt be promptly decreased and if possible cancelled*, and consequently opposes complete and final settlement of the reparations problem by the marketing of German reparation bonds.'

"This is not charity; it is supposed to be business, and is, of course, the logical outcome of the arguments advanced by Keynes at the time of the Paris Conference in 1919,—arguments adopted by Lloyd George, and also by Winston Spencer Churchill, whose version of them is worth considering if we would follow, with any degree of comprehension, the mental processes which have culminated in the extraordinary 'wish' I have quoted, namely, that Germany's debt to the Allies be cancelled,—for, to meet the wishes of the British Labour Party, it would not be sufficient for Britain to cancel Germany's debt to her; Germany's debt to *all* the Allies must be wiped out."

"Before you tell us about Churchill's argument, will you please explain how England and France could pay America, if Germany's debt to them were to be cancelled?"

"Ask Mr. Snowden and his confrères, not me! I assume he would tax British capital out of existence, for the glory of democracy, and for the particular benefit of the British workman; though how the British workman could be paid his wages out of nothing, is a mystery I cannot solve. Certain

it is that, with capital extinguished—by being paid over to America—British manufacture, commerce, shipping, would disappear.

"Churchill, in *The Aftermath*, speaking of the Election which followed the Armistice of November 11th, 1918, says that the crux of the whole situation was the German indemnity. May I read it to you? It begins on page 31: '"Hang the Kaiser" was a matter of sentiment, but "make them pay" involved facts and figures. The first question was—How much could they pay? No General Election, no popular demand, no Ministerial promises could settle this. It was easy to sequestrate or surcharge all German property abroad and to require the surrender of all gold in German hands. But apart from this, payment from one country to another can only be made in goods or services. These goods or services may be rendered directly to the creditor country or they may be rendered to third parties . . . Something that a German has made must be carried out of his country in a ship, or in a train, or in a cart, and must be accepted directly or indirectly in payment of his debt. Now the amount of goods which the Germans could make in a year exceeded the amount that could physically be carried out of the country by any vehicles then in existence, and this reduced amount again far exceeded what other countries, including the creditor countries, wished to receive. For instance, the Germans could and would readily have set to work to rebuild all the ships their submarines had sunk—but what was to happen to British shipbuilding if they did? They could no doubt make every form of manufactured article; but surely we had not fought the war in order to have all our native industries ruined by state-fostered dumping on a gigantic scale! They could export coal for nothing, and have done so regularly since, but the advantage to the British coal-fields has not been obvious. . . .

" 'There remained', continues Mr. Churchill, 'the method of service. The Germans could, for instance, have manned all the merchant ships and carried everybody's goods at German expense till further notice, thus gaining the complete carrying trade of the world; or the Germans could go in scores of thousands into France and into Belgium and build up by their labour the houses that had been destroyed and recultivate the devastated areas. As, however, they had just been turned out of these very places at so much expense, and had left some unpleasant memories behind them, the inhabitants of these regions, having at last got back to the ruins of their homes, were not at all anxious to see the German face or hear the German tongue again so soon. Something might be done in all of these directions, but it was evident to anyone with the slightest comprehension of economic facts that the limits would very soon be reached and could not possibly be exceeded. They were limits not removable by ignorance and passion.'

"Mr. Churchill concludes his statement as follows: 'The bill for the damage was many months later scaled down to between six and seven thousand millions sterling. This figure was not known at the Election. Had it been known, it would have been scouted. Germany could, by lowering the wages and lengthening the hours of labour, and by limiting the profits of capital,

undoubtedly pay very large sums; but then by this same process she would render herself the overmastering, if profitless, competitor in every market. Even so the result would be but a fraction of the damage done. In olden times a conquering army carried off in its own way all movable property in the territory which it ravaged, and in antiquity the conquerors drove along with them in a state of slavery all the men and women who were likely to be of use. Sometimes also a tribute was exacted for many years or in perpetuity. But what was now expected was on a scale utterly beyond these comparatively simple procedures. The payment of even the most moderate indemnity on a modern scale required the revival and maintenance of a superlative state of scientific production in Germany, and of the highest commercial activity. Yet those who clamoured for enormous figures were also the foremost in proposing every method by which German trade and industry could be crippled.'

"So much for Mr. Churchill: superficially his arguments appear unanswerable. Further, it can readily be seen that their logical outcome would be the 'wish' which *The Sun* attributes to the present British Ministry. But does Churchill state more than half of the truth? I do not pretend to be a financial expert or economist, but Viscount D'Abernon, formerly Sir Edgar Vincent, years ago was appointed Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, and became Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Constantinople, solely because of his reputation as a leading financier; and in his *Versailles to Rapallo, The Diary of an Ambassador*, he says: 'The idea that by abandoning the demand for reparation, England would diminish the danger of German commercial competition, is ludicrous. Exactly the opposite would occur: the danger would be increased' (page 245).

"Perhaps, however, I had better read you his argument also. He says: 'The idea is gaining ground in England that the demand on Germany for the payment of reparation can only be satisfied by an increased export of German goods, and that this increased export would destroy English industry. There is much which is inaccurate in this view. The true cause of the danger of German competition is not the demand for reparation, but the fact that German cost of production is infinitely below the British and American level. This is due partly to German workmen working more and getting less; partly also to improved methods and improved economy devised during the war, but mainly to the fact that German industry is subventioned while ours is taxed. For Germany the war was a period of hard work at low cost on a bare subsistence. For us it was a period of high production at improved wages and on an improved standard of living. The English workers learned to expect more, the German workers learned to expect less. Add to this, high taxation which has to be paid in England, low taxation which is not paid in Germany, and you have the contrast. In so far as the payment of reparation affects the question, the result of exacting payments must obviously be to increase and not to diminish German cost of production, provided the indemnity is paid by taxation and not by inflation, and that the present practice of subventions to German industry through insufficient railway rates, through coal, and

through food subventions is abandoned.' Then he concludes: 'The idea that by abandoning the demand for reparation England would diminish the danger of German commercial competition is ludicrous. Exactly the opposite would occur: the danger would be increased.'

"Lord D'Abernon also says (page 243): 'The root fallacy of Rathenau [German Foreign Minister] and his school is to imagine that balance of trade is a cause and not a result. They say Germany has a debit balance of trade, therefore she cannot pay this or that. The truth is that she has a debit balance of trade because she has not been compelled to pay, has not been compelled to tax; because Germany is consuming more than she legitimately could if she met her obligations. What is in reality the result of non-payment of reparations is put forward as a proof of inability to pay. It is not only the cart before the horse, but the cart dragging the horse. Apart from the question of reparation and of the desirability or the danger of obtaining for England certain quantities of goods without payment, the most important problem of the economic future is the equalization of the cost of production between Germany and, say, England. . . . How to obtain equalization of the cost of production is admittedly a difficult problem, but it is clear that a first step must be the removal of all indirect subventions to German industry which enable it to under-cut foreign competition, while a second measure would be the levying of such taxes in Germany as will bring the German tax level to at least a parity with the tax level in England and France.'

"Further (page 302): 'Rathenau talks as if a passive trade balance was a sign of poverty. It is nothing of the kind. All rich countries had passive trade balances—Great Britain, France, etc. They did not produce any gold, yet they were able to meet the position. The most heavily indebted countries have had the most favourable trade balances—e.g., Egypt, because she was paying her debts and could not, therefore, buy for consumption the full counter-value of her exports. Similarly, if Germany paid her debts and raised the necessary sum by taxation, her imports would be less than her exports, i.e., she would consume less and sell more. Rathenau takes the balance of trade as an unalterable fact revealing the condition of the patient. He listens through a stethoscope: "Exports are less than imports; the patient's condition is serious." But this condition is produced by the patient at will, and can be altered as he chooses. It is the direct result of his diet, and proves, not that he is ill, but that he is living beyond his means.'

"So much for Lord D'Abernon: now I resume on my own account, and, first, it must be evident that if German workmen were to work twice as long for half the wages of British workmen, then, other things being equal, German goods would cost much less to produce, and Germany could undersell Britain in foreign markets,—not to speak of British markets, unless tariff walls were erected (as in this country) to protect 'home' industries. From my own point of view, Trade Unionism is ruining England commercially, because it maintains artificially a scale of wages and hours of labour which make competition with other manufacturing countries, practically impossible. Natu-

rally, however, the present Trade Union Government of England cannot afford to recognize the facts under that head, so it blames conditions on the only obvious peculiarity of the international economic situation, namely, the payment by Germany of damages for the destruction she caused during the war. That damage was so enormous, however (and you will remember how Germany deliberately destroyed French coal mines and manufacturing plants, in order to cripple France after the war), that full payment for it, in cash, is a physical impossibility. She could pay the war pensions now being paid by the Allied nations, to their war widows and orphans and cripples; but this would be a mere fraction of what she owes. A problem exists which ought not to exist, and which would not exist if the Allies, when determining their terms of peace, had based their decisions upon right principle, instead of upon a mistaken idea of expediency. This is where Theosophy makes clear that which is hidden from the wise of this world; for Theosophy insists that action based upon right principle must necessarily be wise—the only wise procedure—and that confusion and disaster are the inevitable results of thinking exclusively of hypothetical consequences. That is one reason why a discussion of the subject, in my opinion, may properly be given space in the 'Screen.'"

"'Light, more light!'" cried our Visitor. "What do you suggest the Allies might have done?"

"Let us see if an analogy will help us,—though it will be incomplete, and will omit many of the leading characters. Imagine two rival general-stores in a small town,—the Smith store and the Brown store. Smith attacks Brown; seriously injures his wife and children, and damages Brown's store and his goods to the tune of five thousand dollars. His object had been to put Brown out of business. The police arrive, as usual, when it is all over; in any case, too late to prevent the damage. Now Brown has good natural impulses; he feels that he owes something to the community, and that men ought to be punished, as a warning to themselves and others, if they behave like brigands and thugs. Brown's common-sense tells him that unless Smith is punished, not only will he infer, rightly, that he can commit outrages with impunity, but others, also, will draw the same conclusions, the result being a general demoralization of the town and neighbourhood. So Brown decides to prosecute Smith and have him sent to jail. At this point the local banker steps in, with an eye to business (both Brown and Smith have accounts with him). 'If you send Smith to jail', he argues, 'you will never be able to collect the damages he owes you; he has at most a hundred dollars in the bank, and he owes you at least five thousand. Besides, there are some things he buys from you, so you would lose a customer as well. Be a good Christian (the banker was not a Christian); don't be revengeful; don't punish his wife and children by ruining him; use horse-sense: accept his notes for five thousand dollars, and let him work them off. I will discount his notes, for a consideration, and will see to it that he works.' Brown, unfortunately, had no knowledge of Theosophy, no realization that a principle is a statement of spiritual law and of far-sighted, enlightened common-sense; so he was 'open to reason',

and finally allowed himself to be over-persuaded. He accepts Smith's promissory notes, and both of them resume business,—Brown at a great disadvantage because of the damage to his store and to his stock. A few months later, when Smith can no longer be prosecuted for arson and his other acts of violence, he informs Brown that he cannot possibly pay as much as he has promised to pay, and that unless Brown will reduce the total by one half or thereabouts, he, Smith, will be forced into bankruptcy, which means that the banker will get something, and Brown, nothing. Smith meanwhile has borrowed from everyone in town, and as they naturally want to get their money back, they have taken to dealing with him rather than with Brown, so that Brown's business is disappearing, while Smith's has doubled. Finally, it is explained to Brown that, because of Smith's remaining indebtedness to him, Smith is working over-time and on Sundays and holidays, making it almost hopeless for Brown to compete with him, so that the best thing for Brown to do is to cancel the debt entirely, a further reason for doing so being that Smith might then be able to pay back what he has recently borrowed from all the rest of the town, which would remove the incentive to deal with him rather than with Brown.

"Need I prolong the agony, or point out that if Brown, in the first place, had stood firmly by what he knew to be right, unmoved by arguments of expediency, he would have been infinitely better off in the end, both morally and materially? For Smith, in prison, where he belonged, would have ceased to exist as a competitor; Brown would have collected whatever cash Smith possessed—and it would have been more than a hundred dollars, because all of Smith's property would have been sold to pay the damages to which Brown was entitled legally; and if Smith had concealed none of his assets (most improbable), leaving his wife and children without means of support, Brown could have been just as charitable to them as his sense of justice permitted."

"Incidentally", said the Philosopher at this point, "perhaps your analogy will help some people to understand why Brown's best friends feel at times, from sheer exasperation, as if they would like to wring his neck!"

"But", our Visitor protested, "how could the Allies have put Germany in prison!"

" 'Prison'," answered the Student, "must of course be interpreted by analogy; not literally. Punishment with confinement is the idea, and the recovery of real damages instead of huge paper promises. What actually happened?

"President Wilson, representing the United States, was concerned chiefly about what our Allies should *not* secure from Germany, laying it down as axiomatic that no war expenses, no 'costs', should be collected from her—though Germany's attack had caused all those expenses—and that reparation should be made only for pensions and for material damage done. Congress improved on this, later, by saying in effect: 'All we want is the sum of twenty-one thousand million dollars, including interest, which our friends, the Allied nations, borrowed from us to enable them to continue the war while we were

getting ready.' From first to last, President Wilson, on your behalf and mine ['Never!' from various sources], objected to nearly everything that any of our Allies wanted. He was successful in this whenever he could obtain the support of England against France.

"England, presenting her demands, said in effect: 'We want the German fleet and the German Colonies (things, not promises), and as much more as we can collect.' France did not object; therefore England got what she wanted.

"France knew well what she wanted and needed,—the left bank of the Rhine as her frontier, the only way to 'contain' Germany and in that sense to imprison, or to keep her securely within bounds. Her desire was opposed by England, publicly by Lord Balfour in 1917, in spite of the fact that the Czar's government had formally approved of it in February of that year. Later, just after the Armistice, Marshal Foch sketched a plan which, according to C. H. Haskins, edited by Colonel House (*What Really Happened at Paris*, p. 52), 'comprised the moving of the German frontier back to the Rhine, an independent régime for the Left Bank, and the occupation of the Rhine bridges until the full execution of the terms of peace. Such a plan was approved, before the opening of the Peace Conference, by the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the French Chamber.'

"This plan was a modification of France's real desire and need, and was intended as a compromise. Even so, it was rejected absolutely by England and by President Wilson. When Clemenceau reduced the French requirements to a minimum, and demanded only the Saar Basin, which adjoins Lorraine, with the Palatinate between it and the Rhine, and insisted, in spite of the united opposition of Wilson and Lloyd George,—the American representative announced that he had ordered the 'George Washington' to proceed to Brest, and that he would withdraw from the Conference. Clemenceau gave in: why? I do not know (we must wait for the explanation which he is now writing), but everyone knows that France had been bled white, and that she had become more or less dependent, temporarily, upon loans by America and England. England had held back nothing, either in men or money, from the day she had entered the war; but she had been utterly unprepared for it, and France had carried over ninety per cent of the burden for a considerable period. France had loaned to Belgium alone, over $600,000,000, and about $900,000,000 more to her other Allies, including Russia. Her national debt had been increased from $660,000,000 (pre-war) to $27,000,000,000 (1919), or over fortyfold. At the time of the Armistice, the majority of her able-bodied male population were under arms,—and it costs money to keep armies in the field. In brief, America held the purse-strings, and I suspect that Clemenceau gave in, because he knew that he could not do otherwise. If England had supported him, he could have won his point somehow; but England did not support him; England did not want France to remain possessed of the Saar Basin, partly because its valuable coal mines would have given France manufacturing advantages which, very foolishly,

England regarded as dangerous: it would have made France 'too powerful.' The utmost Clemenceau could extract, as part compensation for the destruction of French coal mines by Germany, was, according to a Pro-German statement (*Ploetz' Manual of Universal History*, p. 748): 'Saar basin to be exploited for fifteen years by France under the political control of an international commission and with a plebiscite at the end of fifteen years to decide the ultimate fate of the district.' As Professor Haskins rather proudly says: 'President Wilson remained firm against any form of annexation or protectorate.' In other words, the simple but vital underlying principle was condemned as undemocratic and 'revengeful',—just as many sentimental theorists condemn the punishment of criminals by our Courts; the plain commonsense of the matter was completely ignored; France was outrageously treated."

"But I thought", said our Visitor, "that President Wilson based his objection to annexation upon the principle of self-determination; that he refused to allow an unwilling population to be turned over to France; that he insisted upon the right to local self-government."

"Please do not call that a 'principle'", the Student protested. "How about the Philippines? How about *me!* As a Protestant citizen of the State of New York, am I not governed by the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy, in league with the Jews and Germans? As a citizen of the United States of America, was I not represented at the Versailles Peace Conference by President Wilson? Could any resident of the Saar Valley have suffered worse tortures as a French subject, than I and thousands of other Americans suffered then,—and still suffer? Self-determination, my friend, exists nowhere,—outside of the Kingdom of Heaven, that is to say, outside of the Lodge. Theosophy insists upon the truth, pleasant or unpleasant. Ideals are facts, far more real than the facts of this plane; but they are not facts either of or on this plane. In my innermost self I am immortal, but if I mix my planes and imagine that my physical body is immortal and is above the need of food and clothing, I shall get into trouble. President Wilson's thesis was fundamentally ridiculous. On a practical basis, however, a discontented population is never desirable; so, ideally speaking, it was the part of America and England to declare that the frontier of France must run to the Rhine; that the French language only should be taught in the schools, and that new homes in other sections of Germany should be found, at Germany's expense, for any inhabitants of the Rhine Provinces who would not willingly take an oath of allegiance as French citizens. Nothing short of that would have compensated France for the damage she suffered at Germany's hands during the war; would have insured France, to some extent, against future invasion; would have taught Germany a lasting lesson. If that had been done, as it so clearly ought to have been done, France would now be in possession of *things*, instead of disappearing promises,—with no need for wrangles at the Hague."

"I don't see, though, how the possession of more territory would help France to pay her debt to America", our Visitor objected.

"But I am considering", the Student answered, "what *ought* to have been,

partly as illustrative of what I should venture to call theosophical thinking, and partly because I want to lay the tracks, in an occult sense, for *next time*. On that basis, America would have said to all her Allies—to England, France, Belgium, Italy: 'Do not think of repaying me now; wait for twenty years or so, until you have recovered from your wounds, and then repay me as much as you can.' Too much to expect from America? At present, yes,—as the event has proved. But who knows what the future may contain! In any case you must admit that America's interference with the natural course of events—and the annexation by France of the Rhine Provinces was the natural and obvious solution of the reparation problem—has left the world in a terrible mess, and that my story of Smith and Brown finds its analogy in the international situation to-day."

"Would not your solution have been distinctly hard on the German population of the Rhine Provinces?"

"Not in the least", the Student answered cheerfully; then his face darkened, and he added: "I am assuming, of course, that their women would not have been outraged. You had better read 'War Memories' in this issue of the QUARTERLY, and then the Bryce Report. 'Hard' on the German population of the border provinces! How about the population of the French border provinces during the German invasion? But I am not suggesting that the German inhabitants, in the settlement after the war, should have been removed by French troops; that would have been the responsibility of the German police, under the supervision of an Allied Commission; and it would have been the privilege of the German Government to compensate its own nationals for their loss of property, instead of paying, or promising to pay, such large sums to France. It should be remembered in this connection, however, that the more valuable coal mines in the Saar basin, and much property elsewhere in the Rhine Provinces, were owned either by Prussia or Bavaria as States; so that less compensation than might be supposed would have had to be paid by the German Government to individuals."

"How about Palestine?" our Visitor now asked. He was getting, for him, a new view of world problems, and was evidently interested.

"Ask the Historian", the Student countered.

"There is altogether too much history in it for me", the Historian laughed. "I wish we had with us a worldly-wise Jew, such as one of the English or French Rothschilds. You would find, I believe, that he would say, 'I told you so!' Such men know their own people, and know how detestably aggressive they can be toward native races, when protected by a power such as England; they would realize perfectly that the Arabs must have been driven to desperation. It is a curious situation. For nearly two hundred years, or from 1096 to 1291, Europe spent itself like water to recover the Holy Land, the land of Christ, from the Mohammedans. It seemed to the Christians of those days that the Holy Sepulchre was holy, and that its possession by unbelievers was a shame and a disgrace. As we know, Jerusalem was surrendered by the Turks to the British under Lord Allenby, in December, 1917.

It was Lord Balfour, the exponent of 'philosophic doubt', who conceived the original idea of handing Palestine over to the Jews,—though he went further than that, inasmuch as he committed England to the responsibility of protecting the Jews against the Arabs, who outnumbered the Jews by more than ten to one, and who had at least as much right to the country. Every possible effort was then made to induce Jews from other parts of the world to move there. The result was that the scum of eastern Europe (any honest Jew will admit this) drifted into Palestine, to be supported, in many cases, by the theoretical but very generous Zionists of Europe and America. The whole procedure, in my opinion, was thoroughly artificial and wrong.

"But I am hoping that good will come out of the recent disturbances. My hope is based upon a brief editorial in the *New York Times* of August 28th. It is headed, 'A Shock to the World', and reads as follows: 'Whatever may be thought or said of past mistakes or present responsibilities in Palestine, there is but one feeling about the shocking news from that country. It is a recrudescence of horror. We had come to think such reports of rapine and massacre impossible. The authentic stories of ferocity and fanaticism bring with them a terrible reminder that the world is not yet free of "habitations of cruelty." A complacent civilization finds it all a rude and painful blow. People may not agree concerning causes or remedies, but can be of only one mind about the appalling nature of these flames darting up from the abyss.'

"The *New York Times* has discovered that the abyss is still there; and this may mean that others who, during recent years, have made daily sacrifice of their intelligence on the altar of what they call Peace, have also discovered that the abyss is still there: a most important discovery. I speak of the *New York Times* only because it is typical. So far as I am aware, all 'responsible' newspapers have been playing the same little game with themselves, for the benefit of their readers, I suppose: since the Armistice, or in any case since Locarno, the whole world has changed; Germany has become a lamb, to be petted and praised; armies and navies are a needless extravagance; 'the people' —sometimes it is 'the great heart of humanity'—'the people' of all nations desire peace and hate war and wickedness; it is only the old-time statesmen (their few survivors) who cannot be trusted,—unless they are German, in which case, like Bernstorff, they have, of course, completely 'changed their spots.' What folly! What inconceivable ignorance of human nature! Could there be better proof that the men who believe such things know absolutely nothing of themselves? No man who has fought himself; who has honestly tried to turn himself into a new creature; who perhaps has laboured at this for twenty years or more, could fail to realize that the old devils are still there, no matter how tame they may seem in comparison with what used to be, and that even when the effort is constant and sincere (and when is it even *conscious* in the case of a nation!), he still lives, like Paul the Apostle, 'in jeopardy every hour.' Take, for instance, a relatively minor fault, such as irritability: does it not need, in many of us, to be kept down with an iron hand? And must not the same thing be true of mob and of racial irritability,

when these may lead so easily to wholesale murder and to war? Where would the Palestine Jews be to-day if Malta were not an armed camp, and if England's fleet were not riding the seven seas? A nation may have irritable, not to mention predatory neighbours; and when either men or nations 'see red'—as the Arabs are now seeing—we ought to know by this time that they care nothing for consequences, nothing for law and order, or for Courts of Justice, and that their one dominating determination is to kill and plunder. What else does the history of the world prove,—or one's own experience, living in any city, big or little, in any part of the world? Do these 'Christian Science' politicians imagine that human nature can be made over in ten years? Not in ten hundred years, if experience means anything!"

"What is the lesson of all of this for the average student of Theosophy?" the Recorder now asked, thinking always of the different readers of the "Screen."

It was the Philosopher who volunteered to answer. "That he should learn to reason by analogy as an aid to the discovery of the principles involved in any problem,—or so it seems to me", he said. "Further, that he should project his personal problems, imaginatively, into the lives of others, forgetting himself, so as to see the facts with greater detachment. Finally, our terrible need for Lodge guidance, for Lodge control."

"How long must we wait for that?" the Beginner ventured.

"I do not know. If I were to rely solely upon reason for an answer, I should say, thousands of years; but the real answer is contained in the Christian Master's parable: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.' It does not take much leaven to leaven a lump. In other words, everything depends upon how many of us are prepared daily to live and daily to die for love and desire of that goal."

"What did you mean, a few minutes ago, by your reference to 'next time'?" our Visitor now inquired, turning to the Student, who was evidently amused, but pleased too, by the questioner's pertinacity. "The Smith of my inadequate parable", he replied, "had wanted Brown's store, and would not be likely, having escaped punishment, to abandon his purpose. To get right to the point (though I had England more than France in mind, when imagining Brown),—Germany is certain to attack France again, and some of us expect to be there when it happens. No, not in this life; not as soon as that! We are anxious to learn from the mistakes of the past,—the mistakes of 1918–1919 included. The situation will really need a Genghis Khan to do it justice; but we shall have to do our modest best. You may regard my programme, if you choose, as a *ballon d'essai*."

The Student seemed to be uncommonly amused, while our Visitor, obviously, was not sure whether he was joking or not. The Philosopher perhaps thought that the subject had been carried far enough. In any case he introduced an entirely different topic.

"What an unreal world it is!" he exclaimed. "We live on fancies, and

die because of them. The word, democracy, does not represent a fact—for where in Nature, or among men, is it to be found! It is a dream, and although some of us would call it a nightmare, most people seem to regard existence under any other *name*, as synonymous with slavery. Someone said to me the other day that whatever the shortcomings of the twentieth century might be, it had in any case abolished hell, and the fear of hell. He was quite annoyed when I assured him that I know several people who are in hell, who have lived there for years, and who will certainly continue to live there when they die. I explained to him that both hell and heaven are states of consciousness, or states of feeling if you choose, which result from different habits of the imagination; and I gave him illustrations from my own observation and experience. But he was not going to be deprived of his faith in 'modern progress' if he could help it, and as that seemed to be the only faith he had, it seemed only kind to leave him to its enjoyment."

"Tell us about your friends in hell", the Student requested.

The Philosopher smiled. "One", he said, "is a woman who is supported entirely by her married sisters, through the generosity of their husbands. She is not insane, but has convinced herself that they are wickedly unkind because they do not give her more; she writes them abusive and threatening letters, summoning them before 'the bar of heaven' to answer for their cruelty. She runs into debt, and demands, as a moral right, that her debts be paid. Her face is a picture of misery and despair. She has no claim on her sisters, except that of blood. They give her all they can afford, which is enough for a modest living. The victim has brooded over her imaginary wrongs until they are more real to her than the food she eats.

"Another of my friends in hell is a man who is wildly jealous of his wife. She is devoted to her brother, and delights to talk with him about things in which her husband is not particularly interested. She loves her husband, but he refuses to believe it because of her devotion to her brother. I do not mean that he speaks of his jealousy, either to her or to others, for his pride makes this impossible.

"Pride, by which sin fell the angels—a false pride, of course, which is the opposite of self-respect—pride also accounts for the hell of another of my acquaintances who, knowing he was in the wrong, left his home in a passion, swearing he would never return. He returned, and apologized for his outburst, but without any admission of his initial wrong-doing, which had led to his father's reproaches and to his own bad-tempered rejoinder. He knows, in one part of himself, that he behaved outrageously, but he stuffs this knowledge away, beneath the surface of his consciousness, seeming to justify himself on the ground that, no matter what he had done, his father was equally to blame because of the *manner* of his reproaches. His father's generosity of forgiveness, humiliates and mortifies him. Love of his father has turned into hatred. He is haunted day and night by a conscience to which he will not listen. He turns its pressure—because it has ceased to be more than dumb pressure—into a steadily increasing fire of resentment. The world in

which he lives is built entirely of his own imaginations. He imagines that to *admit* how wrongly he had behaved, would justify his father's 'abuse'. His imaginations feed his feeling, and his feeling starts his imagination in some new direction,—a vicious circle. He is in hell.

"Where do the rest of us live? Not in hell, I hope; but do we realize the extent to which our joys and sorrows, our fears and hopes—all our feelings, in short—are the off-spring of our imaginations? Do we realize that we can turn any pain into a pleasure, and any pleasure into a pain, merely by imagining differently about them? The only thing that keeps us at a distance from Masters is our imagination of distance."

"On that basis", the Beginner asked, "must not heaven also be a figment of our imagination?"

"It depends upon what you mean by the term", the Philosopher answered. "We need a third term to describe the real world,—the world of Masters and of the Lodge. Heaven, as ordinarily understood, *is* a state of dream, a Devachan, into which good people pass when they die,—people who have sought Goodness, but not Truth. The 'happy hunting grounds' of the American Indian, is the same state on a lower level. We must remember that, as a 'world', it is just as real as the world in which the same people live when on earth. The spiritual world—even to call it Paradise might be misleading—is the only world of reality. It is, as it were, at the apex of a triangle, with hell and heaven as the two opposite poles of the base."

"It would be dreadful to spend the time between two lives on earth, in a dream, no matter how blissful", the Beginner protested vigorously.

"It would be", the Philosopher agreed; "though perhaps no worse than spending the hours of sleep, between two days, in a very similar state. None of us, however, is forced to remain the creature, the victim, of his imagination. We are implored, in all the Scriptures, to set ourselves free. If we honestly seek the true, the real, in daily life, concerning all things, but especially about ourselves,—we shall carry with us, when we die, that same desire, and 'shall find what we seek': instead of passing from one dream to another—from the dream of life to the dream of heaven—we shall enter the world of the real, of 'the eternal', as *Light on the Path* calls it."

We were sitting in the woods. Our Visitor and the Beginner had left us. The sun, a huge red ball, had slowly disappeared, and silence had come over us as we watched it go. The stillness held everything; not a leaf quivered. We seemed curiously alone; and then, suddenly, no longer alone. The Recorder looked up, and saw——. There had been no sound of his approach. "When did you arrive, and from where? I thought you were in Syria." "I was", our Friend answered; "but that was some time ago."

It was the Philosopher who spoke next, after a long pause. "Tell us, if you will, where you have been, and what you have been doing. We are interested, as you know."

"I will tell you", the other answered. "I have been wandering,—wandering

up and down the earth, east and west, north and south, praying, believing, that I might give something of my sorrow to the places that I touched and to the souls that are suffocating in them. In countries, even, that are full of his presence, the people are losing the sense of it; they are turning here, to America, to its 'prosperity', for the example they must follow and for the cure of their daily ills. I have looked over spaces where the earth was full of his blessing, full of his love—hallowed, century after century, by the blood of martyrs, by the prayers of those who trusted him; a land of such inner beauty that to have dissolved and spread oneself over it, would have carried one into heaven,—and even there, the children leave their homes for the cities, where lights and noise make imitation of your 'success'. So I, too, have visited those cities, and have tried to fill them with the wordless grief and the unassuagable longing. Where he walks is beauty; but are there any who want it? for the beauty of the spirit is a sword that pierces your heart. To behold it—nay, to behold anything which deathless Love has touched—must leave you prostrate in adoration,—and in pity; for Love is alone and alone and alone, unloved and unwanted. If I speak to the birds or the grass or the trees, they understand; if I just say to them, 'The Master', they know what I mean, and worship; but if I speak to men, they either think they know, and do not, or, when kind and good, will try pathetically, in a dazed sort of way, to follow my vision with a mental effort that creaks and groans like a wooden bucket being lowered down a well, a bottomless well . . . . I would come here oftener, if, for a foreigner, it were less difficult to breathe; for there is work to be done, inner work, and too many of those who were born here, grow used to the absence of life."

" 'Absence of life'!" exclaimed the Student. "I should have thought we suffered from the 'too much life that kills.' "

"No", said our Friend; "the test of life is motive, for motive governs direction, and unless life flows toward the Spirit, it swings horizontally, and is sterile."

"What else did you do as you travelled from city to city? Did you meet ——— or ———? They were in Paris not long ago."

"Yes, I met them, but not in Paris. Naturally I had other things to do besides what I have told you. There are old centres, which must be visited to be kept alive; and there are new centres forming . . . ."

Then we talked of the past, by some almost forgotten, for others, quite vividly present; we sought meanings, and purpose, and lessons. We talked of the future, with plans and inner prayers. Then, as the day sank into darkness, we sat without speech,—one thought, one love, one desire, flooding our hearts, making straight the way of the Lord through the crooked paths of life, making clear the way of the Lord through the mists of lesser things.

T.



What is Buddhism? An Answer from the Western Point of View, compiled and published by The Buddhist Lodge, London, 1929; price $1.00.

This is quite the best exposition of Buddhism known to us, its superiority being due to the fact that the Compilers have interpreted Buddhism in the light of Madame Blavatsky's teachings. It should do much to remove the widespread misunderstandings of Buddhism, promulgated in the nineteenth century by Rhys Davids, Max Müller and others. We recommend it to all students of Theosophy for this purpose, and also as a direct aid to their own liberation from the false sense of "I-ness". One and all of us, born in western bodies, are likely to be the victims, to a greater or less extent, of wrong self-identification; that is to say, we are inclined to identify ourselves, first with our bodies, and then with those desires, hopes, fears, and ordinary mental processes, which constitute the "personality". Buddhism attacks that illusion vigorously, logically, and persistently. Until we are free from it, we cannot hope to make spiritual progress in the true sense, or to become *reliable* servants of the Lodge of Masters. The reviewer does not believe, however, that the Compilers represent Buddhism correctly when stating (p. 98)—in reply to the question: "You said that we sometimes meet our friends beyond the veil of death. *When?*"—"On our return to earth. The intervening worlds are entirely subjective, but if there is a strong link of love or hate between two persons they will, sooner or later, be brought together on earth. . . ." It is easy, of course, to prove anything by quoting texts from Scriptures. One quotation, therefore, will be as convincing as none, or as many,—this being from the *Kullavagga* of the Vinaya Texts: "Now at that time a Koliyan, by name Kakudha, who had been (as Bhikkhu) the attendant on Moggallâna, had just died, and had appeared again in a certain spiritual body." Surely a body of any sort implies objectivity! The man *appeared*. Apart from that, is the world of our everyday, waking consciousness, less subjective than "the intervening worlds" between earth-lives? We see a tree, which is an "object"; but our actual vision of the tree, and all our ideas and impressions of it, are entirely subjective. There are "objects", including bodies, both psychic and spiritual, in the "intervening worlds", and there is no reason why the recognition of our friends in those worlds should not be just as easy, or just as difficult, as it is here.

The book contains chapters on "The Historic Buddha", "The Symbolic Buddha", sections on "The Four Noble Truths", on "Self, Karma and Rebirth", "The Noble Eightfold Path", "Nirvana", on "Schools of Buddhism", and deals with the attitude of Buddhism toward Science, Politics, Beauty and other subjects. It concludes with a useful Bibliography and Index.

E. T. H.

The History of Psychology, by W. B. Pillsbury; W. W. Norton & Co., New York; price, $3.50.

This book has merits, but the title is not one of them. It is a "history of psychology", with almost all the interesting history left out. It begins with a cursory sketch of the Greeks who "are usually regarded as the first to develop a specific philosophy and incidentally a psychology". There is no consideration of the great Indian schools which were flourishing in the time of Pythagoras. The whole of Egyptian psychology is summed up in the statement that it was "assumed that the soul might re-enter the body after death" (p. 12). The Neo-

platonists are scarcely mentioned. There is a complete neglect of all the data of mystical experience. As a result, the early part of Professor Pillsbury's work is like nothing so much as *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

However, after the author has reached Descartes, he becomes both interesting and interested. He has given a clear and simple description of the elements which combined to make modern psychology what it is.

It is a curious fact that psychology, once the science of consciousness, is to-day more materialistic than physics. This is not the result of any recent *volte-face*, for there are definite signs of the modern psychological attitude in the speculations of the English empiricists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "The English School . . . holds close to direct observation of the facts of mind. It is also characteristically little interested in the ultimate nature of objects or of mind" (p. 67). The English School, from Locke to Hartley, applied the inductive method, observing mental phenomena and grouping them according to recorded sequences. Hume, the most consistent of the empiricists, concluded that the whole universe can be reduced to the arbitrary succession and association of ideas and impressions. With much acumen, he denied the reality of the separate "self", but he did not admit the idea of a greater Self to take its place. There could be no question of discovering the essence of any idea or impression, every mental occurrence being regarded only as a phenomenon to be noted and described. The English empiricists lost the belief that "knowledge exists and is attainable", and their successors have not recovered it.

Psychology became an experimental science during the nineteenth century in Germany. Wilhelm Wundt was the central figure in its early development. "His ideal was to confirm each statement by experiment, and to rely upon proved fact as the real datum of the science" (p. 186). In other words, he applied to the phenomena of consciousness the methods of the laboratory which had proved so successful in physics and chemistry. These methods may have accomplished much by revealing the degree to which the human mind is regulated by automatic responses to stimuli, by animal impulses, and by subconscious motives; but they reveal exactly nothing about the higher or *apperceptive* states of our consciousness. The conclusions of the experimentalists are sufficiently involved and uncertain to justify William James' famous criticism of Wundt: "Cut him up like a worm and each fragment crawls; there is no *nœud vital* in his system, so that you can't kill him all at once."

Contemporary psychology is the product of the blending of the English empirical spirit with the German experimental mania. It is strongly influenced by the theory of organic evolution, with its corollary that human consciousness is nothing but a rearrangement of the factors of animal life. It is affirmed, with complete if unconscious cynicism, that human nature can be best understood by the study of animals at feeding time.

Professor Pillsbury enumerates six rival schools. The extreme "left wing" is held by the Behaviorists who "contend that consciousness has no existence, and that psychology should study only the actions of an organism, and that only from the outside, in another individual" (p. 272). At the other extreme, there is the Understanding School "which would give over all attempt to analyze consciousness or explain it causally, and be content to appreciate it and its ends" (p. 272). That sounds encouraging, but unfortunately these Understanding people are Germans; and so we read later that "their analysis has not gone much farther than to outline a program and cannot be judged by its results, in spite of several volumes devoted to its exposition" (p. 314).

Professor Pillsbury expresses the notion that sooner or later, through the operation of natural selection, some good will come out of the actual confusion. It seems to the present reviewer that there can be no salvation for modern psychology unless it becomes what it is supposed to be by definition, the study of consciousness. In order to understand the human mind, it is undoubtedly necessary to study the animal reactions and automatisms which affect its operations; but it is a fact of experience that these reactions and automatisms do not constitute the whole of human consciousness. Why does not someone adopt as a working hypothesis the idea that the human being is in essence not a beast but a spiritual entity?

S. L.

Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, An essay in Comparative Psychology, by Salvador de Madariaga; Oxford University Press, 1928.

This book is the outcome of close observation and intuitive understanding of national character in the case of three of the leading European nations. The author, who is Professor of Spanish at Oxford, has achieved a rare degree of detachment in writing of these three peoples. He considers that, in order to understand the genius of any nation, it is necessary to discover what is their "psychological centre of gravity". He postulates that this is to be found with the English in the will, with the French in the intellect, with the Spanish in the soul, while the "natural reaction towards life" in each of the three is respectively action, thought, passion. This hypothesis is worked out with admirable clearness and with the precision of a scientific method. The author illustrates his theories by examples taken from the social and political life of the present time; it is left to the student to find, if he will, whether those theories are equally applicable to the past history of the nations in question.

Professor de Madariaga has a keen appreciation of the English genius for organization and co-operation; he also gives vivid studies of individual action, thought and feeling in the typical Englishman. The most interesting part of his discussion, in regard to Spaniards, is perhaps in the description of the intuitive faculty which is characteristic of Spanish thought, as a method of approach to truth. "The moment in which our being touches this vital certitude is intuition." It would be interesting to develop this theory in a study of the Spanish mystics, following a suggestion by the author that there is in the Spaniard "a tendency to consider everything *sub specie æternitatis*."

The Frenchman is found to excel in a faculty for analysis and definition, in a grasp of abstract reasoning, in an admirable gift of continuity or *esprit de suite*. Yet in his admiration for French intellectual excellence it is possible that the author overlooks other important characteristics of the French versatile genius. In his concluding chapter he points out that these three nations have made America, since they are the "three points of Europe through which the European spirit, like an electric fluid, flows towards the West." He recognizes the great value there is in the differences of national character, which in its admirable variety is "one of the manifestations of the wealth of Creation".

Students of Theosophy will find much that is interesting in this book, as a help towards understanding national and political tendencies at the present time. The author's method also affords hints of practical and lasting value in the attainment of self-knowledge, whether applied to individuals or to groups.

S. C.

Undertones of War, by Edmund Blunden; Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1929; price $3.50.

It is unusual to speak of a book on the War as "beautiful", but that is the opinion of many reviewers in regard to this one, and it would, indeed, be difficult to read it and remain unresponsive to its magic. Mr. Blunden is well known as a poet, and he sees war through the eyes of a poet. That means that he sees many things to which others are blind. The book is reminiscent; it is more a narrative of impressions than of hard, military facts, for though the facts are there in abundance, it is the impressions which we note and remember. The author was little more than a boy when, in the spring of 1916, he went to France; and while his dislike of war was wholehearted, it was never morbid, and he found consolations in unlooked-for ways; in "the blue and lulling mist of evening" seen from some reserve trench; in a flaming sunset across miles of war-scarred land; in the unexpected meeting with a kindred spirit in some rat-infested dugout; in the homely kindness of some rough, elderly soldier. One thing which this book does to perfection is to show the inequalities of War-time experience—a thing which many people appear to have forgotten. The War was not all daring and adventure; it was also grim endurance under gloomier conditions than most men have ever had to face; it was also lit, here and there, by moments of pure, æsthetic delight (to those who had the eyes to see), and this, perhaps, in the very thick of carnage. No one can appreciate what the War was who does not recognize the sharp contrasts which it offered, and which,

perhaps, as much as anything else, taught many a man to look beyond the fleeting to the eternal. There is a delightful passage (the book is full of them) which releases us suddenly, as Mr. Blunden was himself released for a few brief hours, from the festering horrors of the trenches, where "bones pierced through their shallow burial, and skulls appeared like mushrooms"; where the severely wounded fell, "spouting blood at twenty places", and "a sixteen-year-old boy lay moaning and sobbing." It is the shortest of respites, back of the line, but it is summer time, and the yellowhammers and wagtails are abroad. In a "leafy corner" Mr. Blunden has a chance meeting with two other young officers, until then unknown to him: "There was poetry about these two, nor was I afraid to speak of poetry to them, and so long as the War allowed a country rectory quietude and lawny coolness three kilometres from the line, and summer had even greater liberty than usual to multiply his convolvulus, his linnets and butterflies, while life was nevertheless threatened continually with the last sharp turnings into the unknown, an inestimable sweetness of feeling beyond Corot or Marvell made itself felt through all routine and enforcement; an unexampled simplicity of desire awoke in the imagination and rejoiced like Ariel in a cowslip bell." Almost immediately after, he returns once more to the sights and sounds which he loathes—but he has had his moment.

Mr. Blunden's description of some of the simple, big-hearted men in the ranks, is another peculiar charm of this peculiarly delightful book,—the picture of Corporal Worley, for instance, drawn in a few rapid strokes. Taking his "meditative way" along a trench, Mr. Blunden passes Corporal Worley who respectfully offers him cocoa which he was just bringing to a boil "over some shreds of sandbag and tallow candle"; but two rifle grenades suddenly burst close by, interrupting further proceedings. "Worley's courtesy and warm feeling went on, undiverted as though a butterfly or two had settled on a flower. A kinder heart there never was; a gentler spirit never. With his blue eyes a little doubtfully fixed on me, his red cheeks a little redder than usual, he would speak in terms of regret for what he thought his roughness, saying dolefully that he had been in the butchering trade all his time. He was for ever comforting those youngsters who were so numerous among us; even as the shrapnel burst over the firebay he would be saying without altered tone, 'Don't fret, lay still,' and such things." How many Corporal Worleys we have all known and loved!

There are few books on the War which will do for us what this book does, for as, reluctantly, we close it, we find that it has left us, too, in reminiscent mood; that by some mysterious contagion, our own far memories have become more precious to us; and that we have come to view them with new eyes.

T. D.

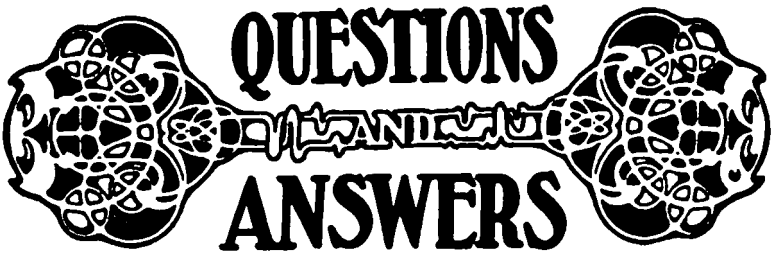
The Anti-Vivisection and Humanitarian Review, London; price sixpence.

Vivisection is one of man's worst crimes against himself and against God. The claim is made by its practitioners that it leads to knowledge which prolongs, or may prolong, the life of man's physical body. This claim is disputed by many competent medical authorities; but if it could be thoroughly substantiated; if, as a result of Vivisection, the length of man's life on earth could be doubled and quadrupled, the crime would remain as great, and nothing but evil could come of it. Every student of Theosophy regards it with loathing and horror.

We are thankful to those who are working to bring this evil to the attention and understanding of well-meaning people, whose fault is that they do not think, and who are as completely subordinate to-day to the priests of scientific orthodoxy, as their progenitors were to the priests of some orthodox religion. Superstition changes its form, but, like other semi-human characteristics, will endure until the far-off consummation when the race becomes human.

Thankful as we are to those who, on this subject, are so much more enlightened than most of their contemporaries, we regret that the Anti-Vivisection movement appears to be controlled and conducted chiefly by women. We regret it for two reasons: first, because women who are active propagandists, seem inclined to use the loud and vulgar methods of the "militant" suffragette; second, because the work should be done by men, and it is a disgrace to men that it is not.

E. T. H.



QUESTION NO. 341.—*Referring to a statement in* Fragments, *Vol. I, page 49, how can the line be drawn between physical and psychic emotions? Physical pain, which at once suggests itself as perhaps the most physical of them all, is largely affected by the accompanying psychic state; and even the finer psychic emotions are often accompanied by marked physical changes—so the distinction is difficult to make, but once properly made, might be a valuable step toward controlling emotion.*

ANSWER.—The easiest way to discover the distinction is to isolate some of our emotions and to try to identify them as psychic or physical. For example, one recognizes without difficulty that a business worry is not the same thing as a toothache. It is true that any prolonged worry may induce dyspepsia, and that the dyspepsia, in turn, may intensify the worry. Nevertheless the cause and the effect may, for practical purposes, be conceived as distinct. The passage from *Fragments* gives a sign whereby the psychic may be recognized: "*All excitement* is psychic." Whenever the mind is perturbed, there is a psychic emotion. We know that it is possible to remain relatively unperturbed, although our bodies may be troubled by unpleasant sensations. In the same way we can and must be unaffected by the psychic waves which beat against our minds. V.

ANSWER.—Somehow I feel that the main purpose of that Fragment would be frustrated by too much interest in drawing distinctions between physical emotions and psychic emotions. Our attention is called to the fact that there is such a distinction. We ought to recognize the fact as such and pass on to the place of stillness where the Fragment is trying to lead us. If for no other reason, that spot where we are told to "stand *still*, not passive or inactive but unswayed", is, in the real world, a whole plane above the highest psychic manifestation, and is the only spot from which anything emotional can be seen in true perspective, the only spot from which true comparisons can be made.

Perhaps one of the reasons for calling our attention to a difference between physical emotions and psychic emotions was to aid us in detaching ourselves more completely from both of them. No one would find fault with a young and inexperienced jelly-fish if he made the mistake of identifying himself with the feeling of satisfaction which came after he had wrapped himself around his dinner. It would be a crime punishable with death if a bee in the hive did not instantly respond when the danger signal rang in the swarm consciousness of which he was a part. But man is supposed to be developing true self-consciousness, and the Fragment is telling us that we must find the place of stillness, and there do our simple tasks,—positive, recollected, unswayed by the whirlwinds of the psychic world, unsmeared by the emotions of the physical world, and not ensnared by that psychic instrument which we call the mind. K. D. P.

ANSWER.—Many people realize the necessity of mastering their physical emotions, but make no effort to control the psychic. The point in the passage under discussion is that it is necessary to control both. It is, therefore, not essential to distinguish between them since both must be dominated, but, as suggested, it may be helpful in overcoming them. Perhaps we might say that physical emotion is based on the body, on physical fact, and much of psychic

emotion is based on an unreal image of that body in the psychic world, our picture of ourselves in our own eyes or in the eyes of others. Vanity, ambition, envy, jealousy, hurt feelings, etc. are all due to our worship of that creature of our imagination which, in itself, has no existence. Physical and psychic states react on one another, and this increases the difficulty of distinguishing between them. Their great power over us is due to our identifying ourselves with them, instead of seeing them for what they are, the activities, not of ourselves, but of our bodies and our personalities. J. F. B. M.

QUESTION No. 342.—*In the Constitution of The Theosophical Society it is stated that a declaration of sympathy with the first object of the Society—namely, "To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without Distinction of Race, Creed, Sex, Caste, or Colour"—is the only essential condition of membership. May a member then ignore the other two objects of the Society? Can one, for example, remain a member in good standing, while blind to the good in Buddhism or even perhaps in Christianity in some or all of its phases, which may be faiths held by some fellow members in the Society?*

ANSWER.—How *can* we ignore the other two objects of the Society, and yet know anything about true Brotherhood? How can we understand another person, in any real sense, unless we understand something of his attitude of mind and heart, something of what he really thinks and believes and hopes for, in his real self, and of how and why he so feels and believes? How can we grow in insight and helpfulness unless we increase our own vision and understanding, reinforcing our own religious belief, whatever it may be, through the wider outlook and the greater tolerance that come from contact with other religions and philosophies?

Technically, it might be possible to ignore the other two objects of the Society; practically it would not be possible,—for unless we gain understanding of the subsidiary objects, the ideal of Brotherhood in its truer sense would soon mean less and less to us, our interest in the Society would wane, and we should not want to continue our membership. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Can one admire the grandeur of one mountain peak and miss the beauty of another? Can one love the rose and be callous to the violet? Can one be alive to the song of the thrush and deaf to that of the lark? The first point is not whether one *may* ignore the two subsidiary objects of The Theosophical Society, but whether one in sympathy with the primary object *would find it possible* to ignore the other two. That is a question for the individual and not for the Society which, as such, has no dogmas, nor does its Constitution impose beliefs. However, it would seem that a declaration of sympathy with the first object of the Society would presuppose sympathy with the subsidiary objects which, among other things, recommend "the study of ancient and modern religions", and emphasize the importance of such study as a means of expanding the individual's knowledge of fundamental truths and universal principles, which in turn will lead to a deeper understanding of the primary object, with which sympathy has already been expressed. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—A member of the T. S. may believe anything he chooses, or believe nothing; but, in addition to subscribing to the principal aim and object of the Society, there is one other important obligation resting upon all members, namely: "To accord to the opinions of others the same tolerance that he would wish for his own." If this condition were fully met, it is hardly conceivable that any member would be "unable to see the good in Buddhism", etc. Even a limited amount of sympathy with, and understanding of, the first object—the formation of the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood—should enable him to see at least some good in other religions or sects than his own. Theosophy teaches that in order really to understand one's own religion, one must have some knowledge of at least one other religion. No member is under any obligation to accept this teaching, but he would be very unwise not to investigate it and determine its truth for himself. M.

ANSWER.—Article V of the Constitution deals with "Membership", and is brief enough to be quoted in full: "1. Any person declaring his sympathy with the First Object of the Society may be admitted to membership as provided by the By-Laws. 2. Every member has the

right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, and to declare such belief or disbelief without affecting his standing as a member of the Society, each being required to show that tolerance of the opinions of others which he expects for his own." Take as an analogy the requirements for naturalization as a citizen,—the foreigner who complies with them is made a citizen. That is the first step, and he may stay right there, secure in his citizenship unless convicted of some serious breach of the country's laws. To become a *useful* citizen requires further steps, makes more demands upon his intelligence, practical idealism and loyalty. Probably most of us would admit, regretfully, that we came into the T. S. fettered by all sorts of mistaken beliefs, bristling with prejudices and short-sighted misconceptions, but responding to the demand of our own souls. Unless we are content to stop just inside the gateway of the Society, evidently there is much reconstruction to be attempted within our own natures, unfitted as they are to become channels for the influx of Divine Wisdom. Those blind spots and those hard spots must, in time, be dissipated under the combined action of right will and right aspiration,—and by the same process the querent might confidently hope to gain the ability to see, with reverent gratitude, somewhat of the "good" in the religion taught by Buddha, or by Christ, or by any of the other great religious teachers. A. B.

NOTICES

In pursuance of the feeling unanimously expressed by the delegates of The Theosophical Society at the last annual Convention in regard to the Allied Debts, and in accordance with By-Laws 5 and 35 of the Society, the Executive Committee has ruled that:

(a) until further notice, members of the Society in Europe shall not be required to pay any dues to The Theosophical Society (this, of course, does not refer to local Branch dues);

(b) such members shall receive the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and shall exercise all their privileges as formerly;

(c) in lieu of dues, members of the Society in Europe are requested to send their contributions to the support of the Allied wounded, or of the Allied widows and orphans.

August 24th, 1929.

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter and spring at 64 Washington Mews (between Washington Square and East 8th Street), on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Branch members will receive a printed announcement, giving the dates. The same announcement will also be mailed to non-members who send their names to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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PHILOSOPHICAL: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Isis Unveiled; Key to Theosophy; Plotinus; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Talks on Religion; Theosophical Glossary; Transactions; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.

INTRODUCTORY: Culture of Concentration; Echoes from the Orient; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

THE KNICKERBOCKER PRESS, NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y

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., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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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 colour. 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.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

We wish to make it clear that we have no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, headed by Mrs. Besant or others, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own.

EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1930

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 BUDDHA'S COSMOLOGY

THE teaching of the Buddha, particularly where it is most profound and spiritual, is for all practical purposes identical with the teaching of the great Upanishads. The great Upanishads contain cosmological principles, which derive the manifested worlds from the unmanifested Being by a series of emanations, downward steps from impalpable Shining Ether, through the forms of Fire, Air, Water and Earth, to the fulness of concrete and formal existence. Further, there is in the great Upanishads a body of teaching concerning what one may call solar physics, a classifying of the radiant forces of the Sun, with a description of the Sun's concentric spheres which bear a good deal of resemblance to the chromosphere (or rose-coloured layer), the photosphere (the brilliantly shining layer), the darker core revealed in the sunspots, and so on, as described by contemporary science.

Throughout the Buddha's discourses which, taken together, make up a sum of material immensely greater than the Upanishads, there is, of this kind of cosmological thinking, hardly a trace. Why? The answer is given in a discourse which tells us how a distinguished disciple reproached the Buddha with this very deficiency in his teaching, and flatly threatened to resign unless the defect was immediately repaired. But let the compilers of the Suttas tell the story in their own way.

Once upon a time the Master was in residence in the Jetavana monastery in the park which had been laid out by a rich man of charitable heart. The distinguished disciple Malunkyaputta, in solitude and absorbed in meditation, discovered this consideration in his mind:

"There are problems which the Master has left unexplained, pushing them aside and ignoring them; for example, the problem whether the universe is eternal or not; the problem whether soul and body are the same thing, or distinct from each other; the problem whether the liberated sage can be said

to have a continued existence after the death of his body, or has not such a continued existence. These problems the Master does not explain to me. And I feel aggrieved that the Master does not explain these problems. Therefore I shall go to the Master and lay the matter before him. If the Master is willing to explain to me whether the universe is eternal or non-eternal, whether the soul and the body are identical or distinct, whether the liberated sage continues to exist after the death of the body, then I am willing to go on practising spiritual discipline under the Master. But if the Master will not explain these problems to me, then I will give up the life of spiritual discipline and return to the worldly life!"

When evening came, the distinguished disciple Malunkyaputta came forth from solitude and went to where the Master was. Dutifully greeting the Master, he took a seat respectfully beside him and laid before the Master the grievance that had arisen in his mind during his meditation, in conclusion saying that, unless the Master explained to him these problems, he would give up spiritual discipline and return to the worldly life.

The Buddha answered him with a certain restrained indignation:

"Tell me, Malunkyaputta, did I ever say to you, 'Enter on spiritual discipline under me, and I will explain to you such problems as whether the universe is eternal or non-eternal, whether soul and body are identical or distinct, whether the liberated sage continues to exist after the death of the body, or ceases to exist'?"

"No, Sire!"

"Or did you ever say to me, 'Sire, I am willing to enter on spiritual discipline under the Master, provided that the Master will explain to me such problems as whether the universe is eternal or non-eternal, whether soul and body are identical or distinct, whether the liberated sage continues to exist after the death of the body, or ceases to exist'?"

"No, Sire!"

"In that case, vain disciple, with what justice do you accuse me? Malunkyaputta, should anyone make up his mind not to enter spiritual discipline under the Buddha until the Buddha had explained these problems to him, such a one would be overtaken by death before the Buddha explained these problems to him.

"It is just as if a man had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, and his friends had brought to him a skilful surgeon, and the wounded man were to say, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I find out whether the man who shot me was a Kshatriya, a Brahman, a Vaishya or a Shudra'; or, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I find out whether the man who shot me was tall or short or middle-sized'; or, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I find out whether the bow-string was made of sinew or hemp or bamboo fibre'; or, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I find out whether the feather of the arrow came from a vulture, a heron, a falcon or a peacock'; or, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I learn whether the barb was plain or curved, made of

iron or of ivory.' The man would die, Malunkyaputta, without having learned these things.

"Exactly the same with him who says, 'I will not undertake spiritual discipline until I have learned from the Master whether the universe is eternal or non-eternal, whether soul and body are identical or distinct, whether the liberated sage continues to exist after the death of the body.' The man will die, Malunkyaputta, before the Master has explained these things to him.

"For spiritual discipline, Malunkyaputta, does not depend on the view that the universe is eternal, or that the universe is non-eternal; whether the universe be eternal or non-eternal, there still remain birth, decay, death, misery, lamentation and despair. I teach how to conquer these in this present life.

"So with the problem of soul and body, and the survival of the liberated sage. Spiritual discipline does not depend on the answers to these questions. In either case there remain birth, decay, death, misery, lamentation and despair. I teach how to conquer these in this present life.

"These problems, Malunkyaputta, I have not explained. Why, Malunkyaputta, have I not explained them? Because the answers do not bear practical fruit, nor teach how to turn away from sensuality, to cleanse the heart of passions, to attain serenity, the higher powers, wisdom, liberation.

"But what, Malunkyaputta, have I explained? The origin of misery, the conquest of misery, the path to the conquest of misery. Why, Malunkyaputta, have I explained this? Because this knowledge bears practical fruit, and teaches how to turn away from sensuality, to cleanse the heart of passions, to attain serenity, the higher powers, wisdom, liberation."

Speaking generally, therefore, the Buddha directed the hearts and minds of his disciples to problems quite other than the mysteries of cosmology. The purpose which he consistently followed was to develop, not astronomers or theologians or abstract metaphysicians, but practical disciples, valorously fighting against self and the dangerous delusions of self. He deliberately withheld any explanation of the wide vistas of spiritual life, because in his deep wisdom he knew that, until the treacherous delusions of self are conquered, there can be no real insight into spiritual life. Those who seek to penetrate these high mysteries with tainted minds, thereby distort and disfigure every dawning insight that might lead them toward the light. Let the disciple first conquer self, we can imagine the Buddha saying; after that fight is won, he will know for himself the reality of spiritual life. If he desires that wisdom, let him fight for it and win it.

But it would be a complete mistake to think that, because the Buddha did not encourage his disciples to ask large, vague questions about the stars and the ages of the past, he himself had closed his eyes to these mysteries, possessed no knowledge of them, believed that knowledge of this kind is unattainable.

On the contrary, there is clear evidence that he had penetrated in consciousness to far-off worlds and remote ages; that he held views concerning these matters, which were consistent and complete; views which, in fact, break

through his practical teaching to disciples, giving, for the intuitive soul, luminous glimpses into the beyond.

On a certain occasion he set forth, in the *Discourse of Beginnings*, a valuable and vitally interesting history of the evolution of the human race, beginning with what one may call a past of descending angels, then depicting long periods of increasing solidification and obscuration, and finally describing the differentiation of the sexes, and the gradual growth of human institutions as we are familiar with them; but it is characteristic of the Buddha's method that his purpose in this immensely interesting discourse was not simply the elucidation of a doctrine of Cosmogenesis and Anthropogenesis; the avowed aim of this scientific sermon is to show that the Brahmans' pretension of superiority rested on a delusion; that the Kshatriya was in fact the more ancient and higher caste. To put the matter in a slightly different way: the Brahman claim of superiority was based on the dogma that the Brahman caste issued from the mouth of Brahma, while the Kshatriyas came forth from Brahma's breast. This theological dogma the Buddha opposed by a teaching of natural evolution, beginning with the palpable fact that Brahman babies are born in exactly the same way as babies of all other classes. There was probably a further reason for this scientific discourse. The young Brahman to whom it was addressed, almost of necessity had been inducted into the Brahmanical doctrines; the Buddha, to prove his case, appealed to doctrines which the Brahmans themselves held, though, for the multitude, they cloaked them with theological fables which exalted the Brahman caste.

There is, however, as was said a moment ago, a complete system of cosmology implicit in all the Buddha's teaching, a system which often breaks through the immediate practical instruction which the Buddha is imparting. For example, in the *Discourse of the Fruits of Discipleship*, when describing the higher powers to which the victorious disciple attains through courageous self-conquest, the Buddha says:

"He brings back into memory his various temporary states in times gone by, one birth, or two, or three, or four, or five births, or ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, a hundred births, or a hundred, a thousand, a hundred thousand births, in many a kalpa of involution, in many a kalpa of evolution. . . ."

Childers, in his Pali Dictionary, thus defines kalpa: "The term kalpa is given to certain vast periods or cycles of time, of which there are three, Mahakalpa ('great kalpa'), Asankhyeya-kalpa ('uncountable kalpa'), and Antara-kalpa ('intermediate time'). All the Chakravalas ('spheres') are subject to an alternate process of destruction and renovation, and a Maha-kalpa is the period which elapses from the commencement of the destruction of a Chakravala to its complete restoration. Each Maha-kalpa is subdivided into four Asankhyeya-kalpas. . . . In the first the destruction (by fire, water or wind) begins and is accomplished, the Chakravala being resolved into its native elements, or consumed so that nothing remains; in the second this state of void or chaos continues; in the third the process of renovation begins and is completed, and the fourth is a period of continuance. After

the end of the fourth period the dissolution recommences as before, and this alternate process of destruction and renovation goes on to all eternity."

While this system of kalpas is repeatedly alluded to by the Buddha in discourses primarily concerned with practical discipline, it is fully worked out in its details, not in the first discourses of the Buddha, but in certain treatises like the *Visuddhi Magga* ("Path of Purity"), written by Buddhaghosa some centuries later; and as there is good reason to accept the tradition that these more detailed teachings come from the Buddha himself, we shall consider them as evidence for the system of cosmology which the Buddha held and taught.

The noteworthy thing about this cosmology is that on one side it anticipates the views of the most recent science. Nowhere is the resemblance closer than in the use of enormous numbers. Whoever has looked into the books of Sir James Jeans or Arthur Stanley Eddington, must have been impressed by the way in which they deal with millions and billions, whether of years or of distances across space. And here a word of caution is necessary: the word "billion" means one thing in England and another thing in America. In England a billion is a million times a million, or a million squared (once multiplied by itself), but in America a billion has the same meaning as the French "milliard", namely, a thousand millions. In England a trillion is a million times a million times a million, or a million cubed (twice multiplied by itself); a quadrillion is a million raised to the fourth power; a quintillion is a million raised to the fifth power, and so on. These numerical details are given because the system of numbers used in Buddhist works like the *Visuddhi Magga* closely resembles the English system, except that the starting point is not one million but ten millions (in Sanskrit and Pali "koti", in the modern dialects of India "crore"); so that the Pali numbers are the square of ten millions, the cube of ten millions, the fourth, fifth and sixth powers of ten millions, up to the Asankhyeya already mentioned, which is the twentieth power of ten millions: that is to say, 1 followed by 140 ciphers. So that when we find Eddington saying that "the mass of the sun is 2 followed by 27 ciphers in tons, we realize that Buddhaghosa, to say nothing of his great Master, would find himself completely at home in this kind of counting.

When we pass from numbers to broad ideas of cosmology, the likeness is impressive. We may approach the matter by taking the latest book by Sir James Jeans, *The Universe Around Us*, which runs almost parallel to Eddington's *Stars and Atoms*, published two years ago. In what is common to the two books we may safely say that we have the last word in modern cosmological thinking.

What account do they give of the universe? Jeans takes as his point of departure what he calls Primæval Chaos, at a time when all the substance of the present stars and nebulæ was spread uniformly throughout space. He expresses the density of this tenuous substance as compared with the density of water by the fraction 1 divided by the number 1 followed by 30 ciphers. With justice he tells us that this is almost inconceivably tenuous: "In ordinary air,

at a density of one eight-hundredth that of water, the average distance between adjoining molecules is about an eight-millionth of an inch; in the primæval gas we are now considering, the corresponding distance is two or three yards. The contrast again leads back to the theme of the extreme emptiness of space. . . . Calculation shows that if ordinary air were attenuated to this extraordinary degree, no condensation could persist and continue to grow unless it had at least 62½ million times the weight of the sun; any smaller weight of gas would exert so slight a gravitational pull on its outermost molecules, that their normal speeds of 500 yards a second would lead to the prompt dissipation of the whole condensation. . . . If there ever existed a primæval chaos of the kind we are now considering, it would not condense into stars, but into enormously more massive condensations, each having the weight of millions of stars. . . . Now it is significant that bodies are known in space having weights equal to those just calculated, namely the great extra-galactic nebulæ. . . . . the condensations which would first be formed out of the primæval nebula must have been the great extra-galactic nebulæ, and not mere stars. . . . These nebulæ are so generally similar to one another that it seems likely that they must all have been produced by the action of the same agency. . . . As the original condensations in the primæval gas contracted they must have produced currents, and these would hardly be likely to occur absolutely symmetrically. If the motion in each mass of condensing gas had been directly towards the centre of condensation at every point, the final result would have been a spherical nebula devoid of all motion, but any less symmetrical system of currents would result in a spin being given to each contracting mass. This spin would no doubt be very slow at first, but the well-known principle of 'conservation of angular momentum' requires that, as the spinning body contracts, its rate of spin must increase. Thus when the process of condensation was complete, the final product would be a series of nebulæ rotating at different rates. And this is exactly what is observed; so far as our evidence goes the nebulæ are in rotation, and at different rates" (pages 192–195).

Now let us turn for comparison to a part of the *Visuddhi Magga* which is avowedly based on the passage we quoted from the Buddha, concerning the memory of past kalpas:

"The upper regions of space are one with those below, and wholly dark. Now after the lapse of a long period, a great cloud arises. And first it rains with a very fine rain . . . . when this cloud has filled every place throughout a hundred thousand times ten million worlds, it disappears. And then a wind arises, below and on the sides of the water, and rolls it into one mass which is round like a drop of water on the leaf of a lotus. But how can it press such an immense volume of water into one mass? Because the water offers openings here and there for the wind. . . ."

We are evidently considering a cosmic evolution very similar to that which Sir James Jeans outlined: First, what he calls "primæval chaos", which the Buddhist teaching describes as a condition in which the "upper regions of

space are one with those below, and wholly dark". Next, Jeans depicts enormously large condensations of this at first almost infinitely tenuous substance. The Buddhist teaching says that "after the lapse of a long period, a great cloud arises". And it is evident that the Buddhist teaching contemplates something immensely more extensive than the formation of a single planet, or even a single solar system: it is a question of "a hundred thousand times ten million worlds". Sir James Jeans speaks in particular of two great extra-galactic nebulæ (that is, nebulæ outside the limits of the Galaxy, the Milky Way, within which our solar system is situated): the weight of one of these is estimated to be 2000 million times that of the sun, while another is even larger, 3500 million times the weight of the sun. It is evident, therefore, that the Buddhist teaching and the modern astronomer are dealing with magnitudes of the same order; the one calls them great clouds, the other calls them nebulæ; which is Latin for "mist".

We then come to an even closer parallel. Sir James Jeans shows that, if the modern understanding of the forces involved be correct, the irregular condensation of these enormous nebular masses would set up currents, and that these currents would tend to develop what he calls a "spin", a movement of rotation, leading to the formation of immensely large revolving spheres of nebular substance. The Buddhist teaching says that when the cloud has filled every place throughout a hundred thousand times ten million worlds, "a wind arises, below and on the sides of the water, and rolls it into one mass which is round like a drop of water on the leaf of a lotus." One may note in passing that this simile is singularly exact, since Sir James Jeans shows that the earlier revolving spheres of nebular matter would become flattened out into a shape which he compares with a watch; and this is precisely the shape of a drop of water on a lotus leaf.

One point more: the Buddhist teaching asks how it is that the wind can press such an immense volume of water into one mass, and answers that it is because the water offers openings here and there for the wind. This closely corresponds to the lack of symmetry both in shape and arrangement, which Sir James Jeans ascribes to his primal nebular condensations. There is, therefore, a general resemblance both in the fundamental processes outlined and in the magnitudes considered, between the Buddhist teaching and the present conclusions of astronomy.

One expression deserves special comment, namely, the use of the term "water" by the Buddhist teaching, to describe the substance of the primæval nebulæ. In a note to the second edition of *Stars and Atoms*, Eddington speaks of the constitution of the hypothetical Nebulium, the name given to the substance of the nebulæ. "Nebulium", he says, "turns out to be an oxygen atom with two electrons missing. Singly ionized atoms of oxygen and nitrogen are responsible for the other lines in the nebular spectrum not previously identified." Hydrogen is an element found extensively in the sun and in the stars, which have condensed from the nebulæ. But water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, so that there is nothing fundamentally unscientific in

describing the substance of the nebulæ as uncondensed water, as the Buddhist teachings do. We may, if we wish, think of this merely as a guess. If so, it was a brilliant guess, anticipating spectroscopic discoveries which were completed only two or three years ago, when Nebulium was found to be a form of oxygen.

It would appear, therefore, that we are justified in seeing a close parallelism between the cosmological conclusions of contemporary science and the views set forth by a great Buddhist fifteen centuries ago, and almost certainly derived from the teaching of his Master, twenty-five centuries ago. It is certain that the Buddha and his disciples came to these sane and highly philosophical conclusions without either telescope or spectroscope, the magical implements of our contemporary sages. There is an explanation in the teachings of the Buddha, but we need not consider it now.

Let us close with an interesting parallel, which carries us back to our point of departure: the comparison drawn by the Buddha between what is, and what is not, profitable material of study for the disciple. A recent book by Eddington, published in 1929, concludes with an eloquent section on Mystical Religion, from which a few suggestive sentences may be quoted:

"We have seen that the cyclic scheme of physics presupposes a background outside the scope of its investigations. In this background we must find, first, our own personality, and then perhaps a greater personality. The idea of a universal Mind or Logos would be, I think, a fairly plausible inference from the present state of scientific theory. . . . It is obvious that the insight of consciousness, although the only avenue to what I have called *intimate* knowledge of the reality behind the symbols of science, is not to be trusted implicitly without control. . . . One begins to fear that after all our faults have been detected and removed there will not be any 'us' left. But in the study of the physical world we have ultimately to rely on our sense-organs, although they are capable of betraying us by gross illusions; similarly the avenue of consciousness into the spiritual world may be beset with pitfalls, but that does not necessarily imply that no advance is possible."

One may conceive the Buddha answering: "The pitfalls are there; but it is the duty of the Buddha, and of all Masters, to open the eyes of the disciple to these pitfalls, to guide his feet through them, to the way of truth. After that, perhaps, the time may come to consider the building of the stars."

FRAGMENTS

I WOULD have you one who lives upon the heights. Though your feet may tread the valleys, in their stifling heat, along their dusty roads, yet dwell in thought and mind among the everlasting snows. It is silent there; the keen, pure air has life divine,— a Presence broods upon it. Why sink to lower levels, with their idle fancies and most foolish cares? On the strong wings of faith and prayer soar upward. So each dawn will bring illumination, each evening bathe your soul in light and glory; and through the day, fulfilling appointed tasks, the atmosphere of those great heights shall flood the streets and lanes through which you pass, the very houses you enter, the very air you breathe; uplifting, purifying, rarefying. Some of the illumination of your dawns shall touch the faded thoughts of other men; some of the glory of your evenings irradiate the deadened hearts about you.

In what perplexities dost thou not entangle thyself, when, with the oscillating shuttle of thy thought, thou strivest to weave an understanding of Eternal Truth. Not by these means is knowledge to be wrought; but in the stillness and retreat of contemplation, the vesture of thy highest ideation can take form and visibility,—come to birth within thy consciousness.

Though in action thou mayest remain pure, it can be only as detached from action in itself; living in the heart of it, reaching out from the centre of it, without moving from that centre. . Impure, what availeth action on any plane, save to sow seeds of future destruction whereby Divine Substance is rescued from misuse? Action purifies that which is impure, as poisoned waters become sweet again by passing over earth and sand.

Yet to preserve that pure which in its vital essence is purity itself, no breath, no movement from the lower worlds must reach it; and to find its expression in thyself, thou must hold unquivering beneath it, in thy upstretched hands, the burnished mirror of a tranquil mind.

CAVÉ.

THREE PHASES OF EXPERIENCE

The knowledge of the absolute Spirit, like the effulgence of the sun, or like heat in fire, is naught else than the absolute Essence itself.

SHANKARA ACHARYA.

REFERENCE was made, in a previous article[1], to the work of the French philosopher, Jules de Gaultier, and in particular to his view of the contemplative life as the proper expression of the nature of man. The practice of contemplation, he says, is "the path in which the individual advances towards himself, in order that he may see himself reflected in the mirror of a universal consciousness." This contemplative ideal, according to Gaultier, has been realized, in varying degrees, by certain individuals, and the history of Jesus is a record of its complete attainment.

In a recent essay[2], Gaultier raises the question of the reality of human knowledge. There is a very old question which has troubled philosophers for centuries: is it possible for man to form an idea of the nature of being which bears any relation to the objective truth? Gaultier answers, as a mystic might answer, that real knowledge is attainable, in so far as the knower develops in himself the germ of the contemplative power. The perfected seer does not contemplate a void; he perceives cosmic Nature as "the mirror of a universal consciousness", and he sees himself as a ray of that universal consciousness reflected there.

Gaultier adopts, as a starting-point, the axiom that the world is, in essence, one and indivisible. But if such be the nature of being, knowledge is not only possible; it is innate in the individual. In a real organic unity, the individual parts are not isolated and detachable, for each part is an undivided fragment of the whole, and participates in the nature of the whole. The individual contemplating the Universe is the Universe contemplating an aspect of itself. The contemplative power in the individual is a continuation and a culmination of the creative or manifesting power in cosmic Nature.

Gaultier's speculations along this line are valuable in themselves. For students of Theosophy they possess an additional interest, because they suggest and often parallel certain Eastern doctrines which were used as vehicles for the expression of Theosophy during the last century. There is no implication that Gaultier's thought has been directly influenced by Indian metaphysics. One notes, however, that he refers to the Hindu philosophers with sympathy and respect. He asserts that "the critical application of the Hindu point of view might be a source of renewed life for our metaphysics".

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[1] THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October 1928; pp. 156-166; art. "Contemplation and Morality."
[2] *Mercure de France*, August 1, 1929; pp. 547-577; art. "Les Trois Phases de l'Expérience."

"What is knowledge?" asks Gaultier, and answers: "It is the manifestation to its own vision, of a single activity which is that Metaphysical Experience outside which nothing exists."

Gaultier's terminology is hard to master and sometimes exasperating, but full credit must be given him for the invention of this term, Metaphysical Experience, *l'Expérience métaphysique*. He uses it to denote the Substance, the *natura naturans*, which underlies manifestation. In order to appreciate its value, one must remember that the French word, *expérience*, is not exactly translated by the English equivalent. It means "experience", but it also means "experiment" or "trial." Therefore, it suggests a vital experience which does not remain static but is continuously testing and proving itself. It is excellently adapted to express the dynamic quality, the constant activity, the transforming energy, of the Power which forms and dissolves the worlds. We speak from our own knowledge, when we say that we act under the impulsion of our experience, and that we cannot act without adding to our experience some consciousness of the action. From one point of view, the act and the consciousness which follows it, are potentially present in our experience from the beginning. Their actual expression changes the "quality" rather than the "quantity" of our being. By analogy, one may imagine Metaphysical Experience as the unified life of the Macrocosm, the *anima mundi*, the source and also the fruition of all existences in space and time. Manifestation represents the cyclic passage of Metaphysical Experience from an implicit or passive to an explicit or active condition. The term, "metaphysical", as here used, has the connotation of "macrocosmic" or "universal".

Gaultier continues: "This Experience, though itself a unity, is constrained to draw from itself the two terms, subject and object, whenever it enters into relation with itself. Its essence is, therefore, movement, the movement whereby it divides itself by itself". This might be a commentary upon the Vedantin tenet thus paraphrased in *The Secret Doctrine:* "Parabrahm (the One Reality, the Absolute) is the field of Absolute Consciousness, i.e. that Essence which is out of all relation to conditioned existence, and of which conscious existence is a conditioned symbol. But once that we pass in thought from this (to us) Absolute Negation, duality supervenes in the contrast of Spirit (or consciousness) and Matter, Subject and Object" (Ed. 1888, I, 15). "The movement whereby it divides itself by itself" is virtually a definition of Mâyâ, the Great Illusion, "the cosmic power which renders phenomenal existence and the perceptions thereof possible" (*Theosophical Glossary*, 195).

Gaultier distinguishes three phases of Experience. In the first, "it gives itself its object. . . . It improvises itself in a series of movements which become the principle of all the order which will subsequently be found in the Universe." In the second phase, Experience becomes conscious of the object which it has improvised out of its own substance. The movement, which had expanded and differentiated itself into the atoms and elements, turns back towards its source and "becomes" sensation. The third phase begins at the moment when sensation, in turn, "becomes" contemplation. Experi-

ence acquires consciousness of itself as a unity. In other words, consciousness becomes active in a condition which transcends the apparent division of the One into subject and object. The individual detaches himself from the life of sensation and from the "sense of separateness". He loses the notion of himself as a subject distinct from the object which he contemplates, and recognizes the source of his Selfhood as identical with the source of all that is or can be.

"Mâyâ is the Shakti of Âtman", said the Hindu sage, or, as the Sankhya School has expressed the same idea, "the Universe exists for purposes of Soul." The Great Illusion of division and separateness is an essay of cosmic magic whereby the One Self gains and increases the consciousness of Itself. The One Self emanates the manifested world, as a poet improvises his verse, in order to gain Self-knowledge. If the poet had known the form of the poem, before he produced it, there would have been no stimulus for him to create. So Gaultier thinks of Experience as "improvising its own Epic", after which it withdraws inwards from its creation "*in an act of knowledge*". Bergson says somewhere that consciousness is that which always draws forth from itself more than it contains.

"Our dualistic tradition", declares Gaultier, "the heritage of Greece and Judæa, has not accustomed us to consider metaphysics in such terms. It presents a problem which has been arbitrarily solved by a realistic hypothesis. This hypothesis represents the object as existing in itself, as external to the sum-total of experience. It removes from metaphysics all considerations which have any bearing upon the genesis of the object. The object is presented as a miracle. However, if we speculate from the viewpoint of a unified Experience, the problem of the genesis of the object, which the Hindus have not neglected, restores life to metaphysics."

The philosophical dualist argues that the separation between consciousness and its object, between the perceiver and the thing perceived, is not an appearance, due to the limited range of our present minds and physical senses, but is an absolute distinction. A man of great intellectual power, Immanuel Kant, erected the doctrine of the abyss between subject and object into a dogma which effectively paralyzed philosophical thought for more than a century. Granted his premises, his deductions are, indeed, unassailable. If the perceiver and the perceived be wholly unrelated to each other, or if it be impossible to discover any relation between them, it must follow that any effort of man to gain real knowledge of the world external to himself, is doomed, in advance, to failure. Such an effort is a waste of time, and a frivolous expenditure of energies which should be devoted to the practical end of keeping alive the sense of our actual personal identity as vigorously as possible. Kant himself gave a noble interpretation of the life which is still possible for man within the limits of his subjective sphere; but others—including most of his own compatriots—have revealed less excellent instincts. Kant's system can be used to justify the varieties of moral materialism which afflict the Twentieth Century, because it magnifies the subjective aspect of reality and, therefore,

reinforces egotism. Incidentally, it is significant that Kant's philosophy has been one of the supports of German militarism, although with equal consistency his ideas have been quoted in favour of those who work for "peace at any price."

The point is that philosophical dualism generates a series of illusions because it is itself the creature of illusion. It is only an intellectual exposition of the "dire heresy of separateness", which is, according to Buddhism, the primal cause of all the pain and sin to which man is heir. It is the product of *Avidyâ*, the unwisdom which is born of limitation and which accepts limitation as unavoidable and unchangeable. In the Vedantin system, *Avidyâ* is a state of consciousness which is one of the permutations of cosmic *Mâyâ* or *Prakriti*, the cause of every appearance of differentiation in Nature. As a transitory phase, *Avidyâ* may be conceived as necessary, limited consciousness being the matrix of the limitless. But regarded as an end in itself, *Avidyâ* is the root of evil.

"Did you ever suspect", writes an Eastern philosopher, "that Universal, like finite, human mind might have two attributes, or a dual power—one the voluntary and conscious, the other the involuntary and unconscious or the mechanical power. . . . Man has two distinct physical brains; the cerebrum . . . the source of the voluntary nerves; and the cerebellum, ... the fountain of the involuntary nerves which are the agents of the unconscious or mechanical powers of the mind to act through. . . . Contrary in that to the finite, the 'infinite' mind . . . exhibits but the functions of its cerebellum, the existence of its supposed cerebrum being admitted as above stated, but on the inferential hypothesis deduced from the Kabalistic theory (correct in every other relation) of the Macrocosm being the prototype of the Microcosm. . . . It is the particular faculty of the involuntary power of the infinite mind . . . to be eternally involving subjective matter into objective atoms. . . . And it is likewise that same involuntary mechanical power that we see so intensely active in all the fixed laws of nature" (*The Mahatma Letters*, 137–138).

One may compare this view of the "involuntary and unconscious or mechanical power" in Nature with Gaultier's theory that the "creation" of the material Universe is fundamentally the "improvisation" of a Metaphysical Experience which is moved, as it were, by the subconscious impulse to become conscious of itself. In the words of the *Veda*, "Desire first arose in That which was the primal germ of Mind."

"Since Experience is one", says Gaultier, defining its first phase, "it can possess no knowledge other than that of its own activity, and it follows that its phase of improvisation logically precedes its phase of reflection upon itself. We cannot conclude, however, that a reflective and conscious activity follows immediately the first gestures of the objective activity. . . . It is, then, possible that a long and considerable phase of objective improvisation may occur, in subconscious form, before it divides itself and (active) consciousness

appears as a factor. . . . The observation of the phenomenal world induces us to accept as a fact this hypothesis of a metaphysical Subconscious manifesting as an objective improvisation. . . . One finds the unconscious actors, the first elements of the drama, represented by the totality of physico-chemical reactions, by all those bodies that are joined together by a relation of cause and effect in which we cannot discover a trace of consciousness."

Thus Gaultier suggests that the physical world is the product of the subconscious activity of a universal "mind" which conceals from us its intellective and voluntary faculties,—if it has them. As the product of a subconscious activity, a physical body, in this first stage of its "improvisation", may be compared to an impulse or impression which is present as a centre of force within the sphere of our mental-emotional nature, but which lies outside the zone of our conscious attention. Such an impulse or impression assumes objective form whenever the zone of attention expands so as to include it. In dreams, for example, there occurs an apparent division of the individual into a subjective half and an objective half. This suggests, at least, the process whereby the "involuntary and unconscious or mechanical power" in the Universe improvises the *imago* of the world which is to be, this *imago* becoming an object of perception whenever and wherever a voluntary and actively conscious nature enters into contact with it.

It would be difficult to find many modern Western parallels for Gaultier's idea that "matter" exists as a state of metaphysical or macrocosmic subconsciousness before it assumes the appearance of an assembly of objects external to the consciousness which perceives it. The Hindus, who have meditated for centuries upon these questions, have drawn a distinction between *Prakriti* or objective matter, and *Mûlaprakriti* or root-matter. Root-matter "is not matter as we know it, but the spiritual essence of matter." It is the ineffable manifestation or "veil" of "the Absolute Consciousness behind phenomena, which is only termed unconsciousness in the absence of any element of personality" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 35, 51).

The second phase of Experience belongs, in its early stages, to biology, as the first stage belongs to physics. It is marked by the division of the single activity which forms the *imago* of matter, into subject and object, into perceiver and perceived. This single activity becomes dual, in the sense that part of its movement continues to expand outwardly, while another part reverses itself and returns inwards towards the source of the activity. The returning movement is mysteriously converted into sensation.[3] The birth of sensation coincides with the division of the One into its subjective and objective halves.

We can study this strange transformation of motion into sensation at every instant of our daily lives, for it occurs whenever we consciously respond

[3] Hardly "mysterious", since the moment consciousness becomes dual, i.e., has recognition of itself, sensation is there—recognition implying sensation; since, spiritually speaking, *touch* is a higher faculty, and therefore precedes perception or *sight:* it is possible to touch an idea with the mind before we can see it. There can be nothing mysterious in that which is obviously necessary. As indicated in the quotation from *The Secret Doctrine* above, sensation exists independently of the element of personality.—EDITORS.

to a physical stimulus. We shall never understand it with our present faculties, Gaultier thinks, "because the metamorphosis is part of the phase of metaphysical activity which precedes the division of that activity into subject and object and because it participates in the act of the division. . . . But let us retain this idea; the exact point when the metaphysical activity ceases to improvise itself in the order of causality and motion, in order to turn back towards itself,—this very point marks the extreme periphery where it realizes its nature by entering into a relation with itself. It is the instant when objective activity ceases and subjective activity begins. The relation of these two activities is that of means to end, for the objective furnishes a theme for the edification of the subjective."

Here again Gaultier writes as if he were commenting upon one of the central ideas of the Eastern Wisdom. For example, there is this passage from *The Secret Doctrine*, a continuation of the first quotation cited above: "Apart from Cosmic Substance, Cosmic Ideation could not manifest as individual consciousness, since it is only through a vehicle of matter that consciousness wells up as 'I am I', a physical basis being necessary to focus a ray of the Universal Mind at a certain stage of complexity." This manifestation of individual consciousness is represented as occurring in man who stands at the turning-point of a planetary evolution. In man, the life-current, which has been descending for aeons into the abyss of illusory differentiation, converts itself, and begins its long ascent homewards towards the condition of spiritual unity, from which it emerged in the dawn of the Great Cycle or *Manvantara*.

"The human Ego", continues Gaultier, "is the goal of the objective improvisation, and represents the point at which this improvisation is reflected in an act of consciousness." In other words, man is the first being on this planet to whom we can attribute rational self-consciousness as distinguished from a consciousness which is instinctive or vegetative or mechanical. But the initial appearance of self-consciousness on the scene of the drama does not introduce the end of the play. On the contrary, all that has preceded is only the prologue; the real play is just beginning.

The first acts of the drama have many elements of tragedy. "It would seem that, with the appearance of active consciousness, the essential condition is attained when Experience should be able to attain its end of Self-knowledge. The physico-chemical world might conceivably be the object of vision, and might awaken in the human spectator painless perceptions of sound, colour and resistance. . . . But the metaphysical Odyssey is completed in another way. The phase of painless perception is preceded by another phase which is the tragic accompaniment of the sensations of pleasure and pain that bind man to Nature. At the very moment when man's eyes open upon the world, he has the experience of pain, and turns away from the joy of vision to resist suffering."

There is no real cause for lamenting the evident fact that man is destined to become something more than a serene and passive observer of physico-chemical processes in their frame of space and time. If the material world

be the mirror of a universal consciousness, it is significant to the observer in so far as his attention is attracted by the Reality, which is reflected in the mirror. The first objective of the observer is to see physical existence "under the form of Eternity", or—to use Gaultier's language—as a revelation of the Experience of which it is a subconscious improvisation. But the true seer aspires ultimately to perceive Reality, not as in a glass darkly, but face to face. That Reality has been described in the Vedanta as a Consciousness which is itself the object of its contemplation.

"All excellent things", said Spinoza, "are as difficult as they are rare." The contemplative man is formed in the matrix of Nature, and must learn to detach his sense of identity from the body of his illusions, even while he is still forced to use that body as an instrument in his acquisition of a real Self-consciousness. The life of sensation is the probation of the soul.

"The human Ego is manifested . . . by a double phenomenon. On the one hand, Experience appears in man as the object of its own vision, and for the first time exists for itself. On the other hand, Experience continues in man its creative improvisation in a new phase. This phase is characterized by the appearance of pleasures and pains."

The duality of human nature, a manifestation of *Avidyâ*, has been, through the centuries, the substance of history, the central theme of literature, and the despair of moralists. It is unnecessary to explain or to describe it, for it is part of our intimate experience, a fact of knowledge for everyone who has at any time confessed with St. Paul: "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

Unfortunately, we cannot conclude that every individual must necessarily and without effort on his part escape from the treadmill of pleasure and pain, and reach the plane of contemplative serenity. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe, with Gaultier, that the stress of pleasure and pain can become a phase of initiation into the contemplative life. One must respond to the opportunity: that is all.

"The only resource of the spirit in its struggle with pain and evil is to appeal to a new sense, to the contemplative sense which has the power of dissolving into nothingness the whole drama of our pleasures, and of our sufferings which are greater than our pleasures. But it does not annihilate the drama, until it has drawn forth from this the elements of its vision."

There is this stanza from the *Bhagavad Gîta:* "He who even here, before the liberation from the body, is able to withstand the impetuous rush of desire and wrath, he is united, he is the happy man" (V, 23).

The third phase of Experience is, therefore, marked by the translation of the sense of identity from the life of sensation to the life of contemplation. Hindu psychology, it may be remarked, is full of references to such a transmutation of consciousness, and has defined stages which mark the increase of *Dhyâna*, the contemplative power, and the corresponding diminution of *Ahankâra*, "the egotistical and *mâyâvic* principle in man." In one of its meanings, the *Nirvâna* of Buddhism seems to signify the culmination of

Dhyâna, when the Self is definitely liberated from the life of sensation, and contemplates the Universe face to face, without mediation, in a direct vision which is also an act of union.

Gaultier does not venture into these depths. He does not speculate upon the ultimate dissociation of the contemplative faculty from sensation, but stresses, rather, the power of the contemplative to experience the joy of disinterested vision, even while, in the sensuous part of his nature, he must continue to feel pleasure and pain and to be vulnerable to every "accident" of Nature.

There is a good reason why the contemplative may deliberately refuse to hasten his evolution. He may be moved by compassion for others less fortunate than himself. By sharing their pleasures and pains, and at the same time by manifesting his detachment, he is in a position to help them, if help can be given.

Gaultier does not feel an unbounded optimism when he contrasts the need of humanity with the apparently limited ability of the contemplatives to satisfy it. "It does not depend upon them—and they know it—that the species of the contemplative man be developed."

In one sense, it does not depend upon them. The grace of God—or its equivalent, in other terms—is the only certain and effective force in the Universe. The contemplative cannot alter the course of Nature. But if he cannot oppose Nature, he can do something better; he can coöperate.

It would seem that at this point the theosophical philosophy opens a door which Gaultier has hesitated to approach or to recognize. For a student of Theosophy, there is no contradiction in the doctrine that the man who has brought to fruition within himself the contemplative power, has by this act immortalized himself. In other words, the seer has individualized an undivided fragment of the Universal Consciousness, and this individual is immortal because its parent, the Universal, is immortal. The individual is an integration of the Universal, or from another point of view and with a change of terms, the Universal assumes individuality when it manifests the attribute of Self-consciousness.

In the light of this theory of individuality, the ancient Logos Doctrine becomes profoundly significant. In its aspect which is, perhaps, most intelligible to us, the Logos or Divine Mind appears as the host of those who have gained Self-consciousness. No individual can enter that host, it is said, without blazing the trail for others. By the mere fact of being what he is, he makes more substantial and more "visible" the ideal "form" reserved for humanity. He cannot force men to follow him, but he can help them on their way.

The Master has been called a "conscious collaborator with Nature."

STANLEY V. LADOW.

SUCCESSFUL SPECULATION

IN the window of a real estate office near New York there is this sign:

"One good investment equals a life-time of labour."

Unjust as this seems, particularly to those who regard the greater good fortune of another as an injury to themselves, it is nevertheless a fact, the truth of which is a matter of common knowledge. We all know men of brains, character and industry who have worked hard all their lives to make meagre ends meet, whereas others, without those qualities, or who possess them only in a far less degree, may have acquired great wealth in a short time. Most men have asked themselves why this should be so in a world ruled by law and justice. To say that the explanation lies in the past, the Karma, in this or earlier lives, of the individuals concerned, does not shed much light on the problem. If by a better past, one man has earned greater brain-power and industry than another, why is it that he has not at the same time earned the right to the material rewards of those powers, instead of having to labour for but a small fraction of what the other gains, seemingly with no work at all? A part of the answer doubtless lies in the fact that it is in the growth of the man himself, and not in that of his bank account, that Karma is interested. Our observation would not lead us to believe that the wealthy who do not have to work, are happier, or grow faster, than those who must earn their living. Quite the contrary—but that is not our present point.

There is another problem—perhaps not unrelated to the first. Why is it that so many of those who are trying for chêlaship, merely plod along, working at themselves and their faults with dogged perseverance, year after year, year after year, and yet getting nowhere,—the routine clerks and bookkeepers of the spiritual life until they die?

One of the fundamental principles of Theosophy is that the universe is one, governed by one set of laws, and that the material world is only the reflection of the spiritual. Hence the laws and forces governing material success must be the reflection—however inverted—of the laws of spiritual success. We are not now speaking of modest attainment, but of pre-eminent success, great wealth in the material world, or great wealth in the spiritual world,—which is chêlaship. If we can discover what the forces or qualities are which, when perverted to material ends, may lead to swift material success, we may learn much of the qualities needed to attain swiftly the goal of chêlaship.

"One good investment equals a life-time of labour." What are the qualities that the successful speculator uses?

First of all, he must have some capital. A very little may be enough to begin with, but some he must have. If not, he must plod until he makes it, and what he makes, he must save for his purpose. If he spend it in self-indulgence, he will have to begin again. Next, he must have a sound judgment

of values, a quality that can only be obtained as a result of hard, long-continued and intelligent effort—in this or a former life. To be successful, his purchases must be the outcome of this judgment of values. If, as is the case with most speculators, he buys, not because of the value of what he purchases, but from a desire to "get rich quick", or to get something without working for it, or from the mere love of gambling and excitement, he courts sure disaster, sooner or later. To sound judgment, the successful speculator must add both courage and decision; decision to act boldly on his judgment, courage to risk all on his conviction that he is right. He decides that something—some piece of real estate, for instance—can be bought for much less than its real value. He borrows as much as he can from his bank, puts up all his own capital as security, and makes the purchase, running the risk of losing all he has if he be mistaken; or, on the other hand, if his judgment of values has been sound, with the prospect of making a large profit, perhaps many times his entire original capital. Patience is now necessary, for there is often a long period during which he is without the use of his capital and seems to have received nothing in return. If he lack patience and perseverance, he may have been right and yet lose his reward by yielding to discouragement and giving up too soon. If he perseveres and wins, he acquires the power to make larger gains through the use of his increased capital, provided always that his judgment of values continues to be right.

Does not this sequence conform exactly with the law governing growth in the spiritual world? First some spiritual capital is necessary, and, until we get it, there is nothing for us but dreary plodding at the eradication of our vices and the development of our virtues. Weary and tedious work it is, the job of a routine clerk in the spiritual world, as dull and uninspiring as footing a ledger. But once that minimum of capital has been acquired—and not wasted again in self-indulgence—the situation changes. We are allowed to catch a glimpse of chêlaship, the "Pearl of great price", and our standard of values is tested. Like the speculator, our need now is for decision, courage and a sound judgment of true values. Do we realize that the "great price" is far less than the pearl's worth, and are we willing to "sell all that we have" to gain it, giving up our known pleasures for an unknown joy, resigning self-gratification in all its forms for a selfless reward? And have we the decision and the courage to make our choice, and the perseverance to stand by it, staking all on our faith in the infinite worth of that which we have seen? If we have, the whole Lodge stands ready to loan us all that we need, so that we, too, may multiply our capital many times.

If we will not take the risk, if we lack the faith or the courage to let go of what we have for the hope of gaining infinitely more; or if our judgment of values be still unformed, so that we treasure our desires for self too much to exchange them for a far greater, but as yet unexperienced good, clerks we are, and clerks we shall remain to the end of the chapter, plodding along at our petty vices or equally petty virtues, and getting nowhere.

ROLAND PAGE.

WAR MEMORIES

VI

Life In Occupied Belgium

THE longer I stayed in Brussels, the more I saw of relentless oppression on the part of the Germans; of growing and reckless defiance on the part of the Belgians. For every man who was deported or shot, ten seemed to spring up to avenge him in some strange and unexpected way. Yet the shooting continued. Denunciations were aimed at those in the highest positions of authority as well as at the most obscure, and the slightest suspicion of a petty official, or even an anonymous letter, was enough to seal the fate of the accused person. No one was safe, and we all knew it. I think the *espionnage* was the worst feature of life at this time, for we could go nowhere without the feeling that treacherous hands might seize any one of us at any moment. We had to be careful of the least thing we said or did in public, perhaps in the trams more than anywhere else. German spies, both men and women, were thick, and rode in them day and night; some of the women spies were reported even to be dressed as nuns, and we never knew who might be sitting beside us.

There were heart-racking scenes in the streets too—scenes which seemed to burn themselves into your memory. I recall one day as I was walking down the Rue du Marché aux Herbes, in the middle of the town, that I noticed a man just ahead of me strolling quietly along with his wife. Suddenly I saw a German officer of low rank, accompanied by a couple of soldiers, approach him from the rear, and without warning lay a heavy hand on his shoulder. No word was spoken; no word was necessary; the man knew but too well what it meant—that he was "suspect"; that his turn had come. I saw him go white—how could he help it; I heard the agonized protests of his wife. Then I saw him hurried away, pushed along like an animal, his wife following close in the desperate hope that she could save him, pulling at the sleeves of the soldiers, imploring them to listen, till at last she was literally beaten off; and I knew that if I could but learn that man's name, I would find it among other names of the *fusillés* the next day. For the firing squads were busy. If you stopped to read one of the *affiches*—blood-red they always were—posted up at street corners, you would see lists of the names of men and women alike, who had been shot that morning for one supposed offence or another. Then the following day (if again you stopped to look) you would find a fresh blood-red *affiche* pasted over the last, and so on. The martyrdom increased; the strangle grip tightened; the Germans were trying their best to crush the spirit of the Belgians—but they never succeeded in doing so. Though they were too dense to recognize it, or too arrogant to admit it, they had, as a matter of fact, met a force superior to their own.

We had wonderful bits of news from time to time, which illustrated this; news which sifted through, we never knew quite how, after some of the mock "trials" of well known Belgians, who had been arrested, but who were too prominent to make it advisable to shoot them unceremoniously. The "trial" of the elderly Comtesse de Jonghe made a great stir. Summoned to appear before a court martial, because she had attempted to defend her little granddaughter, roughly handled in the street, she was faced by rows of German officers spangled with decorations. As usual, no lawyer for the defence was permitted. Seating herself calmly, she refused to stand when ordered to do so. When, as a matter of form, she was told by the presiding officer, to give her name, she replied, haughtily:

"It is far more important that you tell me yours; it may be of service to me in the future."

When accused of having done something—I forget now, what it was, but something which she had not done, she retorted with spirit:

"You know perfectly well that is a lie."

And when at the end of the trial (her punishment having been pronounced), all the officers solemnly rose to take the final oath together, she swept her eyes over them in fine scorn:

"*Le serment allemand!*" she laughed derisively, "*On le connait déjà!*"

One can imagine not only the fury, but also the embarrassment of those men, for the Comtesse de Jonghe held a position of importance; her husband, during his lifetime, had been Minister at Vienna, and she was known personally to at least one of those who were present in that room—the young Graf Metternich, who had made the original accusation, though he had, before the War, actually been a guest at her house in Brussels.

This trial became quite an *affaire*, which, though it was only one of many, is not surprising considering the rank of those concerned; but there were the obscure victims of German oppression; men and women who, in any real sense, never had a trial at all, because they were too inconspicuous to be missed—why waste a trial on them? Yet their spirit was the same, unbroken, defiant, like the young Belgian woman, condemned to be shot at sunrise, who spent the last night of her life, while in prison, fearlessly singing *La Brabançonne*, and crying in a loud voice, "*Vive le Roi!*"

The Belgians were not only openly defiant, however. There is a negative insolence which can be more exasperating, more defeating, than flagrant insurrection, and it was in the trams, perhaps, that one had the best examples of this, for it was not at all uncommon to see a fairly well filled first class compartment empty itself with astonishing rapidity, into the second class, when a German or two entered, and I confess it used to afford me great satisfaction to notice some of the more susceptible Germans colour with annoyance when this occurred. The meaning of the unanimous exit was too pointed to be lost even by them. But it was the mock courtesy, so deliberate as to be humiliating, so polished as to give no possible excuse for revenge, which was the best of all. A Belgian gentleman, known to some of us, found, on

one occasion, that he was on the point of getting into a tram at the same moment as a German officer. They collided. The German, his dignity ruffled, remarked with what was intended as biting sarcasm:

"*Après vous, Monsieur!*"

Whereupon the Belgian, with a cool bow, stood aside, saying in his turn:

"*Mais non, Monsieur, après vous; je suis chez moi.*"

I fancy that even the most thick-skinned of the Germans in occupied Belgium must sometimes have wondered if, after all, the "mailed fist" was the one and only method of dealing with a "conquered" enemy.

As the long, dark winter months of 1914–1915 slipped by, conditions grew worse; restrictions increased, and with them came more suffering. In Brussels, though little material damage had been done in the town itself, we found life sad and precarious enough, but when, with a tightening of the heart, we listened to the distant boom of the guns on the Yser, where we knew that a fight to the death was going on, we realized that, after all, our days in Brussels were relatively uneventful. I had been told repeatedly, that if you wanted to see real War-time conditions, you must go into the provinces. So, when toward spring I was given a short respite from work at the hospital, I determined, if possible, to see these things for myself; to learn at first hand from the very people who had suffered the most, something of what those sufferings had been. It was not easy to get the necessary passes; private citizens were not supposed to circulate, and getting from place to place was a problem at best. Fortunately, just at this time, I met an American woman who was about to start on a semi-official tour of certain provincial localities, in the hope of tracing some English girls, known to have been left as *pensionnaires*, just before war broke out, in one or another of the many convents scattered over Belgium. Only fragmentary news of these girls had reached the distracted parents at home, and every effort was to be made to discover and repatriate them. Offering my temporary services for this work, therefore, I again found my "official excuse" for making this impromptu tour of inspection—though I did not, of course, so name it when being interviewed by the authorities. I had some difficulty at the *Kommandantur*. Why did I want to go into the provinces? What was I going to do when I got there? Then (having mentioned the name of a certain town which we wished to visit), to my unbounded surprise:

"That is too near the frontier. You cannot go there."

That wretched frontier! I had hardly had time to think of it since I had crossed it, months ago, and here it was, staring me in the face once more. What was the meaning of it? Despite the unsolved mystery, however, I got my passes, and again I left the *Kommandantur*, and the memory of the frontier with it. No time to bother about little things like that! But how well I remember the day we started, and the severe "jolt" I received. With our small hand bags, we had just entered a tram which was to take us to the station and our train. As we seated ourselves, something—I have never known what—made me turn my head quickly, in the direction of the rear

platform, where a German officer, and a man in civilian dress, who had stepped on immediately after us, were standing. I was just in time to see the officer point at me (I must have taken him by surprise, turning so quickly) and say to his companion: "It is *that* one." I confess I had a very cold shiver indeed. It was the first time, so far as I knew, that I had definitely been marked "suspect", though very likely I had been watched and followed for a long time without noticing it. The only thing to do now, of course, was to appear to have seen nothing, and to continue my way according to schedule. But it was not altogether pleasant, and I may as well record here that, during my whole tour, this unknown man turned up at the most unexpected places. Evidently I was not allowed for long out of his sight.

We had planned to go first to Liège, and from there get, by cart or otherwise (transport being difficult), to several of the neighbouring towns and villages, where we hoped to find some of the English girls who were on our list. I had never been in that part of the country, and it was very much in the spirit of a pilgrimage that I found myself embarking on this journey; for the world will never forget (at least I hope it will not) that tiny corner of Belgium where the first stern and desperate stand was made, in under-garrisoned fort, in rustic village, or in open field, against that grey-green horde of invaders, which swept like a whirlwind over the frontier in the pale, early light of that August dawn, 1914. It is, perhaps, difficult to imagine, after this lapse of years, and with the weight of "peace time conditions" to deaden our memories and our sympathies, the blank consternation which must have reigned in those little outlying towns and hamlets, when the inhabitants found themselves suddenly overwhelmed. German troops under von Emmich had, it is true, been concentrating for several days on the frontier, but the Belgian peasants, paying little heed to what they thought "idle rumours", had no real conception, until it was too late, of the danger which threatened them, for Germany invaded Belgium before any declaration of war had been made,[1] and many of those unhappy people, caught in the first terrible onslaught, were, on that fateful summer morning, almost literally wakened out of sleep to find themselves surrounded and overpowered. Yet, even with that fearful shock of surprise, how little they guessed all the horrors that were in store for them.

The Germans crossed the Belgian frontier on the same date, and it has been said, almost at the same hour that they had invaded France in 1870—they are addicted to the spectacular. They swarmed into the peaceful Belgian countryside along several different routes, running west from Aix-la-Chapelle and Malmedy, their first objective being, of course, Liège. Between that great fortress and the frontier to the south-east, there stretch many miles of beautiful, hilly country, at times heavily wooded, where deep shadowy

[1] "Germany sent her ultimatum to Belgium on the evening of August 2nd. It announced that Germany would violate Belgian neutrality within twelve hours, unless Belgium betrayed it herself, and it was rejected by Belgium the following morning." Toynbee, *The German Terror in Belgium*, page 17.

"The Germans invaded Belgium in the night of August 3–4 without any declaration of war. . . . Germany's final notification of her intentions was not presented in Brussels until about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 4th." Allen, *The Great War*, vol. III, pages 36–7.

gorges and glens shelter swift-running mountain streams, cold and turbulent. It is the northern extremity of the Ardennes, a country which would have been easy to defend, and difficult for large armies to penetrate, save that the invasion was wholly unexpected. To the north of Liège, a great table-land sweeps westward—the best kind of country for the movement of troops on a large scale—but before reaching it, the Meuse would have to be crossed, and it was in order to accomplish this that the surprise attack on the little town of Visé was made, for at that point the river was spanned by a strong bridge. As Liège itself was the key to the valley of the Meuse, so the Meuse has been called "the gateway to the Belgian plains", and it was of the utmost importance to the Germans that before the Belgian army could be fully mobilized, or the French could send reinforcements to dispute their advance, they (the Germans) should secure a firm position on the left bank of the river. Hence it was that, in the night of August 3–4, a small body of Uhlans, and an advance guard of 1500 infantry packed into 150 motor cars, were rushed forward through Gemmenich, just over the border, these being followed by the slower marching columns. The sound of those galloping horses, and that small army of military cars tearing over the silent country roads, through the summer darkness, must have caused the utmost astonishment and misgiving in the minds of the rudely awakened peasants, who watched them sweep past in their headlong descent on Visé. It was the first intimation they had that war had come.

From the very first the German treatment of the Belgian civilian population was so iniquitous, so monstrous, as to stagger public imagination. Scarcely had the War begun, when the whole world was standing aghast at the news which reached it from the burning villages and the sacked and ruined towns—news of the wholesale shooting of unarmed men; of the violation of helpless women and young girls; of the mutilation and butchery of children. This news, coming during the first days chiefly as rumours, grew in volume and vividness until there could no longer be any serious doubt as to the horror of what was happening, and steps were almost immediately taken by the Belgian authorities, to investigate the truth of these rumours. Within a very few days after the War had started, Monsieur Carton de Wiart, the Belgian Minister of Justice, formed, first in Brussels and later continued in Antwerp, a Commission of Enquiry, which probably was the first of these Commissions to be appointed for the investigation of "alleged atrocities"; but there have been many such since that time, and no impartial man or woman who has taken the trouble to read any of the Reports resulting from these Commissions, can doubt the enormity of the crimes for which Germany is responsible.[2]

There is more than this, however, and worse, for, as the result of the investigation, one horrible fact stands out in bold relief, even against the infamous background of the atrocities themselves—the conclusive evidence which proves that these outrages were *deliberately planned*, perhaps the chief points

[2] See "On the Screen of Time", in this issue of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.—EDITORS.

in the evidence being the striking uniformity in the *kind* of crimes committed in countries by no means contiguous (Belgium and Poland, France and Serbia), and also that these crimes, in the peculiarly vile forms known to us, stopped as abruptly as they began. It has sometimes been said by neutrally-minded people (they generally call themselves "fair-minded") that brutality and crime always accompany warfare, and that the "alleged atrocities" in Belgium and France were no worse than those of any other war; when troops get out-of-hand, "atrocities" always follow, etc. These same people, however, can find no answer when asked to explain the remarkably sudden termination of these early atrocities. You cannot, on a fixed date, stop wholesale murder and debauchery when these are the simple result of out-of-hand troops. "A deliberate policy of terrorism" is the *only* explanation.

The worst of these unspeakable barbarities committed by the Germans, known to all the world as "the atrocities", and being, as they are now recognized because of their bestiality, unique in the annals of "civilized" warfare, all happened within the first three months of the War, and then, in their peculiarly revolting and iniquitous character, they ceased. This, of course, does not mean that *all* atrocities ceased, but, as it has been said: "The crimes of the invasion, and the crimes of the occupation are of a very different order from one another." When Germany saw that the War was not being won as swiftly and as surely as had been anticipated, and that it was therefore unwise to ignore public opinion, the atrocities on the old scale, and of the original monstrous type, ended. Germany, faced by outraged public opinion with charges (thoroughly investigated and well docketed) of murder, rape and incendiarism, of course denied the truth of these allegations (the noble conduct of the German Army being above question), adding that the German Government had ordered an investigation, and that the results of this were "awaited with calmness and confidence." The German Government was thereupon invited by the Allied Governments to explain the tragic presence (in certain specified localities of conquered territory) of "the graves of five or six thousand civilians, recently slain." The answer was: "*Man hat geschossen*"—that was *always* the answer. It was maintained that when German troops were fired upon by civilians, reprisals were necessary as well as inevitable; the guilty must be shot in their turn. But even if these legends of the *franc tireurs* had been true (which, save in rare and isolated cases, could never be proved) the wholesale rape of women and young girls; the bayoneting and strangling of children, even of babies in arms, was still to be explained. The most preposterous, and, to any but a German, tragically ludicrous reasons were sometimes given as excuses for indiscriminate and horrible slaughter. In several cases it was asserted that German troops had been fired upon by girls of fifteen, and this desperado behaviour on the part of Belgian children (for the sake of argument supposing it to be true) appears to have caused such blind panic in the breasts of the intrepid invaders, that, in one case at least, a single little girl was responsible for a general stampede, and so intimidated the Commanding Officer (who claimed that he had been the special target at

which the young Amazon aimed) that he then and there ordered the execution of eighteen civilians of all ages, including several priests. It is proverbial that the German troops, with their officers into the bargain, had a *crise de nerfs* whenever an unexpected shot was heard, even when this shot was later proved to have been fired by one of their own men. But perhaps above all other incriminating evidence, is that of the German soldiers—"German guilt was established by the Germans themselves". The diaries kept by the men in the ranks, and found by the Allies upon the German dead, furnish proof enough that the unspeakable atrocities were "systematically organized".

Of course I heard many stories while I was in the provinces. Few of them, however, can be repeated; but even were this possible, they would pale in the writing, for a welter of horrors seems to fill my memory,—horrors both heard and seen. It was my experience that few of those simple countryfolk wished to speak of what had befallen them; they were very reticent when telling of their sufferings—it could hardly be otherwise, remembering what those sufferings were. There were no heroics; the agony had been too great. But when they *did* speak, it made you feel as though you were touching a red-hot coal; an intense, still heat which smouldered.

While stationed in Ghent, I had thought that the adjacent country where I worked with my unit—that towns like Termonde and Alost for instance—showed a state of devastation which it would be impossible to equal anywhere else; that nowhere else could there be such a pall of desolation, such an atmosphere of misery and suffering. But as I look back on it now, there is a strangely indefinable difference between East Flanders as it was at that early time, and the Liège district when I visited it six months later. I think perhaps, that the distinction was to be found, not so much in what one saw as in what one felt, and perhaps what one felt, just behind the thin veil of material devastation, was the emotional devastation caused by the very *suddenness* of the horror which those poor frontier peasants experienced when they found themselves, and those who were dear to them, facing shame and death of a kind they had never imagined. In almost a moment of time, whole families were wiped out of existence—even before they had fully realized that a war had started. It was the kind of horror which, because of its very sharpness, must have stabbed itself with indelible imprint on the surrounding atmosphere, to remain there for long years afterwards. Yet other parts of Belgium suffered just as much, or more; the massacres at Aerschot, Louvain, Dinant, Tamines, were really worse in many ways, than those at Visé—none the less there was a distinction. You could seldom explain the intangible differences which were felt in the regions where the Germans had passed, but those atmospheric changes (if one may so call them) were familiar to us all. I have known many people to speak of them.

Visé was a small but thriving town of about four thousand souls—a happy, gay little town on the Meuse. In one night it was destroyed, completely, irrevocably. A German describing it wrote: "It vanished from the map." The terrified inhabitants, when they saw the danger that was threatening them, did not know whether to hide in their cellars or to try to escape. Their

hesitation was, in most cases, their doom. When I first saw Visé, in the dusk of a cold and stormy evening—an evening of scudding rack and blustering wind—it was but a mass of blackened, crumbling walls, unimaginably desolate; a sight to make one shudder. Save for a gaunt and stealthy cat or two, moving like shadows, swiftly and noiselessly across the dim, waste spaces (cats always lurked in these ravaged and forsaken towns) there was no living thing in sight. It looked like a place on which a curse had fallen. I got out of the rough, country cart which had brought us to Visé, and groped my way alone into some of the poor tortured houses—pitiful ruins that had once been homes; peeping into the silent, twilight rooms now open to the sky; rooms with tottering walls aslant, ready to crash down, where even in that sad light I could see the spattering of bullet marks which told their tragic story. But the wind shrilled sharply through the openings in the walls, a bitter, crying sound in that silent wilderness, and ghostly faces seemed to crowd too near, so I hurried out again.

At a neighbouring village the next day, I met a man whose home had been in Visé, and I asked him if he would tell me about the coming of the Germans there. "It was horrible," he said, and I saw the colour die out of his face, "but my loss was like those of many others,—I must not forget that." Then he told me of the madness and the terror of that single night; how whole families had been burnt alive in their houses—houses set on fire by the German troops, following the orders of their officers. He saw these orders given, and the methodical way the fires were started, for he was held prisoner in the street, and watched it all. Many of those poor townspeople, however, had stayed indoors, hoping for safety, not guessing what was taking place; until, seeing the spreading conflagration, they came rushing out, vainly thinking to escape. But the Germans, savagely intoxicated, pushed them back into their burning homes, time and time again, threatening to shoot them whenever they ventured out. Some of the men of the town had been seized, and crowded together in groups in the street, where, encircled by a wall of Germans, they were forced to stand outside their own houses as they blazed and crackled. That is what happened to the man who was talking to me: with his hands tied tight behind him, he was placed directly in front of his home where his family was imprisoned, and he watched the panic-stricken face of his wife, pressed against the window, pleading, beseeching; he heard above the hellish noises all about him, the screams of his own children, as the first hot flames caught, and scorched them—he faltered as he told me of it. Then, when the roof crashed in, and everything there was still, he was marched away with many others, the procession swelling as it advanced through the town, joined by more prisoners of all ages and both sexes. The streets, he told me, were like a vast furnace; the stones were hot under his feet as he passed along. The houses, blazing or smouldering on both sides, were flaming torture chambers where the cries of the dying could be heard; or smoking ruins where charred bodies lay, in horrible contortions. He saw the sweat streaming down the faces of those with whom he marched, for the heat from the burning houses was almost past

endurance, and the blinding light made it brighter than day. They were led out into the country, beyond the limits of the town, and there they were herded, without food or shelter, being told that they would all be shot in the morning. There were a great many of them—men and women with little whimpering babies, and young children, crying with hunger and with fright. All that night, he said, he listened to the sound of German troops, moving south along the river, toward Liège. They passed in an endless tide, a grey avalanche in the darkness, which, however, he then realized was not really darkness, because of the glow of the burning town, not far away. When morning came, there was a kind of sorting out, with no particular method so far as he could see, and many were shot as they stood, while others were made to dig graves and bury them. That day, husbands buried wives, and mothers buried children. He was one of those who were turned loose, though he never knew why, and he was now trying to make a fresh start (though he said he had little heart for it) patching together what he could from the wreckage of that one night.

We travelled over a great part of the Liège district, visiting many villages and towns in search of our English girls, and everywhere the stories were the same—loathsome stories of children of two or three and less, with their throats cut, dangling on poles by the roadside, their mothers, first horribly mutilated and finally killed, lying not far off; stories of the ravishing of young girls in the presence of their parents, who, being bound hand and foot, could do nothing to defend them—I talked with two mothers to whom this had happened; stories of the shooting of boys who were "too young to die", as one of them had protested boldly in the face of a firing squad. You never got to the end of these horrors, and always there was the same comment by the Belgian peasants themselves: "But we had no warning; we did not know they were coming until we saw them at our doors." I remember a woman in a little village, somewhat to the north of Battice (I cannot recall the name, for I went to so many) who told me in graphic terms, how she and her husband were drinking their morning coffee on August 4th, when her son, a lad of fourteen, who had just started for some work in the fields, rushed back with the news that German soldiers were pouring into the other end of the village. They listened, and heard the sound of heavy feet marching; then suddenly a shot, and an old man's quavering voice crying out. It was a neighbour of theirs, a man of over eighty, who had by chance been crossing the village street, and who had been shot down for no reason whatever. He had died almost immediately. That first shot, though fired by themselves, seemed to have turned the Germans into wild beasts, she said, and horrible things began to happen almost before she and her husband had time to get up from the table where they were sitting. The Germans came rushing down the village street yelling like demons; shooting in at the windows, breaking down the doors of the houses, bayoneting or shooting people indiscriminately. Within an hour her husband and her boy were both killed at her side, the village had been deliberately set on fire, and she herself, with many others, was then marched

out of it (*driven out*, would be more correct) for several miles along the road, toward Liège. They had to walk in front of the German troops, though they did not know why, nor did they know where they were being taken. When an old woman fell from exhaustion, she was bayoneted in the back, and then kicked to one side of the road; if others so much as stumbled, they were seized and kicked or cut open with a bayonet; a baby, crying too persistently, was shot dead with its mother—one bullet killed them both. At last, after being driven like cattle for many miles, they were told, in broken French by a German officer, that they could return to their village, though there was nothing to return to, for the village was a heap of cinders. And all this time these bewildered peasants who had had no warning that war had come, kept wondering what it all meant—this driving them about the country in front of the Germans—and the woman who was telling me of it said that it was not until sometime later, when she heard of similar experiences in other villages, that she understood the reason for it. Before long, of course, it became a matter of common knowledge that Belgian non-combatants were used as a screen for the Germans, who knew that in this way they were safe from attack by the Belgian Army. It had only been because they did not happen to meet any Belgian troops on that particular occasion, that she and her fellow-prisoners were set at liberty. She said she supposed that people in other villages, farther along the road to Liège, had later been used as a screen in their stead, though she had never, of course, heard.

After we had finished our investigations around Liège, we went on to Namur, and it was in this way that I got to Tamines, and heard at first hand what the Germans had done there. The story of Tamines, one of the blackest in the whole course of the War, became so well known that one hesitates to write about it. Yet, for all its familiarity, many of us have ceased to think of it; some have probably forgotten it.

We reached there late one afternoon, and I, wandering alone through the almost empty streets, past ruined houses, telling the old, brutal tale, came at last to the village church, with its shattered belfry and its bullet-splintered walls, and beside it the little graveyard which had become so celebrated—at least to those of us who lived in Belgium. I turned in here, sadly drawn by the long rows of new, wooden crosses, all of the same rude simplicity, and standing as they did in serried ranks, like a dense forest of tiny trees. They filled to overflowing the small enclosure, which had never been planned for so great and sudden a toll of death. These crosses, all of single date, differed only in the names painted roughly upon them—names of men and women and children, of all ages, from childhood to four score years and ten. Hundreds of these graves there were, and all in that one small village, and all in that one small graveyard, lying so quietly on the banks of the little river Sambre which has given its name to a bloody and ruthless massacre. As I stood looking at these little, closely planted crosses, so eloquent in their very roughness, and the evident haste with which they had been made, I became aware that I was not alone. A peasant woman was standing there among them too, apparently

absorbed in thought, so I kept very still, hoping not to disturb her. Presently, however, seeing that I was a foreigner (and not a German!) she came quietly over and spoke to me, and as we talked, the usual barriers of reticence gradually disappeared. She was a woman of about forty, I should think; sturdy and strong like one accustomed all her life to work in the fields, but with an indescribable air of refinement, none the less; and she told me simply and quite evidently without embellishment, of the utter tragedy of that August day, eight months before.

French troops had already arrived from the neighbourhood of Charleroi, she said, and this at first gave them courage, for many stories had reached them of the terrible things which had happened in other towns. But there were not many of these troops, and one day the Germans swept in like a torrent, pushing them back to the bridge across the river, where there was sharp fighting. The French lost the bridge and had to retreat. The firing was, of course, heard in the village, but no one there knew just what was happening, until some of the Germans suddenly returned, shouting and gesticulating.

"It was early in the day," she said, "and I was at home, when my husband and my two sons came hurrying in, with anxious faces, shutting and bolting the door after them. Then they told me what they had just heard and seen in the village square—that the Germans had come swarming back on the run; that they were livid with hate, shouting that we had fired on them from the rear, while they were fighting the French, and that we were all going to be shot. My husband and I looked at each other in a kind of blank despair, for we knew only too well the way trouble had begun in other towns; we knew what had happened before, for that kind of news travels fast."

Then she told me of the tumult which started; how people were dragged from their houses into the open; how she saw women and men and young girls and children, standing in bewildered and terrified groups; the men trying to keep in front of their wives and daughters, in order to protect them, though being jostled and prodded by the German soldiers who seemed mad with excitement. It was the same kind of horror which I had heard of over and over again, though for all the sameness, there was never lacking a hellish versatility in the way the Germans did things, for at Tamines they made the men of the town parade up and down, and up and down through the streets that livelong day, while their houses were being looted and then set on fire before their very eyes; while their wives and mothers and children were forced to look on. Hoping to terrorize their victims, mock executions were held throughout the day, small groups of the men being separated from the rest, and stood against a wall, the Germans then firing just above their heads. At intervals too, there were real executions, when some of those poor villagers, thinking that another mock execution was to take place, were shot none the less, and left lying in heaps, no one being allowed to go near them, even though, as in some cases, there were those who still lived and cried for help. Sometimes they were made to lie down in front of the machine guns, not knowing whether they were to be killed or not. Sometimes, again, just to break the

monotony, the Germans fired into the crowd of village women, whom they had compelled to follow, killing women and children both. When evening came, and most of the town was burnt, and all save the Germans were sickened by the orgy, between four and five hundred of these men were taken to the village green, near the church, the women again being forced to accompany them. The Sambre flows gently past the green, and it was on the banks of the little river that the final scenes took place. Despite the agonized protests and outcries of the women, who begged for the lives of their husbands and their sons, the men and boys were lined up there, in the gathering twilight, in three long rows, one behind the other; the signal was given and the firing began, first with rifles, and when that did not do the work quickly enough, machine guns were turned on them. They dropped, of course—scores and scores at a time. Countless numbers fell backwards into the river. If they were still alive, they drowned; if they were dead, what did it matter? The little Sambre ran red with blood, just as at Dinant the Meuse had run red with blood. Sometimes those who were only half dead, clung madly to the edge, but the Germans, with a thrust of the bayonet, pushed them in again, more wounded than before. Sometimes the wounded were seen trying to swim across to the opposite bank, in the hope of escape, but the Germans picked them off one by one, and the corpses were carried down on the tide. Most of the victims of this unspeakable massacre fell in the village square itself, however, and lay in great, shapeless heaps, the dead and the half dead together. The woman who was telling me of it, and who had been present through it all (her husband and her two sons lay dead there with the rest) could hardly finish her story. The firing continued without break, until not one of those four hundred odd men was left standing, and darkness had fallen. All that night German soldiers crept about among the bodies, looking for those who might still be alive. If any such were found, they were bayoneted at once. With the first light of day a pitiful scene took place, for more of the townsfolk were marched into the square and were forced to dig one long trench, and to bury their own brothers or fathers or sons. My poor peasant woman said that somehow, that was the worst of all, for she buried with her own hands, in that common trench, her husband and her two boys—all she had in the world. "I can never forget their faces," she said, "nor the faces of the other dead." It was somewhat later, she continued, that the people of Tamines were able to remove the bodies to the little graveyard, where they were now lying, lying all about us as we stood there talking. "And these are *my* graves," she whispered softly, pointing to three close at hand, and exactly like all the rest.

I noticed that each was carefully and lovingly decorated with the usual little bead-flower wreaths—those little flower wreaths which one has grown to care for very much, because of what they mean to those who have lost much; and then I bent toward the three little crosses, and read the names there, and the ages—forty-six, eighteen, sixteen. And the dates—all the same, August 22nd, 1914.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

ASPECTS OF THE GREEK GENIUS

STUDENTS of Theosophy may find it significant that there is at the present time a revival of interest in Greek philosophy, more especially in its relation to Christian thought. There is a marked tendency among Christian writers to seek in the Greek genius for the source and origin of many of their own religious beliefs. They find this valuable, not only as affording light on the teachings of St. Paul, but also as explaining much that is profound and deep-rooted in modern interpretations of Christianity. The tendency of theologians in the Middle Ages was to refer constantly to Aristotle as the source of all learning; they came to regard the mastery of Aristotelian theories as the hall-mark of true knowledge. They failed to realize that knowledge must be gained through individual experience and progress, and their misunderstanding was responsible for much of the narrow dogmatism of scholastics, ever since mediæval times. The modern tendency is rather to turn to Plato for a wider interpretation of Christian theology; the emphasis is on the need for right action, in conformity with religious or philosophic ideals, as being the only road to spiritual knowledge.

The Principal of University College, Toronto, Maurice Hutton, has recently published a book[1] which is of wide interest, not only to classical students, but also to those who are chiefly concerned with modern problems. The book is a discussion of the moral and political systems of the Greeks, and their religious and philosophic ideals. It does not treat of the Greek view of life in general, as comprising art, literature, science, but is concerned mainly with their moral standards, shown in the light of modern ideals, and compared with the Christian tradition. In his study of Greek racial characteristics, the author makes interesting comparisons between the ancient Greeks and the French of modern times, for whom he has keen sympathy. The first chapter is perhaps the most interesting, as showing his own philosophy of life, and his admiration for the ideals of Christianity, which he finds in the two great commandments, duty to God and duty to our neighbour, with their implied standards of purity, righteousness, love and justice. He regrets that we have, too often, substituted for these a "poor and lop-sided version of Christianity", and he recognizes the need for a "vital and real Christianity" comprising the best elements of ancient tradition, as well as the noble ideals usually associated with the Christian teaching. "Life is a balance and a compromise not to be solved by fanatics", he says, and, in all ethical considerations, declares that we shall be wise to remember the Greek standard of the "happy mean," which often embodies the highest wisdom.

In considering the moral system of the Greeks, it is well to bear in mind that their virtues are essentially "political"; for the Greek was, first and

[1] *The Greek Point of View.*

foremost, a citizen, at all times conscious of social and political obligations. The nearest counterpart to this is the French idea of citizenship, and Maurice Hutton declares that the French are "infinitely more classical, especially more Greek, than the other nations of Europe." But the Greek system of small city-states, which could legislate for the whole of life, has no counterpart in any modern system of government. Those who extol the Greek love of freedom and democratic government must be reminded that their government was, according to modern ideas, essentially un-democratic; it was really the rule of a comparatively small body of free citizens, who controlled a considerable population of merchants and slaves having no political rights. This point is clearly brought out in another excellent book,[2] which was published at the end of the last century, and is still one of the standard works on the Greek genius. Professor Hutton also recognizes this point, and makes clear that he has no love for democracy, as such, but considers it useful as "a method for discovering the only true aristocracy, and the only real 'Divine right' to rule, the right of the best character and the best ability." Such an "aristocracy" was actually in force during the best period of Greek history, in the Athens of Pericles; all too soon, it was superseded by the rule of demagogues, and illiterate though able men, and to this change can be traced the downfall of the Greek political system.

The Greeks of the fifth century B.C. achieved a standard of patriotism which has been the admiration of later ages. It was seen at its highest in the Spartan state, where a rigorous system of military training produced a martial type of citizen. In Athens also, the ideal of patriotism reached a high level, as exemplified in the famous funeral oration recorded by Thucydides. In that oration, Pericles asserts that Athens is the "school of Hellas"; and indeed the intellectual achievements of the Athenians were a remarkable example to the rest of the Greeks. It is true that the Greek idea of patriotism tended to be narrow and restricted, though there existed a wider view of Pan-Hellenic interests, as exemplified at Delphi. In later times, Alexander the Great, with his plans for world-conquest, achieved a new unity, and extended Greek influence beyond the limits of the known world. But, in the fifth century, patriotism tended to degenerate into an "enlightened self-interest," which put the claims of the city before all other considerations, and was unscrupulous as to the means whereby the city-state achieved fame and success.

With the Greeks, the idea of duty was associated with that which was fitting, or beautiful, *to kalon*, and the appeal which it made was to the intellect, rather than to the will and the emotions. The converse of this is seen in the French patriotism, which rose to great heights in the years of the Great War. Maurice Hutton attributes this to the decrease in influence of the French "intellectuals", and the rise of a number of patriotic writers who understood the true basis of French belief: "If France awoke again and

[2] *The Greek View of Life*, by G. Lowes Dickinson.

became herself again, and proud and free even in the midst of uncounted and incalculable calamities, it is not because the intellectuals were ruling her, but because she reverted to a much older and simpler and more natural and therefore more mystical mood; to the cult of her natural and national instincts and her sense of national duty." The author expresses his admiration for martial courage, and states: "Modern Pacifists, in their horror of war, write as if no soldier had ever fought with the gay courage of high spirits and with the joyous love of adventure . . . . yet such courage was frequent before Germany and science 'poisoned' war, and emptied it of some of its best ingredients."

The Greeks had a fine appreciation of martial honour and fame, but, in their dealings with other states, and in their intercourse with their fellowmen, they had too little understanding of what is meant by a "sense of honour". The Greek "gentleman", who was *kalos kai agathos* (literally, beautiful and good), did not recognize the necessity for strict truthfulness, loyalty and straight dealing, such as we associate with the term; many of the ideals of chivalry would be entirely foreign to Greek mentality. Maurice Hutton suggests that the Greek virtues are mainly intellectual, and that "this distinction of knowledge and will, this preponderance of intellect in the Greek system of ethics and this minimizing of the will, is the very heart and core of all that is most characteristic of Greece, ... and most alien to later civilizations, whether Roman or Christian."

This statement is of importance because it is the basis of the whole discussion concerning the Greek point of view, the author asserting that the Greeks "ignored the will, because they were constitutionally deficient in will-power". Those who are interested in the study of Greek history cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that Greek civilization rapidly attained a height which has not often been surpassed by later nations, yet it was only maintained at that level for a short half-century, and the rapid decline and downfall of the Greek states is one of the tragedies of history. This early downfall has been attributed to various causes; a reasonable explanation seems to be that the artistic and intellectual development of the Greeks was ahead of their moral standards and ideals. The failure, on the part of the Athenians, to realize the essential need of discipline in education, and of the training of the will, brought to naught the fine promise of their early civilization, and diverted the spiritual energies of the nation into lower channels.

It is true that the Spartans evolved a magnificent system of military discipline, one which evoked the admiration of Plato, and which has been admired by military enthusiasts throughout the ages; but it is the general verdict of history that it failed to achieve lasting results because of the narrowness and dogmatism which it engendered. The Spartan general, when fighting at home, was a fine example of patriotism and endurance, but if he chanced to leave his country, and go abroad, he frequently renounced his former ideals and standards, and turned traitor against his own state. This was the case

of Pausanias, the Spartan leader at the time of the Persian wars, and his failure was repeated by others; so that the "Spartan abroad" became a proverbial term to describe disloyalty to tradition and state. It would seem that the discipline was too mechanical and unintelligent to serve as a basis for lasting character, such as could stand against changes of circumstance and environment.

In later centuries, St. Paul, the great Apostle to the Greeks, understood the national failure in the matter of discipline, and set himself to show, by example and teaching, the necessity for training the will and mastering the passions, as an athlete seeks to gain control of his physical powers: "But they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible . . . ." His philosophy, which was influenced by Greek systems, and which had so great an influence on Western thought, rests on an essentially practical basis. He shows the eternal conflict between higher and lower nature—"the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do"—and he vindicates the triumph of the Higher Self, when the lower nature has been trained to become an obedient servant.

In the Platonic system of metaphysics, one of the most important of the definitions of virtue is that it is equivalent to knowledge. In several of the dialogues, Socrates insists on the fact that men do not knowingly choose an unwise or evil course of action, but only do so because they are not sufficiently instructed as to the better way. This premise points to the conclusion that virtue can be imparted by teaching, an assertion which seems to run counter to human experience. Socrates was concerned to emphasize the admonition of the Delphic oracle: "Know thyself"; to show the importance of wisdom and understanding in the whole conduct of life. By his own life of self-sacrifice he demonstrated that wisdom-in-action is the only real proof of the validity of philosophical theories, for he died to uphold his principle of loyalty to the Higher Self, the Divinity within. Unfortunately his followers overlooked the vital connection between wisdom and action, and many of them —as the scholastics and intellectuals of the Middle Ages—were content to wander in the mists of metaphysical theories. Thucydides reports, in the funeral oration of Pericles, that the Athenians were philosophers, without being deficient in active power; yet this ideal was all too rarely attained, and only for a short period, in fifth-century Athens. Plato recognizes the eternal conflict between higher and lower nature; in the *Phædrus*—one of the most inspired of the dialogues—he gives a vivid picture of that conflict in the parable of the charioteer with his two winged horses. For the charioteer is the Soul, and one of the steeds is obedient and reasonable, and strives to fly on the upward course, and the other is unruly and impetuous, and ever drags the chariot to a lower level. The whole art of the charioteer is concentrated on taming the unruly steed.

In contrast to the Platonic theory that "virtue is knowledge," there is the Christian teaching that virtue depends on discipline of the will, and one purpose of asceticism is to provide this essential discipline. Both points of

view are necessary to arrive at a more complete understanding of the subject, and a reconciliation lies in an enlightened sense of the value of wisdom, as inspiring action, and of consistent right action, as leading to greater wisdom. Theosophy suggests this reconciliation, by its definition of "wisdom in action"; St. Paul exemplifies this in the person of Christ, the Wisdom of God and the Power of God. It has been suggested that St. Paul, with his profound philosophic and intellectual training, saved Christianity from becoming solely a Jewish sect, and gave it the orientation necessary for it to appeal to the world of Greek thought and Roman rule. That world cried out for a living Saviour, and sent its cry to reach the heart of the Apostle to the Gentiles: "Come over and help us." Throughout the ages the strong Hebraic interpretation given to the gospel of Christ by his Jewish followers, has needed to be corrected and redirected by a wider understanding of essential Truth. The Hebrew emphasis is on Goodness, and the need for discipline; Greek thought turns more readily in the direction of Beauty and of Truth. The eternal Trinity of Truth, Beauty and Goodness has found its highest expression in the living example of the Masters of Wisdom. Followers of the Christian Master sometimes regret the fact that, too often, the ideal of Beauty has been sacrificed to a rigid asceticism or narrow dogmatism, far removed from the teaching and example of their Master.

That ideal of Beauty is perhaps the finest heritage left by the Greeks to the Western world. It is seen at its noblest in the philosophy of Plato, who was a passionate lover of the Beautiful, which he identified with the True and the Good. "In Greek thought, the Good was, perhaps, that which contains within itself the perfect realization of its nature." In *The Greek Point of View*, Maurice Hutton tends to under-estimate the importance of that ideal of Beauty, the theme of several of the dialogues, especially the *Phædrus*, because he interprets the Platonic system in its intellectual aspect, rather than in its moral and spiritual implications.[3]

It is not easy to sum up, in a few words, the Platonic Theory of Ideas, but its essential implication was, that there exists, in Reality, the counterpart of every created form in the world of manifestation, and also of every intellectual concept in human thought. This last he termed an Idea; it is the spiritual prototype which the intellect apprehends and embodies in a living thought. There is the absolute Beauty, Truth and Goodness, which exist as eternal Ideas; so also, descending the scale of moral and spiritual values, there exist the Ideas of truths, which are more living and real than their outer expressions.

Inseparable from the Theory of Ideas, is the teaching concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and this has, too often, been misunderstood by students of Plato. For instance, Maurice Hutton suggests that this is not a "personal" immortality, but only the survival of the impersonal and rational part of the soul, which may exist through successive incarnations, but with no apparent

[3] One of the best of the short summaries of Platonic philosophy is found in a small handbook, *Plato*, by A. E. Taylor.

thread of consciousness. While this is a view often taught and accepted at the Universities, it is, in the opinion of the present writer, far removed from what Plato himself taught. To refute it, it is necessary to refer the reader to the *Phædo*, the dialogue of Socrates and his disciples, just before the fulfilment of the death sentence passed upon him. It is the most magnificent vindication of Plato's belief in immortality,—not, it is true, the survival of the "personal" man, as consisting of a physical body, and its mental and emotional attributes, but the indestructibility of the soul which is, according to Plato, the most real and vital part of man's nature, and the only part worthy of serious consideration by the philosopher. The true student of philosophy cares only for the welfare of the soul; and though, in this life, only great Masters can have complete knowledge of eternal Truth, we approach it when, according to Socrates, "we are not infected with the bodily nature, but remain pure until the hour when God himself is pleased to release us. And then the foolishness of the body will be cleared away, and we shall be pure and hold converse with other pure souls, and know of ourselves the clear light everywhere, which is no other than the light of Truth. . . . There is great hope that, going whither I go, I shall have the full enjoyment of that which has been the chief concern of you and me in our past lives." Could any philosopher hope for a finer fulfilment of all his noblest aspirations, and is not this far removed from many of the cold and abstract and "impersonal" interpretations often given? Maurice Hutton asserts that "Socrates kept an open mind to the end about the Great Assize . . . . and never shut his eyes to the possibility that he would never open them again when the sun had set and the hemlock had done its work." But in so saying he has surely misunderstood the essence of Socratic belief, and failed to appreciate the keen "Socratic irony". As a final message of comfort to his sorrowing disciples, Socrates expresses his glad hope of attaining to mansions far more beautiful and radiant than anything which could be imagined on earth: "Every pure and just soul which has passed through life in the company and under the guidance of the gods has also her own proper home." And again: "Let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures of the body and has followed the pleasures of knowledge, and has arrayed his soul in her jewels—temperance, justice, courage, nobility, truth."[4]

Socrates' faith in the Immortality of the Soul rests, to a great extent, on the theory of Reincarnation, which is fully treated in the *Phædo*, and developed by Plato in the 10th book of the *Republic* in the famous myth of Er, which concludes: "Believing every soul to be immortal and able to endure every kind of good, and every kind of evil, we shall hold fast to the upward road . . . . and it shall be well with us, both in this life and in the journey of the 1000 years hereafter."[5]

Granted the acceptance of Immortality and of Reincarnation, the theory is developed that knowledge is really recollection of information gained in a

[4] *Phædo*: 67, 108, 115.
[5] *Republic*, X, 621.

previous existence. This theory is discussed in the *Meno*, in regard to intellectual attainments, while in the *Phædrus*, in passages of wonderful eloquence and vigour, Socrates describes how the soul, before being joined to the body, traverses celestial regions and beholds the essences of things in their Beauty. Intuition, *nous*, guides the soul in that region where true knowledge exists, and the "felicity which divine souls possess is that of seeing Truth." The impression left by that vision is so profound that it can never be entirely obliterated from the soul; at some time or other, during life on earth, some form of loveliness kindles a flash of intuition, and the soul recollects, dimly perhaps and confusedly, its previous knowledge of transcendent Beauty which endures eternally. One is reminded of mediæval mystics who could not find words in which to express their sense of the Beauty of things celestial, seen in a vision of surpassing splendour, "*visio Essentiæ Dei*". In the *Phædrus*, the followers of Socrates discuss the different manifestations of Love; but the philosopher himself transcends all their definitions in his conception of true Love as divine in origin, and a source of blessing to him who rightly loves. Sometimes, in the middle of a "rhapsody", Socrates breaks off, fearing, perhaps, to say too much, or because the "divine voice", which governed his actions, forbade him to divulge the mysteries of the inner life of the Soul.

That emphasis on the "inner life" seems to Maurice Hutton to be an essentially Christian characteristic, and to be different from the Greek idea of a "private life" of intellectual speculation. Yet a kindred expression can be found in Plato's *Republic*, concerning the "inner man"—a phrase echoed, more than once, by St. Paul. Again, the Christian emphasis on the need for a "second birth" has a parallel in the Socratic theory of conversion, which is really the orientation of the Soul towards the light of Truth. The virtues of the "inner life" are not identical, it is true, in the view of the ancient Greek and the modern Christian. For instance, the Christian idea of humility, as the basis of the virtues, has no immediate counterpart in Greek thought, and seems contrary to Greek ideas of self-reliance and freedom. Yet there exists a reconciliation of the two points of view, and perhaps it is to be found in a definition of "intellectual equipoise and judgment, above the fallacies of self-love." Maurice Hutton takes St. Paul as an example of humility of the will and emotions, rather than of the intellect, but he overlooks the fact that virtue must be illumined by the light of wisdom. Socrates, who was declared by the oracle at Delphi to be the wisest of men, realized that, in fact, he knew nothing at all. That realization was, at the same time, profound wisdom and wise humility. In an interesting comparison between Socrates and the Christian Master, the author finds this "arresting and significant trait—perfect humility with absolute authority." Too often, the followers of Christ have confused humility with self-abasement, and so have antagonized the man of action who admires manliness, courage, self-reliance.

The reconciliation lies in the Greek sense of the "mean" between two extremes, as being the nearest approach to Truth. They considered virtue as a balance between apparently conflicting principles; the part taken by the

will is that of exercising an intelligent choice, which is only possible when some measure of knowledge has been attained. The Universe, according to Plato, is governed by order, rhythm and harmony, and evil is akin to disorder. He who would govern his own Soul must do so in obedience to the law of order; hence Plato emphasizes the all-importance of self-control. That quality was widely-embracing; it implied poise and judgment, modesty and reasonableness, good taste and a sense of the "fitness of things"; the exercise of it required a fine training, which was provided by the educational system of Plato. The qualifications which he considers essential for rulers are courage and gentleness. The Greek "self-control" is not incompatible with Christian "humility", which has been defined by a theologian as the "exact truth"; but, in practice, the Greek tended always to underestimate the need of discipline, the Christian to overlook the value of good taste and a sense of proportion. According to Maurice Hutton, "the Greeks express in terms of knowledge and thought what we express in terms of will and feeling"; he appreciates the humour of a penetrating phrase: "Life is a tragedy to those who feel, and a comedy to those who think." True balance is only attained when the thinkers learn the depths of compassion, and those who feel profoundly learn to control emotion by Wisdom. Modern psychology and psycho-analysis, which Maurice Hutton despises, are far from having understood that necessary distinction.

In order to appreciate fully the Greek ideal of Beauty, it would be necessary to study its different manifestations in every form of Art. The finest examples of Greek sculpture and architecture of the fifth century B.C. have impressed the world by their grandeur, dignity and harmony, and those qualities rest on an enlightened sense of balance and proportion, inspired by religious enthusiasm. Again, the Greek sense of Beauty can be traced throughout their wonderful literature, in the melody of their lyric poetry, and in the passionate grandeur of their drama. The tragedies illustrate always a conflict of opposing forces, and their interpretation rests on a sense of the reconciliation which is suggested, or implied, even in the darkest moments. Euripides often relies for his effect on a recognition-scene; and there must be a counterpart of that recognition, in the intellectual perception of the student of Greek tragedy. These subjects are not touched upon by the author of *The Greek Point of View*. In the chapter which he devotes to "Virtue and Art," he is dealing with the art of Life, as the application of the science of Life, the basis of the discussion. If the Idea of Beauty is to be sought in the manifestations of the Greek creative genius, the Idea of Truth should be traced in the method and system of Greek scientists, who have contributed so largely to the development of scientific knowledge in the Western world. According to the Platonic view, the love of the Beautiful grows into the love of Wisdom, and both have, for their ultimate goal, the realization of the absolute Good.

Ardent admirers of Greek thought are often amazed to find that the popular conception of religion was on a very different level from the lofty theories of

the philosophers. Religion meant the traditional worship of the gods, with fitting ceremonial, but it implied little in the way of moral obligation. Students of comparative religion, however, find nothing unusual in this. The practices of exoteric religion among the multitudes who have not attained some degree of knowledge or discernment, are often far removed from the teachings of the great Founders of the different religious systems. The true religion of the Greeks is to be sought in the esoteric teachings of philosophers such as Pythagoras and Plato; but it was chiefly to be found in the Mysteries, alluded to throughout Greek literature, though carefully concealed from the knowledge of the masses, and only in later times degraded and "popularized." In a QUARTERLY article which appeared in July, 1922, it was suggested that the vulgarization of the Mysteries was either the cause or the effect of the spiritual degeneration of Greece. There was, it is true, a great religious revival in the sixth century B.C., but the spirit of sacrifice had deserted Greece, and the revival did not prove of lasting effect. Here and there, were left reminders of man's spiritual heritage. On the portal of a temple at Delphi was written one word, EL, "Thou art"; this was a call to the worshipper to remember his spiritual existence, his identity with the great Being who created the Universe, and his affinity with other souls. Perhaps the finest heritage of Greek popular religion was the spirit of toleration and freedom, seen at its best in the worship at Delphi. This spirit survived through the centuries, and its importance was emphasized by St. Paul, in his *Epistles* to the Greek cities. He is, at all times, concerned to prevent the new Christians from being fettered by the narrow limits of Hebrew dogmatism and Jewish ritual. He calls on them earnestly not to depart from the "liberty which is in Christ", but to realize, through a life of sacrifice and self-discipline, the "glorious liberty of the children of God." That liberty can only be attained through self-mastery, and the price is always the sacrifice of the personal man.

We are indebted to the author of *The Greek Point of View* for having stimulated thought in the direction of a survey and comparison of Greek and Christian ideals. Possibly his definitely Christian bias has caused a certain misinterpretation of the Platonic system, because viewed from an intellectual rather than from a spiritual standpoint. The misunderstanding of any philosophical system can often be traced to a misuse of the terms used, and a failure to appreciate the complex construction of the nature of man. Theosophy provides an explanation, in the teaching of the seven-fold constitution of man, and—by its method of approach—suggests a reconciliation between divergent beliefs. In regard to moral attainments, Maurice Hutton has understood that, among the Greeks, the cardinal lack of discipline was a barrier to progress. "The Greeks lived by thought and not by resolution; they died by reason of thought for want of resolution." He appreciates the value of asceticism, as a training of the will, and finds in the Christian teaching the "happy mean" between severe discipline and blind self-indulgence. In the true Christian ideal, illuminated by Theosophy, can be found the reconciliation of divergent points of view; it implies a life of action on a level with

thought and aspiration, and looks to the example of that Master of Wisdom, who taught his doctrine by living the Life, and showed that in this alone could true happiness be found: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Students of Theosophy have heard it suggested that the incarnation of the Western Avatar was, in the first instance, intended to take place in Greece. Then the rapid deterioration of Greek ideals and thought made that plan impossible of fulfilment, so that the Christian Master turned to Palestine where there existed—in the stricter discipline of Jewish tradition—a more fitting environment and setting for the reception of his teaching. Those who are earnest admirers of Greek philosophy and civilization see this as one of the greatest tragedies in history,—this failure of Greece to fulfil her destiny. If they consider more deeply they will see, however, that there is no finality about that tragedy. Even in this, the twentieth century, it is possible to reunite all that is best in Greek Wisdom with all that is finest in Christian training of the Will, and so, in time, to redeem the failure of centuries ago. That is one of the great opportunities afforded through the teachings of Theosophy, and the responsibility for its fulfilment rests, in the present cycle, with students of Theosophy.

S. C.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.—EMERSON.

THEY DON'T GET THE PICTURE

"THE reason the great majority of them fail is that they don't get the picture." Thus spoke the Manager of a large business concern, alluding to the very high percentage of the candidates for his sales force that failed to "make good."

"By getting the picture," he continued, "I mean acquiring a fairly correct understanding of the various phases and aspects of our business, and of its relation to the needs and requirements of potential customers.

"Our business happens to be a highly specialized one, with very keen competition. We have been in this business, however, fifty years, and during that period we have, naturally, made a vast number of experiments in our Sales Department, as well as in all others. As a result we have formulated certain rules and principles, which we regard as the almost inevitable outcome of peculiarities of our special line. They are based on the experience of scores, in fact hundreds of men, and we know that beyond question they are fundamentally sound. Our best and oldest salesmen endorse them. Now, all the new candidates for our sales force are given these rules and instructions in printed form and are urged to learn them, and to follow them closely. We regard them as the keys to success.

"These candidates also have the great advantage of ready access to the ideas and the advice of our successful men. The latter, almost without exception, are quite willing to tell the new men anything they can which may help them to succeed. Even if they were naturally inclined to be jealous or apprehensive of being surpassed by some one else, the fact that so very few men last for more than a few weeks, or, at most, a few months, would doubtless set their minds at rest.

"Though we endeavour to give these men, taken on trial, all the co-operation and assistance possible, in the long run each man's fate is mainly in his own hands. We lead the horse to water, but we cannot make him drink. He must do that of his own accord. Each man necessarily has his own angle; within certain limits, the more independence and originality he has, the better. But independence of ideas and resulting actions, beyond a certain point, are generally fatal to his success with us. After he has learned to produce by our established methods, he may begin to experiment, to some extent, with different ideas of his own. But unless he makes a right start, along the beaten path, he has little chance of arriving, within the time limit which we must necessarily fix.

"You would be surprised to know how few men seem willing or perhaps able to believe what we tell them. If it were possible for us to summarize our rules for salesmen, boiling them down to—say—seven aphorisms, most of the new men would agree with and try to act on perhaps three; two they

would probably regard as right, but unimportant, and the remaining two they would consider as either erroneous or unintelligible.

"Do you ask me why this is? Well, every case is an individual one, of course. Most of them have acquired certain habits in their ways of operating which it would take some effort to change. They will not make the necessary effort, or even think things out to the point of realizing that they ought to do so. With some, it is mental inertia; with others, vanity. Often a man thinks that there is something peculiar about him which makes such instructions superfluous in his case, though necessary perhaps for others. If he had sufficient humility to give them a fair trial, he would find that we were right, and our rules and regulations valuable assets. But he will not do it.

"Most of the men we accept on trial are a clean-cut, presentable lot. They come to us with good records of past performance with other concerns. While they are with us, they almost invariably seem to believe that they are doing all they can—certainly all that anyone could reasonably expect them to do. Weeks, even months, pass. They do not produce satisfactorily, or give any signs of being likely to do so. Eventually we have to let them go, and try another lot.

"Well, as I remarked at the beginning, my belief is that they never get the picture. They never see the problem as it really is. As our older men say, 'they never find out what it is all about.' "

Listening to his remarks, I thought to myself: That is exactly the sort of thing I can imagine one of the older members of the T. S. saying to another, alluding to the younger members and their strivings for chêlaship: "They don't get the picture."

One surmises, in view of all the teaching given out, that he might continue: They have been told many times that, as the chêla's ideal and objective is perfect service of his Master, every desire and every habit must be scrutinized in the light of that ideal, and either brought into alignment with the Master's will, or eliminated. How can they expect to recognize their Master's will, unless they study and meditate on every expression of that will and purpose; or, to obey his commands, until they have ceased to obey the dictates of self? They may have a true desire to serve him, but do they prepare themselves by performing their present duties, day by day, as perfectly as possible; putting their whole hearts into them, since these duties constitute training for the Master's service, and are planned by him in detail? Are they keen to remember and to practise the principles and rules set forth so clearly in theosophical literature?

Religious contemplation, the conquest of faults, faithful study, self-sacrificing work, all are excellent, important, really indispensable; but until a man has begun to relate his whole life, both bodily and mental, to the ideal of perfect service of his Master, and has set his will to the task of making that complete change of direction, he cannot be said to have caught the picture, as far as chêlaship is concerned. Practically, he does not know "what it is all about."

A. WOODBY.

WORDSWORTH

IN the group of unusual men who were his contemporaries, Wordsworth stands out conspicuous in that he brought his ship safe into harbour, while Shelley, Byron, and others were splintering and stranding on reef and shoal. An able helmsman, he is sometimes misrepresented as a mere land-lubber, lodged in an ivory tower, sheltered, at Grasmere, from all that ruffles human life, a prig, a pedant, and a craven "whose sails were never to the tempest given". Such a view of him is utterly false. With a turbulent flush of enthusiasm, the youthful Wordsworth leaped into the very thick of human chaos during the black years of the Revolution in France; but, revolting in horror from that hell, steered his way out of it, not without determined struggle, and with bitter grief over the consequences of his delusion. His career is illuminating since he gained, to a restricted degree, something of that liberation from self which it is man's destiny to achieve.

His victory, conspicuous among failures, was not due to a more favourable environment than his brother poets enjoyed. Certain circumstances against which he had to contend, were no less difficult and uncongenial than those encountered by Shelley and Byron. For example, his mother died when he was six, and his father, when he was fourteen years old; and the children, with a very meagre inheritance, became the wards of relatives who were well-disposed, but not very understanding. Had those relatives known more than they did of the boy William's psychology, they would probably have viewed him with even greater mistrust, for, a clean-minded lad, he had the faculty, possessed by Traherne, Vaughan, and by many children, of looking through the coarse substance of the material world upon the intangible astral substance within it; thus, when walking along the road, he would sometimes stop and grasp tree or rock to assure himself of their substantiality, so transparent to his eyes did those solid things appear. This unconventional faculty at work in a dependent orphan, might with reason disturb practical guardians who naturally desired that their ward should become a man of substance in the everyday world.

In the places of his abode during childhood and youth, he was singularly favoured, for they lay in the northwestern counties of England—Cumberland and Westmoreland—in the district of the Lakes, a region of gentle and cultivated charm that he loved devotedly. The well-known lines describing Windermere Vale—"The Boy of Winander"—are really a picture of his own occupations in childhood:

> There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs
> And islands of Winander!—many a time

At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

From that lovely home country, when he had rounded his seventeenth year, Wordsworth passed to Cambridge, a "happy isle" of enchanting cloisters and gardens and halls, whither Edmund Spenser and Milton had preceded him, not to mention Gray and the less renowned group of the Cambridge Platonists; whither, later, Tennyson was to follow. How much of its fairy-like charm may not Cambridge owe to four such disciples of Plato,—Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson—otherworldly charm, drawn thither, as to a focus, by aspirations that sought within the loveliness of earth the hidden beauty of the soul. Of his inner state at that Cambridge period, Wordsworth has told very plainly. It was a condition that is said to be common enough in the East (it is well described in books like *The Soul of a People* and *The Inward Light*), but is rare in the Western world,—Francis of Assisi being another of the few Europeans in whom it is found. It was the condition of vital sympathy with creatures, with all created things.

My seventeenth year was come;
I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,

Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated.[1]

In the activities of the university, he was only mildly interested, and during the long vacation, he went with a friend across the continent, afoot, to the Alps. There he found himself "in no strange land", recognizing in the peaks and glaciers of Switzerland rugged features of the face whose gentler aspects he had so long known and loved—Nature's.

The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.[2]

When the required period of residence at Cambridge was completed, he left with his degree, nothing of note having been accomplished there.

His twenty-first birthday in 1791, proved a turning point in his career, as in that year momentous changes of habit took place, during a sojourn in Revolutionary France. Until that year, the bodily eye and ear had been the faithful servants of his inner (psychic) senses, observing and then reporting to them upon natural phenomena. There came moments of moral elevation, when the eye and ear, after making their report, betook themselves, "in sleep", out of the way of the inner senses. Those inner senses then became vividly aware of the "celestial light" that Wordsworth identified, in his thinking, with "heaven". He has many times written of this mood of moral elevation,—

[1] "The Prelude", Bk. II, l. 380.
[2] Ibid., Bk. VI, l. 624.

That serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.[3]

With the visit to France in 1791, a maleficent change occurred that put his analytical mind as usurper in the place hitherto taken by the inner faculties. The consequences of that usurpation were calamitous: "celestial light" faded into "common day"; earth, a sordid lodging, replaced the "bright imperial palace" that had been his spirit's home in "the sky"; and from heaven, the happy boy of Winander was plunged into the gloom of hell.

The political and social conditions that he encountered in the France of 1791, are too well known to need comment. Radical doctrines (the meaning and consequences of which he did not at all understand) had been preached for half a century,—that human misery is the result of restrictions devised by a body of schemers, and by them imposed upon the rest of humanity. Remove those restrictions, it was proclaimed, and man, a sweetly reasonable creature, would speedily make for himself an earthly paradise surpassing far the fabled kingdom of heaven. The vigour and eloquence with which the veteran Edmund Burke had to protest in England against the contagious, Revolutionary creeds of France, is proof enough of their inflammatory character, and it is not surprising that they turned Wordsworth's youthful head, which was too innocent to understand what malice and venom lurked underneath the glamour of catchwords. Like many another generous but mistaken Arcadian, Wordsworth gave his own interpretation to such words as "liberty, equality, fraternity", and other verbiage from Parisian soap boxes. What Burke, in wise old age, could see as a sinister revolt against morality and civilization, Wordsworth, ardent but ignorant, took to be a sincere and unselfish effort to make the whole world like the Vale of Grasmere, giving even to the dwellers in great cities the simple virtues of shepherds. It was not indicative of evil in him, but only of untrained altruism, that he should look upon that malignant epoch as a new dawn of history. His right motive

[3] "Tintern Abbey", l. 41. Other examples occur in "The Prelude", as:

. . . . in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world, doth greatness make abode. (Bk. VI, l. 599)

Also:

One song they sang, and it was audible,
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed. (Bk. II, l. 415)

saved him from permanent moral catastrophe, since, thanks to good Karma, the glamour enveloping him was dispelled, leaving the bare facts exposed to his view in their hideous reality. The new-found heaven proved of short duration. To Wordsworth's bitter and lasting grief, he learned that the sweeping away of restrictions meant, for himself, licentiousness, and, for the schemers who were trying to "reform" France, murder, theft, and other outrageous crimes. The moral foundation dropped from Wordsworth's universe, and he was left agonizing in the bottomless pit, beating its heavy air. Man, who had been proclaimed so reasonable, showed himself instead (when left to his own devices) a creature thoroughly depraved—depraved to the point of seducing his own mind into justifying his lowest inclinations and desires. In view of that degradation of man by man, Wordsworth in his unhappiness, asked himself whether any hope for humanity could be rationally entertained. What else than despair could the future hold for one who was seeking alleviation, as well for the misery of the entire world as for his own personal wretchedness?

His relatives, learning somewhat of his life in France, bade him come home to England, and though, in theory, family as well as other duties had been flung to the winds, he obeyed, making a lonely domicile in London. That act of obedience seems to have made possible the beginning of his conversion. He did not enjoy his unhappiness, since, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he carried upon his back "the burthen of the mystery, the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world". In his moral weariness, his thoughts turned back toward the "heaven" that had surrounded him in the early days, and he asked: Was its loss irremediable? could that paradise be regained? For answer, he set face and will resolutely toward it, and, discrediting the arguments and clamour of his mind, persevered in his effort to reach again the plane of truth that is apprehended by the finer senses. His period of suffering lasted until 1795.

In 1795, a friend, Calvert, died. Calvert had received an impression of latent ability in Wordsworth, and, with the hope of bringing that ability to the surface, he left him a small legacy. It was a very small amount, but to a young man who had no worldly ambition, and who could be content leading a pioneer's existence, it seemed abundance. Wordsworth resolved to quit his unhappy solitude in London,

> Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
> Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
> Within the walls of cities.[4]

His only intimate friend was his sister, slightly younger than himself, who was then living with their relatives in the north. Minus his genius, she was, like her brother, a lover of meadow, grove and stream. Winning her consent to join him in plain living, Wordsworth, by means of his legacy, put himself in an environment of rural sights and sounds, hoping thereby to restore his soul's

[4] "Excursion", l. 78.

health. Of that experiment in the southwest of England, he was able to write, three years later:

> Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy: for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.[5]

Another hermit spirit was residing in that country district seeking a pathway out of the confines of earth,—Coleridge, who became a daily companion to the brother and sister. A wide reader, Coleridge was just then completing the volumes of Plotinus, of Jacob Boehme, and of William Law. Eager to talk about the cosmic perspectives unfolded by those writings, he gained in Wordsworth an attentive ear; and Wordsworth thus learned of philosophical[6] systems that were rooted in a far past, and that recurred in various ages and nations—persistent systems that explained and justified experience such as his own in childhood. The haunting sense of "trailing clouds of glory", the "blank misgivings" of one moving about perplexed on this strange planet, earth, beyond which, yet so near at hand, lies (he was convinced) man's true home,—all this, he now learned, through Coleridge, was not to be regarded as abnormal incidents of an eccentric career, but as perfectly natural stages of man's unfoldment. Outer corroboration (the authority of such thinkers from the past) thus added intensity to inward conviction, and doubled his effort to regain the joyful experience of his earlier days. Through the fortunate combination of country life, family affection, and friendly discussion of mystical philosophy, within three years the first stage of his conversion was effected. His inner faculties again took control of bodily and mental activities, and, simultaneously with the recovery of spiritual health, Wordsworth became, from a radical reformer, a great mystical poet, writing in 1798 his first hymn of gratitude for his restoration,—the unforgettable "Tintern Abbey".

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[5] "Tintern Abbey", l. 122.

[6] In his illuminating volume, *The Early Years of Wordsworth*, Professor Emile Legouis of the University of Lyons, says Wordsworth learned "theosophy" from Coleridge. A member of the Society would probably hesitate in quoting such a statement, because it might appear as if the great ones of earth were being claimed for The Theosophical Society. On the contrary, The Theosophical Society, having been founded by the great ones of the *other* world, who still continue their guidance and support, has no need of bolstering, either from the mighty or the little of this world.

That poem, which is so deeply moving, published in the year of its composition, found itself in an oddly assorted company of verse. Laugh as one must at many of the other pieces, it is nevertheless to the very sincerity of Wordsworth's conversion that that motley of verse is, in part, due. He, to whom so much had been entrusted, had sinned against his light, yet, in three years, he had been led back from misery to serene happiness. Why, then, Wordsworth reasoned, should not a poor pedlar like Peter Bell share the benediction of conversion, a lowly man of little responsibility, a common drunkard and thief—why should not Peter Bell "forsake his crimes, renounce his folly, and, after ten months' melancholy, become a good and honest man"? While due in part to the *sincerity* of Wordsworth's conversion, such poems as "Peter Bell" are due, on the other hand, to its *incompleteness*. Wordsworth had been a drowning man, and despair over human conditions had been like waves in his very eyes; then certain straws floated past his wave-distorted view,—such straws as the affection of a mother for her "Idiot Boy", or a child's insistence, despite arithmetical evidence to the contrary, that "We are Seven". To his drowning vision, those straws appeared to be stout timbers to which a desperate man might cling until rescued by the life-boat. Because his rescue was never made at all complete, he continued to exaggerate the worth of those floating straws; and to justify the poems he made from them, his *mind* evolved his much discussed *theory of composition*, just as when, in France, he had been able to enlist his mind to justify the radical measures there advocated. The great poems, "Tintern Abbey", "Intimations of Immortality", "The Prelude", and many others, stand completely apart from his theory; in them his method is that of every artist—he selects, arranges, condenses, transposes or omits, as best suits his immediate purpose. Thus, in "The Prelude", the ascent of Mt. Snowdon, which had been made during his university years, is narrated at the very close of the poem, in a passage dealing with a period that is ten years later than the actual occurrence. This means that he dislocated the mountain episode from its actual temporal associations, because it served better than any other experience to illustrate the inner state of a later day, which he was describing. The disregard of hard and fast time relations has made that closing section of "The Prelude" one of his most felicitous passages. Entirely different, on the other hand, are the verses he manufactured to fit his theory; they are based upon the democratic asseveration that, life being unity, all manifestations of life are, equally, life. Such a theory eliminates the process of selection, for, if all manifestations of life are fit, why waste time in choosing the most fit? Let the poet rather accumulate details, however petty they may be; the final accumulation will be no less moving than is "the light of setting suns". To prove which theory, Wordsworth could write:

> And now she's at the Pony's tail,
> And now is at the Pony's head,—
> On that side now, and now on this;

And, almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.[7]

Odd as it must appear, he could not himself see any difference between such twaddle and the eloquent stanzas of his "Immortality" ode. Endowed with many other fine gifts, he unfortunately lacked humour, and could not laugh, as everyone else does, at Peter Bell's ill-starred ass that,

with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear.[8]

"Tintern Abbey", with its companion pieces published in 1798, marked the recovery of Wordsworth's trust in Nature—again he shared her joy and the tumult of her mighty harmonies,—in which there now was heard the "still, sad music of humanity". With spiritual health recovered, he asked himself what his next duty might be. How should he use his restored liberty, his poetic gift? He felt himself to be "a renovated spirit singled out for holy services". How should he discharge that holy duty? How, by words, "arouse the sensual from their sleep of Death, and win the vacant and the vain to noble raptures"? To present in terms of his own experience the world-old theme of man's descent into hell and victorious deliverance from that prison, Wordsworth now saw to be his privilege and likewise his problem. To fulfil it, he resolved to write,

Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread.[9]

He would construct, in verse, a Gothic cathedral, well aware that few would care to enter so solemn a shrine; but he craved no horde of onlookers within his holy place, repeating to himself Milton's words, "fit audience let me find, though few".

Having envisaged this great aim, diffidence intruded, asking such questions as: "Who are you to engage in this undertaking?" "What talents and faculties fit you for so arduous a task?" To answer those questions, Wordsworth reckoned with himself the cost of his purposed building and his available resources. The result was the long poem called "The Prelude".

"The Prelude", an autobiographical work, begun in 1799 and completed in 1805, presents the development of his inner and outer life, from childhood until the year 1798. Not satisfied with the extreme reticence with which he makes certain disclosures about his life in France during 1791, Wordsworth

[7] "The Idiot Boy", l. 382.
[8] "Peter Bell", l. 413.
[9] "The Excursion," l. 14.

provided further that the poem should not be published until after his death. It owes its name to the fact that it was the prelude to the *magnum opus*—it was the porch of the projected cathedral. Save that porch, however, and certain fragments, the cathedral was never built, though Wordsworth lived on, for forty-five years.

In the short interval between 1798 and 1806, Wordsworth wrote, in addition to the poems already cited, the "Ode to Duty" and the "Happy Warrior"—a group of his very best verse. In the long (and happy) years that lay ahead of him, it might have been expected that his inner liberation, so well begun, would be completed. In some slight degree the process was continued, but without notable achievements; in the main, he appears to have been satisfied, as too often happens, to rest at the first stage of the long path. Seeing that his faculty for noble expression in verse developed simultaneously with his spiritual deliverance, it is not surprising that, after its first springtide, his poetic power dwindled. From 1820 to 1835, his great contemporaries all passed away—Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Scott—and Wordsworth likewise may be considered, as poet, to have passed out with them, though as man he lived until 1850.

Without noticeable production in verse, those long years need not, however, be called barren. Having tried, in youth, to throw overboard all old systems and organizations, he made, in maturity, an effort of the opposite kind—to discover the worth of venerated systems, quite regardless of what he personally had or had not derived from them. It was thus that in mature life he "made advances" as it were, toward Christianity. As a young man without a future, his relatives had wished him to enter the Church, a step he refused to take because, like Carlyle, he had no personal belief in what the Church represented. His moral crisis, showing him the insufficiency of all human wisdom, brought him finally to a renewed realization of transcendent "Being", of "Being" manifested by stone and tree and beast and man—"Being that tolerates the indignities of time". This apprehension of truth is good so far as it goes, but is very limited. It provides no bridge across the wide gap between transcendent Being and man, and is thus ignorant of the evolutionary process of growth,—a process which Wordsworth might have anticipated, imaginatively, as other poets did, even though his verse preceded by half a century the publication of Darwin's writings. *To blend his consciousness with benign Nature*—how could Wordsworth outline anything less vague as the future he perceived for man, since he had no conception of those stages along the path of evolution represented by Masters and the Lodge? It is this vagueness about man's future growth, that has led some critics to declare that Wordsworth offers little to humanity, save a sublimated intoxication, induced by deep draughts of natural beauty.

How little affinity he had with Christianity or with any *definite* religion, for that matter, is thus obvious. He appeared to feel no need, and he had no intuition of Being that not only "tolerates the indignities of time", but voluntarily subjects itself to those same indignities, incarnating within man's

flesh, as Krishna and Buddha and Christ have done. Unlike Francis Thompson, who found in Nature only a "poor step-dame", Wordsworth could call her

> the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being.[10]

Though he knew no yearning for a personal Master and Guide, for a definite historical Personality, and no need for any formal religion, yet, since men had for so many centuries reverenced Christianity as a system of truth, his maturer judgment was willing to admit that it might contain truths which lay outside his experience. Consequently, he reached, in sympathy, from his high Pantheistic peak, toward Christianity; and, in revising "The Prelude", modified some lines slightly, and occasionally introduced others, that impart a faint Scriptural tinge to certain portions—though the result could never be called Christian. Slight as his sympathy with Christianity is, it may nevertheless have been of more moment than appears on the surface—it may have been the last ounce of force needed to break through the barrier that had so long hindered poets from turning the exploits of King Arthur into literature.

It seems possible to interpret the Arthurian legends as the British tradition of chêlaship, the King standing for one who, having made himself a servant of the Lodge, returns to earth, again and again, after each "grievous wound", in a renewed effort to lead his country into the Path. A similar tradition would seem to be represented in France by Roland, as in Spain by the Cid, both Roland and the Cid being heroic figures of the national literature, as well as heroes of history and legend. In England, though there had persisted for centuries the stories of Arthur and his Table Round, they had not been put into adequate form; Mallory's version, for all its literary merit, usually omitting the inner significance of the tales. What poetic form was given in India to the tradition of chêlaship—as in the *Mahabharata*—everyone knows who has read the *Gîta*, which is an episode of that long epic. In Greece, there remains in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* sufficient of the pre-Grecian sources from which those poems were derived, to convince us that those sources (whether Cretan or Egyptian) were narratives of chêlaship. Thus, among younger as well as older peoples, there is to be found embodied in the national literatures, accounts of the life and deeds of a chêla working with his associates in the world for the sake of humanity. Made accessible as literature, these adventures furnish clues to those who may be groping for the path that leads from the world, back "home". Would it seem extravagant to suggest that the "Lords of Compassion" who endeavour (it is said) to guide and guard the nations, might feel no less kindly toward Britain than toward Spain and France and Greece? Is it merely wild fancy to think that the Lodge might do what it could to further the incorporation into English literature of the old Arthurian legends of chêlaship?

[10] "Tintern Abbey", l. 109.

Be that as it may, there is apparent through three centuries in England, what seems to be an effort to place King Arthur and his Order in exoteric records; this effort being traceable in the three great poets, Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth. In the *Faerie Queene*, Edmund Spenser's goal was to set forth the character of Arthur; but, though a great poet, Spenser counted not the cost of the structure he planned, and lost himself in the maze of his own allegory. Milton likewise, considering a suitable theme, weighed the possibilities of Arthur and his knights, but instead of making them his subject, lost himself in a desert of Calvinistic theology. Wordsworth, in his turn, saw that the story of Arthur was appropriate for the plan of his projected cathedral, but he did not build. Finally, however, in 1842, (eight years before Wordsworth's death), Tennyson's fragment, "La Morte d'Arthur", was published, and was followed by the *Idylls of the King*,—poems that reveal truths deeper than Tennyson himself realized. Who can estimate the share Wordsworth may have had in Tennyson's consummation of an effort that had een so long frustrated, and thus have aided in imparting to humanity something of those truths which concern the work of the Lodge for the world?

Wordsworth has led more than one person toward The Theosophical Society, and has filled a place something like that of Emerson to many who, having outgrown ordinary forms, have as yet found no real religion: "he is the friend and aid of those who would live in the spirit". Those who have felt the cramping mechanism of the small gods of exoteric orthodoxy, finding Wordsworth, find refreshing expansiveness in the undefined "Being" whom he exultingly makes known to them. It is possible, however, for his great poems to retard as well as to aid seekers of the Path; and one ought not to assume that he gives to words like "heaven", "celestial light", "immortality", the same content that they have in theosophical writings.

In reading his inspiring lines, we are made to realize that he is a poet of very high rank, who soars far above mere mundane concerns; he is a singularly clean-minded poet also, in whom are not encountered the mud and slime which are of too frequent and deplorable occurrence in all fields of art. Yet, though a poet of so lofty a type, "he that is least" in the *other* world, in the causal world of spirit—the merest seedling that has opened but two primal leaves into the air of the eternal world—is *greater* than he, and than all those other stately plants which spring from human fields, the darkness of which they so mercifully lighten with their fairness and fragrance. It is no abstruse and recondite law of metaphysics that is accountable for this difference. On the contrary, the reason is simple enough, and has been set forth by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his allegorical story, *The Great Stone Face*. As Hawthorne there suggests, in the character of the boy, Ernest, the "least little one" of *that* world is "a doer of the word"; is actually occupied—and has no other occupation—with living the life eternal, here and now; is engaged at *first* hand with the things that are indeed to be found in the poets, but found there only at *second* hand. For the great artists (incontestably precious as

they are), are *reporters*,—reporters of things which they have heard or seen, but *in which they did not take part*. The mind and heart of "the little one" contain experience of his very own, which is part and parcel of his nature, bone of bone, and blood of blood. The minds of the *reporters* contain, on the contrary, pictures, information, clear or confused as the case may be, of events taking place outside themselves, to which they have in some manner gained access as onlookers.

This essential difference between the chêla, who *lives*, and the poet (artist), who *reports*, should never be forgotten. Dante is proof, however, that this difference is not an unbridgeable chasm. With all propriety, he might repeat the words of the Judean disciples, John or Peter, the reassuring words of eye-witnesses: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon". Yet there surely are not many who can be classed with him as having bridged the chasm between *hearsay* and actual *knowledge*.[11] That poets need not be content to stand outside the gates as reporters, when they could become participators, is suggested by the fact that poetry appears to be the mother-tongue of the spiritual world. The records that have come down from Masters of that world, such as Buddha and Christ, are essentially poetic. May it not be that for poets, "the next step" is, as Hawthorne suggested in *The Great Stone Face*, to *do* the things of which hitherto they have been content to *dream?*

From his own words it must be obvious that Wordsworth began life a plane higher than the average of humanity. He was not, as most people are, imprisoned within physical matter, and he enjoyed a wonderful advantage thus to be able to function on the higher psychic planes. An aspirant for chêlaship, reasoning from the beauty of the reflected image to the far greater beauty of the object casting the reflection, would have struggled his way upward until he reached the region of Reality. Wordsworth did not go upward; he was content to remain on the plane of the *reporters;* and so left us only certain *intimations* of immortality, as in his great ode.

If it be asked why a poet can be content to remain at what is merely a starting-point, the answer might lie in the old error which calls the poet's method "creation". A poet probably stands as far above the level of average humanity as a chêla stands above him. The things which a poet *reports* to humanity, humanity only knows as response to his utterance, and consequently declares the poet a *creator* of the finer world of which he tells them. Often the poet himself descends to that error, coming to believe that he has indeed created his vision; and growing much enamoured of his success. Students of Theosophy, however, cannot make this mistake. They will use the poets and artists as incentives and as starting-points; nor can they ever commit the poet's own blunder, and remain complacent on the mere astral plane of reflected beauty.

C. C. CLARK.

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[11] In the last canto of the *Paradiso*, Dante writes: "In its depth I *saw*".

THE NARRATIVE OF CABEÇA DE VACA

RELATION THAT ALVAR NUNEZ CABEÇA GAVE OF WHAT BEFELL THE ARMAMENT IN THE INDIES WHITHER PANFILO DE NARVAEZ WENT FOR GOVERNOR FROM THE YEAR 1527 TO THE YEAR 1536, WHEN WITH THREE COMRADES HE RETURNED AND CAME TO SEVILLA.

IT may, I suppose, be assumed that any authentic human story is a theosophic document for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear; and when it obviously affects the history of nations and the course of religions, even to a small extent, it becomes doubly and trebly theosophic. Perhaps the narrative of Cabeça de Vaca does not measure up with the greatest on any one of these counts, but it does partake of them all in some degree, thus making it legitimate material for a QUARTERLY article; while for pure heroism and sheer romance, it towers sky-high among the very best stories of adventure.

As the title shows, it was in 1527, on the very heels of Columbus himself, when all young Spain was eager to voyage across the Ocean Sea, that the author joined a magnificent and greatly promising expedition; an expedition of splendid ships with high-sounding Spanish names, bearing gaily caparisoned steeds and brightly-helmeted warriors, with a variety of hangers-on, to the number of six hundred souls. He was named treasurer of all this floating splendour, of which one Panfilo de Narvaez was commander, and they sailed boisterously to Cuba where they met with sundry disasters, and then on to Florida, meaning to make harbour in Tampa Bay.

Any one who is familiar with that coast of illusive islands and keys, can realize how easy it must have been, in the days of rudimentary charts, to miss a harbour mouth; and it will cause no surprise that the adventurers overshot the mark, and made a landing considerably farther north than their calculations indicated. Once ashore, they marched hither and yon among the swamps, confidently demanding gold and precious stones of such natives as they met,—poor, destitute, half-starved creatures who subsisted largely on shell-fish and roots, but who seemed to assent to the suggestions made by the odd visitors, that fabulous riches existed somewhere just beyond the immediate horizon line. Probably then as now, it was easier for an Indian to nod assent to a question, than to differ, and so plunge into the troublesome business of concocting answers.

Panfilo de Narvaez showed himself at every turn the most gullible and poor-spirited of mortals, and here, near the outset, he made one of his signal

and serious blunders. He sent all and every one of his ships northward, with orders to proceed till they should come to the great bay of Tampa, there to wait while he and his soldiers should march up by land, amassing gold and pearls and conquering the country as they went. Apparently no one considered the possibility of Tampa Bay lying to the south of them, but our Cabeça made a lusty protest against the whole scheme, with its division of forces, prophesying that never again would they see their ships; as indeed they never did. Narvaez first taunted him with cowardice, and then urged him to take command of the vessels, which he stubbornly persisted in despatching as he had planned; but Cabeça replied that he was a soldier and that his place was with his comrades, and furthermore, that he would by no means assume command of a fleet which he felt sure would eventually be forced to return to Spain, reporting that they had abandoned captain and friends to an unknown fate. He insisted only that his protest against the foolhardy course be put down in writing and witnessed, which was accordingly done.

From that time on, the history of the land expedition is a series of dire tragedies; men died of hunger, of thirst, of pestilence, and from the arrows of hostile Indians, till at last, as a sort of despairing hope, the survivors determined to set sail at any cost, preferring all dangers of the sea to the cruelties of the fever-ridden land. They toiled madly, forging nails from their stirrup buckles, making sails out of their linen shirts, twisting the fibres of palmetto into ropes, and subsisting the while chiefly on the flesh of their rack-a-bone horses, which they killed off one by one. Finally, by incredible ingenuity and labour, they completed and launched five little futile, unseaworthy vessels, so heavily laden that they could barely float. In these frail craft they skirted the coast, vainly seeking the lost ships, or in default of these, some hospitable place where they might find food and shelter.

Their course can be traced with surprising accuracy from Cabeça's careful narration, though it was to be a wearisome span of years before he could commit it to paper; we see them swept irresistibly out to sea by the strong current of the Mississippi; casting anchor in Pensacola Bay, where a little later De Soto was to gather news of their visitation; or now being driven away from, and now landing on, sundry recognizable islands.

When the ultimate depths of discouragement were reached, Narvaez made a characteristic and inglorious exit from the scene of action. Gathering the strongest and most able-bodied of the emaciated men into his own boat, he rowed frantically away from his weaker companions, calling to them that the time had come for each to shift for himself as best he could. A vivid picture is given us of Cabeça's exhausted crew, lying apparently lifeless in the bottom of his boat, while he himself and the sailing master spell each other at the oars, in an expiring effort to hold the little craft to her course, till, in a state of stupor and collapse, they are hurled by a huge breaker, high on a sandy beach. The following morning a feeble attempt was made to launch the boat again, but it was promptly capsized by the heavy surf. Three of the remaining men were drowned in this vain effort and the rest were again cast ashore,

"naked as the day we were born, and half perishing from cold and starvation; at sunset there came some friendly Indians with food, and at the sight of what had befallen us they all began to lament so earnestly that they might have been heard at a great distance. It was strange to see these men, wild and untaught and so like unto brutes, thus moved with pity over our misfortunes.

"In great fear, yet knowing naught else to do, I besought the Indians to take us with them to shelter, and they signified it would give them delight; presently thirty men loaded themselves with wood and started to their houses which were far off, and we remained with the others till they returned, when holding us up, they carried us with all haste. Because of the extreme coldness of the weather, lest any should die or fall by the way, they caused four or five very large fires to be placed at intervals, and at each they warmed us; and when they saw we had regained some heat and strength, they took us to the next so swiftly that they hardly let us touch our feet to the ground. . . . . An hour after our arrival they began to dance and hold great rejoicing which lasted all night, although for us there was no joy, festivity nor sleep, awaiting the hour when they should butcher us as victims for sacrifice. In the morning they again gave us fish and roots, showing us such hospitality that we were reassured." On this island, together with the survivors from a second boat, they remained until the following spring; when, of all that gallant swashbuckling company, there were alive only fifteen miserable souls.

Through a series of events Cabeça became separated from the rest of his companions. He was enslaved and beaten and driven for many months to unceasing labour, till gradually in despair he evolved a plan, almost hopeless but still a plan. He constituted himself a sort of trader, carrying small commodities such as shells, skins, prickly pears, and this-and-that, from one tribe to another. So doing, he assiduously gathered information about the country, and incidentally, to his joy, he heard of three other survivors, one a negro named Estevan, who was destined much later to play a leading part in the first exploration which penetrated northward into New Mexico. The four of them at last succeeded in joining forces. They concocted a scheme by which they might make their escape at a certain season when the tribe journeyed inland to gather the annual supply of prickly pears. After one or two signal failures, they succeeded in getting away unnoticed; and the three half-naked, half-starved white men, together with the negro Estevan, started forth to tramp their way across an unknown continent, with no possible knowledge of the distance to be traversed, and small knowledge of even the more immediate country, their only chart a sort of general supposition that if they went far enough toward the setting sun they must eventually come to the western ocean, and that somewhere on that far coast were the Spaniards who had conquered Mexico,—certainly as broad a generalization as ever made the goal for a journey's end.

All of Cabeça's experiences, however simply recounted, have a touch of the marvellous, but with the foot-journey westward they acquire a tinge of

the miraculous. It had chanced that now and then during their captivity they had been forced willy-nilly to undertake the office of medicine men, and happily for them, had met with a very large measure of success in their attempted cures. Now, as they approached one of the first villages that lay in their course, they found that fame had preceded them, and they were met by a delegation which greeted them as Children of the Sun and demanded their powerful offices for some members of the tribe who lay sick. In vain did they disown any special power of healing; the Indians were inexorable in their demands and large in their faith, which was visibly justified by the astonishing success which again and again followed the commandeered ministrations of the white strangers.

Whether the cures were effected by the unaided course of nature, or were abetted by the simple remedies commonly known to all educated men, or whether, as Cabeça himself sincerely believed, his devout prayers for divine aid were heard and answered, is for each of us to determine according to his faith. All the circumstances and details of the treatments are as prosaically recorded as are the descriptions of the strange animals and plants, or the geography of the country through which they passed. Since the most astounding of these healings is one of the very few episodes in the narrative which challenges credulity, I quote the account in full that it may be judged on its merits.

"At the end of the second day some Indians came to us and besought Castello that he would go to see one wounded and others sick, and they said that among them was one very near his end. Castello refused, for he was a timid practitioner, most so in serious and dangerous cases, believing that his sins would weigh and some day hinder him in performing cures. The Indians then told me to go and heal them as they liked me, and remembered that I had before ministered to them. Coming near their huts, I perceived that the sick man we went to heal was dead. Many persons were around him, and his hut was prostrate, a sign that one who dwelt in it was no more. When I arrived, I found the pulse gone, he having all the appearance of death. I removed a mat with which he was covered, and supplicated our Lord as fervently as I could that He would be pleased to give health to him. After he had been blessed and breathed upon many times, they brought me his bow and gave me a basket of pounded prickly pears, and I made my departure.

. . . .

"That night the Indians came again to our lodging, reporting that he who had been dead and for whom I wrought before them, had got up whole and walked, and had eaten and spoken with them. This caused much wonder and fear, and throughout the land the people talked of nothing else. All to whom the fame of it reached came to seek us, that we should cure them and bless their children, giving to us the best of all they had, and saying we were most truly Children of the Sun."

Whatever conclusion we may reach, the fact is that their solar origin was irrevocably established in the native mind, so that, immediately, the four

visitors were raised from the condition of fugitive slaves to the rank of heaven-sent medicine-men, and when the tribe could no longer induce them to remain in its midst, emanating blessing and protection, they were heaped with farewell gifts, and a devoted guard guided them to the next settlement toward the west.

It was in such manner that the whole of that first trip across the northern continent was accomplished. In village after village the cures were repeated, gifts were showered upon them, and a great company, which constantly grew in numbers and reverence, sped them on their way. The presents, which consisted chiefly of furs and the dried hearts of deer, with occasional bits of the treasured blue turquoise, were promptly redistributed among the inhabitants of the succeeding village as an initial act of friendliness; and when, of necessity, they tarried long weeks or even months with some special tribe, they shared equally in all the drudgery of the common life, digging their own roots for food, carrying their own loads of water and of fire-wood, and going destitute as their hosts of either clothing or adornment. In every way they showed themselves devoid of greed or of arrogance, so that happily no act of self-seeking marred their growing reputation as high and god-like beings.

Gradually, as they proceeded, the degree of civilization advanced perceptibly, and there were increasing rumours of an opulent country far to the north; there, people were said to dwell in cities of high terraced houses, where gold and turquoise and the precious maize abounded, and where the prairies were covered with vast herds of humpbacked cows, which furnished an inexhaustible supply of food and raiment. As tangible evidence of this superior race, they were shown sacred articles which served to sound the rhythm in the ceremonial dances—gourds filled with little pebbles which, they were told, ever and anon came floating down in the current of the rivers at such times as they were in flood. Two of these potent tokens were bestowed in gratitude upon Cabeça, and these alone from among all the gifts, he cannily allowed himself to retain against a possible need.

At long length, after more than six interminable years of hardship and endurance, including the weary, never-ending march across the wilderness, there came a breath-catching moment, as dramatic as Crusoe's first glimpse of a human foot-print in the sand; for one day, among the natives who flocked about them, there appeared one who wore an ornament upon his breast made from a Spanish sword-buckle and a forged horse-shoe nail—proof positive that somewhere within conceivable reach there were other white men, and that the chimerical goal which, against all hope, they had hoped for, had suddenly become a concrete reality. "In a manner of the utmost indifference we could feign, we asked how he had come by that which he wore, and he answered that it had been brought by certain men who had beards like us, and had come from heaven with horses, lances and swords; and that they had afterwards gone to sea, toward the sunset. Then did we give thanks to God our Lord, for we had despaired of ever hearing more of Christians."

Considering the next chapter of his experience, there is to us something

ironic in his manner of always referring to his compatriots as Christians—for nothing could be more unchristian than the ruthless marauders whose depradations were from now on in evidence. On every hand were deserted villages and neglected fields, while the fleeing, half-starved natives hid in the mountains and deep forests, to avoid the soldiery who were hunting and capturing them for slaves. The first Spaniards whom Cabeça encountered were of a quite particular depravity. After a grudging and half-hearted welcome to the eager and deeply-moved wanderers, the Captain confessed that he was "completely undone" since the inhabitants would no longer till the soil, nor hunt for game, nor furnish them with any other food whatever, so that his men were suffering greatly from want and privation. He begged that Cabeça would use his influence to draw the Indians from their hiding places in the hills, promising them full safety and protection; but when, obedient to the friendly summons, they flocked down bringing the needed stores of provisions, our friends were spirited away into the trackless forest, under the pretence that they were being led to the chief Alcalde of the province, and as soon as their backs were turned, the trusting natives were thrown into chains. Happily this special act of treachery was soon rectified, for the four intrepid travellers presently succeeded in reaching the central camp at Culiacan, where they were warmly received, and given full support in their demand that the wrong be immediately righted.

One could ask no stronger proof of the deep faith Cabeça had inspired, than the fact that, despite the recent duplicity, he was able to comply with a request of the Alcalde and once more induce the Indians to return with the much needed supplies. It was in this final and most difficult effort, that he at last made use of the magical gourds which he had so long kept by him against the hour of need. The messengers whom he sent to summon the fugitives were armed with these potent insignia of authority, and thus established his identity as the Child of the Sun whose beneficent deeds had been so widely heralded.

Certain officers, jealous of such esteem and reverence, tried to undermine it by contemptuously asserting that Cabeça was but a Spaniard like themselves, though of much meaner rank and importance. "But the Indians cared nothing for what was told them, saying among themselves that the Christians lied; that we had come whence the sun rises, and they whence it goes down; we healed the sick, they killed the sound; we came naked and barefoot, with no weapons, they had arrived in clothing, with lances and on horseback; that we were not covetous of anything, that all which was given us we straightway turned to give, remaining with nothing; that the others had only the purpose to rob whomsoever they found. Even to the last I could not persuade the Indians that we were of the Christians."

The rest of the account is brief: it tells of the kindness of the Alcalde in presenting them with clothes—which they could not wear, so used were their bodies to freedom; and in offering them commodious lodgings—which they enjoyed as little, for they could not sleep except upon the ground; and how in good time they were conveyed safely to the City of Mexico, where they were a nine-day wonder to the populace, who came in droves to gaze upon them.

In reward for his services, Cabeça was appointed Governor of the province of Rio de la Plata, but the office seems to have demanded a man of different fibre, and he soon became the object of intrigue. It resulted eventually in his arrest, a return under guard to Spain, and a sentence of banishment to Africa, which was never enforced. After a year or two of mild captivity in Seville, he was acquitted and apparently lived in peace until his death in 1557.

This closes the historical account. As one ponders over the story with its patent hall-marks of sincerity, close observation and retentive memory, one longs for a power of insight which could pierce behind and within the outer facts to the hidden world of causes. Although certain definite achievements have been freely credited to the journey and to the journal, these scarcely seem commensurate with the prolonged suffering and the superhuman efforts which were entailed.

It is granted that they were the first to cross the northern continent; they were the first to hear of the life-supporting bison of the Great Plains; they were the first to learn of the terraced pueblos of the Southwest; and it was their reports of the fabled Seven Cities of Turquoise and Gold, which kindled anew the fire of exploration among the Spaniards of the New World. Starting forth in their foot-steps and guided by the negro Estevan, Fray Marcos de Niza made his heroic pilgrimage to the gates of Zuni; and it was under their inspiration that Coronado led his Conquistadores far and wide in the search for glory and riches—northward, till they were checked by the Colorado mountains; eastward to the Kansas prairies, and westward, till they gazed in amazement over the rim of the Grand Cañon. Yet even so, the discoveries and the later colonization were of small material moment either to Spain or to the United States, the country retaining even to the present day the stamp of a frontier, and unless a deeper justification can be found, the game scarcely seems worth the candle.

It is difficult to speak of, or to measure, values which lie underneath the surface, but certain conditions and aspects are evident, which at least furnish food for speculation, since they seem more or less analogous to other events whose theosophic bearing has been pointed out again and again.

First we might recollect for a moment the cultures and religions which, in this far corner of the world, were quite untouched by European influence or tradition, until the first Spaniards cast their covetous and proselytizing eyes about them. Southward was Mexico, with its wealth of gold, a highly developed art, a strongly centralized government, and with many of the refinements of life; yet dominated and ruled in every detail by a malignant superstition, whose altars demanded human sacrifice on a scale seldom approached in the history of mankind. In sharp contrast to this, the arid plains of its northern namesake were dotted, then as now, with the little Indian pueblos, whose life was precariously maintained by a nice balance of bare needs against the scant products of the meagre soil; but where the protection of the gods was invoked only through ordered dance and enacted myths, free from the darker practices of sorcery and black magic,—ceremonies which later

research has shown were rooted in a deep cosmic philosophy, and a singularly pure belief.

Roughly speaking, the march of Cabeça de Vaca drew a median line between these two extremes, and from his description of the manners and customs among the peoples he met and sojourned with, we may gather that the country he traversed was a sort of religious no-man's land. Each tiny group had its own ethical standards, which varied enormously from village to village; in one he met with signal kindness and humanity, in the next he was beaten and starved and tortured; of one he writes, "Here each has an acknowledged wife, and they love their offspring the most of any in the world, so that if one dies, the whole tribe wails for an entire year"; but within scant three days' travel, he meets others who "kill all the weak and nearly all the girl babies, lest the food supply be over-taxed, and for a mere nothing they break up wedlock". In places he found them "going naked as the day they were born", in others "clothed with much modesty in cotton shirts and robes of deer-skin." All seems to have been in a state of flux, with no cohesion, countless languages, and greatly varying forms of worship. There is frequent mention of areitos, or ceremonial dances, but in looking back over the entire experience, he is able to state, "Nowhere in the two thousand leagues we have travelled on land, and in boats on the water, have I found either sacrifice or idolatry".

The provinces of Mexico were not very remote, nor, on the western slope, difficult of access, and it seems quite within the probabilities that these isolated peoples, with so little social unity or strength of common conviction, were in imminent danger of being drawn under the sway of the fierce deities who ruled their southern neighbours; and moreover, that once established in this mid-region, the wave of superstition would gather strength for a further advance, so that the ultimate contamination of the purer north would have been almost inevitable.

There is a weird tale which came to the ears of Cabeça shortly after the fame of his first cures had spread over the land, which might here be interpolated as interesting in itself, and as an episode with possible significance: "These and the rest of the people behind, related an extraordinary circumstance, and there appeared from their reckoning to be about fifteen or sixteen years since it occurred. They said a man whom they called Bad Thing had wandered about the country. He was small of body and wore a beard, but they never clearly saw his features; when he came to a house where they lived, their hair stood up on end and they trembled, and when it pleased him he would lift the dwelling with him, and afterwards both would come down in a heavy fall; sometimes a firebrand shone at the door, when he would enter, seize whom he chose, and give him three gashes in the side with a sharp flint, and would draw forth and cut off a portion of the entrails which he would throw upon the embers; he would then sever an arm from the body, and a little after would unite it again by putting his hand on the wounds, which would instantly become healed. We laughed much and ridiculed these things, and they, seeing our incredulity, brought to us many they said he had seized,

and we saw the marks of the gashes made in places according to the manner described. We told them he was an Evil One and gave them to understand that if they would believe in God our Lord and become Christians, they need not fear him; and they might be certain he would not venture to appear while we remained in the land. At this they were delighted and lost much of their dread".

The utter truth and simplicity of the narrative as a whole, forbids our throwing this incident too lightly into the discard as merely a fantastic tale, and it might be enlightening, if space permitted, to compare it with similar legends which recount the appearance of demoniacal beings among other barbaric races which are addicted to voodooism and the practice of human sacrifice.

However, without giving the curious story undue weight, we may quite well assume that there was need of a strong stand against the threatened encroachment of a debased and powerful superstition, and that the new force of Christianity had a very real part to play in the defence. Among the possible agents and representatives who were at hand in the field, many, if not most, would obviously have to be discarded as highly unfit. Narvaez, cowardly and self-seeking; the bigoted *padre* who "straightway burned the painted boxes in which the Indians had placed their dead, denouncing them as heathenish and diabolical objects"; the faithless soldiers who connived and mutinied against their leaders—no and no and again no. But there was Cabeça de Vaca, of other fibre; a devout and loyal son of Mother Church, yet neither disputatious nor intolerant; of unflinching honesty and courage, a soldier true to his captain even when that captain proved worthless and untrue: he might well be entrusted with the momentous task of drawing, quite unconsciously, an invisible line of spiritual defence, clear across the country, "from sea to shining sea". Through his unswerving devotion and his kindly virtues, coupled with a gift of healing, he would bear steady witness to the faith, and at every turn he would affirm in all humility, that the power which guided and supported him came from a beneficent God, "our Master, the Lord".

It may be significant to note that the unbounded influence which he wielded over the Indians seems to have descended upon him almost over-night. In all the first years of his captivity, there was apparently nothing which marked him as especially outstanding to the native mind; even when they insisted upon his earning his living by serving as a Medicine Man, it was with the casual observation that "sticks and stones have magical power and a remarkable man like yourself must have some of it, surely", and the successful efforts which ensued were taken as a matter of course, and added but little to the scant consideration accorded him. Then, at the very outset of his westward journey, the phenomenal following was upon him; day after day it persisted in increasing numbers, and grew in faith until the moment of his farewell to them at Culiacan, when almost as suddenly as he had risen to eminence, his gift of leadership deserted him. We know that he was unable to hold the little command at Rio de la Plata, and soon thereafter he quietly subsided into the peaceful obscurity of his later days.

He relates the incidents of his strange and magnetic power with a singular lack of egotism and a still more singular lack of surprise: "Frequently we were accompanied by three thousand or four thousand persons, and as we had to breathe upon and sanctify the food and drink for each, for not until then would they partake of it, it may be seen how great was the annoyance"; "whatsoever they killed or found was put before us without they themselves daring to take anything until we had blessed it, though they should be expiring of hunger." "On all the days' travel we received great inconvenience from the many persons following us; had we attempted to escape we could not have succeeded, such was their haste in pursuit, in order to touch us," and so on and on, in item after item, all perfectly matter-of-fact and with no hint of pride or self-glorification.

Since he was held in a reverence which amounted almost to deification, it is no wonder that he could say with perfect truth, "They were ready to accept all Christian teaching we could impart. We taught them by signs that in heaven was a Man we called God who had created the sky and the earth, and Him we worshipped and had for a master; so ready of apprehension we found them, that could we have had a better use of language by which to make ourselves more perfectly understood, we should have left them all Christians." Nor, judging from the following naïve description of the way in which he finally, just before his leave-taking, transferred the last of the pursuing throng from the perils of heathendom to the shelter of the orthodox fold, could they have felt overmuch the shock of change: "Asked to whom they offered worship, from whom they asked for rain for their corn fields and health for themselves, they answered: 'Of a man that is in heaven whose name is Aguar', and they believed he created the world and all things. They said that from their fathers and grandfathers and from very distant times came their knowledge, and they knew the rain and all good things came from him.

"We told them that the name of Him of whom they spoke we called Dios, and if they would call him so and worship as we directed, they would find their welfare. They replied that they well understood and would do as we said." Could anything be less disturbing?

His further conclusion that "to bring all these people to be Christians and to the obedience of your Imperial Majesty, they must be won by kindness, which is a way certain, and no other is",—might profitably have been taken to heart by those who came after, for unfortunately dogmatism and ruthless fanaticism were destined to pull down with one hand what faith and sacrifice built up with the other, till those who scoff at the apparent futility of the four hundred years of missions and missionaries seem amply justified.

Yet we cannot withold a tribute to the intrepid line of Franciscans who, in the next few years, unflinchingly plodded their way to certain martyrdom across the miles of sand and cactus, nor to the single-hearted *padres* who, during the following century, spirited out of the unpromising field of New Mexico the great upgrowth of churches, with their stupendous crop of baptisms; nor even to the courageous colonists, whose loyalties were so neatly parcelled out between God and Mammon.

It surely does not demand an undue stretch of the theosophic imagination to conceive that their splendid devotion might have been accepted and used, not only to promulgate the Christianity they professed, but to safeguard as well the truths of another faith which they themselves failed to understand; so that in this remote and isolated region, the revelations of an earlier race have in fact been preserved, till they could in some measure be comprehended, and perhaps passed on to future generations of men.

Here and now within our borders, the lion and the lamb seem to have lain down together in a most unusual amity. In orthodox adobe churches, every Christmas Eve, the Virgin is honoured by an age-old dance for good hunting, while in others, the altars are heaped with the little clay images which will later be offered at the shrines of native gods. The old men of the mesas rise at dawn to greet the Sun-Father, before going to early mass; and the ever-beautiful Corn-Maidens minister for the earth's fruitfulness, in front of a green bower, within which is ensconced the patron saint of the pueblo. Under the very shadow of mission walls, the Giant Shalakos dance back and forth before their own aboriginal altars; down the rocky trail and off past the government schoolhouse, the Katzinas wend their way to the far-off Sacred Mountain; and without let or hindrance from the incumbent field-matron or agricultural agent, the wise serpents are borne aloft in the great prayer for rain, that "the grain may not wither and dry up, but come to ripeness, that our children may have to eat and that afterward we too may have to eat."

E. A.

Let us feed on the lives and thoughts of great men, that we may react against the mediocrity of our surroundings.—CAHUET.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

QUITE a number of years ago it was suggested to me that I write a "Why I Joined The Theosophical Society". I did endeavour to do so, but the result seemed to me to be so devoid of interest to anyone else, that I put it to one side, and finally gave up the idea altogether.

Now I feel I was wrong in my conclusion, for the simple reason that as I am always much interested when reading in the QUARTERLY the "why" of others, it seems possible that some may be interested in mine.

When I was a young lad, my parents were interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism. I recollect sitting with them in a dimly lighted room, hands upon the table, all singing a hymn, and I hoping something would happen. I remember that the sitting was a failure that night, but in later years my father told me that often strange things did happen; the moving of objects, answering of questions by taps on the table, etc. Certain things which happened rather frightened him, and caused him to doubt the wisdom of such practices; so he decided to experiment no more until his family grew up, when he would make further investigations. Learning, however, from Theosophy, in later years, something of the meaning and cause of the phenomena, of course these further investigations never took place.

My father used to call himself an agnostic in regard to religion, and took great pleasure in argument, especially with ministers, who, as was the custom in those days, visited us from time to time. I took a keen interest in those arguments, and two of the impressions they left on me were that my father always had the best of them, and a feeling of being sorry for the minister.

I always think it was much to my father's credit that while he himself had no faith in religion, he always insisted that his children should regularly attend Sunday school, saying, as I well remember, that he wanted us to hear both sides of the question, so that, as we grew older, we should be better able to choose for ourselves. I, although always ready with some argument, more or less foolish, against religion, yet had a strong leaning towards it, and I tried the church and Sunday school of many different denominations.

My father had a well illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, a prize given him in early days for regular attendance at Sunday school. I read and reread this book and was deeply impressed by it, not with the theology of it, but rather because I seemed to sense a mysterious something which touched a chord in my own inner feelings. At this time I was about twelve years old. After that I passed through different phases of life, finding deep interest first in one thing and then in another,—so marked that, in later years,

I came to the conclusion that life, or at least the earlier portions of it, is an epitome of many previous ones.

As I grew older, my thought began again to centre on things pertaining to wider and deeper views of life. While out walking one starlight night, I was strongly impressed with the thought that perhaps I had lived on earth before, and that probably the scheme of things was a life here, then a life on some star, followed by a return to earth again. I had heard nothing suggesting reincarnation at that time, but I was trying to discover some logical solution of existence, the idea of eternity spent in either place, as generally taught in the church, not appealing to me in the least.

Shortly after this, a friend of my father's told him of meetings being held in our city which would interest him. My father told me, and suggested that I go and see what they were like. I went and heard a lecture on Theosophy, given in a small room, and went home to tell him it was just what he wanted. These were the words I used, and I have wondered since, how I knew. Anyway, my intuition proved to be correct, and both my parents attended, joined, and were members when the time came for their passing on to other spheres.

For some reason I now cannot fathom, I did not myself attend till some time afterwards. I felt interested, but somehow it seemed that my time had not yet come. One night my father came home from a meeting and told me of the existence of Masters. I felt not the slightest doubt, accepting the wonderful news at once, and I started then to go to the meetings. I attended regularly and did what I could to help, yet felt no inclination to apply for membership. Quite suddenly it seemed that a barrier was removed; I applied and was accepted.

This was in the year 1897, and the upheaval which took place soon afterwards, came as a great shock. Perhaps the threatened loss made my membership more valuable to me. I had become deeply attached to the members of our Branch, and now differences had arisen which I could only too plainly see meant a division, with unavoidable loss. It was indeed a period of pain. It seemed that I had lost the best gift life had given me.

One day an old member told me that the Society was still in existence, and gave me the New York address. I wrote and received a kindly reply. It was with real joy that I renewed my membership, which to-day is one of my most valued privileges.

Karma has ordained that the privilege should not be without some pain, through the misunderstanding of friends who sometimes think that for one to go off the beaten track is, to say the least, peculiar. So few understand, even when one's greatest desire is for their good; so a sensitive nature is bound to suffer. Still, has it not always been so? It is our opportunity to rise above pain, an opportunity that helps us to appreciate a little what those to whom the world owes so much have had to suffer because the world knew them not. But theirs is the joy of service and the certitude that Truth will prevail, and we, though perhaps as yet in a small way, can share in that joy, and help in the healing of the hurts of the world.

A. H.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART IV, SECTIONS 1, 2.

JANAKA AND YAJNAVALKYA

THE greater part of the teaching of the Upanishads is conveyed in dramatic dialogues, the Discourse of Death and Nachiketas standing as the type. In these dialogues, the development of the teaching is carried forward through question and answer: one disciple, or sometimes more than one, asking questions, which are answered by a Master of Wisdom. This symbolizes all real spiritual teaching, for the Master can give only in response to a genuine need and demand of the disciple.

In the present dialogue, the first of a series in which Janaka and Yajnavalkya take part, the situation is somewhat different, in as much as Janaka, King of the Videhas, is a renowned King Initiate, whose name became a proverb for royal wisdom. Yet Yajnavalkya is represented as greater than Janaka. So that we have the representation of an Initiate instructed by a still higher Initiate. Yajnavalkya initiates King Janaka into a still higher degree of wisdom and power. It is, therefore, in harmony with this situation, that in these dialogues between the great and the greater Initiate, we have some of the noblest and most eloquent teachings in these sacred books.

King Janaka is seated on his throne, or, perhaps it would be more in keeping with Oriental custom to say, on his cushion of honour. It is not clear whether he is alone, or surrounded by his courtiers, as was King Pravahana, son of Jivala, when the Brahman youth Shvetaketu came to him, and was put to confusion by a series of questions dealing with the Mysteries. King Janaka's greeting to Yajnavalkya, at first sight rather ironical: "With what purpose hast thou come,—seeking herds, or subtle questions?" in reality has a deeper meaning, as has the reply of Yajnavalkya: "Both, indeed, O King!" For herds of cattle are the symbol of perceptive powers, they are "the knowers of the field" of perception, as the *Bhagavad Gita* says. The natural senses are, therefore, symbolized by five cattle. When the inner senses are developed, giving a double range of perceptive powers, the cattle number ten, or a multiple of ten: in the present case, a thousand. The Initiate is enriched; the number of his herds is increased. The elephant also is a symbol, since his trunk, at once a power of perception and a power of action, is taken to represent awakened spiritual intelligence and will. The elephant is a symbol of the higher Mind, and the gift which Janaka wishes to bestow on Yajnavalkya symbolizes the full complement of outer and inner powers of perception and action, with the higher Mind in control.

The whole of this part of the dialogue conveys an understanding concerning

Brahma, the Eternal, essential Being. The first declaration is, that the Eternal is the Word, exactly in the sense of the prologue of the Fourth Gospel. The Word, the Logos, the Voice, called by Philo of Alexandria, "the Mind of God", is the primal manifestation of that which in itself is unmanifested, the ever veiled Divinity. The Divine Voice, the Divine Word, issues forth through Space; or, to speak more truly, its issuance creates Space and all that is within Space. Therefore the Word is the abode, the all-containing universe of beings, as contrasted with the recondite essence of Being. The Power here called Shining Ether, or Akasha, is the initial manifestation or radiation, the Power of Divine Nature, which is at once the first and the source of the seven magical Powers, whether of Kosmos or of man.

The second aspect of manifested Being presented to us is Life. And Life, in the spiritual sense, is co-existent and co-extensive with Space. There is no corner of the universe so remote as to be devoid of Life. Contemporary science is approaching this view, revealing a universe throughout the whole of which the substance which we may still call Matter is distributed. And this Matter in reality consists of electrons which are charges of electrical energy, revolving around nuclei, likewise electrical, with velocities entirely inconceivable, even though they may be represented by figures. Further, it seems that these electrical units are so richly endowed with energy, that they continue their incalculably swift gyrations for millions of millions of years, or, practically, for ever. So that the universe of contemporary science is packed with intense energy throughout its whole extent. In that sense, and to that degree, the universe is Life. But, as compared with the ancient Oriental teaching, one vital element is lacking. Real Life consists not only in energy, but even more in Consciousness. It is not enough to say that energy, ceaseless motion, is co-extensive with the universe. We must further see that Consciousness is co-extensive with the universe. Further than that, instead of thinking that Consciousness pervades all Space, we should understand that Space is a function of Consciousness; not of our present personal consciousness, but of universal Consciousness. Therefore, "as Consciousness let him reverence That".

Perceiving Consciousness is best symbolized by Vision, whether we mean the outward vision of the eyes, through which we behold earth and the heavens, or the inward vision of the heart, through which we touch the realities of spiritual Being. Therefore our growing understanding of the Eternal, as the Word, and as Life, is further enriched by the thought of Vision, the divine perceptive power which is infused through all Space, all Being.

Hearing is a like symbol, yet with something added. For the Eastern name for the Scriptures is "that which was heard", Hearing thus symbolizing spiritual learning, which is also an aspect of the Eternal, and also pervades all Life. Yet another aspect of the Eternal is Joy. In the words of another Upanishad: "Who could live, who could breathe, if the heart of Being were not Joy?"

So the dialogue awakens our intuition of the Eternal, as the Logos, as Life, as Joy. But there is a second purpose running through it: Life, Vision, Hear-

ing, Joy, are not only in the Eternal; they are equally in ourselves. The second purpose of the dialogue is to lead us to recognize each one of our powers, whether of perception or of action, as a power of the Eternal, manifested and present in us. A complete realization of this should bring, first, consecration, then liberation from the delusion of separate existence, the delusion of self.

After Janaka descends from his seat, the purpose of the dialogue changes. It is no longer a question of awakening general spiritual intuitions; it is a question of arousing to fuller life and activity the Spiritual Man. The Woman, of whom Yajnavalkya has spoken, is in one sense the passive spiritual nature, which is to be made active by aspiration. As a result, "the son" is born, whom Paul calls "the new man", or "the second Adam." Another name for the same "son", frequently used in the Upanishads, is "the Inner Heart." So that we may hold that the theoretical teaching concerning the divine powers of the Logos, the manifested Eternal, was a preface, a preparation for practical development, leading to the birth and growth of the Spiritual Man. It is worth noting that Shankara Acharya describes the "subtile body" as an eater of finer food,—the same phrase that is used here.

Yet the Spiritual Man is not the final goal; rather, he is a stepping stone to the Supreme Self, described by Yajnavalkya in eloquent sentences, which echo down the ages: "It is not that, not that!"

A Dialogue of Sages

Janaka, King of the Videha nation, had taken his seat. Thereupon Yajnavalkya drew near to him. To him Janaka said:

Yajnavalkya, with what purpose hast thou come,—seeking herds, or subtle questions?

Both, indeed, O King! Yajnavalkya answered. Whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Jitvan, son of Shilina, has declared to me that the Eternal, verily, is Voice, the Word, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, just so did Jitvan, son of Shilina, say that the Eternal is the Voice, the Word, saying to himself: What can he have, who is voiceless? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

The Voice, the Word, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As Consciousness let him reverence That.

What is the character of Consciousness, Yajnavalkya?

The Voice, the Word, O King, said he. For through the voice, the word, verily, O King, a friend is recognized and also the Rig Veda, the Yajur Veda, the Sama Veda, the Atharva-Angirasa, history, tradition, wisdom, secret teaching, verse, memorial sentences, expositions, commentaries, sacrifice, oblation, what is eaten, what is drunk, and this world and the other world

and all beings,—through the voice, the word, verily, O King, these are recognized. Therefore, the Supreme Eternal is the Voice, the Word. Nor does the Voice, the Word abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Udanka, son of Shulba, has declared to me that the Eternal, verily, is Life, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, just so did Udanka, son of Shulba, say that the Eternal is Life, saying to himself: What can he have, who is lifeless? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

Life, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As the Beloved let him reverence That.

What is the character of the Beloved, Yajnavalkya?

Life, verily, O King, said he. For through the desire of life, O King, one sacrifices even for him for whom no sacrifice should be offered, one accepts gifts from him from whom no gifts should be accepted. From the desire of life, O King, comes the fear of death, to whatever region one may go. Therefore, the Supreme Eternal, O King, is Life. Nor does Life abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Barku, son of Vrishna, has declared to me that the Eternal is Vision, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, just so did Barku, son of Vrishna, say that the Eternal is Vision, saying to himself: What can he have, who is without vision? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

Vision, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As the Real let him reverence That.

What is the character of the Real, Yajnavalkya?

Vision, verily, O King, said he. For when, O King, they say to one beholding through vision: Hast thou seen? He says: I have seen! That is the Real. Therefore, the Supreme Eternal, O King, is Vision. Nor does Vision abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Gardabhivipita Bharadvaja has declared to me that the Eternal is Hearing, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, even so did Gardabhivipita Bharadvaja say that the Eternal is Hearing, saying to himself: What can he have, who is without hearing? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

Hearing, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As the Infinite let him reverence That.

What is the character of the Infinite, Yajnavalkya?

Space, verily, O King, said he. Therefore, verily, O King, in whatever direction of Space one goes, of that he does not reach the end, for the directions of Space are infinite. And the spaces, O King, are Hearing. Hearing, verily, O King, is the Supreme Eternal. Nor does Hearing abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Satyakama, son of Jabala, has declared to me that the Eternal is Mind, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, even so did Satyakama, son of Jabala, say that the Eternal is Mind, saying to himself: What can he have, who is without mind? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

Mind, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As Joy let him reverence That.

What is the character of Joy, Yajnavalkya?

Mind, verily, O King, said he. For through Mind, verily, O King, he aspires toward the Woman, wherein a son conformable to himself is born. He is Joy. Mind, verily, O King, is the Supreme Eternal. Nor does Mind abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Vidagdha, son of Shakala, has declared to me that the Eternal is the Heart, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, even so did Vidagdha, son of Shakala, say that the Eternal is the Heart, saying to himself: What can he have, who is without a heart? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

The Heart, verily, is the abode. Shining Ether is the foundation. As Steadfast let him reverence That.

What is the character of Steadfast, Yajnavalkya?

The Heart, verily, O King, said he. For the Heart, O King, is the abode of all beings. The Heart, verily, O King, is the foundation of all beings. For in the Heart, verily, O King, all beings have their foundation. The Heart, verily, O King, is the Supreme Eternal. Nor does the Heart abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts!

Janaka, King of the Videha nation, descending from his seat, said:

Obeisance to thee, Yajnavalkya! Impart to me the teaching!

Yajnavalkya said: Like as a King, preparing for a great journey, would make ready a chariot or a ship, even so art thou prepared in thy inner Self through these secret teachings. Therefore, as thou art leader of a host, endowed with wealth, a master of the Vedas, learned in the secret teachings,—when thou art liberated from this world, whither wilt thou go?

That I know not, Sire, whither I shall go!

Then, verily, I shall declare this to thee, whither thou wilt go.

Let my Master declare it! said he.

Enkindler, verily, by name is this Spirit in the right eye. Him, verily, being

the Enkindler, they call Indra, the Lord, with a hidden meaning. For the Radiant Beings are lovers of the hidden, haters of the manifest.

And so this Power, having the form of Spirit, in the left eye is his consort Viraj, the Luminous. Of these two, the place of concordant praise is this Shining Ether in the Inner Heart. And so their subsistence is this ruddy sphere in the Inner Heart. The covering which envelopes these two is, as it were, a network in the Inner Heart. The path which these two follow is the channel which runs upward from the Heart. Fine as a hair divided a thousandfold are these channels named Well-disposed, which have their foundation in the Inner Heart. Through these, verily, flows on the fluent life. Therefore is this an eater of finer food, as it were, than this bodily self.

Of him, the eastern lives are the eastern space. The southern lives are the southern space. The western lives are the western space. The northern lives are the northern space. The lives above are the space above. The lives below are the space below. All the lives are all the spaces of him.

But the Supreme Self is not that, not that! The Supreme Self is intangible, for It cannot be grasped. The Supreme Self is indestructible for It cannot be destroyed. The Supreme Self is illimitable, for It cannot be limited. It is free from bondage, unshaken, invulnerable.

Thou hast attained the Fearless, O Janaka! said Yajnavalkya.

Then Janaka said: May the Fearless come to thee, Yajnavalkya, since as a Master thou makest us know the Fearless. Obeisance to thee! In thy keeping be the Videha nation, and myself also!

C. J.

That which doth set thee free from self shall bring
Nighness to God! . . . Not self-possessing
Art thou thine own—but self-abandoning.—FROM THE PERSIAN OF SA'DI.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder, instead of confining himself to his function as irritant and amanuensis, announced, on this occasion, that he had something to say. "There are three books", he explained, "that I want to recommend, though all of them require a word or two of introduction. The first is, *The Great Conjecture: Who is this Jesus?* by Winifred Kirkland, published by Henry Holt and Company. 'An account of experience with the inescapable Galilean', is the sub-title on the 'jacket'. The book is noteworthy as the record of an experiment, honestly undertaken and steadfastly continued, with results which should put many students of Theosophy to shame. The author decided to adopt, as a working hypothesis, the existence of Christ as a living Master and friend. 'All these centuries', she writes, 'Christianity has gone crippled because it has failed to practise the law of action as the means to conviction, that law of Christ the boldest scientist of all—first *do*, then *know*.' In obedience to this scientific principle, perhaps with no more faith than the chemist puts into the result of his experiment, she set out to 'practise the presence of the risen Jesus', explaining,—'By the practice of the presence of the risen Jesus I mean the stern and dogged effort to make the actual Galilean as real to us as he was to Mary Magdalen on Easter Morning or to Paul on the road to Damascus. I mean devoting the finest energy of our being to making the peasant Carpenter of Nazareth come alive beside us, and then trying to obey every word we imagine him as saying to us.' She adds, for the benefit of her scientific friends: 'Every one has the right to dedicate the imagination to whatever dream he chooses.'

"Students of occultism in all ages have been told that the right use of the imagination is the basis of all magical phenomena, as it is of all productive meditation, though, of necessity, 'stern and dogged effort' alone can bring results. That results are not slow to develop, the author testifies convincingly, —as all true mystics have for ever testified. 'Jesus of Nazareth, looking over my shoulder as I read the morning's headlines, and pronouncing his clear-eyed comment; Jesus of Nazareth reading some adolescent novel and saying in genuine amusement, "Children shaking bones as a baby does a rattle!" Jesus of Nazareth beside me in the theatre, whispering to me, "O woman, pity! Can you not see the starving hearts beneath the cynicism?" ' She speaks more than once of the same Master's well-known irony.

"There is much that rings true, at least in spirit. There are other things which do not ring true at all; but I am not recommending this book as by one who has attained. The author has begun and has continued—in itself, a great achievement—and should attain (must attain, I believe) if, with ever-opening mind, her effort be continued to the end. She is 'untrained', in the theosophic

sense (she has had none of our immense advantages); she has carried into her experiment many unfortunate but wide-spread misconceptions; she has a mental picture of the Master which is a mixture of Ramsay MacDonald—or any other ardent Labour Pacifist—and of a young Jewish carpenter who *always* carries his bag of tools, as a sort of passport into contemporary society: and yet she has done what many students of Theosophy have not done,—she has grasped and has acted upon a principle which underlies all spiritual progress, —the principle of obedience to the highest we can imagine as our Master's will for us, and instruction to us, in each moment as it passes,—the instruction, not of a dry-as-dust school-teacher or priest, but of a devoted Elder Brother. Her first-hand experience, 'mixed' though it is, should be an inspiration to many who have lost heart too soon on the path of the Divine Adventure.

"The second book I want to recommend is a War book,—*A Subaltern's War*, by Charles Edmonds, published in London by Peter Davies, Ltd. I want to recommend it because it is written, obviously, by *a man*, and therefore serves as an antidote to the puling, poisonous pessimism of Henri Barbusse, Herr Erich Remarque, and the many English and American writers on the War, whose motto is or ought to be, 'Safety First', and whose mothers must have crooned their infant manhood to sleep to the tune of, 'I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.' 'Po' white trash', as a darkie might remark. *A Subaltern's War* is a vivid, some would say, a realistic account of things seen and done on the Somme, and at the battle of Passchendaele, not by a professional soldier, but by a boy who began his campaigns when seventeen, 'caught up by the war out of an [English] country vicarage.' It is admirably written, and concludes with an 'Epilogue' in which the author discusses, sensibly and with detachment, the 'since the war' psychology. I liked this: 'To die young is by no means an unmitigated misfortune; to die gaily in the unselfish pursuit of what you believe to be a righteous cause is an enviable and not a premature end.' Then this interested me, as being something which, I venture to suggest, should never be forgotten by a student of Theosophy, who necessarily is a student of life: 'Fear is the worst of the horrors of war. Fear is that which degrades, which breeds cruelty, envy and malice; and fear is the enemy in war. The merit of discipline is that it strengthens the nerve of every man by filling him with the general courage. Just as a panicstricken mob is baser and more cowardly than any one of its members, so a disciplined regiment is nobler and braver.'

"Was it not Ernest Hello who laid it down as a rule of his religious life, never to leave anything undone which he found himself afraid to do?

"On the other hand, is it not in any case arguable that German atrocities in France and Belgium were the product of inherent cowardice,—in some cases, a reaction from terror, in other cases, terror's immediate expression? A brave man is never cruel. That individual Germans were brave, I do not doubt, although, incidentally, we should not confuse insensibility, or a lack of imagination, with courage.

"But I am digressing. My excuse is that Charles Edmonds (who says that

is not his real name) makes one think,—which is perhaps the best that any author can do for us.

"'My third' is a French book, *Les Augures de Genève*, by René Benjamin, author of the unforgettable *Soliloque de Maurice Barrès*, of *Valentine, ou La Folie démocratique*, and of other brilliant works. His book about Geneva and the League of Nations is a delight, for its humour, for its sanity, for its complete absence of current shibboleths and illusions. How I wish it could be translated into English, and read by everyone in England and America! It would do our sickly mental atmosphere a world of good. Unfortunately, he does not write *pour les jeunes filles*, and would not always bear translation (strange, that some things which are 'quite all right' in one language, often sound crude in another!); but those who read French; who are sufficiently mature, and who are not likely to see evil when no evil is intended, should get *Les Augures*, and should do what they can to share its wholesomeness with others: for the author *is* wholesome; to an unusual degree *il a un goût pour la verité*—a 'flair' for the truth—and, therefore, little as he dreams of doing so, is working for the cause of Theosophy.

"I am tempted to translate one passage, in the hope that some few readers of the QUARTERLY will 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' it, and will use it later for the pricking of Pacifist bubbles:—'Life is a drama, and one would have to be a babe-in-arms, or an old man in his dotage, to doubt it. It is a drama everywhere. It is a drama in France, because, among other dangers, together with stupidity, illness and death, there is Germany; and it is useless to ask oneself if, on the other side of the Rhine, Pacifism is spreading, if democracy is slowly undermining patriotism, how many Germans hate war, or if the majority of them are men of good faith. It is enough to watch them at the Society of Nations [at Geneva]: I say to watch them; I do not say to make them the subject of psychiatric, psychological or psychoanalytical study. These are people who arrive with their politeness, their arguments, their good will, their ability to work, their portfolios, their interests. They bow, they speak heavily but blandly; they declare they will never again make war, that they desire to act in concert always, that a new era has dawned. Then they disclose their demands, which are exorbitant, so naïve in their audacity, so tranquilly indiscreet, that one perceives, to begin with, minds where the truth is in a fog, like Upper Silesia. Next, they are answered. They are answered with infinite precautions, with praise of their valour, of their organization, of all the aspects of their genius, though necessarily, at last, their very daring propositions are disputed. Then, instantly, they are transformed, they stiffen, they grow red, they bang the table, they slam a door, and are gone. This tragi-comedy happens daily and inevitably. It happens always, always, among the calmest of Commissions, in the course of the most courteous investigations, that the German who, in appearance, is entirely upright and most reasonable, ceases to be master of himself. He becomes angry, he explodes; he wants to control others, and it is he who no longer controls himself. His loyalty, his will, his reason, his aptitude for work—everything is suddenly

consumed, swallowed up by a spurting flame that surges from the depths of him, from the most hidden part of his temperament, from the abyss of his heredity, from the appalling mystery of his destiny. Watch an Englishman and see how he controls himself; a Frenchman, an Italian, all these old races,—what self-mastery they possess! But the German is like a youth whose nature, still in a state of effervescence, controls him by turning his will topsy-turvy, pushing him into sudden follies. Treaties, agreements, discussions, precautions, concessions,—such things do not count any more in the presence of this congenital calamity. Even if all the Germans together, in an immense national chorus, were to swear with the greatest sincerity that they would thereafter behave like lambs,—what guarantee would such honesty offer, seeing that it is *in spite of themselves* that suddenly they become wolves?'

"That is the author in his serious vein. Here is a passage which is perhaps more characteristic. He is speaking of the efforts that are made to stimulate the humanitarianism of the League of Nations. 'From the fjords of Norway, the snows of Stockholm, from the reformed [Nonconformist] churches of England, from the Y. M. C. A. of America, delegates, male or female [he does not say *and*], descend upon Geneva,—a Bible tucked under their arm. The very fact of carrying it, gives them an over-powering air: and they set about at once to preach Charity. And then? Then,—that is all. They don't preach the rest of it, which is Sacrifice. It is probable that the pages about Calvary and the Cross were loose-leaved, and that they have disappeared. "Lord God . . . (It is always to God the Father that they address their remarks)—no sacrifices!" They wish, they are determined, that all of us shall die in our beds—sterilized beds—between a Red Cross nurse who will remind us of the neutrality of Rappard [one of the Swiss representatives], and a medical expert who will keep before our mind's eye, these gentlemen of the League of Nations.' "

There was a pause. The Historian then remarked that he, too, would like to talk about a book, following the example of the Recorder. "*Some Unpublished Letters of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky*", he said, "with an Introduction and Commentary by Eugene Rollin Corson, B.S., M.D.—letters addressed originally to the commentator's father and mother—have recently been published in London. This book will soon be on sale in America. Outsiders who buy it and read it are likely to question our members, and I want to put them on their guard,—so far as I am able to do so at this time, for I have been dreadfully busy, and have had no opportunity to read more than part of Dr. Corson's comment, and some of H. P. B.'s letters. The letters, so far as I have read them, are undoubtedly genuine; the comments are those of a man whose disposition is friendly and sympathetic. In some respects he shows unusual understanding of his very difficult subject; but he makes one terrible blunder, involving an injustice to H. P. B. which he does not intend, and which I believe he will sincerely regret when the facts are called to his attention. He quotes the well-known slanders of Count Witte, H. P. B.'s cousin, and then adds: 'Some of this narrative is from hearsay evidently, and therefore

uncertain. Some of it is evidently erroneous; he [Witte] speaks of the medium "Hume" when he probably means Home, and then he is mixed on her theosophical movements. Much of it, however, must be true. The story is an amazing one when we consider her talents and genius, and her heroic efforts to carry out her mission in the last twenty years of her life as she conceived it. So far as I know she has freely admitted this story of her youth, and that's an end of it. It has no bearing on her subsequent life. . . .'

" 'Much of it, however, must be true': why?

"Where and when did she 'admit' anything of the kind?

"Witte was her cousin. He wrote about H. P. B. when she was dead. I cannot understand anyone who accepts readily the statements of those who foul their own nests. The worst thing I know against Lord Byron is that he was the grandfather of the Lovelace who tried to defame him. Witte wrote himself down as unspeakable when he impugned the honour of a woman relative—the daughter of his mother's sister. Also, he lied.

"Dr. Corson should not have echoed him without at least trying his best to ascertain the facts; and there is no indication that he tried. The Letters of H. P. B. to Sinnett were published in 1925, and refute fully, by anticipation, all of Witte's calumnies. William Kingsland's *The Real H. P. Blavatsky*, was published by Watkins in London in 1928, and deals exhaustively (pp. 54–58) with the same subject. Mr. Kingsland points out, among other things, that Witte met H. P. B. for the first time at Tiflis when he was a boy of eleven, and she a woman of twenty-nine, and then, writing some fifty years later, undertakes to defame her on the basis of his evil-minded impressions, supplemented by 'stories current in our family.'

"I may as well confess that the repetition of Witte's defilements by a man whose intentions I believe to be thoroughly good, distressed me deeply. It is all very well for the modern mind to rise superior to matters of sex and to adopt a charitable attitude toward a woman's supposed sins; but how about the woman? How about her honour? If she lived and died as she was born, 'unspotted by the world' (there is no need to be too explicit), and is then discussed, no matter how benevolently, on the calm assumption that she was, to put it mildly, a 'reformed character',—in the name of heaven, how about the woman? Have we no chivalry any more? Do we no longer realize that a woman may value her integrity in *those* respects at least as much as a man can value his reputation for fair play, or for honourable financial dealing?

"Mr. Charles Johnston, who is known to many readers of the QUARTERLY as a constant contributor, met H. P. B. in London and also H. P. B.'s niece, Vera Jelihovsky, whom he married, seeing much of H. P. B. at that time, and much of H. P. B.'s family thereafter. I asked Mr. Johnston to be good enough to comment on Witte's statements, and will now read to you what he sent me:

" 'I have read the passages in Corson's *Unpublished Letters of H. P. B.*, quoted from the *Memoirs* of her cousin Sergei Juleivitch Witte, which retail a good deal of discreditable gossip about Mme. Blavatsky's earlier years.

"'There is, first, the question of the credibility of the witness. I knew Count Witte, and have published several sketches of his life. He had quite exceptional ability, but the cardinal defect of his character was that he distrusted everyone, and was, as a consequence, trusted by no one. There is another factor. Madame Blavatsky travelled in many lands. She was not accompanied by a chaperone! In many cases, there were men in the party. The way in which situations like this will be interpreted, will depend wholly on the mind of the interpreter, and its cleanness, or the reverse. To those who knew Mme. Blavatsky's sexless integrity, her travelling in company with men was wholly natural. But it is not difficult to see how an unclean imagination might colour and distort situations that were unconventional, yet wholly blameless. I regret to say that the life and character of Count Witte were not such as to make him a fair interpreter.

"'As to Metrovitch, it happens that Mme. Blavatsky has told the truth about this man, and it is entirely creditable to her. In *The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, she writes (p. 143) in reply to Sinnett's insistence that she must explain *everything* in her life, for the edification of the public and to add value to the Memoirs of her which he was planning (1885–1886):

"'You say, "Thus, for example, we must bring in the whole of that Metrovitch incident." I say *we must not*. These *Memoirs* will not bring *my vindication*. This I know as well as I knew that *The Times* would not notice my letter against Hodgson's Report. . . . Now, why should I bring out Metrovitch? Suppose I said the *whole* truth about him? What is it? Well, I knew the man in 1850, over whose apparently dead corpse I stumbled over in Pera, at Constantinople, as I was returning home one night from Bougakdira to Missire's hotel. He had received three good stabs in his back from one, or two or more Maltese ruffians, and a Corsican, who were paid for it by the Jesuits. I had him picked up, after standing over his still breathing corpse for about four hours, before my guide could get *mouches* to pick him up. The only Turkish policeman meanwhile who chanced to come up asking for a *baksheesh* and offering to roll the supposed corpse into a neighbouring ditch, then showing a decided attraction to my own rings and bolting only when he saw my revolver pointing at him. Remember, it was in 1850, and in Turkey. Then I had the man carried to a Greek hotel over the way, where he was recognised and taken sufficiently care of, to come back to life. On the next day he asked me to write to his wife and Sophie ———— . . . I wrote to his wife and did not to ————. The former arrived from Smyrna where she was, and we became friends. I lost sight of them after that for several years and met him again at Florence, where he was singing at the Pergola, *with his wife*. He was a *Carbonaro*, a revolutionist of the worst kind, a fanatical rebel, a Hungarian, from Metrovitz, the name of which town he took as a *nom de guerre*. He was the natural son of the Duke of Lucca, as I believe, who brought him up. He hated the priests, fought in all the rebellions, and escaped hanging by the Austrians, only because—well, it's something I

need not be talking about. Then I found him again in Tiflis in 1861, again with his wife, who died after I had left in 1865 I believe; then my relatives knew him well and he was friends with my cousins Witte. Then, when I took the poor child to Bologna to see if I could save him I met him again in Italy and he did all he could for me, more than a brother. Then the child died; and as it had no papers, nor documents and I did not care to give my name in food to the kind gossips, it was he, Metrovitch who undertook all the job, who buried the *aristocratic Baron's* child—*under his, Metrovitch's* name saying "he did not care," in a small town of Southern Russia in 1867. After this, without notifying my relatives of my having returned to Russia to bring back the unfortunate little boy whom I did not succeed to bring back alive to the governess chosen for him by the Baron, I simply wrote to the child's father to notify him of this pleasant occurrence for him and returned to Italy with the same passport. Then comes Venice, Florence, Mentana. The Garibaldis (the sons) are alone to know the whole truth; and a few more Garibaldians with them. What I did, you know partially; you do not know all. My relatives *do*, my sister does not, and therefore and very luckily Solovioff does not.

" 'Now, shall I, in the illusive hope of justifying myself, begin by exhuming these several corpses—the child's mother, Metrovitch, his wife, the poor child himself, and all the rest? NEVER. It would be as mean, and sacrilegious as it would be useless. *Let the dead sleep*, I say. We have enough avenging shadows around us—Walter Gebhard, the last. Touch them not, for you would only make them share the slaps in the face and the insults I am receiving, but you would not succeed to screen me in any way. I do not want to lie, and I am not permitted to tell the truth. What shall we, what can we, do? The whole of my life except the weeks and months I passed with the Masters, in Egypt or in Tibet, is so inextricably full of events with whose secrets and real actuality the dead and the living are concerned, and I made only responsible for their outward appearance, that to vindicate myself, I would have to step on a hecatomb of the dead and cover with dirt the living. *I will not do so.* For, *firstly*, it will do me no good except adding to other epithets I am graced with, that of a slanderer of *post mortem* reputation, and accused, perhaps, of *chantage* and blackmail; and secondly I am an Occultist, as I told you. You speak of my "susceptibilities" with regard to my relatives, I say it is *occultism*, not susceptibilities. I KNOW the effect it would have on the dead, and want to forget the living. This is my last and final decision: I WILL NOT TOUCH THEM.'

" 'The letter does not end there,' Mr. Johnston continues, 'but I have quoted enough. I may add on my own account that I knew many of Mme. Blavatsky's family in Russia, and was, of course, familiar with the "family traditions" concerning her. Far from supporting Witte's aspersions, everything that I learned about her in this way confirmed my own knowledge and observation of her character: in all that relates to sex, she lived in a different world; her love of her Master and of Occultism swept everything else into oblivion.'

"Enough said, I think, on that subject," the Historian concluded. "H. P. B. was a Titan among Pygmies, and we shall not begin to understand her until we realize what Pygmies we are in comparison with her. She was superb,—in sacrifice, in devotion, in courage, in endurance, and in her absolute integrity of soul. Temperamentally, she was a volcano in a state of almost perpetual eruption; racially, she was half a Tartar; socially, she would have fitted much better into 1928 than into the relative decorum of 1888: but, with all of it, she was a hero if ever a hero lived, and some of us, who owe to her and to Judge our knowledge, in this life, of Theosophy and of Masters, can only pray to be grateful for ever for what she did."

"It would be wise, I think," commented the Philosopher, "to forestall the criticism of some over-perspicacious reader who might say of H. P. B.'s explanation of the Metrovitch incident to Sinnett, that she does not explicitly deny anything, and therefore may have been guilty of everything. There are such minds. In reply it might be pointed out that in 1885–1886, she had not been explicitly accused of anything in this connection. She was still alive to defend herself! It remained to Witte to accuse her after her death. When she wrote to Sinnett, she was confronted with nothing but rumours, passed on to her by well-meaning 'friends'. However, there is a direct and conclusive answer to the criticism I have imagined,—that given on pages 54 and 55 of *The Real H. P. Blavatsky*. Further than to say that, we cannot go. What next?"

"There will be a footnote to 'War Memories' in the current issue of the QUARTERLY", said one of the editors, "which I should now like to explain. So many people seem to have forgotten the War, and the atrocities committed by the German armies in France and Belgium, that it is not only important to remind such people of what happened, but to deprive them of any excuse for doubt. To forget these things is almost as criminal and as cruel as their perpetration. If Germany had begged forgiveness of the peoples she outraged, it would be an entirely different matter. She has done nothing of the kind, and, until she does, it will be our duty to hold up such conduct for the execration of the world. So far as I am aware, we are the only English-speaking people who are doing this, and we must therefore do it as thoroughly as possible. The writer of 'War Memories' merely confirms, as the result of her own experience, what every intelligent person ought to know already. If, however, someone should question any of her statements (impossible for us who know her personally), let him refresh his memory by re-reading what is known as the Bryce Report, which he can obtain from The Macmillan Company in New York, or through any bookseller, under the title, *Evidence and Documents of Alleged German Outrages*, for the modest sum of fifty cents. As all of you will remember, Lord Bryce, universally respected in this country, served as Chairman of a Committee which consisted of men who were likely to err, if at all, on the side of the accused. Among them were Sir Edward Clarke, K. C., and Sir Frederick Pollock, K. C. They discarded all evidence which was not convincing, and were surprised to find how often depositions,

'though taken at different places and on different dates, and by different lawyers from different witnesses,' corroborated 'each other in a striking manner.' It is unfortunate that the original Appendix to their Report, which contained many diaries found on dead German soldiers, is now out of print. Another book that should be read is *Out of Their Own Mouths*, collected by W. R. Thayer, published by D. Appleton and Company, and still available at $1.50 per copy. Books such as *German Atrocities: An Official Investigation*, by Professor J. H. Morgan; *The German Terror in Belgium* and *The German Terror in France*, both by Arnold J. Toynbee; pamphlets such as *Belgium and Germany, Texts and Documents*, collected by Henri Davignon, and *The Destruction of Belgium: Germany's Confession and Avoidance*, by E. Grimwood Mears,—although said to be out of print, must still be on the shelves of most Public Libraries. The truth is within easy reach of those who want it. There is no excuse for doubt."

"What next?" This time it was the Recorder who asked the question.

"The two most widely advertized events since the appearance of the October QUARTERLY, were the visit of Ramsay MacDonald, the British Premier, to America, and the collapse on the New York Stock Exchange." It was the Engineer who responded.

"I had supposed", said our Visitor, "that you people were too spiritual, too superior, or in any case too 'other worldly', to be so much as aware that the Stock Exchange exists!"

"Not quite as bad as that", the Engineer replied, dryly. Then, changing his tone, he continued: "In so far as the recent collapse of prices affects the souls of men for good or ill, to that extent the high gods must be far more concerned about it than we are capable of being. One thing, to my mind, is certain: that the entire modern world is money-mad. I do not mean that it is a new phenomenon. Theosophy should have saved us from the common error of supposing that there can be new things under the sun. There was Law and the South Sea Bubble, and doubtless there were corresponding episodes in Egypt, Babylonia, China, and certainly in Atlantis, ages before history began. I do not believe, however, that what I should call straightforward gambling is quite so pernicious in the long run as the modern practice of hypothecating the future by buying everything, especially luxuries, on the instalment plan. No one, not even a gambler, seriously defends gambling; but many prominent economists, humanitarians, and others classified by our newspapers as 'authorities', openly advocate instalment buying. Saving, which means self-denial, is condemned; we are advised, instead, to get what we want as soon as we want it, and to pay later. I cannot imagine anything less conducive to real manhood, not to speak of spiritual health."

"May I ask who advises against saving?" our Visitor challenged.

"Read any daily paper; read the circulars issued by Presidents of Chambers of Commerce: day after day we are urged to spend, spend, spend, as the way in which to neutralize the effects of the recent panic. But I can give you chapter and verse: in the *New York Times* of November 13th, in a news item

headed, 'Thrift is Harmful, Economist Asserts', it is said: 'A penny saved may have been a penny earned in Benjamin Franklin's day, but such maxims are not only old-fashioned but actually harmful in the complicated industrial society of 1929, according to Dr. Harold F. Clark, Professor of Economics at Teachers College, Columbia University.' Then follows the Professor's argument, at considerable length.

"However, my chief quarrel for the moment is with those who advocate the purchase of things before we have earned and saved the money with which to pay for them. Everyone knows that automobiles, radio receivers, pianos, fur coats, diamonds, and innumerable other luxuries, are bought on that basis. The purchaser gambles that he is going to live; that he will continue to earn at least as much as he is now earning, and that neither illness nor any other calamity will affect his ability to pay his monthly instalments. I know men who are earning as much as five hundred dollars a month, but who have to leave their grocer's bill unpaid because, as soon as they receive their pay-check, they have to disburse nearly all of it on account of luxuries purchased months before, which they would have to surrender—losing all that they had previously paid—should they fail to meet the instalment now due. One of the individuals known to me, lives in a small town in Ohio, and excuses himself for his folly by saying that his wife makes him do it. Perhaps she does, but that only damns him doubly.

"I am not concerned about the economics of it, for anyone can argue anything under that head, without convincing any but himself. People believe what they want to believe, when it comes to such matters. Their arguments are dictated by self-interest, or are efforts to justify their own self-indulgence. I am concerned about it because 'the universe exists for the purposes of soul', and civilization exists, not to make men comfortable, not to provide the average family with three armchairs instead of two, or to enable the son and heir to drive to High School in a Ford, but to teach men self-control, self-denial, sympathy, courage, and all the other characteristics which differentiate men from elementals,—many animals possessing them to a greater extent than most men.

"Perhaps, however, the most important purpose which the panic accomplished—and I am assuming that the purpose of all things is primarily spiritual—was the disillusionment, temporarily at least, of Europe. You will not have forgotten the cry that went up in the last 'Screen' on this subject,—against Europe's worship of American 'prosperity', the effect of which was morally and spiritually corrupting. I am in hopes that the panic will have dissipated that illusion for some time to come."

"How about the visit of Ramsay MacDonald?" asked our Visitor.

"No need to waste time on that", the Engineer replied. "*Punch*—to give it its full name, *Punch, or The London Charivari*—made all the comment that is necessary on that subject. In its issue of October 30th, over the caption, 'Question Time; or, Back to Earth', it portrayed the British Labour leader in bed, 'disturbed from dream of his triumphs by Big Ben alarum',

and as saying: 'Let me dream on. It was so beautiful. It was "Roses, roses all the way"; roses and doves.' "

Someone moved as if to go home; but the Student interposed. "Before we adjourn", he said, "I should like to ask the Ancient a question, though it has little connection with what has gone before,—superficially in any case. What, in his opinion, is our greatest need as aspirants for chêlaship; in other words, there are many who desire ardently to become pupils of a Master, fully conscious of his instruction and guidance: what stands in their way?"

The Ancient laughed. "You can answer that as well as I can", he said. "In one word,—self, the personal self. Otherwise the answer would have to run into volumes. Read Judge's *Letters that Have Helped Me*, especially the letters and explanatory section devoted to that subject; read *Fragments* by Cavé, especially those toward the end of the first volume; read *Light on the Path*, *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *Through the Gates of Gold*, the *Bhagavad Gîta;* read those articles in *Five Years of Theosophy* which deal with chêlaship. You have read them, often perhaps; but read them again, and make notes as you read of what you intend and determine to *do* about it. Then number your notes, beginning with the simplest and easiest of your resolutions. Take your first resolution, and carry it out, at once, until you have made it a habit. Then pass on to the note you have numbered 2; treat that as an order to be obeyed, and obey it until it becomes a habit: so on through the list.

"Meditate, and stop doing it as a duty, like cleaning your teeth. To meditate means to think; more specifically, and until it passes into contemplation, it means to think about, and to identify yourself with, your real self, and about your relations, on that plane, with your Master and your fellow-disciples; it means to think about, and to convince yourself of, the futility of your transitory self and of the transitory world in which it lives. As one of the fruits of meditation, you should come to identify yourself permanently with your real self and its interests, and to detach yourself permanently from your personal self and from all worldly concerns, except in so far as these may be regarded as school-books in the school of life, which is chêlaship.

"Learn to love your Master, and to purify your love. You perhaps say, 'Inflame my heart, O Lord, with love of thee.' Change that to, 'Inflame our hearts', so as to include your fellows. Ask yourself why you want your heart inflamed with love: is it not in part for the pleasure, the joy, of loving? If our love were pure, what should we desire chiefly? We should desire joy for our Master rather than for ourselves, and if we think about it we shall see that if our love for him be selfish and self-seeking, it cannot please him. What would please him? One answer would be that he, as our spiritual father, would be filled with joy to see *heroism* in our lives,—not as the world sees it, but as heroism really is: heroism in suffering, heroism in sacrifice, heroism in self-surrender,—heroism, not in the lime-light, not on the front page of the morning paper, but perhaps the heroism of an anguished heart which smiles, for love's sake; or the heroism which, through years of spiritual 'dryness', persists in

all the works and acts of the inner life, unfaltering and undismayed, with love that not only survives, but feeds upon the lack of love's rewards. Read again what Paul wrote to the Corinthians about love (so tragically mistranslated as 'charity' in the King James version), and see for yourself that he speaks of it as almost synonymous with heroism. Always it is unconscious of itself, for the least thought of *being* heroic would turn the finest action into trash. Short of the example of Masters, I know of nothing in history more heroic than the life and death of Joan of Arc. From first to last she was full of fears, and was vividly, torturingly aware of them. Instead of thinking of herself as a heroine, she undoubtedly reproached herself for cowardice. Her heroism lay in the fact that she conquered her fears,—so completely that 'Forward' became the automatic response even of her nerves to the dreads of her nerves. We are not in that class; nor should heroism ever be our conscious aim; but we can and should try to eliminate from our love the taint of self-seeking and of desire for recognition and reward; we can and should test our motives and behaviour in the light of Paul's marvellous statement of the ideal.

"One thing more: it is not for me to say what is and is not possible—there are no limits to the possible except a contradiction in terms—but I doubt if any man can become a chêla who has not something of the poet in him. We need to dream, to dream, to dream,—not negatively, with vacant, wandering fancy; but creatively, as the true poet dreams of the invisible, seeing beauty where others see a void; seeing victory where others see despair; seeing unity where, to mortal eyes, chaos reigns unchallenged. And, like the poet, we must not rest content with our dream. He gives his,—living, audible expression; gives it form on this plane. We must do the same. Dreaming of the inner world, we must make that world live in our hearts and lives; dreaming of our Master, we must make him our companion as we have dreamed of his being, 'over there'.

"Restraint of course is essential. The poet is bound by the rules of his art. He does not permit either his imagination or his words to run riot. He prunes, condenses, directs. In the same way, the would-be chêla must choose from among his dreams, those features which he most desires to reproduce; he must obey the rules of his 'art'; he must concentrate his efforts; he must use commonsense. I do not believe, however, that he can fail to attain his goal if, with abiding faith and courage, he will follow the path laid out for him in the treatises I have named. After all, we inherit the footsteps of others; we are not pioneers: and though we see before us the sharp ascent and the long, hard climb, we are assured by beloved voices that the way *can* be trodden, and that just beyond the summit lies, for him that overcometh, a new heaven and a new earth, where 'the former things are passed away.' "

T.

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T.

REVIEWS

The Private Life of Tutankhamen, by G. R. Tabouis; translated by M. R. Dobie; Robert McBride and Company, New York, 1929; $3.50.

A vast amount has been written about this young Pharaoh; certainly far more than he, as a man (more properly a boy) has deserved. But because he was connected with one of the most mysterious religious movements in Egypt's long and eventful history, he remains of interest to us despite the wide advertising of which he has been the victim. "The most beautiful of all the Pharaohs" was but eleven years old when he ascended the throne, on the death of his father, Akhnaton; and his reign was brief. From the first, also, it was overshadowed by a great and terrible danger—that of falling back under the evil influence of the Priests of Amen. Many volumes have been written about Akhnaton's religious reforms, and the reactions which followed, but Akhnaton himself remains pathetically inexplicable to most people. Almost invariably he is called a pacifist; generally, by imputation at least, he is called what to-day we should term a "slacker"; and this, because of the loss, during his lifetime, of the Syrian provinces. Yet it would be difficult to find anywhere in history, a man who faced danger more resolutely. This is not the place to discuss what Mademoiselle Tabouis calls the "international pacifism" of Akhnaton, but it may perhaps be said that there are some things far more deadly than physical warfare. Deliberately to defy the Priesthood of Amen; consciously to arouse its bitter hatred and opposition, must have called for a courage which is little understood in these days, and which is difficult to imagine at any time. For the Priests of Amen were quite evidently in possession of the most terrible secrets known to ancient magic; they understood and could control the most terrific occult forces, and could direct these with inconceivably hideous results against any person, or group of people whom they wished to destroy. These invisible, but none the less potently destructive forces (powers which to-day we are only beginning to investigate, but to the reality of which Theosophy has ever pointed), must have been well understood by Akhnaton, and their importance carefully weighed in the balance against that of retaining the Syrian provinces, and he may well have decided that only by concentrating all his efforts toward the destruction of that Priesthood, could he best serve Egypt. We are too prone to see things from the outside, and to think that much territory means much power; but there is always the open question as to whether Egypt was greater, in the truest sense, as an Empire, than she had been in the days of old, when confined more strictly to the Nile valley. Those were the days of spiritual vigour, and great as was Thothmes III, there can be little doubt that a fatal mistake was made by him in the lavish endowments of the Temples of Amen, for the final downfall of Egypt was not because of the loss of the "buffer states", but because she fell a victim to this very Priesthood. The loss was primarily interior; the territorial loss was secondary. Akhnaton understood the danger; he braved the consequences, and he paid the price.

It was a terrible fate which overtook the boy of fifteen, Tutankhamen, when he fell finally and irrevocably (and with him once more, the whole of Egypt) into the power of the Priests of Amen. One of the most interesting parts of the book is that which describes his return to Thebes; his pathetic little figure, as he passed obediently through all the weary ceremonial of his new coronation; as he received the Divine Embrace which transformed him from the

Son of Aton into the Son of Amen; as with each progressive step in the ceremony he silently renounced, one by one, all the things he had loved best—his god Aton; his freedom of conscience; the religious ideals which had been dear to his father and therefore to himself. This description is done with remarkable skill. An interesting feature of the book is the character sketch of the great General Horemheb, later the founder of the XIX dynasty, the dynasty of Rameses II. Horemheb was one of the most astute of Egyptian statesmen, and Mademoiselle Tabouis compares him, in an arresting passage, with Talleyrand, for Horemheb, like the amazingly versatile Frenchman, "had the quality of being able to change his god, his master, his ideas, and his morality. . . . He showed the same understanding of men and happenings, through three reigns and two revolutions. . . . Lastly, in all circumstances, he knew how to wait." The book is written somewhat in the new style of psychological biography, which means that inevitably there are passages in it which are inclined to make the reader a little too conscious of the creative imagination of the author; none the less, it is not only packed full of archæological facts of the greatest interest (many of them quite new to us), but it is also a most vivid and valuable picture of daily life in Ancient Egypt. The Preface, by Théodore Reinach, is all that we should expect it to be, coming as it does from the pen of so distinguished a writer, and the translation is excellent.

T. D.

The Tree of Life: An Anthology, by Vivian De Sola Pinto and George Neill Wright; Oxford University Press, New York, 1929; price $3.00.

The compilers aim to illustrate the "essential unity of religious, philosophic and poetic thought as expressed in ancient and modern literature." To that extent they have contributed to the Theosophical Movement, and we welcome their Anthology as an addition to our literature. We do not expect them to thank the Movement for making their contribution possible! The fact remains, however, that, without the pioneer work of Madame Blavatsky, there would be no thought in the world to-day of the underlying unity of religions and philosophies; no demand for such an anthology,—and no supply.

We congratulate the authors on their attempt. It is a book we are glad to own and to recommend. It is admirably printed and bound. It contains many striking and valuable excerpts from the writings of great men, as well as many others from the writings of men who are quite unworthy of such company. George Bernard Shaw is quoted fourteen times; Matthew Arnold, once; Ruskin, once; Carlyle, twice; Isaiah, once; Jāmi, once; the *Bhagavad Gîta*, not at all! Shaw has no place in any anthology except as an example of twentieth century decadence. His work reeks of decay,—reeks to such an extent that his self-advertizing is quite superfluous. We are grateful, on the other hand, for the frequent citation of Peter Sterry, Cambridge Platonist and Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. It is to be regretted that Cromwell did not profit more from such excellent instruction; for Sterry was evidently a mystic, with an understanding of Christianity which was as rare then as it is now. This is an example of his style: The Eternal Spirit, "the Supreme Band of Unity and Multiplicity", "brought forth from it selfe the Creation, and still sits upon it, hatching it, till it breake the Shell of This Darke Flesh and Spring forth into its owne Life and Image."

There is much in this Anthology that is equally genuine, and almost as little known.

T.

The Platonic Tradition in English Religious Thought, by Dean Inge; Longmans, Green and Co.; price $1.40.

This little book gives the substance of a course of lectures delivered at Cambridge, in which the author claims recognition for Christian Platonism as a point of view which is different from the two general types of Christian belief called Protestant and Catholic. Dean Inge calls it the "religion of the Spirit", and shows its influence on Christian thought in different centuries. It has affinity with the schools of philosophy known in Greece as Orphism and Pythagoreanism, and can be traced back to the more ancient civilizations of Egypt, Babylonia and India. Its essence is the "recognition of an unseen world of unchanging reality behind

the flux of phenomena," and it demands of its followers the observance of a discipline which is a necessary factor in the attainment of knowledge. The subject was studied by the well-known group of Christian Platonists at Cambridge in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and more recently by theologians such as Bishop Westcott, who owed much to that great Neoplatonist, Origen, in that he combined "a noble morality with deep mysticism". Among the English poets, Wordsworth is chosen as the best exponent of the Platonic point of view. The lecturer considers Plato's Ideas in terms of eternal Values which are "not only ideals but creative powers."

Possibly the most illuminating part of the book is that which refers to the founder of Christianity as the "Living Christ". The author claims that the "religion of the Spirit" is a true expression of Christianity, and that "Christ was primarily concerned with awakening into activity the consciousness of God in the individual soul." The inner light, once it is recognized, is identified "with the Spirit of the living, glorified and indwelling Christ". Those who would gain experience of it, must make "whole-hearted consecration of the intellect, will and affections to the great quest". The author does not think that there is likely to be, at any time, a large following for this "religion of the Spirit", yet those who are attracted by it "need drive no lonely furrow". They may find guidance and inspiration in the great mystical writers who "are at home everywhere and at all times", and whose heroic lives testify to the truth of their experience.

Students of Theosophy will discover much that is interesting and stimulating in these short lectures, and will probably find themselves in sympathy, in many respects, with the point of view of the author. The suggestions made are a challenge to the reader to pursue the same line of thought by individual study and meditation, and in particular to develop the system of training which alone can make such study of permanent and lasting worth.

S. C.

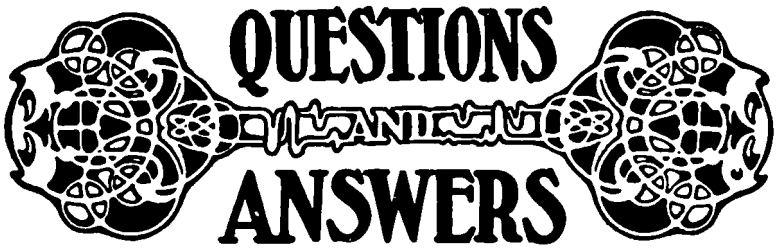
The Nature of The World and of Man, by sixteen members of the University of Chicago faculty; The University of Chicago Press. Price, $5.00.

This book, already in its second edition, presents in very interesting form the present-day view and recent developments in all departments of science. It is what an outline of science ought to be, but often is not. It should prove to be very useful, not only to those of a scientific turn of mind who may wish to bring their knowledge of science up to date, but also to those who may desire a relatively simple introduction to the subject. About two-thirds of the book is devoted to biology, and the final chapter, "Mind in Evolution", is particularly interesting.

The purpose of the book is stated in the first chapter as follows: "Its whole purpose is to acquaint one with the nature of the environment in which he is and in which his life will be spent. It is a deliberate attempt to do well that which every person does more or less subconsciously for himself, namely, to build up some sort of a mental picture of the Cosmos and of the place of man in it. Everyone has some such picture which serves him as a basic philosophy of life in terms of which he interprets events and in harmony with which he orders his own actions. It is, in fact, his character."

Throughout the book the fact is stressed that this is an orderly universe, that similar conditions are always followed by similar sequences of phenomena, and that this is the basis on which science rests. This may be illustrated by quoting the last paragraph of the chapter on Astronomy. "To an astronomer, the most remarkable and interesting thing about that part of the physical universe with which he has become acquainted, is not its vast extent in space, nor the number and great masses of its stars, nor the violent forces that operate in the stars, nor the long periods of astronomical time, but that which holds him awestruck is the perfect orderliness of the universe and the majestic succession of the celestial phenomena. From the tiny satellites in the solar system to the globular clusters, the galaxy, and exterior galaxies, there is no chaos, there is nothing haphazard, and there is nothing capricious. The orderliness of the universe is the supreme discovery in science; it is that which gives us hope that we shall be able to understand not only the exterior world but also our own bodies and our own minds."

R. A.



QUESTION NO. 343.—*I have been told that Theosophy teaches morality which is unselfish, and forbids all mental and physical acts which are prompted by selfishness. How does this differ from Christianity?*

ANSWER.—If Christ be a Master of the Lodge and if Theosophy be an expression of the Lodge, how can there be any essential difference between the ethical spirit of true Theosophy and that of true Christianity? Theosophy and the teachings of Christ are not rivals any more than the hand is a rival of the eye. The theosophical philosophy is cherished by students, because it shows the connection, in the nature of Being, between unselfishness or selflessness, and the unfolding of the spiritual powers latent in man. It is their own fault if they are not moved to work more vigorously and more intelligently than before for the cultivation of selflessness in their own lives. They may be Christians or Buddhists or Mohammedans. What difference does it make? V. S.

ANSWER.—So far as I know, it has never been said that Theosophy does "differ" from true Christianity. But Christianity has many interpretations, and some of them are in line with Theosophy, and some are not. Since Theosophy is Truth, *real* Christianity could not differ from it, and the wisdom which would be found at the heart of Christianity (such, for instance, as the examples given) would also be found in Theosophy. T. A.

ANSWER.—Theosophy—Divine Wisdom—properly understood does not differ from Christianity, properly understood, or from Buddhism or from any of the great religions of the world, properly understood. Theosophy shows that there are the same great truths at the heart of each. It helps the Christian to understand the teachings of Christ and the Buddhist to understand the teachings of Buddha. Its purpose is to reveal to each man the ideal of his own soul—his ideal, not another's—and to show him the way to attain it.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Why should it differ from Christianity? The teachings of the Master, Christ, to his disciples, are the teachings of all Masters of the Wisdom-religion. In the case of the Christ the essential keynote was the devotion of Love, identical with that of the Bhakti Yoga of Krishna as portrayed in the *Gîta*. Love moves the spiritual world, and is the "killer out" of *Light on the Path*, the destroyer of all the movers of the personal, lower self which build up selfishness. Why should Theosophy, which is one representation of the Wisdom-Religion, differ from true Christianity or from the teachings of all Masters of the Wisdom-Religion?

A. K.

ANSWER.—It does not differ from Christianity, properly understood. The difference lies between the ordinary interpretation of Christianity, and the real meaning of the teachings of Christ. Theosophy opens eyes that are holden to this inner meaning; and when, through deeper understanding, our hearts burn within us, nothing short of full expression, inner and outer, of what Christ really taught, can be our aim and our heart's desire. C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 344.—*Is it possible for anyone to know, in this incarnation, who and what he will be in the next incarnation? I have a friend who says he knows, and that he is going to be a large man, with broad shoulders, and is going to be very much looked up to.*

ANSWER.—While it may be possible to know what he may be in a future incarnation, it is hardly thinkable that a disciple would boast about it. J.

ANSWER.—Perhaps we could find out by knowing who and what we are in this life. As for the next one, why not desire to be of use in the Theosophical Movement in any place or in any shape or under any circumstances where one could be useful? ST. C. B.

ANSWER.—An advanced Ego may know what its next incarnation will be. Most likely all of us are, consciously or unconsciously, now drawing the ground-plan of our future lives. Perhaps the friend in question may be right in the sense that he may get what he wants. Incidentally, however, he might be induced to read *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. There is a certain misguided personage in that romance who has a similar ambition and who comes to a very bad end. One can go just so far along that way and no farther, for it is written that "there is in the Universe no strong and powerful thing than which there is not some other thing stronger and more powerful". S. L.

ANSWER.—It is a rash man who asserts that anything is impossible. Nevertheless, we gravely doubt the possibility of anyone knowing what his physical body will be like in his next incarnation. If he were sufficiently advanced to have the power to know, he would not be interested in whether or not he were to be "very much looked up to," and certainly would not speak of it. J. F. B. M.

QUESTION NO. 345.—*Why is nearly every article in* THE QUARTERLY *and other Theosophic writings so coloured by the use of Hindu words as to appear exotic and even unintelligible to one not familiar with such terms? Is it not possible to use English words that are understandable?*

ANSWER.—Every art and every science requires its own terminology. No one complains that botany or astronomy have special names for the different parts of flowers or the different kinds of stars. There are no other words for them. When a student has once mastered the ideas for which the new words stand, he has no further difficulty with the terms used. The same thing is true of Theosophy. Many of the Theosophical ideas were new to the western world, and there are no English words for them. There are, however, existing words in Sanskrit for these same ideas. It was obviously better to use these than to coin a new Greek or Latin polysyllable, as science does. When a reader of the QUARTERLY comes upon an unfamiliar Sanskrit term, the chances are that he has come upon an idea that is new to him, and one that will be found well worth further study. For those who are really interested, the *Theosophical Glossary*, obtainable from the Quarterly Book Department, is a mine of valuable information. The article, "For Inquirers", in the October, 1926, QUARTERLY, gives the meaning of some of the terms most commonly used. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The study of Theosophy introduces one to ideas and whole ranges of thought unfamiliar to the West, and for which there is no English vocabulary. For this reason Oriental words have often to be used. Sometimes an English word may be used with a special significance which has been agreed upon by students of Theosophy (such as "an elemental" and "an elementary"), but to the casual reader such usage may be even more puzzling than an Oriental word would be, which he knows he does not understand. X.

ANSWER.—Students of life and consciousness have been at work for several thousand years and have used definite terms for definite conditions and facts in the course of their study. These students have mainly lived in the Orient and not among western nations. One has only to read the various books on Psychology which have been written in the last fifty years in Europe and America to appreciate the difficulty of nomenclature. There are various schools and each adopts terms of its own, using sometimes the same terms to include different conditions and states. Thus great confusion has arisen by the use of the same terms. There are no terms in English or French or German which express truly the ideas and facts. The approach of the western student is from without inwards, while the "Hindu" student reverses the process and deduces his knowledge, leading onwards from experience. Thus his terms are more likely to deal with facts. The student in endeavouring to discover the mean-

ing of an Oriental word is undergoing a useful training of the mind in dealing with facts; whereas if he tries to approach by the western method he has a similar difficulty in dealing with terms, of which many are still more confusing and less understandable. A. K.

ANSWER.—Theosophy was again given to the world, by Eastern Masters at the end of the last century; and, as W. Q. Judge says, Madame Blavatsky, who was instructed by them, "brought once more to the attention of the West, the most important system, long known to the Lodge, respecting man, his nature and destiny" (*Ocean of Theosophy*, page 11). It is natural and right, therefore, that since it is from the East that Theosophy came to us, an Eastern terminology should be used. But there is a further reason. As Occidental thought does not run on parallel lines with that of the Orient, English words can seldom be used as actual substitutes for "Hindu words". In all Theosophical literature, the use of certain Eastern words is necessary in order to avoid a long explanation in English of the one central thought which is expressed in the single Eastern word. Take Devachan, for instance. Is there anything in the West which is its equivalent? The Christian "Heaven" (perhaps the nearest approach to a substitute) is a "place" or "state" which, once reached, becomes one's *permanent* home or condition; while Theosophy teaches us that "by the force or operation of Karma we are taken out of Devachan" (*Ocean of Theosophy*, page 109), when the right moment arrives. What a long explanation would thus be necessary (and this illustrates only one of the dissimilarities) in order to make the full meaning of that single word Devachan, intelligible to the casual Christian reader! Or take the word Karma—does cause-and-effect explain it? No, because Karma is also opportunity (and many other things), while cause-and-effect does not of necessity imply this. And so on. A new terminology is met, and has to be mastered by everyone entering on the study of any new subject—science, architecture, or whatever it may be, and why not in Theosophy too? But there should be no formidable difficulty for the most casual reader who is sufficiently interested to desire a working understanding of the words which puzzle him, for there are many books which furnish this without making an undue claim upon his time. T. A.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There will be meetings on,—

January 4th and 18th
February 1st and 15th
March 1st, 15th and 29th
April 12th and 26th (Convention Meeting)
May 10th and 24th

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

Thomas Hans Knoff

Colonel Knoff died on December 6th, 1929, in his home in Norway, not far from Oslo. He was a very old and well-beloved friend of many of us, whose simplicity of heart, intellectual probity, and deep devotion to Theosophy, endeared him to every member of the Society who knew him.

He had been a member of The Theosophical Society since 1893, and for long a member of the Executive Committee. He was of those who stood by Judge in unswerving loyalty through the dark days of 1894–5, who was not blinded nor swept away by the psychic whirlwinds of 1898, who took upon himself the tasks that others had deserted, and held safe all that was in his hands. In this world we are the poorer for his death, for few members have been more loved and trusted, or proved more worthy of the trust. Though he came to America for the first time to attend the Convention in 1927, for more than thirty years he was the link between this country and his own. Now he takes his place among our living dead, that bind the inner and the outer worlds.

Readers of the QUARTERLY will not have forgotten his contributions to its pages, his words to the Convention, nor the stand he took during the World War. Through all his life he was a soldier—of the king and country of his birth, and of the great Lodge of Masters. He served in the outposts. The work of the Norwegian Geographical Bureau, for which he was responsible, took him often into isolated regions. It was the same in his work for Theosophy, for there too he had, for the most part, to stand alone. Yet from his solitude he would write to his fellow-members, letters that showed his thought and efforts were moving step by step beside their own, so that many who had never seen him came to know and love him as a tried and constant comrade. Thus in his own life he exemplified the truth of what he wrote and said, and proved that neither silence nor distance, nor outer barriers of any kind, can separate those who are inwardly united in the Masters' cause. In that inner unity, which gathers all souls to the Oversoul, Death, too, is impotent. We must grieve his loss here, but we rejoice in his victory.

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., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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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 colour. 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.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

We wish to make it clear that we have no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, headed by Mrs. Besant or others, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own.

EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1930

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.

Visâkhâ: A Woman Disciple of the Buddha

BESIDES the supreme figure of the Buddha and the noble personalities of his leading disciples, a host of men and women are depicted in the Pali Buddhist Scriptures, and many of them are drawn with a lively sense of reality, and often with much genuine humour. We cannot say for certain that in each case the likeness is exact, but we can say that the portrait represents a figure in the mind of the artist; what he conceived to be a genuine type among his contemporaries.

It may be interesting to consider some of the women thus pictured by Buddhist chroniclers and elders, for in this way we may gain an insight into the view of these recorders, as to the character of an ideal woman, and also into the features and manner of living among women in general, in that remote world two and a half millenniums ago. Of even greater interest is the attitude of the Buddha himself toward women, with his willingness or unwillingness to accept them as disciples, members of his Order.

Among the many women who appear in the pages of the Buddhist writings one may begin with the queens and high ladies of the court of King Suddhodana, father of Prince Siddhartha, later known as the Buddha. Suddhodana ruled over the Sakyas, having his palace in the city of Kapilavastu, so called in honour of the ancient sage Kapila, to whom is attributed the transcendental teaching later made formal in the Sankhya system. Of the ladies of the court Queen Maya stands first. A very ancient book records that, when Queen Maya gave birth to her son, the angels sang, rejoicing. When an aged seer asked them why they rejoiced, the angels answered: "He that shall become the Buddha is born in the settlement of the Sakyas for the welfare and happiness of mankind. Therefore we are full of joy!" When the child was five days old he was named Siddhartha. Two days later his mother, Queen Maya, died, and Queen Maya's sister, who was known as Maha Pajapati Gotami, "great consort

belonging to the Gotama clan", became his foster mother. When he was nineteen, Prince Siddhartha was married to his cousin, Princess Yasodhara. Ten years later their son Rahula was born, and not long after, Prince Siddhartha left his wife and son and made the great renunciation, which was the beginning of years of spiritual effort, at the end of which he became the Awakened One, the Buddha.

Some time after the Order was founded, the Buddha journeyed to Kapilavastu and paid a visit to his royal father. It is recorded that his teaching won the heartfelt adherence of the royal lady Maha Pajapati, who formed the desire of joining the Order which her foster son had established. Visiting him in the park where he was resting with his disciples, Maha Pajapati made obeisance to him, and, standing reverently at his side, begged him that he would permit women as well as men to make the great withdrawal, and to enter the Order founded by the Tathâgata, following the teaching and discipline which he had given to the Order.

But, we are told, the Buddha was unwilling to grant her request, even when she pressed it on him a second and a third time. His foster mother was sorrowful and departed weeping. The Buddha on his part departed with his disciples and took up his abode with them in the forest at Vesali.

Maha Pajapati was not to be turned aside from her aspiration even by thrice repeated refusal. She took what steps were within her power to constitute herself a disciple, a member of the Order, donned the saffron-coloured robe, and with women companions of like mind, followed the Buddha on foot to Vesali. It is recorded that, coming to the Buddha's abode, she stood outside the entrance weeping.

There the noble Ananda saw her, listened to the story of her aspiration, and undertook to plead her cause with his great Master. At first Ananda pleaded in vain, even though he repeated his plea three times. Then he bethought himself to try a flank movement. Therefore he asked his Master:

"Is it possible for women, Sire, if they make the great withdrawal, accepting the teaching and discipline of the Tathâgata, to win the fruit of conversion, the fruit of returning only once to this world, the fruit of returning no more, the reward of Arhatship?"

The Buddha was compelled to admit that each one of these steps of spiritual attainment, even the noble consummation of Arhatship, was possible for women as well as for men.

Then Ananda, having established his position, made a personal appeal. He reminded the Buddha that the lady Maha Pajapati was the sister of Queen Maya; that she had been the Buddha's foster mother; and, finally, he put his request once more, praying the Buddha to accept both Maha Pajapati and other like-minded women as members of the Order. The Buddha finally consented, but he made his consent conditional:

"If, Ananda, Maha Pajapati will accept eight stringent rules, she may be admitted to the Order.

"First, a woman disciple, even if she has been a disciple for a hundred years, shall salute, rise to meet, humbly entreat, and perform all dutiful offices for a male disciple, even though he were ordained that very day.

"Second, a woman disciple shall not keep residence in a district where there are no male disciples.

"Third, at the new moon and at the full moon a woman disciple shall wait until the congregation of male disciples have appointed the day of fasting and until one of them comes to administer the admonition.

"Fourth, at the end of residence a woman disciple shall seek criticism from the congregation of the men and from the congregation of the women, as to what may have been seen, or heard, or suspected.

"Fifth, if a woman disciple incur grave sin, she shall undergo penance toward both the congregations.

"Sixth, a woman probationer, after she has spent two years in practice of the six rules, shall seek admission into the Order from both congregations.

"Seventh, a woman disciple shall not revile or abuse a male disciple in any way.

"Eighth, women disciples may not reprove male disciples officially, but male disciples may reprove women disciples officially.

"These rules shall be honoured, esteemed, revered and reverently obeyed; they must not be broken so long as life shall last."

On these terms the lady Maha Pajapati was admitted to the Order, which, thereafter, included women as well as men. The words translated "male disciple" and "woman disciple" are *Bhikku* and *Bhikkuni*, literally meaning men and women who live by alms, but more especially used to indicate members of the Buddha's Order.

There is another class of followers of the Buddha, likewise consisting of men and women, those who were called lay disciples, or, in Pali, *Upâsaka*, with the feminine *Upâsikâ*, derived from a Sanskrit word meaning "sitting near", and, therefore, sitting at the feet of a teacher. There are many stories of pious lay disciples, both men and women, who devoutly followed the teaching of the Buddha without leaving the world or seeking admission to the Order. Among the women lay disciples the lady Visâkhâ stands first.

A large part of the interest of her story lies in the ideal of womanhood it presents, but it is also interesting as giving a picture of society in Eastern India twenty-five centuries ago, even if there be some exaggeration in the number of millions possessed by the wealthy "men of treasure," who may well be thought of as bankers.

The father of Visâkhâ was a "man of treasure", Dhananjaya by name, who was the son of the famous Mendaka, likewise a "man of treasure." The father of Visâkhâ was an inhabitant of the city of Bhaddiya, and in Bhaddiya, Visâkhâ was born. Her mother was named Sumanâ, "well-minded", while the name of the daughter is less clear; it may either mean "widely branching" in a sense which will later appear, or "well pruned," a reference to the admirable fruit of discipline upon her character.

It happened that when Visâkhâ was seven years old, the Buddha journeyed eastward and visited the city in which her father dwelt. And we are told that in the city, besides Mendaka, the "man of treasure", there were five other men of limitless wealth, or, as we should say, multimillionaires.

When Mendaka heard that the Buddha had come, he sent for his seven year old granddaughter, Visâkhâ, and bade her pay a visit to the Buddha, in a procession of five hundred chariots, with five hundred attendants and five hundred servants.

The little maid obeyed, but, because she knew well what was seemly, she did not proceed in her chariot to the place where the Master was, but, driving only as far as was seemly, she dismounted from her chariot, went forward on foot, and making obeisance, stood dutifully beside the Master. And the Master imparted to her the teachings of the Law of Righteousness, so that she was won to his teaching, and her five hundred maidens with her. Her grandfather, Mendaka, had come with her to the place where the Master was. He also was won by the teaching, and invited the Buddha and the members of the Order to be his guests at the first meal on the morrow, and for two weeks he supplied them liberally, after which the Master departed from Bhaddiya.

King Bimbisara and King Pasenadi were united by close ties, since Bimbisara had married the sister of Pasenadi, while Pasenadi had married the sister of Bimbisara. And one day the thought came to King Pasenadi that, whereas there were five men of great treasure, possessing many millions each, in the territory of Bimbisara, there were no such men of boundless wealth in the territory of Pasenadi himself. Therefore he determined to persuade king Bimbisara to transfer one of the men of great treasure to his dominions. After some objection, Bimbisara consented that Dhananjaya, father of the maiden Visâkhâ, should be thus transferred, and Dhananjaya himself agreed to the change of abode. So Dhananjaya made ready to depart with all his household when Pasenadi departed, to return to his city Savatthi. But before they reached the city, being yet seven leagues away, Dhananjaya, perceiving that the site was fair, and bethinking him that within the city there would be many people and little space, asked King Pasenadi to allow him to settle there, seven leagues from the city, and to build dwellings for his family and their attendants. And to this King Pasenadi assented.

Now it befell that in King Pasenadi's city there was a man of treasure, Migara by name, whose son had just reached man's estate. His mother admonished the young man that it was time for him to take a bride. At first he was unwilling, but at last, when they pressed upon him the duty of continuing the family, he unwillingly assented, saying that he would take only a maiden whose hair was beautiful, whose lips were beautiful, whose teeth were beautiful, whose skin was beautiful, and who possessed in addition the beauty of enduring youthfulness.

So the mother and father of the youth, undertaking to find for him a

perfect maiden to be his bride, summoned many Brahmans, made them many and great presents, and sent them forth to search for her. And in due time these Brahmans found their way to the place where Dhananjaya had settled with his followers, his wealth, and his virtuous daughter, Visâkhâ. Each year there was held a festival, when maidens even of the highest rank were wont to go forth on foot to the river with their attendants, and the wealthy sons of the warrior clans, taking up their positions beside the road that led to the river, crowned with flowers the fair maidens of equal rank. So the maiden Visâkhâ came among them, with five hundred maidens, her attendants.

Suddenly there came a storm of rain, and the five hundred maidens of Visâkhâ immediately began to run towards a hall by the river, where they took refuge from the rain. But Visâkhâ did not run, but walked sedately toward the hall, even though her garments and ornaments were wet. As she approached, the Brahmans who had come in quest of a perfect maiden saw that she had beautiful hair, beautiful lips, beautiful skin and beauty of enduring youth. So, to make certain that she had also beautiful teeth, they spoke, so that she might hear:

"Our daughter is lazy; she will not take good care of her future husband!"

Hearing them, Visâkhâ asked what they had said, and her voice was sweet and resonant. When they repeated their words, she asked why they had said so. They answered that it was because she had lagged behind her attendants, so that her garments were wet with rain.

Visâkhâ answered: "Say not so, worthy Brahmans! Though I am a better runner than my attendants, yet I had a good reason for not running. For there are four who do not appear at their best while running: an anointed king in the court of his palace; the king's elephant of state when richly caparisoned; a monk who has retired from the world; and, fourth, a woman, for men will ask why she rushes about like a man. And in addition, were a maiden to fall, and break a hand or a foot, it would be difficult for her parents to find her a husband. For these reasons I did not run!"

While she was talking, the Brahmans noted the beauty of her teeth. And when she was silent they set the gold wreath upon her head. Visâkhâ, knowing that it was a wreath of betrothal, asked concerning the family from whom it came. When she learned that the family which sought her in marriage was of equal rank with her own, she sent a message to her father that a chariot might be despatched to bring her home, since it was not seemly that, after she had received the wreath of betrothal, she should return home on foot. So her father, well pleased, sent chariots for Visâkhâ and her maidens. And the Brahmans accompanied Visâkhâ to where her father was.

He in his turn asked concerning the senders of the wreath of betrothal, and their riches. He was told their names, and that their wealth was forty tens of millions, and, learning that they were of equal rank and of great wealth, even though far less than he himself possessed, he was well

pleased and gave his consent to the union. The Brahmans returned and reported that their quest of the perfect flower of maidenhood had been crowned with success. The father of the future bridegroom was deeply impressed, and sought and received from King Pasenadi permission to go to pay a visit to his future kin. And King Pasenadi himself, remembering that he had brought the prospective father-in-law of the young Punnavadhana to his present home, determined that it would be a graceful and appropriate thing for himself to pay the man of treasure a royal visit.

Then follow several pages of description, in which the saintly and ascetic chroniclers of Pali scripture, who have renounced all the pomps and vanities of the world, let themselves go in a series of gorgeous descriptions which mere worldly historians might envy, but could not possibly surpass. Thus we are told that the bridegroom's father, learning that King Pasenadi purposed to accompany him on his ceremonial visit, had not unnatural misgivings that the call on the hospitality of the man of treasure might be excessive, and very tactfully sent messengers to make inquiries. The return message came: "Let ten kings come if they wish!"

And splendid preparations were in fact made, the maiden Visâkhâ presiding over every detail of the arrangements, with a keen insight which was the reward of aspiration, not through one or two former lives, but "through a hundred thousand world-cycles". The maiden made provision for every guest of whatever degree, so that none might say: "We came to Visâkhâ's party, and got no reward, for we spent the whole time looking after our horses and elephants!"

In the same large way the monkish recorders describe the jewelry which her father had prepared for the future bride. There was a gorgeous headdress fashioned in the likeness of a peacock, the value of which, we are told, was ninety millions, and in addition the bride received five hundred and forty millions to provide perfumes. She was further supplied with immense herds of cattle, and, when the time came to provide her with personal attendants, the entire population volunteered enthusiastically to accompany her, so that it was necessary to beat them back with staves. Then comes the note of edification. The bride had earned all this munificence by her immense gifts to the followers of the Buddhas of old. All maidens who desired like rewards should be equally generous.

Then comes a touch of universal human nature. The peerless maiden Visâkhâ, accompanied by her retinue, and accompanying her future father-in-law, drew near to Savatthi, where she was to dwell. She was wearing her peacock head-dress, and the question arose in her mind, whether she should enter the city in a closed carriage or standing erect in a chariot. After duly pondering the problem, she decided thus:

"If I am in a covered carriage when I enter, no one will see my beautiful peacock head-dress!" Therefore she entered, standing erect in her chariot, and all the city admired. The ascetic recorders do not tell us for which of her former good works she was rewarded by this happy inspiration.

So Visâkhâ entered the home of her father-in-law and settled down most dutifully in her new life. It will be remembered that, when she was seven years old, she had paid a visit to the Buddha and had been won to his teaching, remaining ever thereafter a faithful *Upâsikâ*. Her father-in-law did not share her views, but adhered to the old school of Brahman ascetics, who are represented in the story as both jealous and abusive, advising the man of treasure to turn his heretical daughter-in-law out of doors. But, since the daughter-in-law had brought with her a large company of her own people and much wealth, it was not easy to send her forth.

There came an occasion, however, when the man of treasure turned against her. We are told that one morning he was regaling himself with porridge in a golden bowl, with honey added as a relish, his daughter-in-law standing dutifully by his side fanning him, when an elder, a follower of the Buddha, entered the house. The man of treasure saw his visitor, but remained as one who saw not, continuing to regale himself with porridge and honey.

Visâkhâ, for whom an elder, an honoured follower of her Master, was one to be held in reverence, skilfully expressed her sense of the situation, and rebuked the bad manners of her father-in-law:

"Pass on, venerable sir!" she said, "my father-in-law is eating stale fare!" The man of treasure was furious, and gave orders that she should be turned out of his house forthwith. But, since all the servants in the house were hers, the order fell flat, to the intense mortification of the man of treasure.

The situation which resulted finely reveals Visâkhâ's firmness of character and at the same time her dutifulness and strong sense of discipline.

She did not give orders, as she might easily have done, that the offending father-in-law should be turned out of doors, but she took him somewhat severely to task, saying she was no wench picked up at a bathing-place, to be summarily turned out of doors. But she opened a way of conciliation, reminding her father-in-law that her grandfather had provided for just such an occasion, by sending with her eight worthy householders as trustees or assessors, to arbitrate any disputes that might arise between the heiress and her new family. The man of treasure was somewhat mollified and had the eight assessors summoned. When they appeared, his feeling of hurt dignity blazed up again:

"This young woman," he said, "when I was eating porridge in a golden bowl, said that I was eating unclean food! Condemn her and turn her out!"

But the eight assessors, who recognized that their duty was to protect the interests of Visâkhâ, asked her to give her side of the story. Visâkhâ explained that her phrase concerning the eating of stale food was a symbolical way of saying that her father-in-law was consuming stale merit, earned in past lives, while he might have been earning new merit by courteously and generously entreating the Buddhist elder whom she revered.

This reminded Visâkhâ's father-in-law of something that had puzzled him earlier, and, when the eight assessors gave their verdict in her favour, he put this question:

"When she was leaving home, Visâkhâ's father laid ten admonitions upon her, which I happened to overhear without comprehending their meaning. Let her now explain them!"

Pressed by her friends the assessors, Visâkhâ explained her father's purpose. When he said to her, "The in-door fire is not to be taken out of doors", he did not mean to withhold the fire of the hearth, but rather that, should she notice any shortcoming or fault in her home, whether in her mother-in-law, her father-in-law, or her husband, she should by no means speak of it abroad. In the same way the admonition that "Fire from without must not be brought indoors" meant that, should she hear criticism, whether by man or woman, of the members of her own household, she must never repeat it at home. The admonition, "Give only to him who gives", meant that she should lend only to those who would return what was lent. So, "Give not to him who does not give", meant that one should not lend to those who do not return what is lent. But the saying, "Give both to him who gives, and to him who gives not", had a more generous sense: relatives in want should be supplied, whether they could, or could not, make due return.

The remaining admonitions shed light on the family discipline and etiquette of that distant time and land, in certain respects sharply contrasted with "modern" views. Thus, "Sit fortunately!" meant that the young wife should rise in the presence of her mother-in-law, her father-in-law or her husband. "Eat fortunately!" in like manner meant that she must not eat until she had waited on them. "Sleep fortunately!" meant that all their needs must be attended to, before she herself sought rest. "Wait upon the fire!"meant that she should serve these members of her household as one tends the sacred fire. "Reverence the household divinities!" had a like meaning.

The assessors, pleased with so much effective humility, asked the man of treasure whether he still found fault with his daughter-in-law. When he replied that she was without fault, they asked him why, in that case, he had sought to have his daughter-in-law turned out of doors.

At this point, the story takes an unexpected turn. Visâkhâ, addressing her friendly assessors, says that it would have been quite wrong for her to leave her father-in-law's house while under an imputation of wrong-doing. Now, however, that she had been completely exonerated, it was her firm intention to go. Therefore she gave orders that her carriages should be made ready.

Since Visâkhâ is represented to us as of uncommon wisdom and practical sense, we may, perhaps, infer that she foresaw what would result from her downright announcement: a profuse and abject apology from her offending father-in-law. She accepted the apology, but on her own terms: namely,

that her adherence to the Buddha should be fully recognized. So we are not surprised when we learn that the man of treasure has decided to hear the Buddha's preaching, though, as a matter of form, he asks permission to sit behind a curtain. The Buddha consents. The man of treasure listens and is converted, and, thereafter, the whole family sets an example of pious generosity. Then comes the monkish delight in a good story. We are told that the lady Visâkhâ lived to be a hundred and twenty years old, with never a gray hair among her dark tresses. She looked, indeed, like a girl of sixteen, and, when she went abroad in the midst of her numerous daughters and still more numerous granddaughters, the people asked, "Which of these is Visâkhâ?" The devout recorders add a point of perfection which would hardly occur to a modern scribe: "Moreover, she was as strong as five elephants!" Nor are they content with affirming the prowess of their heroine. They go on to prove it; and in doing this, they show once again their delight in a good story.

The king, we are told, had heard that Visâkhâ possessed the strength of five elephants, and resolved to put her to the test. So, as he was returning from the dwelling-place of the Buddha and the Order of disciples, whither he had gone to hearken to the teaching of the Law of Righteousness, he released an elephant against her. The elephant raised his trunk and advanced against Visâkhâ. She was accompanied by five hundred women. Of these, a part fled terrified, a part clung to her in fear. Visâkhâ asked the meaning of their perturbation.

"Noble lady!" they answered, "the king, desiring to put your strength to the test, has released an elephant against you!"

Visâkhâ, fixing her eyes upon the elephant, bethought her, "What cause is there for me to flee? It is only a question of how I shall lay hold on him. If, I grasp him too hard, I may kill him!" So, when the elephant had approached, she took his trunk between her finger and thumb and forced him backward. The elephant was unable to resist, or to keep his footing; he fell back on his haunches in the courtyard of the king. Thereupon the multitude cried aloud with joy, and Visâkhâ and her women went safely homeward.

It is related in conclusion that Visâkhâ bestowed largesse upon the Order, building for the disciples a noble dwelling of two stories, with five hundred chambers on each story. When the work was completed and the Buddha had graciously accepted it, the heart of Visâkhâ was full of song, and there was song upon her lips, for a prayer that she had made ages ago was thus fulfilled.

FRAGMENTS

SOME say: when we have acquired virtue we may hope to approach the Master. They are humble souls and so far worthy, but they lack enlightenment. For how are we to attain those virtues? Most of us, if we have lived at all, know that nothing is more difficult; and there are few who have not, if only for worldly motives or some in-bred sense of decency or honour, tried to acquire them. May it not be that to approach the Master by all means in our power, will enable us of itself to obtain that "wedding garment" requisite for our admission to the feast of his companionship.

The mind is sadly complicated, and along its intricate pathways travel up the doubts and questionings of the lower world to impede our progress heavenward,—delay our day of liberation. Strange it is, but it often takes some resolution to turn aside from their footsteps and furtive whisperings, and to lay firm hold on the simple admonitions, enunciated from most ancient days, which bid us open our hearts and, in simple faith, go as a child to his father, trusting the Master's love and knowledge of our need.

We must realize, after full consideration, how complete is our inability to do for ourselves, since we are so blind and weak in all matters of the inner life, so quickly lost upon the best-known highways of the inner world. Again, if we stop here, we shall be caught in a vicious circle of the lower mind, and wandering about in it shall find ere many days, that our very desire to approach has been quietly snuffed out. Let us rather then follow our admonitions, forget ourselves, and what we are and are not, in an eager desire to go, trusting and obedient. Then and then alone shall we kindle love at the Master's love, virtue at his virtue, strength at his strength, and realize ourselves in realizing at last his longing for us. From whatever good there may be within us, will spring, as from a seed, a sublime wealth of virtue, brought to glorious fruition by the contagion of his own.

In these broad lines the "small old path" is simple; but the wraiths of hesitation, each some form of self, must be brushed ruthlessly aside, nor should we stop one moment to parley with them.

What is true of one Master is true of all, since each of these glories of the Lodge, in their various and ascending degrees, is but a facet of one Central Sun. Therefore the call goes forth, to come; the invitation stands, to come: but most men scorn and turn away; some men wish to haggle over terms, "hard terms" they call them; and some shrink timidly aside,—Some day, later on, when I am fit, they murmur.

Some day, later on, the gates will have closed, no call will sound, there will be no invitation; but in that day there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

O God, forbid that day, and give us strong hearts and strong men to keep it back,—to keep those gates wide open; and however the tides of time may turn to close them, give us those who will wedge them open, if need be with their very souls.

CAVÉ.

The Lover was all alone, in the shade of a fair tree. Men passed by that place, and asked him why he was alone. And the Lover answered: "I am alone, now that I have seen you and heard you; until now, I was in the company of my Beloved."—RAMON LULL.

Look thou within: within thee is the fountain of good, and it will ever spring, if thou wilt ever delve.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

INCARNATION

THE popular misapprehensions which have obscured and distorted the world's great philosophies, may be traced, in almost every instance, to a failure to comprehend their fundamental concepts. Theosophy has suffered much from such misapprehensions; and it is the purpose of this note to attack some of them at their root, by attempting to clarify a concept of the nature and meaning of life which underlies the greater part of religious philosophy, and which is basic in both Theosophy and Christianity—the concept of *incarnation*.

If we were to ask a chance acquaintance what, in his view, was the outstanding characteristic of theosophic thought, we should probably be told that it was a belief in Masters and in Karma, and, above all, in *Re-incarnation*. If we were to make similar inquiry regarding Christianity, the answer might be less ready, for in so-called Christian countries the forms of Christianity are so familiar as largely to pass unconsidered; but after a moment's reflection the reply might be that it was a belief in *The Incarnation*,—in Christ as the incarnation of the Godhead as man. Very clearly, therefore, in the substructure of both theosophic and Christian belief, behind both Re-incarnation and The Incarnation, lies the concept of incarnation itself, as a fact or process basic in human life and destiny. As has been said of languages that to understand one, more than one must be studied, and, conversely, that a thorough knowledge of one, brings all others within reach of comprehension; so we may find that the theosophic teaching of Re-incarnation, and the Christian teaching of The Incarnation, illumine and explain one another, when they are seen in relation to the primary concept upon which both rest.

Literally, of course, "incarnation" means the act of entering into flesh or of assuming the clothing of flesh; and from this, more generally, it has come to signify the entering into and ensouling of any vesture or form. Thus the primary supposition is that there is something other than the flesh—something which we call Spirit—that can enter into and clothe itself with flesh, subjugating and animating the flesh until it becomes but the vehicle for the action and self-revelation of the Spirit. This is the basic concept in both Theosophy and Christianity, and the process whereby incarnation is accomplished is regarded as the fundamental process of life,—that which is both its alpha and omega, its total significance, its origin, its purpose, and its goal.

Let us pause long enough to be sure that we grasp this: grasp that there is Being, that there is *That*—which is other than the flesh—which is unmanifest, intangible, invisible, escaping the balance and the scalpel, and that the purpose and meaning of life is that this hidden, occult Being should be brought to incarnation, should enter into flesh and clothe itself in human form, manifesting itself in the ensouling of man. So St. John's Gospel opens: "In the

beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory . . . " Everything that has been made has been made in this way. The whole process of evolution is the process of progressive incarnation, the uncreated, unmanifested Word descending into matter as the light and life of all beings, and by this light and life lifting them up and transforming them into closer likeness to itself. It is the universal process of life; ever continuing, but marked by nodal points of sharp transmutation as successive levels are transcended and more complete incarnation reached.

We have attempted elsewhere to gain light on the process of incarnation by extending the simile of the "Word", which St. John uses, to a consideration of human thought and speech. The thinker reaches up to an idea, a truth, which he himself may, as yet, apprehend but dimly,—aware of its existence and modifying pressure, but not yet aware of its full significance and bearing. As he attends upon it, there are drawn from his memory related concepts and ideas which group themselves around his central perception, as iron filings are drawn to group themselves around a magnet; and from these he strives to form a vesture and vehicle for his thought, words and sentences which will manifest it and in which it can incarnate. We all know that the difference between successful and unsuccessful speech is in just this: whether or no, and to what extent, the idea *does* incarnate in it, whether or no the vehicle is such as actually to permit of its incarnation and manifestation. In the one case, the speaker's words are made living. They come to us vibrant with life, the carriers of living truth and inspiration, which, entering our consciousness, quicken a kindred light and life in us, so that we are other and richer than we were before. In the other case, we are but subjected to a current of words, which submerge and stifle us in their flow, and leave our own perceptions numbed and bruised by their alien impact. We all know, too, what George Moore meant when, in describing the later style of Henry James, he said that James encircled his ideas with a long spiral of words which yet never reached that one word which would make the idea live—which was the true and fitting vesture in which it could incarnate. Very patently, therefore, the significance of speech, its power and actual effect, is not in the words themselves, nor in their tone and colour, nor the rhythm and flow and dance of their sequence, but in that which it, by these means, may incarnate. Paradoxical as it may seem, what appears to be the very perfection of a speech may prove its undoing; for in this the vehicle obtrudes itself, self-consciously parading its own graces, so that the idea, the living truth, remains unmanifest and discarnate. Truth has no need or love of other graces than its own.

This is why a crude, extempore speech may be far more effective than one which has been too carefully prepared and rehearsed—the very word is redolent of death, denied a decent burial. It is why, too, a speaker may lose his

hold upon his listeners if he read, instead of speak, to them. For in reading, as in speaking from memory, one is too often only reflecting, at second-hand, a garment in which truth once appeared to us; whereas in speaking sincerely and originally, one is looking directly at truth itself, offering the content of one's mind to it that it may fashion for itself the vesture it would wear. In such speech the process of incarnation is not something from the past, reflected as completed (well or ill), but is a present process, taking place in our midst, in the speaker and his listeners alike; here and now shaping "the stiff and sticky stuff" of words that truth may manifest itself through them, and enter into and ensoul them. It is the difference in the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance; for in the repentance the Creative Spirit is active, not passive, and the Word incarnates anew.

This, which we have observed in the example of human speech, may be seen equally in every facet of life's action. Everywhere the visible is surrounded and interpenetrated by the invisible, the inanimate by the animate which moulds it, and Spirit is ceaselessly pressing into incarnation wherever it can find entrance and a vehicle. As Emerson tells us that there is one mind common to all men, and that each individual mind is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same, so, wherever there is consciousness or life, there is the pressure behind it of richer consciousness and fuller life striving to give themselves to it, so that what is but partial may be made complete, and the whole may live incarnate in every part. Each truth attained and lived, opens the way to truth beyond.

Our present concern, however, is not with such infinite sequences as are here indicated, but rather to comprehend, as clearly as we can, the way in which each step is taken,—the way in which man opens himself to the Truth and Goodness and Beauty that he perceives inclining to him from above, so that they descend into him and live, incarnate, in him. It is in essence the same process that we have traced in the incarnation of ideas in speech, but it may be illustrated as well by any of man's creative acts and arts, by music, or painting, or sculpture; for creation must be ceaselessly guided by that which it would incarnate, and unless it culminates in incarnation, it fails and is stillborn. Let us look somewhat more closely, therefore, at the way in which the artist works, and the pitfalls he must avoid, remembering what *Light on the Path* tells us of "the pure artist who works for the love of his work", being often more firmly planted on the right road than many who make greater professions to higher aims.

As the foundation of all, there must be vision and there must be love. Before the sculptor touches his clay he must have seen with his inner eyes that into whose likeness he would mould it. If his sight be obscure, his touch will be uncertain. His constant effort is, therefore, to see ever more and more clearly; for our supposition is that he loves for itself the truth or beauty he has seen, and is therefore concerned to incarnate it as it is,—not merely to steal from it to aggrandize himself. With his vision clear, the sculptor works

upon his clay, turning constantly to his inner model. The clay is given its first rough form, its masses balanced and proportioned. Then touch after touch brings out the likeness, or, mistaken, obscures it. It is not always easy to recognize these mistakes at once; for they are hidden by the glamour which projects the inner upon the outer, so that intention is mistaken for achievement, and we see what we have done, not as it is, but as we purposed it to be. As it has been said that Maya is the one sakti of Atma, so this projection of the inner upon the outer is of the very essence of creation; but where it is not followed through, where action lags behind inspiration or turns aside from it—or where we seek for ourselves the reward of our work, and so look to its reflection in the psychic planes—then creation halts, robbed of its hold on substance, and passes into glamour. We become deluded, and objectify our desires as though they were realities. Thus mistakes stand unseen for what they are; and as they continue and accumulate, the unrecognized mingling of truth and error in the clay—of likeness and unlikeness to what the sculptor would express—is reflected back upon his inner vision. He no longer sees his model as it is, but with the veil upon it of his own efforts to portray it. Every artist knows this stage. If he continue his work despite it, unmindful of his growing blindness, he runs the risk of ruining it all; for soon he attempts to shape some feature, not seen clearly in his model, so as to make it harmonize with what he has already done. The direction of his effort changes. It is no longer vertical, from the unmanifest to the manifest, from inspiration to expression, but horizontal, from the manifest to the manifest, all on one plane. There is no virtue in such work; quite literally it is not work at all, for, in mechanics, work is done only in the passage from one potential plane to another. Therefore the sculptor must put his work away until he can regain the clarity of his inspiration.

There is scarcely a sentence in *Light on the Path* upon which a treatise might not be written, and the more we study this analogy of "the pure artist who works for the love of his work", the more illuminating it becomes. We cannot pause here to dwell upon all its lessons, but there are some at which we should at least look. One of them teaches us the place and function of death. As the sculptor, caught in the glamour of his own creation, must turn his back upon the clay, and by meditation seek again his conscious way into the inner world, or sleep and dream his vision once again, so must the spirit of man, caught in the glamour of the outer world, confused and blinded by his errors, lay aside its ill-fitting vesture of flesh, and stand forth unclothed save in the truth and beauty of what it itself is. The clay must be left behind, lest incarnation become perversion, or imprisonment. Yet as the artist, with his vision regained, and once more possessed by his inspiration, returns to his work, and seeing clearly what is good and what is wrong, retains the one and wipes out the other, so does the human spirit return again to the skandhas it has left, and set itself anew to the task of manifesting through them. Death is but an interlude. Effort must follow effort, partial incarnation follow partial incarnation, until the work be done and incarnation itself be attained.

Here many old questions rise to meet us, but now they bring something of their answers with them. We begin to understand what St. Paul meant when he said that he "died daily", leaving behind him the world and himself, and turning directly to the Master he served and the vision that possessed him. We see that to one who was perfected in detachment, death would be unnecessary. For though it is error and sin that necessitate death, they do so only because of the inability to recognize them for what they are, and to stand detached from them, working for their correction. Death does not free us from their karma, nor from the need to meet and overcome them. It only frees us, for a time, from the glamour and confusion that has made us identify them with ourselves, so that we can regain our sight and hold upon our purpose. It was not his mistakes alone that caused the sculptor to lay aside his tools, but the blindness that spread from his failure to recognize them. They are still there, when he comes back to his work; but then he sees them for what they are. It is easy to see, also, that where complete incarnation has been attained, death becomes meaningless. Where the inner and the outer have become one, the inner manifesting itself fully in the outer, and the outer revealing it in every part, how could one tell when the outer was laid aside? What difference would there be, whether in the body or out of the body? So, through the series of births and deaths, which is the path of mortals; through partial incarnation succeeding partial incarnation, man climbs upward to the fulness of incarnation which gives him entry to the path of the gods and the way of immortality.

Now deeper questions rise and face us with mysteries which our minds cannot resolve. Yet even here the analogies of speech and art can lift, at least, a corner of one of the many veils through which glows the light of truth.

Immortality! What is immortal? What is not immortal? What can attain to immortality? "There is no existence for that which does not exist, nor is there any 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". What do these questions mean? What do their answers mean?

There is but one Life, one Being; and all things live and are as, and only as, *That* lives and is incarnate in them. The wax, the clay, the marble or the bronze; the paint and canvas; the ink and paper of the written word; these are but dust, enduring only as the undifferentiated, basic stuff of dust endures. It is not this that we mean by immortality, nor are we greatly concerned with what may be the fate of dust. Our concern is with the statue, the painting, or the poem, with that which was lifted from the dust to be made the vesture of the artist's vision, which was touched by the breath of the Spirit and given life by the incarnation of something of the Word. It is of this we ask; and as we ask, we are answered. Such things are immortal as, and only as, they achieve their purpose; as, and only as, they become the perfect embodiment of some facet of truth or beauty, wisdom or holiness or power, some complete and perfect incarnation of a ray of Spirit. The "immortal lines" are immortal by virtue of this embodiment and incarnation of a truth that is immortal;

by virtue of their perfection as a vehicle for the Spirit that lives and breathes through them and which they make manifest. Were they less than perfect, were it possible to better them, they would not be immortal. The truth and beauty, pressing from within, would reshape them again and again, until at last they formed a vesture in which that truth could incarnate complete and whole. This is the great and merciful law, that only the True, the Good and the Beautiful can endure.

So it is with us. Only as we achieve the purpose of our life, only as and where we incarnate the vision the Master Artist has for us, only there do we share in immortality. Only when we become perfect, as the Father in heaven is perfect, do we become wholly immortal, freed from the forced sequence of birth and death. Until then, re-incarnation after re-incarnation must take place; each no more than partial; each leaving behind something mistaken, which is mortal; each reaching up to something true, which can endure.

There is risk of confusion here; for words which are absolute, as they must be used in one connection, become merely relative in others, and "perfect" and "immortal" are two such words. The culmination of one stage of development is but the beginning of a new stage; for, as noted earlier in this article, the ever-continuing process of evolution and progressive incarnation is marked by points of sharp transmutation, where one level is transcended and a new one reached. The theory of limits and infinite series, in mathematics, offers illuminating analogies of this. The repeating decimal .33333 . . . increases steadily with each digit that we add, yet push the sequence as far as we will, it still falls short of the "perfect" one third,—though one third itself is only a fraction. We cannot linger over this, for there are graver questions that we must face.

What is it that re-incarnates? In the analogy which we have used, it is the vision of the artist, the truth that presses to expression through him, the inner beauty that he would make manifest in the world. It is important to realize that this is nothing of the artist's own, not his own creation, nor anything of himself; but something greater than himself, something pre-existing in its own right, which he beholds and loves and strives to serve, but with which he dare not tamper. If it originate with himself, then is it false; and if he alter it he falsifies it. No man can originate Truth, nor possess it, nor mould it; he can but reach up to and give himself to it, so that it possesses and moulds him. Truth cannot be modified, but must itself modify; and through it the Highest acts upon the lowest. If we fail to recognize this, we miss the central significance of both the theosophic and the Christian concept of life. Yet it is constantly overlooked and misunderstood; and as we read the gospels we see how often Christ himself strove vainly to explain it to his disciples. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the Father, that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. . . . and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." The

whole process of incarnation is one of subordination and transformation of self to something other and greater than self; and its paradox lies in this: that by this subordination we gain mastery, and that by self-surrender, the Self is found; for this other and greater than the self, to which we give ourselves, lifts us up and transforms us into its own likeness, so that it becomes our Self.

What, then, are we? We are the artist's picture, the sculptor's statue; but do we know just what a statue is? At its highest, in its origin and initial inspiration, it is a ray of the Supreme Spirit, of the Truth and Holiness and Beauty of the Word, without whom "was not any thing made that was made". At its lowest, it is a piece of misplaced clay—of lifeless, marring dust, which, had the sculptor noticed or seen truly, he would have wiped away. It is a mingling of truth and error, of life and death, of the triumphant dominance and incarnation of the Spirit, and of its defeat, perversion and betrayal. We see it stretching through the whole gamut of being, so that what it is depends upon where we approach it.

It is the same with us. The answer to the question what we are, depends upon the level at which we look upon our life: upon where we place our centre of consciousness, upon that with which we *choose* to identify ourselves. For such choice is ours; and day by day, and moment by moment we exercise it. We can identify ourselves with the clay or stone—stubborn, cross-grained, resistant, resenting the pressure which would mould us into a shape of beauty, or fashion from us an instrument of power and of truth. Or we can identify ourselves with the vision that the Master Artist has for us, with the ray of Spirit that is striving to find entrance to our hearts and to incarnate in our lives, working upon the clay of our nature to lift it into its own likeness, to make of it an immortal vesture of divine Light and Life.

Let us not forget, moreover, that as it is the artist's vision that guides his hand, so it is the Spirit itself that is the sculptor. There are those who see this so clearly, and give to it so central a place in their theory of art, that they think of the artist as no more than a medium, through whom acts something other and greater than—and too often foreign to—himself. If we are speaking of human art and artists, this view is largely true; but the degree of its truth is the measure of the artist's failure in those two supreme qualifications of purity and love which *Light on the Path* makes basic in its illustration. Where these do not exist, the artist can, at best, but stand aside as the medium stands, hampering as little as he may the revelation of that which acts through him; but where they are present in their fulness, so that love can work its miracle of union, the artist so gives himself to his vision in heart and mind and will, that it becomes incarnate in him before (or as) it passes on to manifest itself in his work. In this union and incarnation of the creative Spirit, the artist becomes himself creator; and herein lies the difference between divine and human art, between that which is real and that which is only the reflection of reality. The reflection can appear across a gap; but the reality must be continuous, in unbroken descent from its source. Though we must draw our illustrations from the reflection, it is with the reality that we are concerned.

It has been pointed out many times that all we know of Truth or Goodness or Beauty comes to us from their embodiments: that what we know of justice and courage and nobility comes to us through those who have so loved justice, courage and nobility as to become their incarnation and to manifest them in their lives. The ray of the incarnating Word, which now touches us and works to mould us, has touched, has moulded, has incarnated in every stage of the descent by which it has come to us. For all of evolution is incarnation; above us, even as it must be in us. The "Master Artist" is, therefore, no mere figment of speech for the Creative Logos; he is its incarnation, its living embodiment and personification—a living Master. In him, as we have said, has been wrought the work that now must be wrought in us. He has achieved, as we must achieve. He has become that which we are in the process of becoming; and therefore, as we give ourselves to that becoming, we give ourselves to the Master who stands at the head of our ray, whosoever that Master may be,—that he may dwell in us, and we in him. In literal fact, therefore, each man's Master, be he known or unknown, is for him the way, the truth and the life; and to enter consciously and purposefully upon that way, by identifying ourselves with the working of the spirit in us, is of necessity to enter into chêlaship. We cannot become ourself—the Self that is the incarnating Word, the artist's vision in the statue, our only hold on immortality—save as we become the child of one infinitely greater than ourself; as we speak of a son of Mars, or of Apollo, a daughter of Martha or of Mary. No man enters as an orphan into the kingdom of the heavens and immortal life.

There is a reverse side to the doctrine of incarnation, a side that involves the whole mystery of evil. The gift of itself to its creations by the incarnating Word, so that, from Being, beings are formed capable of free-willed co-operation with their Creator, endows these creations equally with the capacity to withhold that co-operation, and to turn back against its source the life they have received. Thus incarnate good may be perverted into incarnate evil, drawing its life, as does the good, from the one source of life, but able to do this only as it is able to continue to pervert it. Once we perceive that the significance of all things is given them from within, by that which they incarnate, we perceive that each life stands as the common apex of a double cone,—a cone of light, and a cone of darkness that is the shadow of light. Above man the cone stretches up, "without bar or wall", ever widening as it mounts to the Supreme. Beneath him, the shadow of this cone stretches, ever widening as it descends into immeasurable depths. As there may be incarnation from above, so may there also be from below. At each moment and in each act, we draw from the one source or the other, and what we draw is of one piece with all beyond. In each act of truth, something of all Truth lives; in each lie is the life of the "father of lies". There is a Black Lodge, as there is a White Lodge; and whether he be conscious of it or not, man is, in each of his thoughts and acts, opening himself to the incarnation of the one or of the other, drawing into himself and into manifestation in the world, the seeds of either death or life.

The purpose of this note, however, was not to deal with the problem of good and evil, but only to attempt to clarify the concept of incarnation, so that we might understand better our own philosophy, and wake to the meaning of our own lives. What we are, and what we are to be, depends upon where we centre our consciousness and our will. Quite literally, it depends upon what we choose to be, upon that with which we choose to identify ourselves. In every man is clay. In every man is the creative, incarnating breath of the Supreme Spirit, the spirit of the Great Lodge and of his own Master, as yet, perhaps, unknown. In the long progress of time, before the Manvantara closes, all clay will be uplifted and transformed; fight against it how we may, it will be kneaded and rekneaded until at last it becomes obedient to the sculptor's hand. We can wait upon these slow cycles and suffer their compulsion if we will, knowing that, in death, all which we have built in life will be wiped out. Or we can turn ourselves about, and (like Dante in the depth of hell, placing his head where his feet had been) identify ourselves no longer with the flesh, but with the working of the Spirit, claiming it as our true Self, and consciously and purposefully co-operating with it, enter upon the Way of Life, which is the Path of Chêlaship. Then, though we stand but at the beginning of the ascent, the light from the summit shines clear before our eyes. At each step we find those who have preceded us, waiting now to hold out welcoming, aiding hands to help us onward toward the Master who has called us from our dust. We know that in him our life began, and that in him it is to meet its consummation. In the fulness of Incarnation which is his, our long series of re-incarnations finds its goal.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven for ever in the work of the world.
—RUSKIN.

WAR MEMORIES

VII

Last Days in Occupied Belgium

FROM Tamines we had returned to Brussels, our work done. My temporary travelling companion, having found most of her English girls, left Belgium shortly after, with a large crowd of happy young people, their faces, at long last, turned toward home, while I resumed my night work at the Hospital, with a great deal more to think about than when I had left it ten days before. We were well on into the spring by now. The chestnut trees were in bloom in the wide and sunny Avenue Louise; the Bois de la Cambre was bursting into leaf, and the beautiful Forêt de Soignies, out there to the south toward the great plain of Waterloo —that dim, alluring woodland, still haunted by nymphs and other shadowy, sylvan spirits—was a misty sea of green and gold. But the beauty of the spring could not blind us to the perils with which each passing day and hour was beset. The Germans had "dug themselves in"; that was only too evident, though throughout the dark months of the winter we had kept ourselves alive with the promise that in the spring the Allied Armies would come sweeping in, victorious. Now these hopes had begun to fade, for above the Palais de Justice, towering on the crest of the hill which overlooked the city, still floated the hated German flag, black, white, red—sinister and cruel.

Humiliations, restrictions, requisitions, continued to be the order of the day, in every locality, and in every walk of life; executions too, for we knew that the *Tir National* was always busy with its firing squads; we knew that the Prison of St. Gilles was full to overflowing; we knew, but too well, that our lives—the life of each and every one of us—hung by a thread. The slightest misstep, and you would be lost. Von Bissing's heavy and merciless rule was already a matter of history; the hardships and butcheries increased. I think the *espionnage* continued always to be the worst feature of life in Occupied Belgium. That terrible spy system of the Germans, which made life so precarious, was, I believe, more dreaded and hated than anything else. It has been said that in Brussels alone there was a working force of more than six thousand of these spies, and they swarmed everywhere, as I have already written—in trams and in shops; they even insinuated themselves into the privacy of people's homes, often in the guise of friendship, using, with devilish cleverness, the old "confidence trick", for many of them spoke French and Flemish (or other foreign tongues) like natives, and were with difficulty to be distinguished

from the natives themselves. The "catch" in one day, of a single spy or *agent provocateur* (if he belonged to the more gifted and accomplished order of his vile profession), was said to be fabulous.

It must have been about this time that my attention was first sharply drawn to the rumours which came to us, mostly from northwards,—rumours of the escape across the frontier of great numbers of young Belgians, who sought in this way to reach and join the Belgian Army which was so valiantly holding its own on the Yser. We were generally told of these escapes in whispers, and in the beginning it seemed as though the particular young Belgian in question had been specially fortunate in eluding the sentries; but we soon began to realize that the cases of which we heard were not isolated or chance flights; that, on the contrary, they had been the result of help given by a large and active organization formed for that purpose alone; that there were special centres (of course, private individuals like myself, did not know where) for agents who had the power or the quickness of wit to carry on their hazardous occupation. These escapes, however, were equally hazardous for the boys and young men who braved the dangers of their flight; for the journey across country (directed chiefly toward the Campine, to the north) was often long, and it was always full of perils and hardships, since the fugitives had, of course, no passes which permitted them to leave their homes. Often it took weeks to get even within a mile or two of the frontier, for the most they could do was to walk a short distance at night, sometimes crawling on hands and knees, their faces to the earth, past well-guarded spots; while by day they hid in ditches, or perhaps in such "friendly" barns, *en route*, as had been indicated by those in charge of the desperate attempt. The Campine district, one of the loneliest in Belgium, was a dreary enough country across which to make these last pitiless runs for freedom, for, over the great stretches of waste moorland, the wind swept always, singing eerily through the purple heather, thick and tangled and untamed; or there was uninviting mile on mile of scrub oak, low and thin—a scanty enough protection. But in these woods were to be found old men who, if caught by the Germans, would at the worst confess themselves to be poachers, but who, in reality, were stationed there by those in charge of the escapes, to act as friends and guides for anyone in need.

The actual crossing of the frontier was formidable enough in itself, quite apart from the fact that the terrible risk of getting past it came at the end of a journey which had called on all reserves of courage; for along the borderland, between Belgium and Holland, the Germans had set up a high and complicated barrier of wire, heavily charged with electricity, and how to get through it was a question which taxed the ingenuity of the cleverest. To touch it, ever so lightly, meant instant death. While devising ways and means for getting through this wire, hundreds of young men, we were told, had been shot down, with liberty in sight, and there they had died a lonely death; and there they had lain, stark in the heather, sometimes unburied for weeks. Many ruses were used, so we were to learn later. A favourite one

was to knock out the ends of a barrel, which was then wedged carefully in between the wires, and through this impromptu, as well as somewhat cramped and unsteady passageway, man after man would work himself, carefully, noiselessly, passing along the short tunnel of protecting wood, his feet (if he were very tall) still remaining in Occupied Belgium, while his head would already have emerged into free Holland. Escapes of this kind happened in the more secluded spots, but those who had these desperate expeditions in charge, also knew of German sentries who could be bribed, and who were stationed at official openings in the barrier—such as roads or railways—and here the frontier could be crossed on foot without danger of being electrocuted. Hiding in barns or houses, close up to the borderland, or in the open fields, these fugitives would wait (for long, anxious days and nights, perhaps) till word was secretly brought them that the eagerly anticipated moment had arrived; that at a certain hour they were to present themselves at a certain spot; look for an unknown personage who would be seen reading a red book, or mending a cart wheel, or engaged in some other inconspicuous occupation; they were to give the countersign, and then follow silently the mysterious guide who was to pilot them. Thus, large parties of fugitives, the perilous journey through a closely-watched countryside safely behind them (a journey, the dangers of which never diminished, but on the contrary increased as time went on), passed through the barrier with relatively little risk of exposure. Many thousands of young men, and even boys, got out of the country in this way, and among those who also escaped, were some of the English soldiers who had been cut off from the rest of the troops at the time of the retreat from Mons. For long months they had hid in the villages or solitary farms, in attics or in cellars, where the Belgian country folk, having taken them in, shielded them faithfully. Then, at last, in some fortunate way, they would hear of, and get in touch with the great secret organization, and so walk safely over the frontier, away from the weary months of hiding, back once more to their regiments and to their places in the line. The members of this secret organization (women as well as men) were, of course, in hourly peril; they set at liberty those who came to them for help, but they themselves remained to face the danger of detection; for it was well known that anyone assisting the escape of men of military age was guilty (according to the Germans) of *trahison de guerre*. In the early days especially, this did not, of necessity, mean death, but it did mean a long imprisonment, usually in St. Gilles and in unenviable conditions—for St. Gilles was already over-crowded. So we kept hearing more and more, and always in whispers, of this organization; of the escapes which were triumphantly successful; of the attempted escapes which ended in tragedy; but, of course, we never knew where its headquarters were, who was engaged in it, or in what its usual methods consisted, except as these leaked out, from time to time, as the result of an injudicious letter, sent back by secret courier, from some lad who had successfully got through the lines. The secret courier being caught, the methods of escape became known to the authorities, and this only served to make the

guarding of the frontier more severe, making it, at the same time, necessary for the organization to alter its hitherto secret and successful methods.

In Brussels itself the rank and file of us were probably less conscious of this "underground traffic" than were the people farther to the north, where the fugitives, Belgians, French and English, were more closely concentrated; but there was one thing we knew very well—that the German hatred for the English, so pronounced even in pre-War days, did not diminish; on the contrary, it increased conspicuously, as was, I suppose, to be expected. It was almost an obsession, and the lives of some of the unofficial and non-combatant English, who, for one reason or another, had decided to remain in Belgium, were by no means enviable. Many English prisoners had already been sent to Germany—to the great internment camp of Ruhleben, and many more were being arrested daily and dealt with summarily, for they were, as far as possible, ferreted out with implacable zeal. Some of the English (notably those British soldiers who had been cut off at Mons) had, as we have seen, made a successful escape across the frontier, but they were among the fortunate, and those of us who had English acquaintances or friends in Brussels, were in a state of perpetual anxiety concerning them.

At the Hospital where I was still on night duty, there was a single Englishman left. There had been quite a number when I was first admitted, but one by one they had recovered sufficiently to be "discharged" from the Hospital, which really meant that the Germans had found it "necessary" to send them to Germany as prisoners of war. But this one Englishman remained, and we were all very proud of him, partly because he *was* the only Englishman we had,—but that was not the only reason. His name was "Sam" (to me at least), but it was "Sem" or "*l'Anglais*" to the Belgian nurses, to whom the English language was unquestionably "*une drôle de langue.*" Sam was a simple and straightforward soul who, incidentally, dropped an *h* whenever he got the chance; in fact he dropped them all over the place. In his extreme youth, he had been a "gas fitter's mate", and then he had gone into the Army, and the real reason we were all so proud of him was because he was one of the "old Contemptibles", with the hall-marks stamped all over him—though, of course, he was as beautifully unconscious of this as a baby. Once in a while, though it did not happen often, I managed to lead him, as a matter of well-thought-out-guile on my part, into a few moments of reminiscence about Mons.

"Lord, we was in a 'orrible mess," he would say; "but you should 'ave seen my pals, marching along side o' me."

Then he would tell how they stumbled on, half blind with fatigue, almost sleeping as they moved—when they were not being attacked. He spoke of it simply, just as you would make a statement of any dry fact, but his quiet admiration for those "pals" of his seemed to glow in all he said. It was "the Honour of the Regiment" spirit which woke again to life as he talked. It never occurred to him, of course, that he had done as much as his fellows in maintaining that spirit, and you would have been most unwise

if you had suggested any such thing, for you would never have got another word out of Sam! After those terrible days in the great retreat, he found himself (by some rearrangement of troops which I no longer remember) in that terrific fight at La Bassée—Laar Bassy, he called it—and here he was not only severely wounded, but, what was worse, he was taken prisoner. Being entrained, with many other British wounded, and started toward Germany, he was, nevertheless (for reasons unknown to himself), taken off at Namur, and was eventually brought to the Royal Hospital in Brussels. That is how I came to know him.

Sam was not in my ward, but I often went to the Hospital in the evening, before seven o'clock (my hour for resuming duty), in order to have a chat with him, for he naturally preferred his mother tongue to French. If you had heard him heroically choking over his few stock phrases in that language of delicate inflections and *nuances*, you would have had the deepest sympathy for him; also respect. His wound (in the right arm, it was) *would* not heal, though, of course, he had every attention. That poor arm of his had already been amputated well above the elbow, but new operations were always needed —he had eight or ten in all, I think—and each time a little more of the stump was removed. This never seemed to depress Sam, however, who remained the typically imperturbable "Tommy", equal-minded throughout. I remember a certain evening when I went on duty, that one of the Belgian nurses, who knew my affection for "*l'Anglais*", told me that Sam had had another operation that morning, and about one o'clock in the night, when my ward was sound asleep, the night nurse, a Belgian, in Sam's ward, came hurrying in, and asked me to go to him immediately; that he was delirious, and that she could not understand what he was saying, because, of course, being delirious, he was speaking English,—it was only in delirium that anyone *would* speak English, as no doubt it appeared to her. Leaving my ward in the care of a neighbouring nurse, and asking the little Belgian who had come to fetch me, to find the head night nurse, I hurried off to Sam's ward, in the utmost anxiety. Along the great stretches of magnificent, gold-embossed halls and gaily decorated rooms, I hastened, past the endless rows of sleeping or sleepless men, till at last I reached the ward where Sam was. With heavy heart (for I was really very much attached to him), and expecting the worst, I crept as noiselessly as I could up to his bed, and leaned over him, thinking that I must try to catch the feverish and delirious words which his Belgian nurse had been unable to understand. To my unbounded astonishment, I found that he was shaking with laughter. Of course, being merely human, I suffered one of those sharp reactions to which most of us are subject when suddenly released from a gripping fear.

"What does this mean, Sam?" I asked severely. "You have frightened us all out of our wits, and I have hurried here expecting to find you in your last gasp! You make me quite cross—what is the matter with you, anyway?"

But he only laughed the harder; a smothered laugh, so as not to disturb his neighbours—a laugh, however, which shook him from head to foot—

while he kept clutching the poor, newly-operated stump, to steady it, whispering:

"Lord, that shakin' do 'urt 'orrible."

The *dénouement* was simple enough when, at last, I got it. He had waked up out of a sound sleep in which he had been dreaming of that desperate fight at La Bassée ("The blinkin' fumes of the chloroform done it," so he pronounced), and he had begun to lash about and call wildly to "another bloke" who had been in the "scrum" on that battlefield. But before the little Belgian nurse who heard his cries could get to his bedside, he was fully awake, realizing that it had been only a nightmare. He could not think how to tell her this in French, and she could not understand when he tried to explain in English, so, in his dilemma, he took to pointing to his head, meaning, by interpretation, the nightmare; but, thinking it meant that he was out of his mind, the more he laughed, the more frightened she became, until, at last, she dashed off to get me. So, Sam and I were good friends—and thereby hangs a tale. I often took him out during the daytime, when I was off duty. I used to take him to the Bois de la Cambre for a walk under the trees, when we would talk of England, and especially of London; and what it must be looking like at that moment in Kensington Gardens, where he used sometimes to go of a Sunday; and how "nice and 'appy lookin' " the flowers in the long beds were—Sam was fond of flowers, in a natural, simple way. And then we would stop at the *Laiterie* where I would watch him drinking tea and eating *brioches* (a word he never managed to pronounce), and then I would take him back to Hospital in time for his supper, while I went on duty in my own ward a little later.

The patients in the Hospital had noticeably diminished since the time of my first admittance, now so long ago; for, of course, we were no longer getting fresh relays of wounded from the front. All the Germans had long since been removed; the French who had been wounded past hope of real recovery, had been repatriated in exchange for German wounded of like condition in France; and even the number of Belgian wounded was appreciably lessened. Some had died; some had been sent to internment camps on enemy territory; some were sufficiently cured to be sent to their homes (if they lived in Brussels), coming two or three times a week to the Hospital for treatment. This meant that the large staff of nurses was little by little cut down, in proportion to the cutting down in the number of wounded; but Sam stayed on, and so, by good fortune, did I. But I ceased to have consecutive night duty; I alternated, rather unevenly, a few nights here, a few days there, until, at last, the "night cases" among our wounded, being very few, I was put on day duty altogether. This is how I first met some of Edith Cavell's nurses, and how I came to know one of them quite well, for she was at the head of the new ward into which I was sent. I had met Miss Cavell once or twice, and I was glad when I came to know Miss L—, who had been trained in the Cavell school. Miss L— was an English woman who, knowing that I was very much of a novice at nursing, gave me many valuable "tips", which were of the greatest service

later on in the War, and who in every way was always kind and helpful. She also had an affectionate admiration for Sam, for his pluck and modesty; and sometimes, on our "off" days, we would all three go for walks through the quieter streets of Brussels, or into the peace and loveliness of the Bois de la Cambre. I suppose, on looking back over this time, and in view of later events, that we were being very carefully and closely shadowed, and why we did not suspect it (especially I, who had already received so many warnings) I cannot think; but I do not believe such a thing ever really entered our minds. I can vouch for my own mind anyway. So, Miss L— and Sam and I were not infrequently seen together, and soon Sam was drafted into our ward, and there must have been, to anyone on the watch, the appearance, at least, of a growing plot. If a plot existed at that time, however, I knew nothing of it, I regret to say.

The summer was half over by now. Sam was, on the whole, better, though his operations continued, while on the horizon a new cloud had risen, for we had frequent visits from German medical officers who came to "inspect" him, to see if he were fit for removal to Ruhleben. These visits were more frequent as time went on, until we became quite alarmed for his safety. It must have been about the first of August that, early one morning, Sam had to undergo another operation, rather unexpectedly, and this time, all that was left of that pitiful stump came off. He had no longer even the semblance of an arm; there was only an arm-pit, and a horrible wound which laid even Sam pretty low, and that was saying a good deal. I was to learn, long afterwards, of the very good reason for that unusual depression and gloom of his.

Then came a day when, on arriving at the Hospital, and on entering my ward, I was met by Miss L— who told me, in a faltering voice, that Edith Cavell had been arrested by the Germans in her own hospital, on the charge of having first sheltered and then aided men of the Allied Armies, and of military age, to escape across the frontier, and that she had been taken to St. Gilles. Of course, this news did not mean to me all that it did to Miss L—, but it was a great shock, none the less. You always seem to feel these things more if you know personally the one in danger. I remember, too, thinking with a pang of regret, if not of envy, that no such splendid opportunity for service had chanced my way, but some months afterwards I was to learn how near I had come, at that very moment, to being asked if I would play a small *rôle* in that work. At the time it was made, the arrest, so far as I can recall, did not seem to cause the stir in Brussels that one would expect, in view of its world-wide notoriety later on. In fact, it was some days before it was even reported to the American Legation, which had British interests in charge; and, while those of us who knew Miss Cavell, who knew a little about her self-sacrificing life and splendid War record, were deeply concerned, the arrest, to most people, was just one more to be added to the long list of daily arrests. Miss L—, who had the news directly from other nurses present when the arrest was made, told me that a squad of soldiers had, without warning, appeared at the door of Miss Cavell's hospital, and

that she had been, as it were, spirited away, so quietly and hurriedly had it been done. That is all we knew—at first.

Almost immediately after this I had rather a tiresome accident in the Hospital, and was put quite out of commission for a while, being confined to my room in the small hotel where I lived. But one evening, after I had again begun to walk about a little, the maid came to say that an Englishman was downstairs, asking to see me. This rather surprised me, especially as he had not sent up his name, but he had sent word that he came at the special request of a certain friend of mine (he gave her name and address) who was at present out of town, at her country place, some distance from Brussels. This part of it seemed natural enough since, although my friend was a Belgian, she was well known to have many English connections, and, of course, since the War, the English were all doubly dear to me, and she knew this. So I went down to the drawing room, and as I entered the door, a tall, and rather fine looking man came toward me, bowing, and entirely at his ease. I had never seen him before, but he had all the marks of the Englishman—the familiar long, easy stride as he walked; the quiet self-assurance and composure, and, when he spoke, the unmistakable Oxford accent. Everything about his appearance was agreeable; his manner polished and rather courtly, but as he advanced, smiling pleasantly, and introducing himself, while apologizing for the informality of his visit, the strangest thing happened in me, and it was so sudden that it quite unnerved me. As I looked into that man's eyes, such a fierce and burning hatred filled me that I was horrified at myself, for I honestly thought he was English. He was *so* English that the *idea* of his being anything else really did not suggest itself to me at the moment. I only knew that I hated him, but there was no time to analyse why this was so. We sat down, and he began to talk, at first about the friend whose name he had used by way of introduction, and then about life in Brussels, and so on. Then suddenly he rose, and pulling his chair over nearer to my own, he lowered his voice.

"I say," he began, "you must wonder why I have come, but I want your help, and Madame B— told me that you will be sure to give it. I must get out of this; those damned Bosches are pressing hard on us, and as a matter of fact, I have been practically in hiding for a long time. But my money is all gone. I know, however, that you have had money sent you from America, for the help of anyone in trouble; Madame B— told me so."

This was quite true—friends from home had sent me most generous funds to be used entirely at my discretion, for cases of distress, and I had often consulted Madame B— on this score. His knowing this, only added to my mystification, and he continued, pressing his point, his face grown grave and anxious. But I felt my heart harden, and to my dismay, I heard myself saying coldly:

"I don't know anything about you. Why should I give you assistance from the funds that have been entrusted to me?"

"You *do* know about me," he urged. "Haven't I told you that Madame

B— has sent me?" And at last he ended, as if in despair, "For God's sake help me!"

I watched him, confusion blinding me. I still thought him English; for some strange reason, even after all I had heard and seen, I never doubted it, the "make up" was so perfect; but neither could I doubt that inexplicable aversion which I found it impossible to shake off. Yet how could I turn away an Englishman in danger and distress? I was still rather weak as the result of my recent accident, and a really desperate fight was going on inside me—the fight between pity and a passionate distrust. I came perilously near to making a fatal mistake, that night. But some beneficent power was certainly watching over me, for, like a quick-changing scene in a play, at this very moment the American woman with whom, a few months previously, I had gone into the provinces in search of English girls, came walking breezily and wholly unexpectedly, with travelling bags in her hand, into the drawing room where I, with my visitor, was sitting. She had returned once more from London, and had come straight to my hotel—everything happened like that in Occupied Belgium; like a shot, people came and went. Her arrival broke up that ghastly interview, and my "Englishman" left, saying that if I would permit him to do so, he would come again the following night.

As soon as he had gone, I told my tale—confusion still in my brain, like Sam's "blinkin' chloroform fumes"—and I asked her what she thought. She looked at me in astonishment.

"You really are an awful fool," she said sweetly. "Don't you realize what that man is?"

"What do you mean—'don't I realize what he is?' What *is* he?"

"He is no Englishman," she answered with decision. "Why, he is an *agent provocateur*, of course, and of a pretty virulent type, I should think."

Everything in the room began to spin, what with weakness and the sudden revulsion of feeling; but we sat down, then and there, she with her travelling bags at her feet, to "talk ourselves up to date". As I told her about Sam, and Miss L—, and the arrest of Edith Cavell, of which she had not yet heard, the truth began to dawn on me at last, and as I talked on, events seemed to shape themselves into a consecutive and well-ordered tale, and I wondered why I had not understood long ago. The mystery of the "forbidden frontier" ever since I had entered Occupied Belgium, nearly a year before, was no longer a mystery; my being singled out in the tram, on the occasion of my starting for the provinces, was easily explained; I saw everything in a new light. I was, of course, suspected, by the dreaded German Secret Service, of being in collusion with the great organization known to be concerned with the escape across the frontier of men of military age; undoubtedly many things that I had done, served to add to the suspicion; and although, as a matter of fact, I had never had either the honour or the good fortune to be associated with it, on the face of things there must have appeared to be evidence enough to make it more than likely that I was. My "Englishman" did not come back the following night, nor the night after, in fact I never saw

him again; but when next I met Madame B—, I asked her if she had sent him. She knew nothing whatever about him; had never even heard of any such person, so there could be little doubt as to what he really was, and I congratulated myself on a singularly fortunate deliverance from a danger which, at that moment, had indeed been very grave.

Later, when my American friend left Belgium again, and returned to London, she had occasion to go to Scotland Yard in connection with her repatriation of English girls. She told the story of my experience to one of the head officials, whose attention was instantly engaged. Being asked for further details—exactly what my German visitor had looked like, how he behaved—she told all she could, and with characteristic intelligence she had noticed a great deal, even in the few minutes she had seen him. The Scotland Yard official replied: "It is quite evident who he was, and you can tell your friend [meaning myself] that in my opinion she had an almost miraculous escape; for that man is very well known to us, and we consider him one of the most dangerous in the German Secret Service. He is a superman in his 'art'; inconceivably clever and persuasive; responsible for more betrayals than anyone we know. There is nothing we would not do to catch him, and if any of us who know him were to meet him, we would shoot him at sight, without a moment's hesitation."

A few days after the unwelcome visit of that *agent provocateur*, I went to the Hospital, not yet for work, but to see my friends there. Sam had gone! To my joy I was told that even the Germans had at last considered it best to make him an exchange prisoner; that one day they had taken him away, which at first had caused some anxiety, lest after all he should be sent to Ruhleben, but that news had finally come that he was safe at home once more in England. There is a sequel, however, though it really belongs to a later time, for I did not hear it until I myself returned to England. On the very day of Sam's last operation, and five or six days only before Miss Cavell's arrest, full arrangements had been made for Sam's escape. I was to have been asked to give my assistance, and it is quite likely that the German Secret Service heard of this. The Hospital authorities, however, knowing nothing about these plans, had decided rather suddenly on the operation, thus putting an end to Sam's hopes, and to my own great, if unsuspected, opportunity, for it might have proved an introduction to further and closer association with that heroic organization which was engaged in the work of the frontier escapes.

Another fortnight slipped by, and much to my disgust I was still unable to return to my hospital duties, though I kept in touch with my old patients, and with those who had been my co-workers there, and often asked Miss L— for news of Miss Cavell. Little was to be heard of her, however. Even the American Legation, as is now well known, had the greatest difficulty throughout in getting the truth from the Germans, though I think news did leak out that she was in solitary confinement. Our anxiety for her naturally increased in proportion to our lack of news, though I distinctly remember that at that time few of us expected the final tragedy. She might be condemned to hard

labour for the duration of the War, we thought, but that would surely be the very worst.

The story of Edith Cavell is now too well known for me to repeat it here, but it is indeed one of peculiar beauty, of nobility, of high chivalry, and of open-hearted and fearless charity. All the world knows what she did throughout that first year of the War—which was to be the last year of her own life; all the world knows not only of her tender and wise nursing, impartially given to friend and foe alike, but we know too that, realizing to the fullest the danger she was running, her great heart gave itself to the aid of those men, French, British, Belgian, who came to her secretly, throwing themselves upon her mercy—men who were in far more desperate straits than her wounded; men who were trying to get away, out of the country, to join their own colours. With unclouded vision, she looked the danger to herself calmly in the face, accepted it simply, and threw herself whole-heartedly into her high enterprise. The world also knows the price she finally paid; and the world knows itself to be the richer for her sacrifice.

The days moved slowly on, and at last there came one when I was told bluntly that it would be impossible for me to resume any kind of heavy work for the present, and, what was really a grievous blow to me, that since I could not work, I had no right to remain in Occupied Belgium, where food was so scarce. Of course, I realized the perfect justice of this, but it was a sorrowful moment. I had set my heart on the time when we should see the Germans pushed forcibly out at the point of Allied bayonets, and King Albert come riding back into his own again. It is difficult to over-emphasize the strength of the devotion that some of us from the "outside", who had been working in Belgium during that terrible first year, felt for that little country. We had shared its isolation; we had watched the growing tyranny which it bore so magnificently; its interests had become our very own, and it seemed a cowardly thing to turn one's back on it in its hour of need. Yet, being a foreigner, if you could not work, you had no right to eat its War bread. So, ruefully, I began my preparations for departure. I knew, of course, that my going was final; the Germans would never again allow me to enter the country as long as they were in power.

I had to wait some time for my papers—being still "suspect", they were not given me at once. But at last came the day when I was told that I might leave. Knowing that I should be able to take nothing in writing out with me, I had spent my last days memorizing countless messages from the friends I was leaving, to their families "outside the lines"; among these being many to Miss Cavell's family, sent by her friends—reassuring messages they were, for the most part, too. By great kindness, I was to be taken in one of the C. R. B. cars as far as Rosendaal, in Holland—one of the young Americans, acting as C. R. B. courier, happened to be leaving that day. It was the middle of the afternoon before we started, and with a heavy heart I took my last look at Brussels as we whirled through the familiar streets, which I had grown to love so much. Then into the country roads we passed,—the same

over which I had travelled as a new arrival in the autumn of the previous year—across the fields of Eppeghem, where the Belgian dead had lain so thick after that terrible battle; through Malines, with its shattered belfry towering superbly above the desolation and waste; past the ruined forts of Antwerp where, little more than a twelvemonth back, the thunder of the guns had been heard by us in Ghent; through the city itself—the last of the great Belgian fortresses to fall; then Esschen, the frontier town, and finally to within a few yards of the frontier itself, where we halted at the outpost.

"We'll have to stop here," said my young escort, with assumed gravity, "just to reassure the German Imperial Government. Although we pass here twice a week, and nothing has ever yet been found on any of us, it persists in thinking that we have incriminating correspondence concealed under the tires of the car. Queer animals, these Huns! I never can get used to them."

So, the usual search was made, and to my disgust, I was included in it—I suppose this was only to be expected, considering the blackness of my reputation. However, my particular part of it did not take long, but a good deal of time was consumed while the Germans pulled the car to pieces (in the hope of discovering that incriminating correspondence) and then put it together again. During these formalities, I stood at a little distance looking, with mingled feelings, at the border line, not a stone's throw in front of me. I had never seen that high and formidable barrier of thick wires, so heavily charged with electricity, which I now saw, stretching away to left and to right, for when I had passed this way the year before, it had not yet been constructed. A narrow opening in the barrier, guarded on the Belgian side by German sentries; on the opposite side, in Holland, by the Dutch, was that through which we were to pass when this last German outpost had finished with us; and as I stood looking at the cruel wires, thinking of all they had meant to the desperate and courageous men who had tried to get through them, in their eagerness to reach their comrades who were fighting at the front, I realized that night was falling, and, with a pang, that my last moments in Belgium were slipping away; that I was leaving her, still in her sorrow and misery—and I felt like a deserter, and ashamed.

Then a cheery call told me that the car was ready, and into it we climbed again, and in another moment we were headed toward the small opening now grown mistily indistinct in the fading light—that opening which was the gateway to the "outside" world. Turning quickly, I looked back, trying to see what I still could of the little country I was leaving; thinking of the many friends who were still there, in danger and in want; thinking of those poor, harassed country folk with whom I had talked in the provinces; thinking of Edith Cavell, alone in her prison; and as we tore at top speed past the German sentries, and then, at last, over the frontier line (that forbidden frontier!), a fitful twinkle of distant lights, and a quickly vanishing, shadowy land, was all I could distinguish in the twilight which deepened and gloomed behind me.

VOLUNTEER.

GLAMOUR

DURING the winter of 1928–1929, at more than one meeting of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society, the subject of Glamour was discussed, without, however, being finally and dogmatically "settled", as that is not the way of students of Theosophy. No live topic should ever be killed; a dead topic suggests the reverse of theosophical handling. We welcomed, therefore, a question addressed to the QUARTERLY, at the close of the season, on the same subject, and at once asked a member of long standing to reply to it. The answer was written, and, with the question, was set up in type, but fortunately was lost, in an editor's drawer,—most fortunately because, last summer, we received a protest and disquisition from the questioner, which all the prayers in the world could never have extracted if the question and answer had been printed when, theoretically, they ought to have been. We now give the question, the answer, and the disquisition, in sequence.—EDITORS.

QUESTION.—*Why do people always say "Glamour" as though it were a bad word? Isn't there one "glamour" of an oyster stew and another "glamour" of the dawn? Can't we grow by glamour, climb by glamour,—if it is reflection from the Highest?*

ANSWER.—I do not think that glamour should be used as if it were a "bad word,"—no need to be so sparing of it as that! but we should have no doubts whatever as to its signifying invariably something that in essence is evil. For it indicates two things,—primarily, falseness, mirage, that which appears to be, but is not; and, secondly, that the perceiver is under the delusion of its spell, deceived by the falseness,—in other words, unable to apprehend the truth. It might be understood as the polar opposite of Theosophy, which proclaims in its motto that there is no religion—no binding power—higher than truth. It is the quintessence of the Black Lodge, the power that holds its members together, and that gives them their power on all the lower planes of life. Only in the white light of spiritual life is it utterly dispelled.

A projection of the Highest? Well, what else could it be? is there any other Source? did not all manifestation proceed from the Unmanifest: in the Absolute is not all contained? And so from the earliest dawn of manifestation glamour existed; the first Logos was but an appearance, a reflection of that which had projected it; and whosoever beholding the first Logos said to himself, this is the Highest, the All, was snared and held by glamour. If the question be pressed at this point in some such form as,—is this in essence evil? the reply could only be in the affirmative; for surely anything that halts progress, that hides ultimate reality, is an evil. Were we to see the world as God sees it, as has been suggested, we should see it as an illusion, and turn from the

illusion to the contemplation of the Reality—God Himself. If I see a beautiful picture in a mirror, I do not desire to continue gazing into the mirror, but to behold the picture itself: the mirror will merely have served to indicate the existence of the picture and to have aroused my desire of beholding it. If there be a "glamour of the dawn" for me, that glamour is evil. I have missed the meaning and the opportunity of the beauty of the dawn, for I should have pierced through the veil to the Divine Beauty whose irradiation made possible that reflection of loveliness. I shall have been snared below the beauty, instead of passing on above it to the Reality it represents; my approach to the Divine at that point will have been stopped. Or, if it have not been stopped, if I have passed through and beyond and touched, even with feeblest apprehension, that which is signified, there has been no glamour in the dawn for me. We need to see the dawn as Dante saw it in the Paradise of Mars: *Vedendo in quell' albor balenar Cristo.*

We cannot consider glamour, therefore, as something by which we may climb, but as a series of reflections through which we must force our way, guarding ourselves against the intoxicating poison of its lure, alive to the danger of our interpretations of its lights and shades. "The senses it bewitches," says *The Voice of the Silence*, "blinds the mind and leaves the unwary an abandoned wreck." "Beware, Lanoo, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light."

. Children of shadow and reflection as for the most part we are (the lower personality is altogether glamour), we must pierce these veils that hang between us and the Reality we seek. For though we be lost in the fogs of manifested life, there resides within, that spark of Divinity, the Eternal Pilgrim searching for Home. Let us be vigilant, unremitting, steadfast, determined, lured into no enchanted dream, snared by no magic of reflected beauty, but using all things, open-eyed and hearts aflame, as means to our one end—the Master, who alone is real for us in both worlds, the manifest and the Eternal; who alone can develop in us the reality we possess and make it permanently ours. For him to do this we must first seek and find him, and when we have found him, he will not fail us. Then we shall be done with glamour for evermore, for in our "flesh" shall we see God, and our eyes shall behold him and not another.

Another important point: let us not confuse glamour with the "Gleam"; to do so is to fall where many fall, into the very deepest depths of glamour. The Gleam is that light flashed out from the battlements of Heaven to aid the toiling Pilgrims on their Way,—a beacon light which those who refuse glamour may alone clearly perceive.

"Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven

Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, e'er it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam."

CAVÉ.

At a meeting of The Theosophical Society some months ago a question was sent in. It was not entirely devoid of honesty, but so clumsily worded, and worse yet, so fundamentally based on error, as to make an off-hand answer nearly impossible. Nevertheless, the Society being what it is, and its meetings what they are, it goes without saying that an answer both kindly and comprehending was given, and only by the most oblique and courteous implication was the questioner told to think some more and stop being silly. (It is too warm to write veiled as a "questioner"—I shall plunge into the comparative comfort of the first person singular). My question (to which I venture to return) asked—"Why are you so down on the word *glamour* here? Must it always mean something wrong? Are there not innumerable grades of glamour? Why can't we use glamour instead of letting it use us? Don't we anyhow?" Behind the question there was a species of reasoning, or perhaps it would be fairer to say, an assortment of unchallenged notions. In spite of dictionaries, we give our own special shading to words and are tenacious in matters of aura and aroma. In the philological sense, glamour may be a synonym of illusion, but in my personal vocabulary it stood for illusion-plus, oh, very much plus,—alleviation, charm, delight. It was a word of beauty, of poetry, of music; if people chose to use it with horrid intent, so much the worse for them; to track it to some final metaphysic was like asking a bird to do the cooking. Let it be Maya if you say so, but Maya in comprehensible human equation, so that we say of another, "What is it in life that appeals to him?" meaning probably "What type of glamour has him in thrall?"—again meaning probably "Do I want to bother with him or don't I?",—thus instinctively grading ourselves and others by our taste in glamour,—What have we outgrown? In what do we still linger? To what do we aspire? There are thousands we collide with and escape from, whose dreams are of money, of food, of social climbing and such-like small beer; there is the woman who is "nearly sure she went to Chartres", but who is "not cathedral-minded" (taken from life); the man, and his name is legion, who might echo Mr. Dooley's "Soy, Hinessey, jever hear of a pote name Tinnysin?"; the people who describe machinery to you in gloating detail, and those terrible others whose Moloch is a sort of black-iron efficiency. These are all held in fief by their own particular brand of glamour, and of them we say to ourselves, "beware, escape, they are aliens,

where their treasure is there will their hearts be also." We, ourselves, have presumably climbed to where we are by some such lower roads. We do not flatter ourselves that we have reached the top by any means, but at least we feel that machinery is something to suffer but not to talk about; at least we remember Chartres! So, having climbed, having made comparatively fastidious our taste in glamour, we feel that we have progressed, that blessed are those who have developed good taste, for even they shall see God—more or less. We feel in short that glamour has given us a leg up, and we are grateful to it.

In the training of children (I am still turning out the assorted notions), we make deliberate and overt use of glamour. "Tell me where is fancy bred?" and the answer is, "in happy nurseries." Their lovers know that concessions to their dreams from the adult world should be of fine and sensitive texture,—preservative, tender, humorous. For our own sake, too, we guard their dreaming, and babies who face Santa Claus, tongue in cheek, are not popular. We so little wish them prosaically avid of reality, that all the resources of myth and faerie are drawn upon to make their impending entrance into the Hall of Learning, gradual and gracious. It may be suspected that the Masters show an analogous grace in their nurseries, practising toward our impermanent toys, our baseless convictions, our detaining prejudices, an iconoclasm so gentle and so cautious that we are able to bear it. (Didn't Emerson say something like that somewhere?)

Sometimes we have a suspicion that the Black Lodge is copying us; but then they copy everything. They also start with the children and would seem to be uncommonly busy these days, cajoling them with the false, the hideous, the uncanny, with Black Lodge dolls and grotesques all over the place, to make of infancy a bedlam nightmare. Indeed, what better time than Kali Yuga for inspiring the lower psychic to take sly possession of nice glamour, and make nasty glamour out of it? . . . But we adroit ones, who have learned to hitch our wagon to the star of delicate allure, of beckoning beauty, pride ourselves on seeing through the devices of the Black Lodge. Why even bother to summon the moral sense if a super-refined epicureanism will serve? Here is a home-made psychic antaskarana guaranteed to bear considerable weight if used with care.

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I have read it over and it doesn't sound right. I sense no warmth of welcome from the QUARTERLY. Experience tells that it is useless to hold up little paper hoops to the people who answer questions at the meetings—they only laugh and punch holes in them, and for red herring they will not deviate an inch. Nevertheless, in order to gain a minute I will get a red herring and try, and what is more I will get it right out of *The Secret Doctrine!* That book says that "All is Maya up to the Supreme Absolute"—well then, there you are! (or *are* you?). Why make such a fuss about reality? If there is nowhere to go, and no one to be, and nothing to have *but* Maya, it seems to be a pretty

secure box for humankind, a box with a fly-paper lining. The enlightened tell us that the fly-paper is just glamour—but who put the sugar in? Without allure no one would be allured, and we could all fly to the top of the box like corks. But they tell us that was settled long ago—the first glamour looked just like an apple. Some innocent bit it, and its potent sweetness permeated the Manvantara like a lump of sugar in a cup of tea, and then the race settled down, not to eschew sugar but to sell its soul for it. It seems to be our business to get out of the box, but if all is Maya up to the Supreme Absolute, what medium can we work *with* except the one we must work *through?* And that brings me right round once more, like a waltzing mouse, to my nice pretty glamour—it *must* be cleanest at the top!

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I have read it over again and it is terrible. The more the case is stated, the sillier it sounds; even the dust I kick up to escape in, chokes only me, and the devil himself repudiates my advocacy. I must try to answer myself, and may Heaven grant me coherence.

By way of a handsome start, I suspect the question of idiocy. It is of the type too often propounded by thick-headed students, while their elders listen in graciously concealed despair—despair because it completely misses the heart of the teaching (to say nothing of the skin of the teaching); because it is smarty as well as silly; because it says in effect, "perhaps after all two and two do not make four, let us delay everyone and reconsider that", and, furthermore, because it has been discussed from every angle, time after time, at the meetings of the Society, and especially and specifically at the meetings of the season just passed.

A minute ago something was said about a wise use of glamour in the handling of small children—perhaps a beginning of one of the innumerable answers may be found right there. A mother who gaily supports the Santa Claus myth in the nursery, will be filled with dismay to find that her twelve-year-old son still cherishes it. The dread words, "arrested development", will stare her in the face—he is not growing up! The time has come for the real of the real to claim him, but he stands bemused by the unreal of the real. He should now push on through the Hall of Learning and become as a little child, but he stands still and remains as a little child—a very different thing. He is a besotted boy, and perhaps we resemble him,—for us, too, Santa Claus may still have pink cheeks and come down the chimney. Perhaps there is something the matter with our psychic endocrine system, which causes us to linger in a sort of mayavic adolescence, embodying all the aggravations of immaturity and none of the charms of infancy. In that case, no matter how sleek we look, we need treatment—occult therapeutics, soul punctures, injections of horse sense, perhaps a dose of synthetic karma to put the fear of God in us. Just living along from day to day will accomplish much of this, for life is an experienced physician, and destiny a surgeon cutting deep; but life in co-operation with Theosophy is invincible, for Theosophy is the science of the real, with a

standing challenge to prove it by experiment. If we really live it, there is nowhere to grow but up.

The occultists have their own name for the process. They call it "passing through the Virâga Gate", that midway point of the soul's progress where *The Voice of the Silence* says, "illusion conquered, truth alone perceived"; where, in other words, spiritual adolescence begins to evolve into spiritual manhood. It is for the would-be chêla that this matter presses, for he consciously asks for the real, he demands that Truth than which no religion is higher. For countless unready thousands it is well enough that homeopathic pills of truth be mixed with heaping portions of jam, and elaborately staged will-o'-the-wisps lead them on to some slow process of education by experience. But the Theosophist, who is not travelling at that gait, looks askance on jam and dancing lights and luring spells. He meditates upon the time when glamour was unleashed and it took forty days and forty nights to convince it of Armageddon. Therefore sometimes he fights, sometimes, at spiritual discretion, he runs away, but never does he minimize the enemy. He knows well that all men are not born free and equal, but are captive in exact ratio to their susceptibility to glamour. "Evil, be thou my good", has been spoken by very few, and coldly deliberate sinners are in the minority; but immaturity dogs us through the ages; it is the children who follow the Pied Piper to their doom, following not the unreal of the unreal, the false of the false, for that is just a bogey and either frightens us or makes us laugh,—but that pervading, beckoning, beautiful half truth, the unreal of the real.

The maturity which is the gift of the Divine Wisdom alone, is dimly reflected in our psychic reactions. The Tree of Life reflected downwards in the waters, is bedecked like any Xmas tree. Sometimes we think, disenchanted with all the ways of living, that we have exhausted its mirrored loveliness, but it lights up once more at the flame of our desire, and blooms anew with tinsel. When we reach our Wisdom, the Tree of Life sways rightside up at last, and all the penny candles are living stars, and all the toys, God's angels.

The Secret Doctrine says: "Satan is the circumference of the Kingdom of which the Light of Wisdom is the centre". A poet has said, "I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on". I think they both say the same thing. It is ordained that we give fight, that we struggle to redeem our kamic force as men have struggled to redeem the flag—we must break through that circumference.

A symphony cannot be played upon a comb—and yet—*da capo*. "Satan is the circumference of the Kingdom of which the Light of Wisdom is the centre"—who is Satan? Out of our strife and wounds, our gains and losses, does one more friend emerge? Whose name is Alpha and Omega? Who guards with flashing sword that kingdom which must be taken by violence? A friend whose dark splendour glows into radiance at our "get thee behind me", and who sends his triumphant shout to the heavens,—"Behold, I am overthrown!" Whose sword sinks to horizontal, becomes a path of gold inward,—is our Antaskarana?

L. S.

OSIRIS AND TYPHON

Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?

JAMES, III, 10-11.

THE Fifth Century of our era was a period of storm and chaos. The Roman Empire was visibly disintegrating, for its nominal governors were without stamina, and barbarian adventurers, like Alaric and Attila, were not slow to take advantage of the situation. It is true that certain elements of the old Mediterranean civilization were reincarnating in a new organization, the Christian Church. But although the Christians were no longer the persecuted, they had become, in their turn, the persecutors, and those who still resisted their will, were crushed without pity, "for the glory of God." An innocent bystander of that age might have been pardoned for supposing that the virtues of the ancient order had disappeared for ever, and that only the vices retained enough vitality to continue their life in other forms. He might even have given the Church the credit for inventing a whole series of vices which the old world had never known.

Early in the century occurred the murder of Hypatia by a mob of Christians at the instigation of Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria. By the assassination of the "Maiden-philosopher", Cyril hoped to destroy the last vestiges of the Neoplatonic School founded two centuries earlier by Ammonius Saccas and Plotinus. As it seemed, he could congratulate himself upon his complete success; but he did not take the precaution of slaughtering all of Hypatia's friends.

Among these was a certain Synesius, a member of an old Greek family of Cyrene in Libya. Synesius made no secret of his Neoplatonism, and there was reason to believe that he was an adept of the Egyptian Mysteries. He was a fair mark for Cyril's suspicion. Why was he spared? Apparently, at the crucial moment, the Patriarch lacked the courage to attack. Moreover, there was a difficulty. Synesius had become a Christian and, at the time of Hypatia's death, was Bishop of Ptolemais.

He had obviously not joined the Church from any motive of self-preservation or the like. The account of his entry into holy orders is one of the strangest on record. He accepted the call of Cyril's predecessor in Alexandria, but specified his own terms. He agreed to become a priest of the new religion, provided he were accorded the right to retain his private creed. In particular, he refused to accept literally the dogmas of the soul's creation, of the resurrection of the physical body and of the final destruction of the Universe. He implied that if the Church denied him admission on his own conditions, he would remain pagan and an avowed enemy.

The family of Synesius claimed descent from a line of Spartan Kings and from Hercules. Without doubt, this aristocratic philosopher revealed Herculean qualities when he made his proposition, for the Church was never more determined than then to enforce its dogmas without reservation upon all of its members. Synesius offered the Patriarch of Alexandria the alternative of regarding him as a pagan or a heretic,[1] at a time when pagans and heretics alike were treated like vermin.

Why did he sacrifice his outer liberty and endanger his life to become a member of an organization containing so many elements which he disliked and even despised? Two reasons may be suggested. In the first place, he may have felt that within the Church, if anywhere, some effort must be made to preserve the seeds of the ancient wisdom which he loved; for the Church was the only stable factor amid the dissolution and confusion of the times. Secondly, it is possible that Synesius was, in some real degree, an Initiate, and that he had direct and personal knowledge of the Master whose name and teaching had been misappropriated and perverted by a crowd of superstitious and self-seeking priest-politicians. Synesius may have imagined that the purposes of that Master, whom he desired to serve, might be most advantageously forwarded by working within the Church rather than by continuing to attack it from without.

Among the writings of Synesius is a *Treatise on Providence*, a partial translation of which is to be found in a rare 1817 edition of Thomas Taylor's *Plotinus*. This work contains much valuable "source material" for the study of the Egyptian Mysteries, and the student of Theosophy cannot fail to be interested and impressed by the resemblances between various ideas of Synesius and the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*. The present commentator feels that the treatise has also a unique value in its exposition of an *heroic* view of man's destiny. It has been said that every work of art is, in some sense, an autobiography, a revelation of the character of the artist. Synesius wore many masks during his lifetime. He appeared to be a metaphysician, an ambassador, a bishop, a *grand seigneur;* but looking beneath the surface aspects, one imagines that the real Synesius was truly a "son of Hercules" and belonged to the "sacred tribe of heroes."

The nucleus of the *Treatise on Providence* is an allegory of the struggle between Light and Darkness as personified in the Egyptian figures of Osiris and Typhon.[2] "This fable is Egyptian. The Egyptians transcend in wisdom. Perhaps, therefore, this fable signifies something more than a fable, because it is Egyptian. If, however, it is not a fable but a sacred discourse, it will deserve, in a still greater degree, to be told."

[1] Synesius was careful not to involve others in his private heresy. He discussed philosophy with his friends, but in the pulpit he avoided reference to metaphysical problems which he conceived to be beyond the comprehension of the rabble. He taught by precept and example, and incidentally used his episcopal authority to deliver his native province from the tyranny and corruption of the Byzantine officials.

[2] Synesius' allegory does not follow the usual course of the Osiris *mythos*. His "Osiris" bears little resemblance, for example, to "the Lord of Departed Spirits." An Egyptologist might accuse him of inventing a romance. But do we know all that Osiris signified in the Mysteries?

The story begins at the end of the Golden Age in Egypt, before the last of its Divine Kings "departed the same way with the Gods." This King had two sons, Osiris the Good and Typhon the Evil. "Osiris and Typhon were, indeed, brothers, and procreated from the same seed. There is not, however, one and the same relationship of souls and bodies." Osiris was the production of his father's spiritual self-consciousness, and his nature was accordingly luminous and harmonious. Typhon was only physically the child of his divine parent and, therefore, manifested great physical force and vigour, but spiritual intelligence was latent, not active in him, as it is latent, not active in all the lower kingdoms of Cosmic Nature. In theosophical terminology, if the divine King be identified with the "Father in Heaven," the *Atman* or Higher Self, Osiris is the pure spiritual radiation of the Atman, or *Buddhi*, the Spiritual Soul, and Typhon is the Atmic ray qualified and limited by the "illusion of separateness", or *Kama*, the Animal Soul. As the fable told by Synesius suggests, Osiris cannot adequately fulfil his destiny until he dominates his brother, and converts the physical force of Typhon into a spiritual energy.

We read that Osiris as a youth made rapid progress, under his father's guidance, in the arts and sciences. His manners were excellent, his diligence was exemplary, and his conduct towards others was determined by an earnest concern for their welfare. "He imbibed with avidity whatever wisdom anyone possessed, but when it was requisite that he himself should speak, his delays and his blushes were obvious to everyone."

By contrast, Typhon soon revealed extraordinary propensities for perversity. He was boorish, sensual, vain, immoderate in action and in speech. Without wisdom or sagacity, he yet developed a cunning and seditious intelligence which exercised itself in all sorts of malicious inventions and destructive devices. He was perpetually preparing the discomfiture of those who were so rash as to trust in him. Fortunately, his habitual intemperance often put him to sleep before some barbarous design could be executed, and even in the full possession of his faculties he left an impression of arrested development. Thus, whereas Osiris was a lover of harmony and a patron of the divinely instituted art of music, Typhon often "snored when he was awake and was delighted to hear others do the same, conceiving the thing to be a certain admirable music; and he both praised and honoured him who could extend this intemperate sound and give a greater roundness to it." It would seem that jazz must be enumerated among the other doubtful blessings which we owe to this disordered prince.

The King understood perfectly the dispositions of his sons, and devoted himself to an intensive training of Osiris in statesmanship, for he was determined that Osiris, and not Typhon, should succeed to the throne. Finally he convoked an assembly of the Egyptian Notables to ratify his choice, and to their credit be it said that their selection of Osiris was unanimous. In all Egypt only the swineherds and the foreign mercenaries supported Typhon.

Then Osiris began his initiation into the Royal or Greater Mysteries, and

one wishes that at this point the story might have ended with a simple statement that Osiris and the Egyptians lived happily ever afterwards.

However, as Synesius well knew, the Egyptians of his own time were not happy, and Osiris was not in manifestation. The fields and streets of Egypt were crowded with swineherds and foreign mercenaries; there seemed to be no one else. Evidently in order to make his fable conform to the facts, it was necessary to defer the happy ending, to postpone it into the future.

Wandering as a stranger among the ruins of Egypt, Synesius saw Typhon enthroned. Where was Osiris? As he sadly pondered this question, some God appeared to him and explained what had happened.

Osiris, noble and just though he was, had lacked the one element which would have made him perfect as his father was perfect. He had been deficient in force, the *rajas* quality, which had descended to his brother. He had preserved his integrity, but in open battle *on this plane* he had been defeated by Typhon.

His father had foreseen this tragedy, though he knew that until the last moment it might have been averted if Osiris had taken the necessary steps towards acquiring the force which he did not possess by heritage. For that force could only be taken by him from his brother who had inherited it.

"The King admonished Osiris that he should expel his brother from Egypt and send him to some distant land, as he both knew and saw that Osiris was naturally mild, in consequence of which he was at length forced to tell the prince that if he were to endure the depravity of his brother, Typhon would finally betray both him and all men, and would exchange the name of brotherly love for the greatest of calamities . . . '*You also have been initiated in those Mysteries in which there are two pairs of eyes, and it is requisite that the pair which are beneath should be closed when the pair which are above them perceive, and that when the pair above are closed, those which are beneath should be opened.*' "

Thus the King repeated the instruction of every wise teacher. Unless the spiritual soul expel the animal soul from the field of personal consciousness, the spiritual soul will itself be expelled by the animal soul. There is not permanent room in that field for both. There is a mystery in this contest. The soul which is exiled gives up its possessions to the soul which gains the day. The victorious spiritual man is enriched by the transmuted force of the animal. The triumphant animal man increases his store of intelligence by the prostitution of spiritual powers.

Osiris responded with gentleness and confidence: "While the Gods are propitious and afford assistance, I shall not fear my brother, though he should remain. For if they be willing, they can easily procure a remedy for what may have been overlooked by me."

The King said: "You do not conceive rightly in this affair, my son. The proper activity of the Gods consists in a movement of adoration towards that Supreme Good which reigns in the Divine World. These Gods, indeed, direct their attention to the lower worlds, turning as much as possible the energy

derived from their contemplation to the subject of their government. . . . That which is pure and entire is immediately arranged under the First Essence, and a succession of orders descends in a continued series, as far as to the last of beings. All things, in this wise, enjoy the providential care of the highest nature, through those of middle rank, but not equally. . . . Understand my words. Do not ask the Gods to be your associates, since their appropriate employment is elsewhere and consists in the practice of contemplation and in the government of the higher worlds. They descend among men only at determined intervals of time, with the objective of imparting the principle of a beneficent growth to the nations of mankind. Again they may restore harmony to a kingdom, sending hither for that purpose souls allied to themselves."

Thomas Taylor adds this commentary: "The Gods always contemplate and always energize providentially, but earthly natures are not always adapted to receive their beneficent energies in a becoming manner."

The student of Theosophy will recognize several familiar ideas. The Gods, who constitute the host of the Logos, are not described as intervening directly in the affairs of men, except on certain occasions regulated by cyclic law. Then they are said to appear on Earth as Kings and Instructors, like the Manus and the Avatars of Eastern tradition. "They also descend when harmony is corrupted and broken through the fault of the natures which received it, when in no other way whatever is it possible for these mundane affairs to be preserved." One recalls the words of Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gîta*: "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."

However, the Logos is conceived to be always and everywhere present as a fructifying and beneficent energy. It is both transcendent and immanent, —transcendent, as the collective consciousness of a Divine Hierarchy; immanent, as the creative force which emanates, like the *Fohat* of Eastern Occultism, from the contemplative activity of the Hierarchy. In the spiritual world, contemplation and action are not represented as distinct and separate faculties, for the contemplation of a God is a creative activity, and the activity of a God is contemplation.

Synesius follows the Neoplatonic tradition in his doctrine that from the emanation or "overflow" of the Logos, all things visible and invisible derive their essence. If the Gods should cease their contemplation of the Supreme Good for an instant, the Universe would *ipso facto* cease to be.

The divine energy which sustains the worlds, is further regarded as benevolently purposeful. This energy, like that which issues from the poles of a magnet, attracts the whole creation towards the centre from which it proceeds. It is the Path of the Monad throughout its pilgrimage, and he who treads the Path to the end will come at last to the abode of the Gods.

When the human stage is reached, conscious coöperation with the divine purpose becomes both possible and necessary. That is why the Gods inter-

vene, in person, so rarely in human affairs. They offer without restraint their inspiration, and the treasure of their acquired wisdom, but they cannot forcibly compel man to adopt an ideal course of action, without reducing him to the status of an automaton and thereby defeating their own objective of endowing him with real Self-consciousness. The King concluded his argument: "Providence requires that men should make use of their own powers. It is not like the mother of an infant incapable of helping itself, but resembles a mother who has brought her child to manhood and who has furnished him with arms. Then she orders him to use his weapons and in this way to repel the evils which assail him."

Thus the King revealed the secret that the Gods seem very remote though they are very near, and that they are nearest to the human heart which is truly self-reliant. In the words of the homely proverb: "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

Nevertheless, the King was not satisfied that Osiris would make a concrete application of this principle to his own problem. He reminded the prince that he was about to become the ruler of Egypt and that only a hero could adequately perform the duties of this exalted and dangerous station.

Osiris must reconcile himself at once to the fact that he would live surrounded by enemies. "You should pay every possible attention to yourself as if dwelling in a camp among foreigners and as a divine soul among evil dæmons. Be vigilant, my son, by day and by night, that you, being but one, may not be vanquished by the multitude of your foes. And remember that in this contest you must endeavour to elevate yourself, and not to drag down the Gods to your level."

All human souls are targets for demoniacal assaults, but Osiris belonged to a special caste of souls. He was the son and disciple of a God, and being half-divine, was called to share the trials and responsibilities of the Gods. "There is, in this earthly zone, a sacred tribe of heroes who are the natural rulers and guides of humanity. This heroic group is, as it were, a colony established here, that this region may not be left destitute of a better nature, for the heroes stand ready to help others, whenever that is possible. But when Matter incites her progeny to war against the soul, even the heroes resist with difficulty; for everything is strong in its proper place."

The Spiritual Soul is not a native product of this world and is not organically adapted, like the Animal Soul, to the environment of gross Matter. At first it is weak, seemingly helpless on the plane of our sensations, but that does not mean that it must remain without power. It can recruit its strength by drawing to itself the very force which the natives of this plane, the "evil dæmons", exert for its destruction. In claiming and in purifying that force, the Spiritual Man is merely adapting to a divine purpose that which is inherently a spiritual property, for all force is a derivative of the Logos. Then the dæmons are hoist with their own petard. Egypt, the field of self-consciousness or Manas, is the trophy of victory.

Synesius refers to a race of evil dæmons, "the archons of this world",

who oppose human progress. Following the Neoplatonic tradition, he suggests that the overflow of divine energy from the Logos reaches the extreme limit of its emanation upon the plane of gross Matter. Every point of physical Nature is, therefore, the terminus of a ray of spiritual light, a spark of divinity crystallized and imprisoned in an encasement of Matter. The evolution of life and form reflects the impulse of the spark to free itself from its limitation and to reintegrate its identity with the identity of the Logos. However, when evolution reaches our actual semi-human stage, the awareness of our material limitations too often becomes self-conscious before the awareness of our inner divinity, and desires and passions and vanities are generated which obscure our essential nature. These passional elements are the "evil dæmons" of Synesius, as they are one species of the "elementals" of theosophical literature. They are the "life-atoms" of our organized lower natures, and they are transmissible, like disease-germs, from one nature to another, whenever there exists the possibility of infection. It follows that in so far as a man deliberately identifies himself with these "elementals", his personality becomes *Typhonic* and passes to the "shadow-side of Nature."

"The evil dæmons who are the blossoms and progeny of Matter, seek to make the souls of men their own. The manner of their operation is as follows. They are favoured because it is not possible that there should be any man who has not in himself some portion of the irrational Elements. Evil dæmons, being allied to the irrational Elements, invade and betray the human creature. What occurs resembles a siege. Or, as coals are swiftly enkindled by torches, so the nature of the dæmons being passional, when they approach the soul, they incite the passions which are in the soul and which are thereby converted from a potential to an active condition." Even the most heroic soul is subject to demoniacal attacks, while it is incarnated in a body whose substance is a compound of the "irrational Elements." But the wise know the art of "suspending what is irrational from their essence." They do not confuse their identity with any of the bodily faculties of sensation and action.

"When the divine part of the soul does not follow the motions of the inferior part, but frequently restrains it and converts it into itself, then in process of time it repels all attacks and is no longer passive to the influx of demoniacal energies. Thereupon, the whole being becomes truly divine and unified. And this is a celestial plant in the earth which grows without any foreign ingraftment, for it changes that which is foreign to itself into its own nature."

Synesius describes two major stages in the struggle between the two souls in man. There is an interior combat during which the Spiritual Soul tries so to manœuvre as to establish itself in a position which the animal elementals cannot assail. By diligent self-purification and by the cultivation of detachment, the aspirant can place himself out of the reach of the grosser vanities and temptations of psychic and physical life. One begins to live upon a plane where these vanities and temptations cannot exist. This may be briefly described, in exoteric Christian terms, as the achievement of "salvation." In theosophical language, the soul has consciously entered upon the Path.

The second stage of the battle is of far more serious import. The Spiritual Soul, having gained detachment from the animal elementals, sets forth to annihilate them and to reënforce its strength by the transmutation and assimilation of the force which the elementals have perverted. This is an undertaking not for the ordinary man but for the hero. However, if one be received into the ranks of the heroes, he cannot shirk the battle; for this contest is waged continuously by the "heroic tribe" on behalf of humanity which they serve, as adjutants of the Gods. They strive with the evil dæmons in themselves, to gain a greater power to defend their weaker brethren from the assaults of the Dark Powers in the Great War whose battle-front is the whole world.

The King said to Osiris: "I fear that you will be worsted in the later stage of the war, though you win the first battle. For the dæmons, having failed in the first inner contest, will return to assault you externally, stirring up war and sedition everywhere and trying to weaken your bodily force. They will aim to extirpate you from the earth, since your manifestation of goodness will be not only a detriment to themselves but will cause many to revolt from their dominion."

In the second battle, Typhon appears as something more potent than the false personality or lower nature of a single entity. He becomes the type and representative of all the conscious evil which the whole human race has engendered, by wrong self-identification, since the beginning of its troubled history. In this aspect, Typhon is Set or Satan, the corrupter of his brethren, the perverter of the divine powers which constitute the essence of humanity.

The King, viewing the tragic destiny of his son, made his last appeal: "That soul is not to be conquered, Osiris, in which strength and wisdom are conjoined. But when these are separated, strength being without wisdom and wisdom being impotent, the soul is easily subdued. Therefore, the Egyptians have a two-fold symbol for Hermes, placing a youth and an old man side by side, signifying that he who rightly contemplates divine concerns, must be both intelligent and strong. On this account also a sphinx is placed in the vestibules of our temples, as a sacred image of the conjunction of these two goods; the beast in the figure representing strength and the man wisdom."

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The King departed and Osiris reigned in his stead. He balanced justice with clemency; he helped the sick and needy; he supported at his own expense all who revealed talents of mind and heart but who were too poor to instruct themselves; his court was a model of grace and decorum;—it would be impossible to give the list of his virtuous acts or of his claims to the gratitude of the Egyptians. Yet one thing he lacked, namely the strength which should be the accompaniment of wisdom. He tried to kill his brother with kindness and his brother did not die. On the contrary, when the time was favourable, Typhon usurped the throne by fraud and force, and Osiris was expelled.

Typhon has had a long reign, if—as some suspect—under the form of politi-

cal and moral democracy he continues to rule to-day. Nevertheless, Osiris is not dead. When he became an exile, he remembered his father's words and at last declared war on his vicious brother. He has learned the lesson which Arjuna learned at the feet of Krishna.

The weight of the Iron Age makes more difficult the labours of Osiris and of the heroic fraternity to which he belongs. But the days of Typhon are numbered, and when the cycle turns, Osiris will again appear in Egypt. However, he will seem less uniformly mild than before, for he will bear the emblems of a Warrior.

"We must not wonder if we behold a very ancient narrative verified in life and should see things which flourish before our eyes accord with what is unfolded in this narrative."

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It has been suggested that the noblesse of Egypt were of the same race as the Rajputs of India. The Rajputs are of the Kshatriya Caste, and are, therefore, soldiers by inheritance and profession; but it is significant that the period of their dominance was the age of the *Upanishads*. They were faithful custodians of the Mysteries, practising daily the precept that "he who rightly contemplates divine concerns, must be both intelligent and strong."

The Egyptian King, in Synesius' allegory, speaks the language of the Warrior Caste, and it is certain that his Indian Brothers would have understood him. Also, he would have been understood, though it may be with reservations, by a mediæval knight; for the King's teaching, which blends the love of wisdom with the cult of military virtue, might be interpreted as an exposition of the chivalric ideal. The true *chevalier* pledged himself to observe a code of behaviour which was a ritual of initiation into a community of heroes. No man could obey that code without increasing his store of wisdom and of power. Mediæval chivalry is describable as an historical failure only because its code was not consistently obeyed, until, as a consequence of increasing disobedience, men ceased to recognize or to value it even as an ideal.

Like the old world which Synesius knew, the modern world has almost lost the appreciation of heroic standards. The excellence of Synesius consists in his uncompromising defence of those standards at a time when very few were willing to follow his example. A similar need exists to-day,—and there is a call for volunteers.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART IV, SECTION 3

JANAKA AND YAJNAVALKYA: II

IN the dialogues between the renowned King Janaka of the Videhas and the yet greater sage Yajnavalkya, there is, behind the sequence of question and answer, a consistent symbolism full of significance for an understanding of the Mysteries. In the present dialogue, Yajnavalkya, though coming to the court of King Janaka, is at first determined not to speak, that is, not to reveal anything of the sacred wisdom, to the King. Janaka is himself a sage, an Initiate, yet he stands toward the greater Initiate Yajnavalkya as a pupil, who must fulfil the laws of discipleship. One of these laws is that the disciple must have made himself ready before the Master is willing to teach, or, indeed, has the right to teach. But King Janaka shows that he is ready and has gained the right to be instructed, by making the offering of the holy fire, that is, by enkindling within his heart and spirit the sacred fire of aspiration and devotion. Therefore Yajnavalkya is willing to speak.

King Janaka puts a series of questions which also have their consistent symbolic meaning. Their purpose is, to lead upward by a series of steps, which are really degrees of ascending consciousness, to the full intuition of Atma, the Divine and Universal Self, which is the one Real in a world of appearances, evanescent and temporary, and therefore unreal. The Divine and Universal Self seeks and finds manifestation by introducing the principle of individuality, through which the One Eternal appears to become many individuals, whose interaction heightens and enhances the powers lying latent in the Divine Self. Thus the powers which are called Monads come into being, each seemingly separate from all others, yet each potentially one with the whole Being of the Divine and Universal Self, this oneness with their Source constituting a fundamental oneness between them, so that each enters into its full being only through recovery of identity with all others, through realizing identity with the One. When the children are thus reunited and return together to their home, the life of that home is intensified and enriched beyond measure, and this enrichment is the purpose and justification of their several pilgrimages. Each brings back something to add to the family treasure.

The pilgrimage of the Monad is thus summarized by Yajnavalkya: "This spirit of man, coming to birth, entering a body, goes forth beset by darkness and evil. So ascending, passing through death, he puts aside darkness and evil." The spirit of man has two dwelling-places: the natural world and the spiritual world. Between these two he oscillates, this alternation defining the manner in which the Monad gains that experience which is to be his contribution to the general treasure.

There are the alternations between outer action and inner thought, between activity and contemplation, which are, in a sense, alternate eating and digesting; there is the alternation between day and night, between waking and sleeping; there is the similar but larger alternation between "living" and "death", between this world and the paradise of repose between death and rebirth.

Of the three kindred states, subjective thinking, dreaming, and the life of the paradise of repose, it is equally true that the spirit of man is himself the builder. He himself hews the wood and erects the dwelling. He extracts the essence from his experience in the outer world of day, of "living", and, taking it into his inner sanctuary, there examines his treasure, sets it forth before him for contemplation and appraisement, and absorbs into his being, as a permanent possession, all of his experience that has in it the essence of immortality. Thus the spirit of man becomes his own light. For the spirit of man is Creator.

The splendid and eventful pilgrimage of the Monad is set forth in sentences that are full of imaginative beauty: "Leaving the bodily world through the door of dream, the sleepless Spirit views the sleeping powers. Clothed in radiance he returns to his own dwelling, the gold-gleaming Spirit, swan of everlasting."

And again: "As a great fish swims along both banks of a river, first the nearer bank and then the farther, so this spirit of man traverses both these worlds, the world of dream and the world of waking. . . .

"Then, as in this shining ether a falcon or an eagle, flying to and fro and growing weary, folds its wings and sinks to rest, so, verily, this spirit of man hastens to that world where, finding rest, he desires no desire and beholds no dream. . . ."

The subjective withdrawal, whether in contemplation, in the deep sleep which is beyond dream, or the still deeper sleep which is beyond the paradise of repose after death, is essentially a foreshadowing of the being of the Spirit, of all Spirits, in the final return after the long, eventful pilgrimage is ended, and the Oneness of the Divine One is regained, enriched by the treasure gained through innumerable lives, by innumerable Spirits.

It is true of that final return, as, in a lesser degree, it is true of the deep sleep which is beyond dream, and the deeper sleep which is above the paradise of repose, that "the father is father no more, nor the mother a mother; nor the worlds, worlds: the outcast is not an outcast, the pilgrim is a pilgrim no longer, nor the saint a saint." All the innumerable Spirits, each as ambassador of the One, have passed through their innumerable experiences, all of which are now purified and harmonized in the great return.

In the passage which follows is revealed, so far as it can be revealed in words, the final being of the returned pilgrims in their re-united life as the One:

"The spirit of man sees not; yet, seeing not, he sees. For the power that dwells in sight cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to see. . . . For only where

there is separation may one see another, may one speak to another, may one hear another. But the one Seer is undivided like a sea of pure water. This is the world of the Eternal."

Two phrases require comment. At each stage of the teaching, King Janaka says to the Master Yajnavalkya: "I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!" In the language of the Mysteries "cattle" has a definite symbolic meaning. As cattle graze in a field, steadily moving forward as they graze, so man's powers of perception move forward through the manifested worlds, gathering the food of experience and communicating it to the inner nature. The cattle in the field are man's perceptive powers, normally, in the man who has not been spiritually reborn, represented as five (or five hundred), standing primarily for the five external powers of sense, sight, hearing and the rest. But when the man has been spiritually reborn, he enters into possession of the spiritual senses, the inner powers of perception also; he now possesses ten (or a thousand) cattle. Therefore the duly qualified disciple comes to his Master with spiritual powers already awakened and active. Or, in the symbolic language of the text, he gives his Master a thousand cattle.

The second significant phrase is this: "Thus Yajnavalkya imparted the wisdom handed down": that is, the Mystery teaching, handed down from Master to disciple, as set forth in the fourth book of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* by the Master Krishna.

THE INWARD LIGHT

To Janaka king of the Videhas came Yajnavalkya, determined not to speak openly with the king. But when Janaka king of the Videhas and Yajnavalkya debated together at the offering of the holy fire, Yajnavalkya offered the king a wish. The king chose: to ask questions according to his desire. Yajnavalkya assented, and the king first asked:

Yajnavalkya, what is the light of this spirit of man?

The sun is his light, O king; he answered. For with the sun as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns.

This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun is set, Yajnavalkya, what is then the light of this spirit of man?

The moon then becomes his light; he answered. With the moon as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns.

This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun is set, Yajnavalkya, and the moon is also set, what is then the light of this spirit of man?

Fire then becomes his light; he answered. With fire as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns.

This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun is set, and the moon is also set, and the fire sinks to rest, what is then the light of this spirit of man?

Voice then becomes his light; he answered. With voice as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns. Therefore in truth, O king, when a

man cannot distinguish even his own hand, where a voice sounds, thither he approaches.

This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. But when the sun is set, Yajnavalkya, and the moon is also set, and the fire sinks to rest, and the voice is stilled, what is then the light of this spirit of man?

The Divine Self, the Soul, then becomes his light; he answered. With the Soul as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns.

Which of his powers is the Soul? he asked.

It is the spirit of man which is made of Consciousness among the life-powers, the Light within the heart. This spirit of man, remaining unchanged, moves and perceives in both worlds. He seems to be clothed with imaginings. He seems to be full of activities. For when he enters into rest, the spirit of man transcends this world and the forms of death.

This spirit of man, verily, coming to birth, entering into a body, goes forth beset by darkness and evil. So ascending, passing through death, he puts aside darkness and evil.

Of him, of this spirit of man, there are two dwelling-places: this world and his dwelling-place in the other world. The borderland between them is the third, the dwelling-place of dreams. While he dwells in the borderland, he beholds both these dwelling-places, this world and his dwelling-place in the other world. And so, according as his advance is in the other world, attaining to that advance he beholds both the darkness of evil and the joy of bliss.

When he enters into rest, drawing his material from this all-containing world, felling the wood himself and himself building the dwelling, the spirit of man enters into dream, through his own shining, through his own light. Thus this spirit of man becomes his own light.

There are no chariots there, nor steeds for chariots, nor roadways. The spirit of man puts forth chariots, steeds for chariots and roadways. Nor are there any delights there, nor joys and rejoicings. The spirit of man puts forth delights and joys and rejoicings. There are no lakes there, nor lotus pools, nor rivers. The spirit of man puts forth lakes and lotus pools and rivers. For the spirit of man is Creator.

And there are these verses concerning this:

Leaving the bodily world through the door of dream, the sleepless Spirit views the sleeping powers. Clothed in radiance he returns to his own dwelling, the gold-gleaming Spirit, swan of everlasting.

Guarding the nest beneath through the life-breath, the spirit of man rises immortal above the nest. He soars immortal according to his desire, the gold-gleaming Spirit, swan of everlasting.

Soaring upward and downward in dreamland, as a god he makes for himself manifold forms; now with fair beauties rejoicing, laughing, now beholding terrible things.

They see his pleasure-ground, but him sees no one. Therefore it is said: Let none abruptly wake him that sleeps: hard to heal, verily, is he to whom the Soul returns not.

They also say that dream is a province of waking. For whatever he beholds while awake, the same he beholds in dream. Thus the spirit of man becomes his own light.

King Janaka said: I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!

When, verily, the spirit of man has taken his ease in the resting-place above dream, moving to and fro and beholding good and evil, he returns again by the same path, hurrying back to his place through dream. But whatever he beholds there, returns not after him, for this spirit of man is detached and free.

King Janaka said: This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!

When, verily, the spirit of man has taken his ease in dream, moving to and fro and beholding good and evil, he returns again by the same path, hurrying back to his place in the world of waking. But whatever he beholds there, returns not after him, for this spirit of man is detached and free.

King Janaka said: This is so in truth, Yajnavalkya. I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!

When, verily, the spirit of man has taken his pleasure in the world of waking, moving to and fro and beholding good and evil, he returns again by the same path, hurrying back to the realm of dream.

Therefore, as a great fish swims along both banks of a river, first the nearer bank and then the farther, so this spirit of man traverses both these worlds, the world of dream and the world of waking.

Then, as in this shining ether a falcon or an eagle, flying to and fro and growing weary, folds its wings and sinks to rest, so, verily, this spirit of man hastens to that world where, finding rest, he desires no desire and beholds no dream. There are, verily, these channels within him, called the inwardly disposed, fine as a hair divided a thousand times, filled with the shining, the blue, the yellow, the green, the red.

When he has dreamed that they are slaying him, that they are oppressing him, that an elephant is pursuing him, that he is falling into an abyss, or whatever fear he beheld in the waking world, he understands that it was through unwisdom. Where, like a god, like a king, he perceives that he is the All; this is his highest world.

This, verily, is that form of his which has passed beyond desire, which has put away evil, which is without fear. As one who is wrapped in the arms of the beloved, knows nought of what is without or within, so this spirit of man, wrapped about by the Divine Self of Inspiration, knows nought of what is without or within. This, therefore, is his perfect form. He has won his desire. The Divine Self is his desire. He is beyond desire. He has made an end of sorrow.

Here the father is father no more; nor the mother a mother; nor the worlds, worlds; the bright powers are bright powers no longer, nor the scriptures, scriptures; here the thief is thief no longer, nor the murderer a murderer; the

outcast is not an outcast, nor the baseborn any longer baseborn; the pilgrim is a pilgrim no longer, nor the saint a saint. For the spirit of man is not followed by good, he is not followed by evil. For he has crossed over all the sorrows of the heart.

The spirit of man sees not; yet, seeing not, he sees. For the power that dwells in sight cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to see.

The spirit of man smells not; yet, smelling not, he smells. For the power that dwells in smelling cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to smell.

The spirit of man tastes not; yet, tasting not, he tastes. For the power that dwells in taste cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to taste.

The spirit of man speaks not; yet, speaking not, he speaks; for the power that dwells in speaking cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to speak to.

The spirit of man hears not; yet, hearing not, he hears. For the power that dwells in hearing cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to hear.

The spirit of man thinks not; yet, thinking not, he thinks. For the power that dwells in thinking cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to think of.

The spirit of man touches not; yet, touching not, he touches. For the power that dwells in touch cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to touch.

The spirit of man knows not; yet, knowing not, he knows. For the power that dwells in knowing cannot cease, because it is everlasting. But there is no other beside the spirit, or separate from him, for him to know.

For only where there is separation may one see another, may one smell another, may one taste another, may one speak to another, may one hear another, may one think of another, may one touch another, may one know another. But the one Seer is undivided like a sea of pure water. This, O king, is the world of the Eternal.—Thus Yajnavalkya imparted the wisdom handed down.—This is the highest path of the spirit of man. This is his highest treasure. This is his highest world. This is his highest bliss. All beings, verily, live on a measure of this bliss.

He who among men is rich and happy, a lord well endowed with all wealth, this is the highest bliss of mankind. But a hundredfold greater than the bliss of mankind is the bliss of those who have departed and have won paradise. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of those who have departed and have won paradise is the bliss of the world of seraphs. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of the world of seraphs is the bliss of the bright powers who have grown divine through righteousness. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of the bright powers who have grown divine through righteousness is the bliss of the bright powers who are divine by birth, and of him who has heard the

teaching, who is without deceit, who is not stricken by desire. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of the bright powers who are divine by birth is the bliss of the world of creative powers, and of him who has heard the teaching, who is without deceit, who is not stricken by desire. A hundredfold greater than the bliss of the world of creative powers is the bliss of the world of the Eternal, and of him who has heard the teaching, who is without deceit, who is not stricken by desire. This, verily, is the supreme bliss, this, O king, is the world of the Eternal. Thus spoke Yajnavalkya.

He replied: I give the Master a thousand cattle. But tell me the higher wisdom that makes for liberation!

Then Yajnavalkya feared, thinking: the wise king has cut me off from all retreat. C. J.

Who shoots at the midday sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than he who aims at a bush.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Onwards! it is now time to act; and what signifies self, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchably to the future?—BYRON.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE direct cause of my joining the T. S. came through a "chance" meeting with an old friend who had been a member for many years. It was just after Convention. Putting his hand on my shoulder he said, "I want you to join the Branch here in New York, for your own sake. It is one of the great centres of spiritual force in the world to-day—and the opportunity, once lost, may not come again." We shook hands on my promise to join, and parted, not to meet certainly for another year, perhaps never in this life, as he was getting old, and lived far away. Not daring to go back on my promise, or disobey an inner prompting which my friend had perceived, but which he knew I might never act on if left to myself, I applied for membership and was accepted. After years of hesitancy and very real doubt as to my own fitness, I was given my chance.

So much for the direct cause of my joining the T. S. The indirect but fundamental causes were many years in developing, and started with my early teens. My first deliberate contact with the disintegrating forces in physical nature, with what old-fashioned morality calls sin, was at an early age—thirteen, if I remember correctly. The reaction which followed was intense. From outraged conscience, grew at first vague fears that had their prototype in the theological one of everlasting damnation. These were soon followed by a whole troop of others, until terror, blind and unreasoning, had me in its grip. In the misery and desperation of the months that followed, whatever supports my youthful religious training might have afforded, snapped like straws in the wind. All feeling, even consciousness itself, seemed swallowed up in an abyss of nothingness, stark and terror-haunted on every side.

One day a ray of hope pierced my blackness. I had grasped something of the meaning of Infinity. Infinite darkness, infinite light—they must be one in the All—in God. Holding on desperately to this thought, I began to hope for deliverance from my self-made hell. I knew I should be saved from death or madness, and that some day I should break through and find peace.

The memory of the years that followed is one of failures, of lost hopes, of innumerable beginnings lightened by a rarely occasional "flash from the battlements of Heaven". My search began with New Thought. Cut off from any real companionship by my inner condition, I sought with an eagerness born of loneliness and despair. This phase was short-lived, and but served as an introduction to the "Yoga philosophy" of various adapters and interpreters of the ancient doctrine. Adventures in the "sub-conscious" gave way to long hours spent in search of the Absolute, viâ short cuts outlined by self-styled "Yogis" and "Adepts". Escaping from the more serious dangers of

this phase, but not without some permanent scars, it was not long before I came in contact with Theosophy. Here at last was a glimpse of "Home". Now I should find the peace that had been denied me. Plunging into all the theosophical literature I could find, I became an eager listener at the meetings of the different societies and organizations calling themselves Theosophical. What mattered a host of neglected duties when compared with my pain and hunger? While this new world offered a broad avenue of intellectual escape, my outer life remained unchanged, my feelings still ice-bound in the old personal fears and doubts.

It was during this period that I met an unusual and vital personality. Once a member of standing in the original Society, when I knew her she was living almost the life of a recluse, cut off from all her former associations by causes largely of her own making. Here was a woman of remarkable psychic and intellectual powers, who had come in contact with much of the genius of her generation, and withal charming and lovable to a degree. Surely now my deliverance would come, under such inspiration and guidance. But even this association, lasting for some years, until her death, failed to bring the promised release. Discouraged by these repeated failures and disillusioned with my idols, I gradually gave over even the feeble struggle with which I had met my worst failings, and began a period of unrestrained indulgence. This was broken by a year of enforced hardship, in primitive and uncongenial surroundings. Here suffering and disappointment led me back for a time to the old ideals, strengthened and encouraged by the same friend through whom I finally joined the Society.

Later, I became an intermittent visitor to the New York Branch meetings. While catching something of their élan, their inner force and inspiration, once more opportunity came and went unheeded. Old habits and weaknesses soon asserted themselves, and again I sank to the old levels of indulgence—and despair. Then came the meeting with my old friend, and membership in the Society. Once in that current of common effort and aspiration, and aided by a closer contact with some of the older members (to whom, for their patience and kindness, I owe a debt of eternal gratitude), I knew that I had definitely turned toward "Home". It was then that I began to realize that all the years of search, of failure and suffering, were but a small price to pay for what I had found. I stopped merely trying to find out *about* the inner life, and for the first time, however imperfectly, started to *live* it.

R. H. B.

HOW KNOW?

IN the early days of the Movement, carping critics, usually with an air of settled triumph, were constantly pointing out discrepancies and contradictions in the published statements of Madame Blavatsky, and in the letters of Masters published from time to time. H. P. B. herself indicated more than once why this appearance of error was by no means always due to mistakes on her part, or on that of her august Instructors, but rather lay in the materialistic outlook, limited understanding, and "dead-letter interpretation" of those who had little or no occult insight, and on whom, therefore, highly significant or suggestive (if fragmentary) statements were completely lost.[1] In principle, this reaction of the early days must inevitably repeat itself with succeeding generations, perhaps on different planes and less outspokenly, until the student of Theosophy is prepared almost instinctively to seek knowledge in paradox and contradiction as readily as in what at first sight meets with his ready intellectual assent. Not until he has done so, not until he has trained himself to seek truth in many forms and disguises, and to rely on inner perception as much as on processes of reasoning, can he hope to begin in any real sense "to know".

Many do not seem to stop to consider as a personal problem, or as a barrier against their attainment of occult knowledge, the fact that such a truly open-minded attitude is actually opposed by the accepted methods and training of modern science, as also by both Catholic and Protestant orthodoxy, in which we in the West are all steeped from earliest education. This will, perhaps, become more apparent if we consider an interesting problem, newly raised, concerning the life of an illustrious savant of the 13th century, Ramon Lull, or Raymund Lully as he is known in England. No ordinary student can contrast the historic outline of his life as presented by modern "research", with the widely divergent mystical traditions about him, and above all with the explicit statements in Theosophic literature, without asking the question: "How know?" Perhaps the examination of a special problem may not only throw light on a particular case, after both sides have been presented, but the discussion may also serve to indicate certain principles and methods of approach which may be applied with advantage to all such problems as they arise. In this way we may be able to reap more of the fruit of our marvellous heritage of the past.

Last autumn the first scholarly biography in English of Ramon Lull was published. It is by Professor E. Allison Peers of Liverpool University.[2] As Professor Peers has brought to bear, not only the greatest scholarly care and

[1] Cf., for example, *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 151 (1st ed.).

[2] *Ramon Lull, A Biography*, by E. Allison Peers, M. A., London, Society For Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York, The Macmillan Co., 1929; $7.50.

thoroughness in handling his sources, but a real enthusiasm for Lull and his works, his volume is an outstanding example of what modern orthodoxy can achieve. Let us, therefore, survey the salient features of Professor Peers' presentation of the "facts" of Lull's life, together with the interpretation which he puts upon them; and then consider the mystical traditions which Professor Peers inevitably dismisses as chimerical. But first let us interject that until the work undertaken by him in translating Lull from the Catalan, the latter was virtually unknown to English readers. During the past seven years Professor Peers has given us what are considered Lull's masterpieces, *Blanquerna; The Book of the Lover and the Beloved*, a charming and highly mystical dialogue of the soul; *The Art of Contemplation; The Tree of Love*, another poetical allegory treating of a type of mystical consciousness; and finally the *Book of Beasts*, a characteristic early medieval allegorical work. Now, to round out this remarkable labour, we have an exhaustive biography of more than four hundred and fifty pages. Students of Theosophy are unquestionably his debtors for making this scholastic-mystic more available, thus extending the range of those studies in "comparative religions" which it is one of the objects of the Society to promote.

Ramon Lull was a contemporary of Dante and Boniface VIII; of Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus and Duns Scotus; of Richard Cœur de Lion and the Crusades; of the *Lais* of Marie de France, the rise of Arthurian Romance, of Grail literature, and the *Roman de la Rose;* of St. Gertrude the Great, Angela of Foligno, St. Bonaventura and Jacopone da Todi; of Sadi and the saintly Jelalu'd'Din Rumi. He was, according to Professor Peers, born in the "fairest of Catalan island-gardens", Mallorca, about 1231, five years after the death of St. Francis of Assisi, and he was martyred by the Moors of Bugia in Tunis while striving to convert them in 1315, at the ripe age of eighty-five. The scion of a noble Catalan family, Lull grew up to take his part in the profligate life of King James I of Aragon's court. At about the age of thirty he was converted,[3] put behind him family life, great wealth and worldly position, and for fifty-five years gave himself without reserve to the service of his Master. In 1295, at the age of sixty-five he became a Franciscan Tertiary. He wrote over two hundred books (one of them, *Blanquerna*, is 500 modern printed pages), and he laboured by translation from and into Arabic, to convert the Moors. He lectured at Montpellier, Paris, Rome and elsewhere, and before Kings, Popes, and Councils, on the need to study Moslem philosophy and mysticism, and to found colleges for such study, for the purpose of converting the Moors to Christianity. He also wrote, and lectured ceaselessly on, an encyclopædic work in Latin, called the *Ars Magna*, or "Art

[3] "It was Thy Passion, O Lord, that aroused and awakened Thy servant, when he was . . . dead in mortal sins", he says of himself (p. 19). He had five fully recorded visions of Christ:

> "But Jesus Christ, of His great clemency,
> Five times upon the Cross appear'd to me,
> That I might think upon Him lovingly,
> And cause His Name proclaim'd abroad to be
> Through all the world. . . . " (p. 21).

of finding Truth", with complicated diagrams, etc., which embodied "a scheme by which all ideas were made capable of formal arrangement, and reasoning could be carried on by a mechanical process", to the intent of arriving at a compendium of truth. Finally, he attempted, by disputations and by actual missionary trips to Africa, to convert the Moors in their own strongholds. A preliminary venture came to nothing because of his own last-minute cowardice; and on the first successful—a solitary—expedition, he escaped martyrdom, after six months in prison, solely by fleeing; while in old age a last attempt was deliberately undertaken in the hope of speedily receiving martyrdom, and proving his love for his Lord. This, in brief, is the story as Professor Peers gives it.

Within the limitations of a strictly orthodox interpretation of the surviving sources which are deemed acceptable, Professor Peers has written a thorough and sympathetic life of this majestic figure. Lull obviously presents difficulties in any attempt to classify him with the usual ecclesiastical mystic of his century. He was far less under the mental limitations of the theology of his day, if only because of his Arabic studies; while his knowledge of Moslem and Hebrew mystical and philosophical writings in the originals, led him to work throughout his long life for the introduction of those languages and the study of those literatures in the European universities and monasteries. He sought, also, to create centres of such learning; and for a short while one such college was actually established at Miramar; but his point of view was in advance of the age, and not till later did his long insistence bear fruit. Unfortunately, the largest part of his writings was controversial, we are told, aimed to convince unbelievers of the logical necessity of embracing Christianity, and usually cast in the form of a dialogue, with some slight semblance of story to provide a setting. Most of this would to-day bore anyone but the special student; and the readableness of Professor Peers' book suffers from the necessity of analysing and characterizing so many relatively dull works. He makes for us, however, a vivid picture of a forceful, lovable, if not inspiring, then always original servant of Christ, who gave himself utterly to his ideal, worked indefatigably, was obstinate as well as tenacious, never knew when he was either defeated or mistaken, and, while failing to accomplish what throughout his life he had apparently set his heart on—the conversion of the Moors—he actually did achieve a niche among the great of "the greatest of centuries" by what he was in himself, as much as by anything he did, or even because of any books that he wrote.

At the end, Professor Peers gives a survey, first, of the "History of Lullism", his beatification by popular acclaim, which was confirmed, after the bitter opposition of the Dominicans and some Popes, by Pope Leo X early in the 16th century, and more recently by Pius IX in 1847; and, second, of the foundation of a Lullian University at Mallorca, now several centuries old, for the study and propagation of his works, and a defence of "the purity of Lullian doctrine and the utility of the Lullian Art and Science". It will be seen from this that the Roman Church has, after prolonged and bitter controversy,

finally decided to adopt Lull, and that therefore any traditions savouring of alchemy or occultism would perforce be rigorously excluded.

So much for the picture, not by any means without intrinsic interest, of the "academic" Lull. Let us now turn to the *Theosophical Glossary* for a totally different conception, which requires almost an intellectual *volte face*, and from which it becomes obvious that there is far more to Lull than appears on the surface, or than modern orthodoxy, scientific as well as ecclesiastical, would be willing, or able, to concede. The *Glossary*, students will remember, was prepared by Madame Blavatsky, who died, however, before she could read more than thirty galleys of the proofs. Under the special caption LULLY, she writes in unqualified terms:

> "An alchemist, adept and philosopher, born in the 13th century, on the island of Majorca. It is claimed for him that, in a moment of need, he made for King Edward III of England several millions of 'rose nobles', and thus helped him to carry on war victoriously. He founded several colleges for the study of Oriental languages, and Cardinal Ximenes was one of his patrons, and held him in great esteem, as also Pope John XXI. He died in 1314, at a good old age. Literature has preserved many wild stories about Raymond Lully, which would form a most extraordinary romance. He was the elder son of the Seneschal of Majorca and inherited great wealth from his father."

This is certainly suggestive—and, as we have seen, no hint of a man of so special and exalted a kind will be found in Professor Peers' biography. On the contrary, the latter is at pains to point out that some, at least, of the alchemical works attributed to Lull have been proved (by scholarship) to have been written either by "a converted Jew named Raimundo de Tárraga, who lived in the fourteenth century" (p. 406, n. 1), or "by men who were anxious that their writings should receive attention"—so great was Lull's reputation.[4] Moreover, Professor Peers cites several important passages from Lull's works "known to be genuine", in which he explicitly and "repeatedly attacked the alchemists' pretensions", denied the theory or principles of alchemy, and condemned its practices (pp. 405-6),—"a fact which, apart from other considerations, is surely final" (p. 407).

Here, therefore, we have exactly the sort of contradiction which raises the question "How know?"—for Madame Blavatsky calls Lull not only an "adept", but an "alchemist"; while even exoteric authorities disagree, because two of his recent biographers, Salzinger and Rosselló (who edited Lull's works), characterized as unusually "well informed", endorse this view, the latter writing in 1859 that Lull's "chief title to glory and immortality is as a chemist".[5] There is more to the contradiction than this. Madame Blavatsky cites the story of Lull making "rose nobles" for Edward III in England,—a statement which turns out, on investigation, to be "historically" unsound.

[4] Cf. the hostile and superficial article in the *Encyc. Brit.*, where this question is also discussed, and "authorities" cited.

[5] *Obras rimadas*, p. 112; quoted with astonishment by Prof. Peers, p. 406.

It is admitted that for five years (1277-1282), Lull travelled, and where, is not known. Students of Theosophy may draw their own conclusions. Professor Peers says: "Tradition credits Ramon with making subsequent visits to countries as far apart as Abyssinia, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Morocco, Andalucia—and even England! The evidence in favour of this tradition is very slight",—and descriptive passages in Lull's own books (all the actual evidence that seems to have survived) point consistently to the Orient and in no way to England. He adds in a foot-note: "Some of Lull's biographers draw the most extravagant conclusions from such evidence as there is. All that I personally consider relevant is brought together in the text below" (p. 145, ff., with note 3).

Edward III, referred to above in the *Glossary*, did not come to the throne till 1327, or twelve years after the date given for Lull's death; and so he would have been only three years old when Ramon died. Furthermore, "rose nobles" are a well-known coin, and they did not appear till the reign of Edward IV in 1465,[6] one hundred and fifty years after Lull's death. The story is based upon a *Testament* of one John Cremer, Abbot of Westminster, and first published in a collection of chemical and semi- or quasi-alchemistical treatises called *Tripos Aureus*, published by Michael Maier in 1614, or three centuries after Lull's death. No intermediate biographies, of which there were many, know of this story. Now, according to Mr. Waite, there never was an Abbot at Westminster named John Cremer, nor any other contemporary Abbot of that name known in England. Several additional mistakes, together with fragments of other known works crudely juxtaposed in this *Testament*, which result in glaring anachronisms, would indicate that it was an entirely spurious document. Furthermore, in 1344 an English Alchemist named Ripley was supposed to have manufactured gold coinage for Edward in the Tower, and this story has been slightly altered and applied to Ramon Lull by the compiler of John Cremer's *Testament*.[7] On the other hand, Mackenzie, in his *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia* (p. 626), lists Cremer as a Rosicrucian, calls him Abbot of Westminster, and says that after "having obtained a profound knowledge of the secrets of alchymy, he became a most celebrated and learned disciple of occult philosophy." Mackenzie appears to have had access to Rosicrucian traditions, but he seems also to summarize just this *Testament*.

What, then, are we to think? Was Madame Blavatsky wrong in stating that Lull was an "adept" and "alchemist", and in quoting an apocryphal legend about him in support of her statements? She says that he founded "several colleges", as some early biographies state; while according to history, only one was founded, at Miramar, which was destroyed during his life-time; and none of his subsequent efforts met with success. It was Lull himself, and not his father, who was Seneschal of Mallorca! So here, in one brief

[6] Kenyon, *Gold Coins of England*, pp. 57-8; quoted at length by A. E. Waite, *Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers*, London, 1888, pp. 85-6.

[7] Cf. A. E. Waite's critique in his rewriting of *Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers*, 1888, pp. 68-88, with the account in the original volume. The omissions and inclusions are instructive.

paragraph, we have just the kind of writing which modern scholarship would reject impatiently as utterly worthless. Is the student of Theosophy left without recourse?

Let us see. Amiel, certainly not a conscious occultist, wrote in 1866: "To understand is to possess the thing understood *first* by sympathy, and then by intelligence. Far, then, from dismembering and dissecting at the start the object to be conceived, we should begin by laying hold of it in its *ensemble*, then in its formation, and only last of all in its parts. The procedure is the same for the study of a watch or a plant, a work of art or a character. We should contemplate, respect, interrogate, and not massacre, what we wish to know. We must assimilate ourselves to things, give ourselves to them, open ourselves with docility to their influence, and steep ourselves in their spirit and their distinctive form, before we offer violence to them (*les brutaliser*) by dissecting them".[8] The current methods of science, and of "source-finding", are the reverse of this attitude, as the analysis of the above passage from the *Glossary* illustrates. But that same paragraph, it should be remembered, was written with a purpose, to convey a truth or an idea, by someone who was eminently qualified to *know*, or to write on behalf of those who do *know*. Therefore, a direct statement from such a source that Ramon Lull was "an alchemist, adept and philosopher", cannot wisely be set aside, either lightly or reluctantly. All that follows the first phrase, be it noted well, is prefaced by the words, "It is claimed for him that . . . ", which leaves it to those who make the claims to prove their case, not to H. P. B. But the hint is given for those who wish to take it,—or, as H. P. B. was so fond of adding at the end of her notes and elsewhere in *The Secret Doctrine: Verbum sat. sapienti.*

It will be conceded that orthodoxy, whether ecclesiastical or that of "pure" scholarship, is in no position to judge as to whether a man is an "adept" or not, or whether his written works may not be "speaking to the condition" of his age and readers. Certainly those we have been able to read (in Professor Peers' beautifully written translations) are highly mystical, and seem to spring from experience and knowledge, not from mere intellectual achievement. Alchemy in the thirteenth century, as well as later, bordered on black magic, and followed several mistaken principles, so that Lull may have known, and probably did know, exactly what he was doing when he wrote about it as he did. The very nature of the "wild stories" concerning him, as we shall see, and the extraordinary extent and vitality of his reputation, bespeak a quality of force which in itself goes far to prove the statement that he was an adept. Furthermore, we have been told that until comparatively recent times, there was a branch of the Lodge in Spain and we may well look, therefore, for traces of its work and influence.

The first step in *How to know*, therefore, would seem to have been stated by Amiel, namely, in *sympathy*, and in laying hold of a new proposition in its *ensemble*, and only "last of all in its parts". If we would know the *truth*,

[8] *Fragments D'un Journal Intime*, Édition Nouvelle par Bernard Bourrier, Collection Helvéstique. Genéve and Paris, 1922; Tome II, pp. 25-26.

which means *all* the truth, about a character in history, it is obvious that an endless compromise between the conflicting statements of his contemporaries and biographers will not attain it; nor will an interpretation of his reputed sayings and writings in the light of this compromise, with gaps supplied by guess-work, and with motives judged largely by those attributed to him,—or in any case judged ultimately in the light of one's own individual knowledge, experience, and degree of "soul-development"—help very much further towards a truly correct appreciation of the whole man. History is indeed, as Carlyle said, "the essence of innumerable biographies"; but who can hope to know the true and inward biographies of the past, when the people around us, and the events they bring about, are so little understood? Especially is this true of those who have attained occult stature, and who can only be recognized at all as such, by an inferior, in so far as they choose to reveal themselves. "How do you know . . . ", asks Master K. H. in the *Occult World*, countering with another, a question about members of the Fraternity who are supposed to have made no mark on the history of the world. "Are you acquainted with their efforts, successes, and failures? Have you any dock upon which to arraign them? How could your world collect proofs of the doings of men who have sedulously kept closed every possible door of approach by which the inquisitive could spy upon them? The prime condition of their success was that they should never be supervised or obstructed. What they have done they know; all that those outside their circle could perceive was results, the causes of which were masked from view. . . . There never was a time within or before the so-called historical period when our predecessors were not moulding events and 'making history', the facts of which were subsequently and invariably distorted by historians to suit contemporary prejudices." In the light of these suggestions, it becomes obvious that the attitude of mind in the West, and its scientific and scholarly methods, are almost wholly wanting in the training necessary to prepare a man really "to know",—and this is, therefore, no easy lesson for the educated Westerner to learn. Compare, by way of contrast, the familiar and highly esteemed critical and judgmatical attitude of the modern scholar with the following, written by T. Subba Row in a letter to H. P. B. in 1882. "A student of the Occult Science generally realizes the truth of his Guru's teaching by actual *perception*, and not by assuring himself that his Guru's *reasoning* is correct. But now, Madam, the attitude of the student and the enquirer is altogether different. Every proposition, however plain it may be, must be supported by reasons thrown into the proper syllogistic form before it can be accepted by those who are supposed to have received the so-called liberal education. If a Guru for instance, were to tell his disciple that he should not commit murder or theft, the disciple is sure to turn round and ask him 'Well sir, what are your reasons for saying so'. Such is the attitude of modern mind, and you can see that it is so from Bentham's works."[9] Another, and

[9] *The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, with an Introduction by A. T. Barker, pp. 319–320.

higher authority, writes: " . . . our *Knowledge* and *Science* cannot be pursued altogether on the Baconian methods. . . . he who will not find our truths in his soul and within himself—has poor chances of success in Occultism."[10]

Knowledge, therefore, must be within oneself before one can hope to know and understand outer things. The compilation of endless "facts" about the life of Ramon Lull,—for example, even the recovery of his private correspondence or diary—would not, nor could they, reveal the inward man. We have the original signed *procès-verbal* of Jeanne d'Arc's trial at Rouen, with several certified manuscript copies of it, together with the sworn testimony of her friends and companions about her at the Rehabilitation Trial, which has rightly been characterized as affording a unique body of evidence about a great historic personage; but what do we actually know, to-day, about the real Jeanne d'Arc, of what she really thought and felt and *experienced* during her trial, of who she really was, and *is?* And if mere grubbing among the outer husks of people's lives—the so-called "facts" of history—is utterly inadequate, so also would a psychic discover (in time) that he too, despite his superior gifts, would be equally unable to search out the truth. If he should, for example, seek out Lull to-day, the chances are that if he met with him, that individual would (on one plane) assure him that he *was* an adept, yes, a *great* adept, a reincarnation of Origen, and also of the renowned Chinese sage Foo La La, etc.; while (on another plane) he would be told more or less what a certain brother Johannes told the psychic investigators of ancient Glastonbury about himself: "It is I, and it is not I, butt parte of me which dwelleth in the past and is bound to that which my *carnal* soul loved and called 'home' these many years. Yet I, Johannes, amm of many partes, and ye *better* parte doeth other things—Laus, Laus Deo!—*only* that parte which remembreth clingeth like memory to what it seeth yet."[11]

In sum, therefore, the only true knowledge is the knowledge of Masters; the only insight and understanding are the insight and understanding of Masters; and the only way to know is to learn of Masters. Since prejudice, preconception, fixed ideas, intellectual laziness and conceit, ignorance, and lack of experience are all barriers, and all must be overcome, an open and eager mind is indispensable before intuitive perception can become possible. A man brings to the investigation of any problem what he is,—no more, no less.

To return to Ramon Lull,—once one is willing to open the mind to the truth, through whatever channels it may be presented, and to embrace with "sympathy" the idea that Lull was an adept and an alchemist, "steeping ourselves in his spirit and his distinctive form", we may find much to enlighten us. It would not only be foolish to believe, but it would be equally unwise

[10] *The Mahatma Letters*, 1924, p. 355; signed K. H.

[11] Or, in other words, the Kama-lokic, carnal entity of Br. John clung to the memories and places he had loved while incarnate, but knew also that he was of "many partes", and the "better parte" had, praised, praised be God, gone aloft to do other, and wiser, things, thereby escaping the psychic's ken, or consciousness, and so remaining safely screened from prying investigation. *The Gate of Remembrance*, Frederick Bligh Bond, 2nd. ed., Oxford, 1918, p. 95; italics ours.

to disregard, all the "wild stories" about him; and a few of them seem to be but thinly veiled allegories, conveying a higher truth in almost unmistakable terms to anyone with "ears to hear". As these are not even mentioned by Professor Peers, and are of special interest in the light of Madame Blavatsky's suggestion, a few of them may be included here to offset, as it were, a purely orthodox or materialistic conception. For instance, in addition to what has been said above, we find Lull placed along with Roger Bacon, Pico della Mirandola and others, as an Alchemist, in a Rosicrucian book entitled *A Suggestive Inquiry Concerning the Hermetic Mystery*, "which appeared in 1850, but was shortly afterwards withdrawn from circulation." The following quotation is not without significance: "The ancients were not enlightened on the *à priori* ground alone, but the same power of Wisdom was confirmed in many surpassing effects of spiritual chemistry, and in the asserted miracle of the Philosopher's Stone. With this theosophic doctrine of Wisdom the tradition of Alchemy runs hand in hand. It was this which inspired Albertus Magnus, Aquinas, Roger Bacon, the fiery Lully, Ficinus, Picus de Mirandola, Spinoza, Reuchlin, Cornelius Agrippa, and all the subsequent Paracelsian school. It was this which, under another title, Plato celebrates as the most efficacious of all arts, calling it Theurgy and the worship of the gods; this Pythagoras practised in his school, and the Chaldaic Oracles openly proclaim, announcing the efficacy of material rites in procuring divine assimilation; these the Alexandrian Platonists continuously pursued in their Mysteries, which Proclus, Plotinus, Jamblicus and Synesius have explained in their records, tracing the same to the most remote antiquity in Egypt, as being the prime source and sanctuary of the Hermetic Art."[12]

It will be seen that here, before Madame Blavatsky's time, "the fiery Lully" is placed in goodly company, and is linked, according to a Rosicrucian tradition, in a chain of splendid associates.

Since the present article is in no way a biography of Lull, nor a systematic attempt to vindicate him, the following quotations and extracts will be given on their merits, leaving it to the reader to use his own intuition, if that be necessary, in making as much or little of them as he likes in relation to what the *Glossary* suggests.

In a Masonic book of high reputation and enormous erudition, we find the following: "Raymond Lulle has said that, to make gold, we must first have gold. Nothing is made out of nothing; we do not absolutely *create* wealth; we increase and multiply it. Let aspirants to science well understand, then, that neither juggler's tricks nor miracles are to be asked of the adept. The Hermetic science, like all the *real* sciences, is mathematically demonstrable. Its results, even material, are as rigorous as that of a correct equation."[13]

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[12] Quoted in *The Concise History of Freemasonry*, by Robert Freke Gould, new ed., New York, 1924, pp. 94-95.

[13] *Morals and Dogma*, by Albert Pike; new ed. Charleston, 1927, p. 777. Cf. the first sentence with that quoted above: "He who will not find our truths in his soul and within himself—has poor chances of success in Occultism."

Lull seems to figure in the traditions of many Masonic historic books, but on one recorded occasion with perhaps special significance. At the great Masonic Convention of Paris, in 1785, Baron de Gleichen affirmed: "(1) that the Rosicrucians claim to be the Superiors and Founders of Freemasonry; (2) that they explain all its emblems Hermetically; (3) that it was brought in their hypothesis to England during the reign of King Arthur; (4) that Raymund Lully initiated Henry IV, King of England; (5) that the Grand Masters of the Order—then as now—were designated by the titles of John I, II, III and so onward; (6) that the jewel was a golden compass suspended on a white ribbon, as a symbol of purity and wisdom; (7) that the emblems of the 'floor-cloth', or Tracing Board in modern parlance, included Sun, Moon and Double Triangle, with an *Aleph* placed in the centre; (8) that the grades at this period were three in number; and (9) that the Master-Grade, as practised now among us, is the shadow of something which was then of great significance."[14]

Now this Masonic Convention in Paris was one of unusual importance, and is directly linked with our own Movement. It began its sessions on the 15th of February, and among the large number of members—"Princes (Russian, Austrian, and others), fathers of the Church, councillors, knights, financiers, barristers, barons, Theosophists, canons, colonels, professors of magic" etc.—were "M. le Comte de Cagliostro, and Mesmer, 'the inventor of the doctrine of magnetism'".[15] Mesmer, Cagliostro, and Saint Germain made an effort to bring Masonry into touch with the Lodge. Baron de Gleichen was in consultation with Cagliostro, and his reference to Lull as one in a position to initiate a King of England is not without significance.

A final quotation, this time one of the "wild stories" about Lull, and our brief summary must close. Éliphas Lévi devotes a chapter to Ramon Lull in his *Histoire de la Haute Magie*,[16] and there speaks of him as a "philosopher and adept . . . who deserved the title of illuminated doctor", and as one who "reclaimed the heritage of Solomon for that Saviour Who was the Son of David." All students know the consideration Éliphas Lévi received from Madame Blavatsky, and we read elsewhere: "Éliphas studied from the Rosicrucian MSS. (now reduced to three copies in Europe). These expound our eastern doctrines from the teachings of Rosencrauz, who, upon his return from Asia dressed them up in a semi-Christian garb intended as a shield for his pupils, against clerical revenge. One must have the key to it and that key is a science *per se*. Rosencrauz taught orally. Saint Germain recorded the good doctrines in figures and his only exciphered MS. remained with his staunch friend and patron the benevolent German Prince from whose house and in whose presence he made his last exit—*Home*. Failure, dead failure!

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[14] *The Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross*, by A. E. Waite, London, 1924, pp. 445–6, note. It would require a separate article to develop all that might be said about this suggestive passage.

[15] Cf. Thory, *Acta Latomorum*, ii, p. 95, quoted in *The Royal Masonic Cyclopædia*, p. 95, ed. by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, IX°, London, 1877.

[16] Translated by A. E. Waite, *The History of Magic*, London, 1913; V, iii, pp. 319 ff.

Speaking of 'figures' and 'numbers' Éliphas addresses those who know something of the Pythagorean doctrines."[17]

Éliphas Lévi gives a story of Lull which appears in Professor Peers' book in its "simplest form, stripped of the adornments, added by later biographers, which only disfigure (its) outline" (p. 17). Again, the reader may form his own judgment. In foot-notes to his translation, Mr. Waite writes that: "The romantic history of Raymund Lully on which Éliphas Lévi worked was written by Jean Marie de Vernon . . . it has been decorated and dramatized by Éliphas Lévi, who has done his work admirably." The story follows:

> On a certain Sunday, in the year 1250, a beautiful and accomplished lady, named Ambrosia di Castello, originally of Genoa, went, as she was accustomed, to hear mass in the church of Palma, a town in the island of Majorca. A mounted cavalier of distinguished appearance and richly dressed, who was passing at the time in the street, noticed the lady and pulled up as one thunderstruck. She entered the church, quickly disappearing in the shadow of the great porch. The cavalier, quite unconscious of what he did, spurred his horse and rode after her into the midst of the affrighted worshippers. Great was the astonishment and scandal. The cavalier was well known; he was the Seigneur Raymund Lully, Seneschal of the Isles and Mayor of the Palace. He had a wife and three children, while Ambrosia di Castello was also married and enjoyed, moreover, an irreproachable reputation. Raymund Lully passed therefore for a great libertine. His equestrian entrance into the church of Palma was noised over the whole town, and Ambrosia, in the greatest confusion, sought the advice of her husband. He was apparently a man of sense, and he did not consider his wife insulted because her beauty had turned the head of a young and brilliant nobleman. He proposed that Ambrosia should cure her admirer by a folly as grotesque as his own. Meanwhile, Raymund Lully had written already to the lady, to excuse, or rather to accuse himself still further. What had prompted him, he said, was "strange, supernatural, irresistible." He respected her honour and the affections which, he knew, belonged to another; but he had been overwhelmed. He felt that his imprudence required for its expiation high self-devotion, great sacrifices, miracles to be accomplished, the penitence of a Stylite and the feats of a knight-errant.
>
> Ambrosia answered: "To respond adequately to a love which you term supernatural would require an immortal existence. . . . It is said that there is an elixir of life; seek to discover it, and when you are certain that you have succeeded, come and see me. Till then, live for your wife and your children, as I also will live for the husband whom I love; and if you meet me in the street make no sign of recognition."
>
> It was evidently a gracious *congé*, which put off her lover till Doomsday; but he refused to understand it as such, and from that day forth the brilliant noble disappeared to make room for the grave and thoughtful alchemist. Don Juan had become Faust. Many years passed away; the wife of Raymund Lully died; Ambrosia di Castello in her turn became a widow; but the alchemist appeared to have forgotten her and to be absorbed only in his sublime work. . . .

[17] *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, pp. 280–281; letter of August 5, 1881, signed K. H.

At length one day, Raymund, having obtained and drunk the elixir of life, seeks out Ambrosia, and offers to share the draught with her. A highly dramatic scene follows, in which the white-haired Ambrosia bares her bosom, and discovers a hideous cancer,—asking piteously, "Is it this which you wish to immortalize?" Lully thereupon casts down the phial, which is broken on the ground, and goes away weeping. "Some months after, a monk of the Order of St. Francis assisted Ambrosia di Castello in her last moments. This monk was the alchemist, Raymund Lully. . . . He betook himself to prayer, and devoted his existence to good works. . . . One day the Tree of Knowledge was shown to him, laden with its luminous fruits; he understood being and its harmonies; he divined the Kabalah; he established the foundations and sketched the plan of an universal science, from which time he was saluted as the illuminated doctor."

Éliphas Lévi concludes his account with the following interesting paragraph.

> The design of Raymund Lully was to set the Christian Kabalah against the fatalistic *magia* of the Arabs, Egyptian traditions against those of India, the Magic of Light against Black Magic. He testified that, in the last days, the doctrines of Antichrist would be a materialised realism and that there would be a recrudescence of all the monstrosities of evil Magic. Hence he sought to prepare minds for the return of Enoch[18], or otherwise for the final revelation of that science, the key of which is in the hieroglyphical alphabets of Enoch. This harmonising light of reason and faith is to precede the Messianic and universal reign of Christianity on earth. So was Lully a great prophet for true Kabalists and seers, while for sceptics who at least can respect exalted characters and noble aspirations, he was a sublime dreamer.

Verily, "The degree of diligence and zeal with which the hidden meaning is sought by the student, is generally the test—how far he is entitled to the possession of the sc buried treasure."[19]

P.

[18] "Enoch and Hermes are one, as you know. And Hermes is Mercury or Buddha, etc., etc.!" *The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 260.

[19] *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 279; letter of March 3rd, 1882, signed K. H.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder announced that a Christmas meditation, written by Cavé, and contained in a letter to a mutual friend, had impressed him as of such lasting value that he had asked and obtained permission to print it in the "Screen". He then read as follows:

"Christmas—divine, heart-searching Christmas—when from the cold stable at Bethlehem our gaze must travel to the uplifted cross on Calvary, and we be forced to realize the hideousness of sin and what it entails. Consider its marvellous silence, its austere poverty, its darkness, suffused with star-light and angelic melody! It opens the mystery, ever old and ever new, of the hidden eucharistic life; God made manifest in the flesh,—O mystery of mysteries, in your flesh and in mine.

"Yet we lose this,—lose the message of the blessed Babe and his mother in the din and worldliness of our pagan observation of the time: the planning, the shopping, the making up and opening of parcels; greetings and notes received and sent; flowers, telegrams, routs and parties, feasting and merriment, justifying it to ourselves by the guise of mutual kindliness and good will, and so using our noblest instincts to keep us from the One Reality. Every Christmas of our lives has been an opportunity, an invitation, to enter upon the Way; an opportunity lost, if we have not seen and grasped it in this inner spirit, I care not how many charities we have endowed,—we who are for ever giving in charity, in our own names, not in Christ's.

"Ah! could we only spend our Christmas at Bethlehem with the Holy Family, with the simple shepherds, with the Wise Men, brooding on their gifts, how much we should come to understand. Kneeling by the manger, we should look into the eyes of the divine Child and be pierced through with their radiance of purity and sacrifice and love; we should contemplate his mother, virgin and beautiful,—eternal symbol of discipleship, since, 'spouse of the Holy Ghost', she brought forth and made manifest in her flesh, Christ, the Lord. Such a Christmas would sanctify us; we too should become Marys; and all the year that followed would be flooded with the glory of it. Then our charity would be as boundless as the ocean of God's mercy, and our deeds of kindness sown like the stars in the firmament of heaven. God grant us such a Christmas in the years to come . . ."

"I like that," remarked one of our Visitors. "Was it written by a member of your Society?"

"It was", the Recorder answered.

"It evidently does not interpret Christmas in the stereotyped, orthodox way. Quite original, I should think."

"Far from original, except of course in form; for the writer was interpreting

Christian symbolism in the light of Theosophy, the old Wisdom Religion, which is the source of all the great religions of the world, and of all true symbols."

"The old Wisdom Religion: where did that come from?"

"From an immemorial past; from periods of evolution long preceding our own, the fruits of which were preserved for us by the Elder Brothers of mankind,—by those who had achieved wisdom and understanding and power before our world came into being,—by those at the head of the Lodge of Masters, which guides the Theosophical Movement throughout the ages, and which founds new religions at long intervals of time in an unceasing effort to remind first one race and then another, of 'the things that belong unto' their peace,—the truth about man's origin and destiny and divine possibilities."

"Do you mean that the great religions of the world—Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism—are a *true* expression of the ancient Wisdom of which you speak?"

"Too often, a dreadfully perverted expression", the Recorder answered. "You should remember the saying that it takes two people to tell the truth: one to speak it and one to hear it. Christianity, as understood to-day, is in many respects a travesty of Christ's teaching; Hinduism has been degraded by its followers to an even greater extent. There are exceptions always and everywhere, but the perversity with which Hindus have twisted black magic out of their scriptures is only paralleled by that of so-called Christians who have extracted dogmas of infallibility, of peace-at-any-price, and other materialistic interpretations, out of the warrior mysticism of their Master, Jesus. Fortunately, the early symbols have been preserved, as in the case of 'the Virgin Birth', so that those who, thanks to Theosophy, have recovered the key, can still find, behind the veil, the true and eternal significance. Masonry illustrates what has happened: the symbols have been preserved, but no one, unless a student, not only of Theosophy, but of esoteric Theosophy, can possibly discover their original meaning. Some ethical meaning, almost anyone can see; a 'nature-myth' explanation will satisfy the less intelligent and the merely bookish; but for the interpretation which points the way to immortal life and immortal consciousness, nothing short of Theosophy will serve. The Christmas meditation I have read, gives the exoteric, and suggests the esoteric possibilities in a Christian and yet—as always—universal symbol."

"From your standpoint, then, the preservation of symbols is of real importance?"

"Undoubtedly, when they are symbols of everlasting truths,—symbols such as the Cross, the Caduceus, the Swastica, the 'house not made with hands' of Paul the Initiate, and many others."

"May it be, then, that the instinct of the Bolshevists in Russia to destroy religious symbols, is, in a perverted sense, sound? I cannot believe, though, that they will really succeed in abolishing religion."

"I think it depends upon what you mean by 'religion'. It is unfortunately

rather easy to change the polarity of unreasoning emotions. 'Can the Ethiopean change his skin, or the leopard his spots?' The answer is, no; but most Russians are children—very primitive children—and a child of that type can switch from a good to a bad emotion with amazing rapidity. Russians who used to worship Christ, or, rather, symbols of Christ, are now worshipping the Devil. They cannot escape from their own natures; they cannot change their 'spots', such as their fanaticism and their superstition; but they can, as a result of bad example and corrupting influence, allow their fanaticism and their superstition to be led into thoroughly evil channels. The ikons they used to worship, were symbols of spiritual truths, and would have led them ultimately, after ages of evolution, to some comprehension of what religion really means; but now, instead of worshipping symbols of Christ and his Saints, they worship Lenin, whose tomb is the centre of their 'religious' fervour, whose pictures have taken the place of their ikons, whose ideas, or, rather, whose promises, have taken the place of their very primitive theology, while the Soviet organization has taken the place of their Church. In other words, instead of worshipping symbols of spiritual truths, they now worship symbols of all that is material and untrue, evil and corrupt. Instead of saying, 'I believe in God the Father', they say, 'I believe in Down with the Bourgeoisie' —a negative creed at best, the fruit of hatred, not of love, and therefore inherently self-destructive, as they must necessarily experience in the course of time. The situation becomes entirely simple if, instead of confusing it with words, whether economic or philosophic, the survivors of the Russian people be recognized for what they are, namely, undeveloped and emotional children, most of whom used to be well-behaved, but who have been led astray by the worst among them into paths that lead straight to Hell. They have become detestable, and cannot possibly be brought to their senses except as the result of acute and prolonged suffering. If their docility and obedience of past centuries laid up for them a sufficient store of 'merit', of good Karma, it may be that starvation will come to their rescue. The trouble then will be that the multitude of idiots in America and Europe will want to feed them! However, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"You said a few minutes ago that the great religions of the world were founded by the Lodge of Masters. Do you mean that Masters founded the existing Churches, such as the Buddhist, or the early Christian Church?"

"No: please distinguish between Buddhism and the Buddhist Church; between the religion preached by Christ and the Churches which claim to represent it. No Avatar founded a Church; they founded Orders of Disciples. The Buddhist scriptures invariably use the term 'Order'; the Christian scriptures, as they have come down to us, leave much to be inferred,—and with good reason."

"I should like to go back to what you were saying about Bolshevism", the Historian interjected at this point. "Gustave Le Bon, in *The Psychology of Peoples*, says that 'the mental constitution [of race or nation] possesses fundamental characteristics as immutable as the anatomical characteristics of animal

species, but it also possesses accessory characteristics that are easily modified. It is these latter characteristics that may easily be changed by environment, circumstances, education and various other factors.' We owe a great deal to Le Bon for his constructive and original thinking; but I wish, for all our sakes, that he might have thought and worked with a knowledge of Theosophy to help him: he would have made such splendid use of it. I am thinking especially of what you said about 'the change of polarity of unreasoning emotions'. Fundamentals do not change, but their mode of expression can appear to change radically. The Russians, for instance, were induced to rebel against an autocratic government. Their rebellion culminated under the leadership of Lenin and Trotsky, who promised unlimited freedom to all who followed them. What is the result? Most Russians, as you said, by nature are children, and very primitive children, whose deepest need is a good father and mother—not to speak of a good nurse—to govern them. Rebelling against their natural superiors—thinking they could change their spots—all they could do really was to change the name of their spots. At no time in their history have they possessed less freedom than to-day—indeed I doubt if the world has ever before witnessed such tyranny; but their present servitude they call Bolshevism, while they used to hear their former servitude called Autocracy (there were English and American politicians who never tired of this description, for local and declamatory purposes). For a brief interval, therefore, they are able to persuade themselves that a new name for a thing, makes the thing different. That is child nature. A child can take a pillow and call it a baby and nurse it as a baby; but I have yet to learn that a pillow ceases to be a pillow on that account. Unfortunately, that is only the pleasant side of the picture, for, not content with changing the names of things (a harmless amusement if it go no further), the Russians, in a frenzy of self-assertion, murdered their 'little father', and now, instead of Nicholas, have Stalin; they got rid of a very good man, and acquired a very bad one,—which is just what the Karma of murder is likely to lead to: they are in process of reaping what they sowed,—not the first people who preferred Barabbas, and perhaps not the last.

"They have reversed the polarity of things. A child, good at one time, is bad at another: he remains, in one sense, the same child, but is manifesting different poles of his nature, and needs a firm parent to suppress the bad and to encourage the good. It is a question of moods, and the good moods have to be made as nearly as possible permanent. Docility of a certain kind—the negative variety—can easily be transformed into violent self-assertion. Both at the time and with a view to their future development, it was certainly better for the Russians to worship their ikons, than to worship Lenin, matter, free-love, and their own unwashed and unspeakably vile selves."

"I thought that Madame Blavatsky was a Russian," our Visitor suggested demurely.

"She was", the Historian replied. "There have been many great and good Russians. I admit, however, that, knowing my immense admiration for her,

you have a right to be puzzled,—though an understanding of Theosophy would solve your problem. I have suggested that the opposite pole of negative docility, *on its own plane*, is self-will, or self-assertion; that they are different aspects of the same thing. The present leaders of Russia represent the self-will pole of a negatively docile, or slavish, nature,—represent the aggressive, brutally selfish element in the national character, some of it native, reinforced by much that is imported [*vide supra*, under Barabbas]. If you will think of those two poles as the two base angles of a triangle, you will perhaps see that the spiritual quality, forming the apex of the triangle, of which the two extremes of the base are a perversion, is positive docility, or, better, self-surrender through love, which is the condition H.P.B. attained through self-conquest and her consuming love of Masters. She surrendered her self-will—very strong in her as a girl—and, for love of the Masters and their Cause, transformed it into power.

"If you find any difficulty in seeing that self-will must be the polar opposite of slavery, al you need do is to ask yourself what happens to the self-willed person who fails to transmute the lower into the higher, for clearly he becomes the slave of his elementals, that is, the slave of his habits and of the instincts he has indulged. Setting out to be his own master, Nature catches him in the trap of his own objective: he *thinks* he is getting his own way, while actually he is being used by the enemies of the only reality in him,—his soul. He becomes at last so completely merged with his lower nature, that he cannot tell the difference between it and God,—denying that there can be anything more real than himself, in some cases in terms of atheism, by denying the existence of God; in other cases, by mentally identifying any desire of his as necessarily the voice of God within him."

"There are those, even in America, who would assert that men in Soviet Russia are ideally free, and who would scoff at your statement that they are not."

"I am aware of it", said the Historian, "but facts are facts. The principal correspondent of the *New York Times* in Russia, who appears to be by no means unfriendly to the Soviet régime, declared in a recent despatch that in competition with the rest of Europe and with America, 'Soviet success is no less probable than Soviet failure', *because*, in Russia, manufactured goods 'represent nothing more than products of the soil and human labor, both of which are, so to speak, State property in Russia.' Could anything be more explicit?"

"You are not suggesting, I suppose", the Student interjected, "that Bolshevism is confined to Russia."

"Certainly not. The spirit of Bolshevism is rampant everywhere, sometimes as a result of the active propaganda carried on by the Russian Soviet, sometimes as an expression of the inherent self-assertion of mankind, and of the present tendency (a reaction following the Great War) to throw over 'the ancient landmarks'. Bolshevism has nearly destroyed China, and would have destroyed India years ago if British troops had not maintained order."

"Pardon me for interrupting you", said the Philosopher, "but I happened to read something the other day which bears directly upon your last statement. I received a copy of a Review published in India, and edited by a Hindu. Glancing at the editor's 'Notes of the Month', I found this: 'The overwhelming advantage of occultism at the present time is that it keeps the Indian and the Westerner alike from politics, the latter a game only for the black magicians who are failures even in black magic.' It is but fair to assume that the writer bases his opinion on observation and experience. One need only look at Gandhi's portrait to see the significance of the paragraph I have quoted. A face such as that is a revelation of craft and of evil,—the psychic brother of the Soviet leaders."

"It seems to me", said the Philosopher, "that while it is helpful to recognize and to understand the evils of Bolshevism as it exists in Russia and elsewhere, the best way to fight it is to crush any traces of it which we may find in ourselves—that spirit of rebellion which is 'as the sin of witchcraft'—and then to do what we can to uproot it in our immediate environment. A man's unwillingness to recognize anything or anyone as superior to himself, strikes me as of the essence of Bolshevism,—and many men are like that. Among other types, there are people who are colour-blind in matters of morals and honour, and whose self-satisfaction is so deeply entrenched that they refuse to recognize their defect, in spite of the protests and warnings of their friends. In some cases they admit, in a general way, that their friends must be right, —making this general admission in order to protect themselves, in their own imaginations, from the charge of arrogance and conceit; but the admission is meaningless, because they do not act upon it, continuing throughout their lives to call red, green, and blue, yellow, and going down to their graves as blind as when they were born. The truth is that all of us are colour-blind in certain directions: all *learning* implies previous ignorance or misunderstanding, and the main difference between a fool and a man of sense is that the latter knows he has blind spots and is eager to learn, while the former, in spite of general admissions, always tries to prove that he knows, when his ignorance is pointed out to him. The extreme type, if I were speaking to him, would counter this statement, in his own mind if not in words, with the thought of his own eagerness to learn as demonstrated on many past occasions,—unable because unwilling to see that he desires to learn only when, by learning, he can make himself more important in his own eyes or in the eyes of other people.

"It is not difficult to imagine such a person, and that you are obliged at last to tell him, perhaps, that he has not a rag of honour in his make-up. The type I am describing will listen to such a statement with mingled wonder and regret,—regret that anyone can so far fail to appreciate his real merits. If argumentative as well as blind, he may meet you with the question: how can you prove it? The answer must be that you cannot prove it,—to him, any more than you could prove to the blind the difference between colours; but you know that all his friends would tell him what you have told him, if their friendship were strong enough to make the sacrifice (for to tell the truth so

bluntly is not agreeable), and that, if his conceit should be sufficient to reject their united testimony, the fruits of his own life ought to convince him, just as a colour-blind person ought to be convinced if a train finally chops off his legs as the result of his obstinate self-complacency in taking red for some other colour. Admitting, as that type of person may be compelled to admit if he has lived long enough, that he has wrecked his life and his home; that he has nearly broken the hearts of the people who love him; that he is (still on general principles) a miserable sinner, vain and self-willed and so forth and so forth,—it may remain painfully evident that, while deeply sorry for himself, with a hazy notion that some of the things you have said to him sounded logical, he is as far as ever from applying those things practically to himself, and that he clings especially to his rightness at the point of specific attack, convinced to the bone that even if his sense of honour had cracked under him at times, it is none the less considerably above the average in texture and quality.

"In that case,—try again. He will have thought, probably, that annoyance, exasperation, or even a well-intentioned though misdirected desire to help him to see, had led you to exaggerate, with the result that he has discounted your statements, believing that what you really meant was that his sense of honour is slightly deficient, not, of course, extinct. I am assuming, however, that you meant literally what you said, and that therefore you will feel it your duty to repeat your original statement, and then, as he may by now be genuinely puzzled, will do your utmost to explain to him the rationale of the condition to which he has brought himself. You will explain that, by using all things, his sense of honour included, for his own ends and for self-gratification, he has changed the polarity of whatever virtues he may at one time have possessed, turning each one of them into a thing of evil. To illustrate this, you may ask him to think of certain by no means uncommon marriages, and their results. Granting that 'true marriages are made in heaven', the outcome of most ordinary marriages proves that 'love' was not the right word to use when describing the impulse or emotion which brought them about. You will be justified in picturing a man whose reputation is not that of a hopeless idiot, but who plans to marry an empty-headed, fluffy-haired, pop-eyed doll—pretty in his eyes, and, in effect, irresistible; you may ask your self-satisfied acquaintance to imagine himself as the other man's friend, and as going to him with the warning,—'You do not *love* her in the least; you are unconsciously profaning the word; the true word for your infatuation is very different'. The victim, in all probability, would not only persist in his determination to marry her, but would be quite indignant at the characterization of his feelings: he would be all aglow with what *he* would describe as 'love'. Suppose that the usual result followed, and that in six months or less the man and the girl are heartily sick of one another, and that he gets rid of her, and then repeats the performance with number two, and again perhaps with number three: is it not obvious that he will become more and more rooted in the belief that his low feelings are 'all there is to it', and that he knows as much about 'love' as any man? Exactly the same thing is true of

honour, honesty, loyalty, generosity, and all the nobler sentiments of which man is capable. When he uses such sentiments to exalt himself in his own eyes or in the eyes of others—uses them in any way for his own gratification or profit—he changes their polarity, turning honour into dishonour, honesty into dishonesty, loyalty into treachery, generosity into self-glorification, and will be as blind to his own condition as the detestable creature who thinks he knows all there is to be known of 'love'. How *can* you save such a man if, in addition to his other faults, he adds the fault of the Pharisee,—self-righteousness? He is blind, and will not believe it; he has made himself blind, and likes it, because it enables him to see himself in terms that flatter him and that add to his sense of superiority and importance."

"Do you mean that such a man is doomed? Do you believe in everlasting damnation?" It was our Visitor who asked this double-barrelled question.

"Yes, I think he is doomed, so long as self-righteousness has him by the throat. Yet, he may decide at last—though perhaps only after he has lost his arms as well as his legs—to do as the colour-blind man should and might have done from the start: throw up his astral hands, and beg his friends to instruct him in the rudiments of right thought, right feeling, right behaviour. In the very nature of things, if he will do that humbly, gladly, gratefully, he is not doomed, but is almost certain to be able to learn. The surrender must be complete, however. It is most unlikely to be made without a prolonged struggle—a daily and hourly struggle—especially if the habits of self-assertion and self-satisfaction have been indulged for many years. The loss of both legs—to repeat my analogy—may bring him to the point of *wishing* to surrender, but, as a rule, there is a long and weary road to be travelled before the wish to stop even a physical, outer habit—say, for instance, pulling one's ears—can be realized; and a mental-emotional habit is far more difficult to conquer."

"You said, 'as a rule'; are there exceptions?"

"Certainly; for if realization be sufficiently vivid, any kind of habit, inner or outer, can be stopped in a moment. Suppose you commit a social solecism —something raw and crude; suppose you are told of it, and feel deeply humiliated and ashamed: the probability is that you will never do that particular thing again. Your pride and vanity will help you. Clearly, however, everything will depend upon the intensity of your feeling, and the vividness with which you see, in memory and imagination, the character and effect of the solecism you committed. It is exactly the same in the spiritual life: we could turn from the evils of our lower nature in a moment of time, if, on the one hand, we were able to see those evils for what they are, and, on the other, were able to see and love their opposites in the real world. The truth is, our sense of time is misleading; it is a concept based upon material things. Intensity of realization is the only true measure of experience; and life is experience, not time. Suppose a man were to spend his life with his attention fixed on a clock, watching the hours pass until he died: would it make any difference if he lived to be fifty or a hundred? He would not know the difference, except in terms of number.

"That contains the answer to your question about everlasting damnation: there is no such thing in terms of time; there may be, in terms of consciousness, of feeling, of realization."

"Why is it that the sinner finds it so painful, so depressing, and so 'weakening,' to think about his sins? And, unless he thinks about them, how can he vividly recognize their nature?" This time it was the Student who asked the question.

"My answer", the Philosopher replied, "would be that the sinner of long standing—I do not think that what you say is true of a momentary fall—has put so much of himself into his sins, that he has lost consciousness on the plane from which alone he can look down upon them. What he calls 'detachment' (supposing he knows the word), instead of an indrawal to a higher plane from which he sees evil with appalling and almost overwhelming clarity, is merely a withdrawal, on the plane of the sin, to some other corner of himself, in which his mind argues about what he has done, in some cases as if the thing had happened on the moon, in a collision between spiders (that is a case of hardening); in other cases, in the mood of a whimpering puppy, in process of being house-broken, the objective proof of whose misconduct is being pointed out to him. I wish I could think of a better analogy, because the human sinner, who has lived with his sins until he has made them part of himself, is likely to feel instinctively and, in a sense, correctly, that his personality might disappear if he were to look too closely or too clearly at them,—and then what and where would *he* be! We must assume that as yet his recognition of a higher and better level of human activity, whether inner or outer, is very vague, and that he feels rather as if he were being made to jump from solid earth onto a cloud, with a frightening sense that he will certainly drop through as he touches it.

"The upshot of it is that the universe was not constructed on the theory of private and individual salvation; that we are dependent upon one another for light—upon our fellows and betters; and that, among the blind, the one-eyed is King. The fool, of course, will cling to his independence to the last: even the Pharisee deigned to acknowledge the existence of a God, with whom he established a private and privileged relation, and whose standards the Pharisee took care to conform to his own. That is easy. Anyone can create direct relations, either with God or with a Master, guaranteed in advance to pat him on the back whenever he feels the need of a little moral support. An active and self-complacent fancy will supply that sort of inner reinforcement at any moment. The trouble is that while the effect of this seems real and is immediately stimulating, it is in truth of the stuff of dreams. Is a Master likely to help a man who is colour-blind and who has rejected the warnings of all his friends? I should say not! We must use the help within reach, and use it to the utmost, if we would earn the privilege of inner light and guidance. The man who thinks he can skip his Catechism and similar 'childish preliminaries', and can dance his way into the hearing and presence of Masters,—is very much mistaken. The Catechism of almost any Church would not be a bad

start. One of them says: 'To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters; To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters'—and heaven help us if we think we have none, for certainly Masters will not. Masters have very little use for Bolshevists, and the essence of Bolshevism, as the Historian suggested, is self-assertion, with the setting up of the personality as the supreme judge of its own conduct. Even in the Theosophical Movement, in spite of Theosophy, there have been devotees who are doomed to reincarnate among the camp-followers of Lenin,—Heaven help them."

"I am glad you spoke of Catechisms," the Engineer commented. "They really contain a lot of sense, and, if properly taught in our elementary schools, would do much to counteract some of the worst features of modern life. I happened to be present the other day at a service of Confirmation conducted by a Bishop. It was evident from the behaviour of the congregation that he was highly esteemed. That the Bishop appreciated this, was also clear. Although very tired, he insisted upon shaking hands with all the members of the choirs, and with everyone in the congregation, as they filed out, saying, 'God bless you', to each one of them. He stood there, in his Episcopal robes, acting, not as a private individual, but, in his own mind and heart, as a very humble representative of his Master, genuinely anxious to convey what he could of that Master's blessing. I am not a Churchman in the ordinary sense of the word; it would never enter my head to seek an Episcopal blessing; but I was struck by the total inability of those people, with few exceptions, to show deference, or even the respect which I am confident many of them felt. The small boys from the Parish School doubled up like jack-knives, which was admirable; the smaller girls curtsied very prettily; but the older boys and girls, who had become wage-earners, shook hands with the cordiality they might have shown to a playmate after a few months' absence, while the people of a better class—that is to say, those whose birth and training had given them greater advantages—showed at most a special friendliness, a touch, perhaps, of unusual regard,—but entirely without deference, without, in any case, the reverence which, according to the Catechism, we should show to all our betters, and which the French word, *révérence*, suggests is not merely an inner attitude, but an act.

"I imagine that the really modern person would not even know what I am talking about. He seems to find it impossible to conceive of, or to respect, a representative position as such. So I must try to explain. Take, for instance, an old woman of any class: must I not see in her some reminder—an 'outer and visible sign', as it were—of my own mother? Must not self-respect compel me to show her something of the reverence, the deferential protection, which I should wish to show to my mother if she were still alive? Do we not owe it to ourselves to honour and to venerate old age? It is, of course, by no means easy to do this if man or woman rejects the position which nature has assigned, preferring the part of giddy youth to the dignity which age confers. But I think of an old peasant-woman, bowed by years and toil and sorrow,

almost alone in the world, self-respecting, knowing her place, minding her own business, kindly, not embittered, wise from experience, not from books, and I see the younger generation pushing her about as if she were an encumbrance,—and I want to step in and slay them, or at least bang their heads together until they learn some decency and respect."

"I think I understand what you mean, and I think I agree with you", said our Visitor; "but would you apply the same principle to a representative of the Federal Government?"

"A principle always applies", the Engineer answered; "though it must be understood if it is to be applied properly. Old age was instituted, so to speak, by Nature; the Federal Government was constituted by man,—and some of us think he made a poor job of it at that. In any case, if a Bishop, instead of performing his proper functions, such as the supervision of the Parishes in his Diocese, were to usurp functions belonging to the civil authorities, or were to attempt to interfere in the management of my business, it would be my duty to treat him as a usurper and intruder, rather than as a Bishop. In the same way, if the Federal Government and its representatives, instead of confining Federal functions to the purposes defined in the Constitution, should have become bureaucratic, intrusive, domineering, and rapacious, and should have usurped functions which in no way pertain to them, it would be my duty to do everything in my power to put them back in their place, not merely for my own sake personally, but because it is part of my eternal duty—my duty to God, as some would say—to do what I can to maintain respect for order, and to make respect for law possible. So long as any law, such as the Income Tax law, involves an elaborate system of spying into the personal affairs of inoffensive citizens, respect for law is certain to disappear, with moral anarchy as a result."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed our Visitor, rather unexpectedly. Then he asked: "Practically, however, what would you have wished those people to do, as they shook hands with their Bishop?"

"I am grateful for your pronoun", the Engineer replied, "for *their* Bishop is an important factor in the problem. He was not the Bishop of some other denomination with which they had no connection. Those people were there voluntarily; they were not obliged to be there; they had selected that Church as their own, with the recognition, to some extent, of the doctrine of Apostolic succession. Even if some of them entertained mental reservations under that head, their membership in that Church involved an obligation to play the game according to the traditions of that Church, particularly on such occasions; otherwise they should leave it. Exactly the same is true of a social Club: suppose it has been the unwritten rule for years to maintain silence in the reading-room, what wretched taste, to put it mildly, for a member to violate that rule! Think, also, of the national flag,—a symbol of the nation's soul for which countless men have died,—the outer and visible sign of an ideal: do we not owe it to ourselves to show it reverence? Surely it stands for more than so much coloured material at so many cents a yard! Yet I have seen

it carried through the streets of New York in a military parade, with most onlookers staring without salutation or the least sign of respect. It was *their* flag, representative of their country; and although, in New York, many of those onlookers, if citizens at all, were probably citizens only by adoption, they might at least have remembered that they had 'joined the Club', and were bound in honour, therefore, to show gratitude to those whose sacrifice made its existence possible. The men should have raised their hats; the women (I know of no other method for them) should have stood as if 'at attention', facing the symbol of their own and their children's safety, intent on the best of the spirit which their flag represents. So with the Bishop: it seems to me that the men, as he shook hands with them, and wished them God's blessing, might have bowed with every show of reverence, as they would have bowed, I hope and believe, if they had met that tragic figure, the old Empress Eugénie; while, as to the women (I take my life in my hands), the few of them who made a slight curtsy seemed to me to be setting an example from which the majority might have profited."

"Good Heavens! The modern woman has never curtsied in her life; she doesn't know how."

"Then let her go to her grandmother, and find out. It's never too late to mend."

"You are certainly revolutionary!" our Visitor exclaimed.

"No", said the Engineer, "I have a hankering for civilization."

"By the way, you made a great point of deference to old women: when is a woman old?"

"I should say,—when she boasts of being eighty-five. But I did not intend to limit my suggestion to age in that sense; I meant that respect is due at all ages from the younger to the older, and from all men to all women. The greater the difference in age, the more marked should be the evidence of respect. It is charming, for instance, to see a young married woman curtsy to a woman of her own class who is a grandmother,—merely because she is a grandmother. But the thing is impossible unless it begins in the home, that is to say, unless a respectful manner to parents is made obligatory. Nowadays, so far as I can see, the aim of most *good* parents is to be friends with their children on equal terms, on the theory that their children will hide things from them on any other basis. An acquaintance told me not long ago that he had severely reproved his son of fourteen for staying at some party until four o'clock in the morning, but that when the boy had protested passionately that other parents allowed it, and that he could not treat his father as a friend if he were to be hampered so unreasonably,—he, my acquaintance, had realized quickly that he must 'go slow', for otherwise he would 'lose his boy', and that anything would be better than that. I felt inclined to suggest that he would have to catch his boy before he could possibly lose him. How *can* parents win the respect of their children if their inner attitude be a mixture of fear and idolatry! Yet parental devotion too often takes that form.

"To sum up, I think that Bolshevism begins in the nursery, and can best

be fought there,—although it can never be fought there properly until parents learn that they must obey if they would instil and inspire obedience. Too many people seek to command before they have learned to obey,—the result of which, in the nature of things, is anarchy."

"I do not understand", said our Visitor. "'Parents obey': whom, what? Do you mean the laws of the land? Are you thinking about Prohibition?"

"I am not", the Engineer replied. "I am speaking of obedience to the laws of God, or, as I should prefer to express it, to the Higher Self, to a man's own soul, and, in the case of a would-be disciple, of obedience to the will of his Master; a Quaker would say, obedience to the Inner Light. I am suggesting that, instead of following their own whims and caprices, their own impulses and desires, parents should set all these aside and *obey* the best and highest they can see, regardless of their personal convenience, preference, inclination."

"What is likely to be the chief topic at the Convention?" the Student now asked, turning to the Ancient; then, half apologetically, to our Visitors, he added: "The annual Convention of The Theosophical Society is to be held on April 26th. It is a great event, for us."

The Ancient paused. "I do not know," he said at last. "Our Conventions have never been cut-and-dried. Masters have their own way of emphasizing a need. Sometimes, out of all that is said, it is the delegates themselves who seize on a phrase, a sentence, as the 'message' of that Convention; and very often, I think, their intuition is right. Things are said without premeditation, as an over-welling of the united spirit of the Society, if not as an echo of what Great Ones are saying to us. From one standpoint, it does not matter what the topic is, so long as we leave the Convention with our souls on fire, and with a will of steel to do as we know we should do. The gates of the Lodge are opened, and it will be our fault if, as we lift up our hearts, the 'King of glory' does not enter in." T.

REVIEWS

The Sumerians, by C. Leonard Woolley, Oxford University Press, New York, 1929; $2.50.
History and Monuments of Ur, by C. J. Gadd; Chatto and Windus, 1929; 15s.

Both Professor Woolley and Mr. Gadd are well known in archæological work, Professor Woolley having, for many years, been associated with the excavations at Ur; Mr. Gadd being of the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities at the British Museum; so that what they have to tell us about this most ancient city of the Chaldees, is of the deepest interest. These books may very profitably be read in close sequence, for while the subject matter in both is much the same, the approach to it differs not a little. Perhaps the average reader will do well to take *The Sumerians* first, since Professor Woolley presupposes a knowledge of his subject on the part of his reader, somewhat less than does Mr. Gadd. Professor Woolley tells us in a simple and direct way the story of that remote civilization which has never failed to make an appeal to the imagination of anyone interested in antiquity. To many people, Ur of the Chaldees has been chiefly associated with Abraham, but the history of Sumer, as it is now known, cleaves its way back through ages upon ages before the birth of the great Israelite, and the farther back we get, the more dazzling and magnificent the civilization becomes. "It is the paradox of the history of Ur," writes Mr. Gadd, "that it ends in grosser darkness than it begins." And again: ". . . the works of the earlier ages, as they successively become known, differ from their descendant counterparts nowise so much as in their higher excellence; it is as if men not only invented nothing more than they had at first from Oannes [he who "first brought civilization to mankind out of the sea"], but even missed some of the virtue, as they moved from the source, of their inspiration." This idea would surprise no student of Theosophy, who would remember the law of cycles, and who also might see in Oannes one of those "sacerdotal adepts" spoken of in *The Secret Doctrine* (II, 203), who tarried "on their way to Asia Minor from India, the cradle of humanity, . . . to civilize and initiate a barbarian people,"—"the sea", in this case, meaning the Persian Gulf. For Berosus (third or fourth century B.C.), who must have had access to "excellent material at present unrecovered", relates how ". . . every day this being would converse" with the people, "until gradually they learnt from him all the things of civilization, . . . since which time, nothing more has been invented."

Pre-historic Sumerian chronology is divided into ante-diluvian and post-diluvian periods, the list of Kings being introduced by the impressive phrase, "The Kingship came down from heaven." The continuity of this Royal Line was, however, broken at the coming of the Flood, "when the gods in their anger had resolved to destroy mankind," but later, "after the deluge had spread ruin, Kingship came down (again) from heaven." These archaic statements are easily reconciled with all we are told in *The Secret Doctrine* about the Great Beings who ruled in Atlantis, and who carried the Divine Wisdom safely to other lands, when the last of that continent was submerged; and it must always be a matter of regret to students of Theosophy, that archæology has so much difficulty in accepting as statements of fact, many of the most ancient records, merely because these records bring back to us the memory of conditions which are little understood to-day,—the difficulty, for instance, which both Professor Woolley and Mr. Gadd find in admitting the possible truth of the vast periods of time, said to have been consumed by the reigns of a few Kings only. No student of Theosophy would feel a longevity, counted in thousands of years, to be "an exaggeration" so "gross" as to deprive it "of any

dating value". Those who know of the Divine Kings in the dim, far-away past—those guardians of the Secret Wisdom, to whom age, in the physical sense, was impossible—will recognize in these claims, survivals of actual ante-diluvian records. Moreover, quite apart from Theosophy, there is nothing archæologically new in the reputed longevity of the Divine Rulers of antiquity, for anyone may turn to ancient Egypt and to Manetho's List of Kings to find that, in the "Dynasty of the Gods", Hephaistos is said to have reigned nine thousand years.

We wish Mr. Gadd had told us more about the Ziggurat—that mysterious, architectural mountain at Ur—and his ideas as to what its uses and purposes were; for we feel that he could tell us much more if he would. Despite what he says, we think it more than likely that astronomical observation was at least a part of the use to which it was put, for astronomy was held, from the earliest times, to be one of the sacred sciences. But we are reminded by what Herodotus tells us of the Ziggurat of Ur, that it was also a place where the Mysteries were performed, perhaps, also, a place of initiation. In fact it must have served much the same purpose that certain of the pyramids of Egypt did, and while it is probable that Herodotus was entrusted by the priests with but partial truth regarding the Mysteries, there must have been at least a foundation for what he wrote.

Both these books are clearly and delightfully written; they are richly illustrated, and they will be found to be very fruitful as well as most interesting reading.

T. D.

Process and Reality, by Alfred N. Whitehead, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1929; price $4.50.

The publication of this work is probably the most significant event in its field since the appearance of *Creative Evolution*. Indeed, *Process and Reality* may be interpreted as a continuation of Bergson's work, although it is a continuation with many original elements. Professor Whitehead is, by temperament and training, a mathematical physicist and not an introspective psychologist. If his conclusions are often almost identical with Bergson's, his method is very different.

He has named his cosmological scheme "the philosophy of organism". It is his thesis that reality, as opposed to potentiality, is inseparable from actual process or growth, and that every manifestation of process is an organized sequence of events constituting the history of some particular entity. Each event of that history sums up the past experiences and relationships of the entity in which it occurs, but no two entities follow exactly the same order in their development. Every entity is a unique creature, and the process whereby it becomes itself is, in some degree, distinct from all other processes in the universe. Thus, Nature is a state of continuous creation. Like the poet's "Beauty", Nature is old, yet ever new.

Whitehead criticizes the Aristotelian idea of a "primary substance" as the source of many of the worst misconceptions of modern philosophy. It is certain that both materialists and idealists have been hypnotized by the notion that reality is, in the last analysis, an absolutely simple and homogeneous substance. They have assumed that ultimate reality—whatever that may mean—has no correspondence of nature with actual experience. Philosophical mystics, like Plato and Plotinus, who have claimed the experience of a deeper reality than is vouchsafed to most men, have given a different account of what they found. *The One* of Plotinus is not a state of barren monotony, but infinitely richer and more diversified *within its unity* than any actual world of which we can conceive. It is the perfect flowering of a reality which we already experience, though dimly, here and now. Whitehead is not a philosophical mystic, but he is more humble than most metaphysicians in the presence of actualities, and he has recognized the need for reconstructing what he calls the Category of the Ultimate.

"'Creativity', 'many', 'one' are the ultimate notions involved in the meaning of the synonymous terms 'thing', 'being', 'entity'. These three notions complete the Category of the Ultimate" (p. 31). Creativity is "the principle of novelty" both in the unified universe as a whole, and in the many entities "which are the universe disjunctively." The field of creative action is a unity and a multiplicity. There is a host of "particular actualities", but each actuality is an integration or, as one might say, an incarnation of the universe. "An actual

entity cannot be a member of a 'common world', except in the sense that the 'common world' is a constituent of its own constitution. It follows that every item of the universe, including all the other actual entities, are constituents in the constitution of any other actual entity" (p. 224). But although every entity is, in one aspect, the universe, it is also itself, a centre of independent existence, an individual upon some plane of being. "The oneness of the universe, and the oneness of each element in the universe, repeat themselves to the crack of doom in the creative advance from creature to creature, each creature including in itself the whole of history and exemplifying the self-identity of things and their mutual diversities" (pp. 347–348).

In his concluding chapter, Whitehead finds a place for God in Nature. This God is given two natures, the primordial and the consequent. Viewed as primordial, God is "the unlimited conceptual realization of the absolute wealth of potentiality." On the other hand, "the consequent nature of God is the fulfilment of his experience by his reception of the multiple freedom of actuality into the harmony of his own actualization" (pp. 521, 530).

These may sound like hard sayings, but the ideas which underlie them are less obscure than might be expected. They bear a definite resemblance to certain doctrines of the Sankhya School of Indian philosophy. The "primordial nature" of God may be compared to the latent consciousness of Purusha, the creative Spirit, which impresses upon Prakriti, or Nature, the potentialities of form and motion. Under the constant impulsion of Purusha, Prakriti converts the potential into the actual, and this process of "materialization" in Nature awakens a corresponding process in Spirit whereby its latent consciousness is awakened. Purusha, in its awakened and Self-conscious condition, seems to be a counterpart of the "consequent nature" of Whitehead's God.

"By reason of the relativity of all things, there is a reaction of the world on God . . . He shares with every new creation its actual world . . . His derivative nature is consequent upon the creative advance of the world . . . He saves the world as it passes into the immediacy of his own life" (pp. 523–525). There is the implication that the consequent nature of God includes in its Self-consciousness the sum-total of the experience of all lesser entities. In the terms of mysticism, an entity becomes consciously immortal in so far as it is aware of its union with God.

It is unfortunate that Whitehead's thought is too often obscured by the technical jargon which he inflicts upon the reader. Even the specialist must find the going difficult, and the layman cannot expect much more enlightenment than he might receive from a medical journal or a legal document. Professors of philosophy should repeat to themselves as a warning the comment of James I upon Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*, that it reminded him of "the Peace of God which passeth all understanding".

S. L.

The Mysteries of Britain, or the Secret Rites and Traditions of Ancient Britain Restored, by Lewis Spence; Rider & Company, London; 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Spence, in this new volume, seeks to prove that, on the strength of Britain being universally regarded by the ancients as the "Sacred Isle", it must have had a secret tradition and mysteries entirely independent of those of Egypt and India; and he appeals to the national pride of his countrymen not "to find in alien systems, æsthetic and philosophic, that which is seemingly more desirable than anything of native origin" (p. 7). So far as this appeal would tend to make his readers forget that all mysteries are one, and that all true initiates meet in the Great Lodge, whose centre since the decline of Atlantis, millenniums B.C., has been in Egypt and Asia, we are forced to disagree. But of the existence and vitality of mysteries and of a genuine mystery tradition in Britain, there can be no doubt, as the author clearly demonstrates. Nor can we doubt that its special characteristics would be calculated to appeal with the force of inheritance to native Britons.

However, the Druid mysteries of the historic period had much that was decadent about them; and the student of Theosophy, interested in the Right and not the Left Hand Path, would be more concerned with the corrective influence of "imported" mysteries, through

Christianity, Masonry, etc., than with any available evidence of the mere survival of native mystery rituals, or claims to possess them. The indiscriminate study of the mysteries cannot be recommended if the lay reader is to be attracted. Nevertheless, the Druids, the Welsh Bards, the Culdees (whom Mr. Spence almost ignores because they were Christians), and Arthurian and Grail Legends (in their Celtic form), contain much of great interest and significance; and Mr. Spence's popularly written account of these is both suggestive and stimulating. There is, however, in the reviewer's opinion, much more to be said; and a better case can be made out by exactly reversing Mr. Spence's thesis, and by presenting the strong evidence of original Egyptian influence in what has outwardly survived, going back almost to Atlantean times (which apparently lies in the background of Mr. Spence's mind, but is nowhere mentioned), and contributing all that was best, we believe, in the true mysteries of Britain.

X. Y.

The House of the Soul, by Evelyn Underhill; Methuen and Co., Ltd., London, 1929; 2*s*.

It would have been a privilege to have been numbered amongst the "small group of like-minded people" to whom this series "of informal addresses" were given in 1929, and, added to the brilliance of exposition exhibited in this booklet, to have had what must be Miss Underhill's earnestness of personal conviction. In reading and re-reading these one hundred and ten little pages, we are treated to the same precision of thought and grasp of fundamentals, the same wealth of illustration from the great host of mystics who have written of the soul, which the author's successive works have led one to expect. But we are also treated to something more. This volume deepens the impression of those which preceded it, *Man and the Supernatural*, reviewed at length in the QUARTERLY, April, 1928, and *Concerning the Inner Life*, reviewed January, 1927. Miss Underhill has not only studied the literature of mysticism and the discipline of the religious life, she has applied that discipline, and has started herself upon the great adventure. She writes, therefore, more and more from experience, with the added stimulation, and we may say attraction, which that always gives to any discussion of the inner life. *The House of the Soul*, an image borrowed from the great St. Theresa, and applied most effectively in an allegorical way to the cardinal and theological virtues, is no longer an artificial house, constructed from select materials of other peoples' houses, but an actual house in which the writer has lived, which she has many times "spring-cleaned", and in the upper chambers of which she is determined to establish her dwelling. The lower story of four rooms, requires a quaternary of Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude to rule over them; once firmly established in these we may hope to ascend successfully, and to find an upper triad of Faith, Hope, and Charity,—spacious rooms these, in which the consciousness of the soul may enlarge its vision of life, transcend "our limited anthropocentric outlook", and be lifted up "to a certain participation in the universal Divine outlook" (p. 70). "Faith—often so cheaply equated with mere belief—is something far more than this. It is the soul's watch-tower; a solitary place at the top of a steep flight of stairs. Those stairs, for some souls, have almost the character of the Way of the Cross; so humbling are the falls, so disconcerting the evidence of our human weakness, so absolute the stripping, and so complete the sacrifice which is asked as the price of the ascent. Bit by bit, all the wrappings of sensitive nature must be left behind. And even for those to whom the way lies open, and of whom this utter denudation is not asked, it is sometimes a great effort to go up. The stairs are steep; we are, or think that we are, very busy. We know that if we do go, it must be with purified sight, clear of prejudice and of distracting passions, empty of our selves; for only in emptiness of spirit, as Ruysbroeck says, can we receive that Incomprehensible Light which is 'nothing else but a fathomless gazing and seeing'. With so little leisure and so languid an inclination, it seems better to mutter a few prayers whilst we tidy the kitchen; content ourselves with the basement view of the world, and rationalize this interior laziness as humility of soul. But if we do make the effort needed for that ascent, what a revelation! Busy on the ground floor, we never realized that we had a place like this; that our small house shot up so high into Heaven" (pp. 70–71).

Nor is this all. With great simplicity Miss Underhill adds her testimony to that of the long line of mystics she has studied, of what may happen to one who makes the venture of faith,

"When the curtains of Faith are drawn, we find that we are not alone in the upper room. A companion is there with us, and has always been with us; whom we hardly noticed—almost took for granted—when we were gazing at the marvellous view. Now in the dimness we draw near one another. . . . Here, where the mysterious Source of all beauty, truth and love enters and obscurely touches our spirit, the most secret and intimate experiences of religion take place. Happy in her bareness and poverty, the soul sits like the beggar maid at Cophetua's feet. She has no desire to look out of the window then. She is absorbed in that general loving attention which is the essence of contemplative prayer; an attention sometimes full of peace and joy, at others without light or emotional gladness, but always controlled by a gratitude, adoration, humble affection, which exclude all thought even of the needs of self. Such prayer, said one of the mystics, 'brings God and the soul into a little room, where they speak much of love'" (pp. 80–1).

Miss Underhill is herself witness to the truth which Dante portrayed, that thought and imagination are pioneers of the will, and lead the will. What a man thinks, that he becomes; and if he think continuously of mysticism and the Mystic Way, soon or late he will find himself, first desiring to tread, and then treading, that Way. Therefore Miss Underhill's achievement, just because her original approach seemed to be purely intellectual, is to-day an especial inspiration, and earns the gratitude of all who are interested in living the life. Y. X.

Pagan Regeneration: A Study of Mystery Initiations in the Græco-Roman World, by Harold R. Willoughby; The University of Chicago Press, 1929; price $3.00.

The author is Associate Professor of New Testament Literature in the University of Chicago. His work is scholarly, but is pleasantly less dead than most works of that kind. For one thing, he has chosen a living subject, and although he could have made ten times more of it if he had studied *The Secret Doctrine*, he has not killed it with pedantry or with materialistic interpretation. In successive chapters he deals with "The Greater Mysteries at Eleusis", "Dionysian Excesses", "Orphic Reform", "The Regenerative Rites of the Great Mother" (Cybele-Attis worship), "Death and Rebirth in Mithraism", "Isiac Initiation" (Cult of Isis), "The New Birth Experience in Hermeticism", "The Mysticism of Philo". He falls into the common error of assuming that a spiritual and moral significance was extracted in later times from a rite or myth which originally was entirely naturalistic in meaning—that Attis, for instance, was merely the god of vegetation—instead of realizing that the origin of all these cults is to be found in the ancient Mystery Doctrine (Theosophy), which was less a doctrine than a spiritual experience, and that the lives of great Adepts often revealed the inner experience in dramatic form, which was then interpreted to suit the needs of different classes of men, in descending degrees of simplicity, and in terms less and less spiritual,—often to the point of utter corruption. "Take, eat, this is my Body. . . . Drink ye all of this, for this is my Blood"—did not originate in the blood sacrifices of savages, but in the Mystery Initiation (a spiritual experience) of the Egyptian Lodge, while the blood sacrifices of savages were a dreadful perversion, by degenerates, of that most ancient of all symbols.

In the Preface, the author states that for some years he "has been fascinated by the problem of the genesis of Pauline mysticism", and asks how it could have come about that, with primitive Christianity "essentially unmystical in character, Pauline Christianity developed in a way to accentuate the mystical phases of religious experience." How he can think of St. John's Gospel, and of the sayings of Jesus, as "unmystical", is beyond our comprehension. That the apostles, for the most part, were terribly "thick", though good and devoted, cannot be questioned; but even their stupidity was not equal to clouding the mystical significance of the Master's own statements. These, however, are criticisms, and do not seriously affect the value of the book, which is a mine of suggestive facts for the student of Theosophy. The author especially deserves our gratitude for his recognition of the reality of the experience which came to those who followed faithfully the ancient rules of discipline: "the immediate result for the Jew [Philo] as for the Egyptian [the follower of Hermes] was an ecstasy which each interpreted as divine possession. In that culminating moment the divine spirit flooded the human soul and temporarily, or permanently, transformed it into divine essence" (p. 260).

T.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 346.—*If the personality is the food for the growing inner spiritual life, may we infer that the more we are crowded by events, the faster the growth?*

ANSWER.—The more we are crowded by events, the faster the growth—if we make the right use of these events, guided by aspiration and intuition, and guarded by detachment. But "Kill out the hunger for growth". J.

ANSWER.—The pressure of events, of life and of daily living, certainly affords opportunities for more rapid inner growth, assuming that we keep the personality where it belongs, giving it orders and using it as an instrument. But if we are "crowded" by events, or if we allow ourselves to think that we are "crowded", there is the danger that we may become a little breathless, that we may fight as those that beat the air. Immediately, then, the personality attempts again to assume control. We ought never to feel "crowded", if we exercise right discrimination in regard to the relative importance of events, if we make a right choice in regard to apparently conflicting duties. It has been said that there is always time to perform every real duty, and to fulfil it thoroughly and completely. We do not have to perform *all* our duties all at once. The feeling of being under great pressure may very well be for us a reminder to stop for a moment, and to ask ourselves whether these apparent duties which are crowding in upon us are real or imaginary; whether or not they are immediate; whether they have to do with purposes of soul or are, instead, illusions which the personality has suggested. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Not necessarily. "Events" do not constitute the "personality", and it is not the crowding of events which furnishes our growth, but the manner in which we meet and handle them. Many people live lives crowded to suffocation with events, but they seem to go out of life little wiser than they came into it. Others, passing their days in comparative isolation, and far removed from all strictly outer activities, draw nourishment for a "growing inner spiritual life" from outwardly colourless years. One has but to read the lives of many of the saints to realize what seclusion did for them. Having few material distractions they were able to turn their whole attention inward. Yet, even if a solitary life were not a matter of deliberate choice, but were enforced and distasteful, it would be the spirit in which we faced the very uneventfulness of our days which would further our growth; the pouring of the best of ourselves into such few things as we might find to do; the wresting of the deepest lesson from each experience, however insignificant; persevering good cheer in the face of loneliness; unfaltering trust in Divine guidance and protection, no matter how deep the silence of isolation; determination to be faithful to the end. This attitude of mind and heart, if maintained courageously, would certainly feed "the growing inner spiritual life", because much of the power hitherto imprisoned in the personality, would have been released, to be used for higher purposes. There were countless heroic examples of this during the World War among allied prisoners, caught in the desolation of internment camps. T. A.

QUESTION No. 347.—*In* The Key to Theosophy *which a member of your Society recently gave me, I find it stated that Theosophists do not pray; yet the friend who gave me the book goes to church and joins in the prayers of the congregation. Is she a hypocrite (which I cannot believe), or is there some available explanation of the author's statement?*

ANSWER.—*The Key to Theosophy* does not limit itself to the statement quoted. (Parenthetically, we may say that even if it did, no member of the Society is under any obligation to agree with it, and certainly would not subject himself, or herself, to any criticism or suspicion of hypocrisy if, not agreeing with it, he went to church and prayed.) Madame Blavatsky goes on to define the kind of prayer in which she does not believe:

"Not in prayer taught in so many words and repeated externally, if by prayer you mean the outward petition to an unknown God as the addressee, which was inaugurated by the Jews and popularized by the Pharisees" (*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 45).

The Key to Theosophy also says, page 47, that "prayer is an occult process bringing about physical results", and gives a solemn warning against its use for selfish and unholy purposes. True prayer is very different from selfish petition. It would seem that one of Madame Blavatsky's purposes was to indicate what real prayer may be, and to draw a sharp distinction between it and the superstition that trusts to the mere repetition of a form of words, without any reinforcement from will or sacrifice, the wings of prayer, lacking which it cannot rise. True prayer is a great power and a way by which, when backed by sacrifice and will, we can make force available on this plane for the Masters' use. Obviously, however, its purpose must be in line with their purposes or they cannot use it. The article, "War, seen from Within", in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for January, 1915, will be found illuminating in this connection.

If a little child runs to his father in simple love and trust, with some request, the father may or may not be able to grant it, but, if it be not bad for the child, he will certainly want to do so. The Masters are more, not less, human than we, and have far more compassionate and loving hearts. They have also great power. Those who go to them as little children are not disappointed.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—An answer to this question is given in the same section of *The Key to Theosophy* as that which contains the statement that Theosophists do not pray. The *Key* explains that there is another kind of prayer, in which students of Theosophy believe, which is called "will-prayer", which is rather an internal command than a petition, which is made "to 'Our Father in Heaven', in its esoteric meaning". The right to command, in this sense, must be earned by acting to the utmost of our ability through exercise of the will in accordance with our highest aspirations. By so acting, it is possible to evoke a re-enforcement of our heart's desire, which gives us the strength to carry out our resolutions. But the work must be done by us, and not left to "God" to do for us,—the latter being an interpretation of the meaning of prayer held by many Christians, and a misconception which "H. P. B." vigorously combatted.

G. H. M.

ANSWER.—In *The Key to Theosophy* I do not think it is "stated that Theosophists do not pray," in the true sense of the meaning and purpose of prayer. So far as I am aware the author makes it clear that Theosophists *should* and *do* pray, though not to an anthropomorphic God, but "in 'communion' and simultaneous action in unison with our 'Father in secret'." Briefly, I think the querist's misunderstanding is due to not having grasped the significant distinction which the author makes between prayer that is merely petition and "kills self-reliance," and "*will-prayer*" which must be accompanied by right action on the part of the one who does the praying. It seems to me that the author emphatically advocates this latter kind of prayer; which may be exercised at home, or on the street, or in a church, or elsewhere.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—This question is answered at length in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of July, 1929, pages 56–57.

X. Y. Z.

QUESTION NO. 348.—*Being a very recent recruit in the ranks of Theosophy, I am puzzled by much of its vocabulary. For example, I cannot see any sharp distinction between individuality and personality, nor do the dictionaries make any, yet it seems to me Theosophists do. Am I right in this; and if so, what is the difference?*

ANSWER.—Briefly, individuality might be defined as that part of us which endures, which reincarnates, which has in it that spark of the Divine which should be consciously in command.

The personality in turn might be defined as the lower personal self, full of all kinds of powers and potentialities for evil or for good, depending upon whether the personality is "running things", or upon whether it is under control, being used as the instrument of the individuality. St. Paul makes this distinction between the individuality and the personality abundantly clear, and patient study of *The Key to Theosophy* will also shed much light on the difference between them. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Theosophists do make a distinction between the personality and the individuality, the distinction being that the one is fleeting, the other persists. Every "divine Ego" coming into incarnation, is born, each time, with a new personality; i.e. with certain undesirable tendencies brought over from past lives; certain peculiarities, certain limitations, all of which must be transformed or transmuted into such qualities as are known to be desirable. In *Fragments*, vol. I, page 27, we read: "What mistaken ideas are held regarding the personality. If you could only take it to be all that in yourself you do not like, all that you feel to be unworthy, that you wish was not there, all that you know, *deep in your heart*, obscures and trammels you!" etc. The individuality, on the other hand, is made up of immortal and divine qualities, and may, in fact, be said to be "the immortal and divine Ego", around which, during incarnation, the veils of the temporary personality are wrapped. The first qualification for chêlaship (Cf. *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, page 4) is the "Discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal," and one interpretation of this would be, that it is the duty of every aspirant for chêlaship to endeavour to look through the unrealities of the personality (in everyone he meets, as well as in his own) to that which is real and immortal. In *The Theosophical Glossary*, page 234, it is said: "Thus the *Personality* embraces all the characteristics and memories of one physical life, while the *Individuality* is the imperishable *Ego* which re-incarnates and clothes itself in one personality after another." T. A.

ANSWER.—The article "For Inquirers" in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1926, gives a brief description of the meaning of a number of the most frequently used Theosophical terms, including the two terms in question. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Students of Theosophy employ certain terms to express meanings or ideas not usually attached to them by others. Hence, a definition of many terms used in Theosophical literature becomes necessary to a proper understanding of their significance. The terms "individuality" and "personality" are employed by students of Theosophy to distinguish between the spiritual and material principles in man. To them, the individuality is the real, incarnating and permanent spiritual Ego, and our various and numberless "personalities" only its external masks. [Vide *The Key to Theosophy*,—"On Individuality and Personality", p. 91.] The word "personality" is derived from the Latin *persona*, which means "mask". The "personality" is also referred to in Theosophical literature to signify the "lower nature", which must be controlled and mastered by the "individuality", or spiritual Ego, until the former is transformed into the likeness of the latter. The mask then, by being worn thin, no longer conceals, but reveals the spiritual Ego, as a tight-fitting glove expresses the hand. G. H. M.

QUESTION NO. 349.—*Ought not the children of Theosophists to be superior to other children?*

ANSWER.—A great deal seems to be taken for granted in this question! Without, however, going into fine distinctions, it may be said that the children of students of Theosophy should have opportunities which cannot fall to others. Unfortunately, it does not follow of necessity that they will use their opportunities. There is an old saying to the effect that you can take a horse to the stream, but you cannot make him drink. Further, unusual opportunities may mean that a soul has earned the right to special moral protection, or they may mean that a soul is in dire need, and that the parents of the growing personality may have had a 'forlorn hope' entrusted to them. In certain circumstances, children may inherit, not the virtues, but the opposites of the virtues of their parents. H. T. E.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

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ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.
P. O. BOX 64, Station O, New York, N.Y.

March 1st, 1930.

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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:

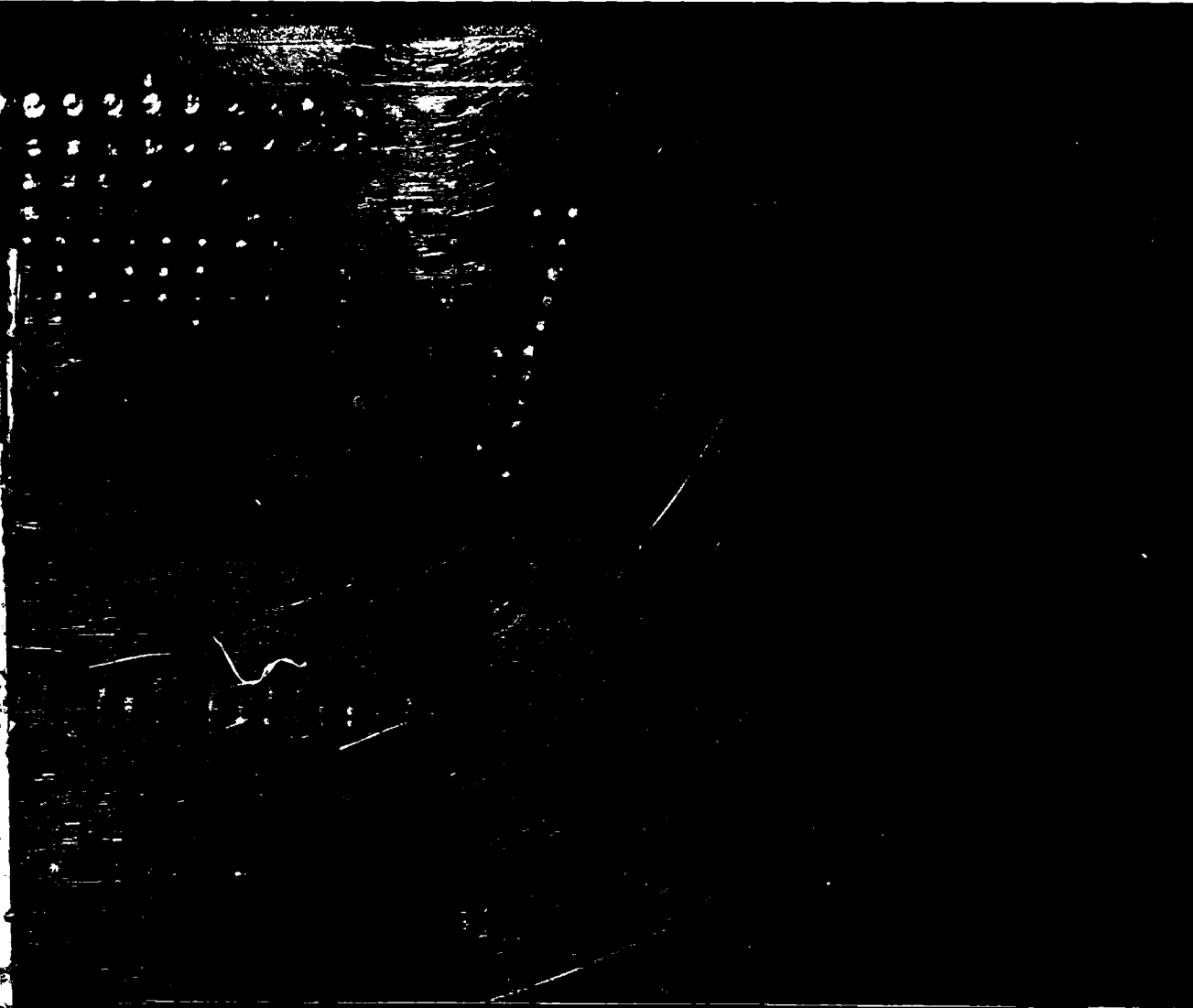
"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy 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."

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