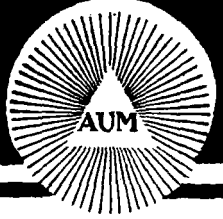
VOL. XXIX, No. 1 JULY, 1931 No. 113

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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

Published by The Theosophical Society
at 64 Washington Mews, New York, N.Y.

July; October; January; April

Address all communications to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York

In Europe, single copies may be obtained from and subscriptions may be sent to John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England; or to Mr. E. H. Lincoln, 9 Beaconsfield Road, Low Fell, Gateshead-on-Tyne, England, from whom all back numbers may be obtained. Annual subscription price, 6s., postpaid.

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Entered as second-class matter September 5, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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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 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

JULY, 1931

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.

Madame Blavatsky's Centenary

ON the night between July 30th and 31st, 1831, Madame Blavatsky was born. In the hundred years since then, nations have died and been reborn again; war after war has been fought; revolution has succeeded revolution, political, industrial, intellectual; civilizations have been swept away, and the whole map of the globe has been redrawn. Perhaps it would be difficult to find any hundred year period in which the dominion of Time over all outer things has been more completely demonstrated. Yet in the spiritual history of our race, which is, in the deepest sense, the record of the Theosophical Movement, this age stands out, not for Time's victory, but for its overthrow. To H. P. B. herself, to her indomitable heroism and unswerving fidelity to the Masters whom she served, we owe it that the old cycles have been broken and the Movement carried forward as never before. Time, "the great deluder", triumphing in the outer world, is no longer so "over-masterful" in the inner; and the "small, old Path that leads to the Eternal" is kept open for all who seek to tread it. Because of what one woman made herself, a woman "dead" for forty years, and "born" a hundred years ago,—because of what she was and is, Chêlaship is a present-day possibility and fact in the western world; and in the midst of change, the Changeless dwells among us.

Time and Eternity

We are such creatures of Time that we rarely command sufficient independence even to recognize the slavery that we suffer, or to question the meaning and necessity of the curious conditions that it imposes upon our consciousness. In space we know both rest and motion; but in time we are never still. Each moment passes as it comes to us, is reached only to be left behind. All our

contacts with the world about us are restricted by this rhythm of succession which characterizes all of nature, dominating our senses, our thinking, and, pre-eminently, our experience, so that we encounter and grasp nothing in its wholeness, but only as aspect succeeds aspect, and part is added to part. Such synthesis as we attain is not given in immediate outer perception, but is built up inwardly in memory and feeling. Stranger still, we know that this synthesis can never be more than partial, and that to-morrow may alter the whole complexion of the summary that we form to-day. The mechanism, which has unrolled the scroll of the past, hides the future, though the two are of one piece, and neither can be judged apart from the other. Yet immersed as we are, and have been from birth, in flux and change—in which we share so deeply that our very individuality is ours only as it adapts itself to them, conforming to the law of growth—our deepest craving is for a Reality that abides. Our deepest instinct is the instinct of the Eternal.

Time and Eternity: the two words stand in the sharp contrast of two different orders of life,—the outer life of earth-born man, and the inner life of the spirit to which the soul aspires. It is the contrast between the natural and the supernatural; between that which is becoming, which has a beginning and an end, and which lives and grows and dies through change, and that which, unborn, uncreate, everlasting, is in and of itself changeless, complete and perfect,—"the sorrowless Eternity". As *Being* may include but must transcend *Becoming*, so "with a single portion" of itself the Eternal established Time and the whole universe, yet "remains separate". Eternity is thus far different from the endless continuance of Time, as different as is the life of the spirit from an endless game of golf, or as is the finished perfection of the Praxitelean Hermes from the falling chips struck from a marble block by a tyro's hand. Perhaps perfection would be sterile did it not inspire emulation, and it may well be that Being can only realize itself by giving rise to manifold Becomings, by the Eternal emanating Time; but though Time be the creation of Eternity, Eternity is not Time grown old, nor Time immortalized. It is Time vanquished and annihilated—for the soul which, from within and by means of Time, rises to the plane where Time is not.

The records which the mystics have left us of their first-hand experience of spiritual Reality, are unanimous in emphasizing the sense of timelessness that it imparts. Whether in that contact they themselves had been lifted beyond Time they cannot tell, as St. Paul could not tell "whether in the body or out of the body"; but they know with certainty that what drew and held them, what they gazed upon with awe and adoration, is Whole and Perfect, changeless and timeless, "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever", abiding always; and that in its wholeness and perfection, all change and Time have their meaning and their goal. Reflected from the face of the Eternal, at which they look, the mystics see the realm of Time as from a height which obliterates distinctions. Succession gives way to unity. Past, present and future, merged into one, are equally at hand; and Time, thus immobilized, ceases to be.

The Past

It is too seldom realized that the past remains as much to be created as does the future,—for there is no separating "the three times", past, present and future. We think of the past as finished, fixed, irrevocable, above all, as known. Yet nothing can be known truly save in its relation to the whole of which it is a part; and if the whole be not yet determined, neither can the part be determined, which, to be determined, must stand in a determined relation to a determined whole. That is why faith and repentance make possible the remission of sins. A battle lost may be the tragic end of a nation's life, or the heroic prelude to the realization of its aspirations; and which it is, depends not upon itself but upon what follows it. Each of our present acts, as it moulds the future, equally remoulds the past. There is no shadow that cannot be made the foil for brighter light, no discord that cannot be woven into harmonies which it will deepen; but so, also, there is no good that may not be perverted and betrayed. Fifty-six years of the Theosophical Movement, the gifts from the Great Lodge of Masters, the life and work of H. P. B., of Judge, of all our comrades of the past, now rest in our hands—not as something finished, but as still at hazard, still unknown.

H. P. B.'s Detractors and Her Work

It was to be expected that the centennial of H. P. B.'s birth should have aroused echoes of what she had to face in bringing her message to the western world, and in opposing, almost single handed, the dogmatic materialism and bitter prejudices of her time. From the time she founded the Theosophical Society she was the object of vilification and slander, accused of everything that could hurt her, as a woman, most: of immorality, of deception and fraud, of iconoclasm and atheism, of having sold her soul to the devil, of betraying her country and of being a spy in its service. It did not at all matter how self-contradictory the accusations were, they were none the less believed and repeated; for they arose not from judgment, but from the emotional reactions of minds faced with what they could not understand and confronted by a higher standard of ethics than they were willing to apply to their own lives. H. P. B. was not a comfortable person to have around, if one valued one's self-complacency and ease. Her unconscious bigness revealed the smallness about her for what it was, and wounded vanities instinctively sought to re-establish themselves by belittling and besmirching her. How deeply she suffered from the calumnies heaped upon her is shown in her letters, and in the pathetic request, recorded in her will, that those who loved Theosophy and believed that she had tried to serve it, should remember her after her death in the commemoration of White Lotus Day. But suffer as she might and did, no suffering or personal considerations turned her from her path. Unswervingly, heroically, she pursued the mission she had been given to the end. "The gods are nourished by sacrifice". The Theosophical Society has no richer heritage than

the splendour of valour of its founder. She accepted her commission open-eyed, never blinding herself to what it would cost her. Indeed, as we look back to those early days, to the people around her and to what she had to do, it is clear that it would have been impossible for her to blind herself. She could scarcely, for example, close her eyes to the character of mind possessed by her young cousin, who was later made Count Witte. There was no least doubt as to the interpretation which he, being what he was, would put upon her unexplained disappearance from society and her equally unexplained appearances in strange company in out of the way corners of the East, in Egypt and in India. The "Secret Schools" are secret; and so she, being what she was, never explained; and Witte, being what he was, never ceased his evil-minded sneers and slanders. Being what he was, one does not blame him, any more than one blames a toad for spitting its venom; he was notorious for his suspicions of everyone; but what is harder to understand, or if understood to extenuate, is why anyone to-day should wish to write a biography of Madame Blavatsky basing its estimate of her character upon the innuendoes of Count Witte's memoirs and the reckless libels of Dr. Coues—whose publication forty years ago the New York *Sun* retracted with apologies, since the evidence failed wholly to substantiate them. Of all the lives which history presents, why choose this life for months of study, with which to associate one's own name, and for which to ask the attention of the public? Such an author must be profoundly attracted by the very qualities whose unfounded attribution to H. P. B. so wounded her. It is strange that anyone should wish to parade such an attraction; but it is still more strange that they should be so dominated by it as to be wholly blind to the extraordinary intellectual and moral position in which it places them. If H. P. B. was the charlatan they wish to think her, how explain the books she wrote, and the statements they contain of fact and theory for which, during her life, she was ridiculed and attacked, but which the advance of science has now corroborated? H. P. B.'s detractors differ widely among themselves on many points, but they bear one common hall-mark: complete ignorance of her and of her work.

The Perennial Sophomore

Everyone is familiar with the "Old Grad", the college alumnus much in evidence at football games and class reunions, who never has grown up, and never will. He is the traditional and perfect example of the arrested development which some critics believe to be the most typical, and perhaps the least obnoxious, product of our educational system. Having, as an undergraduate, been dragged protesting through the curriculum of some institution of higher learning, until a sufficient number of "points" adhered to him to warrant his dismissal with a degree, his powers of resistance have been so augmented by exercise that for the rest of his life they function quite automatically, successfully rejecting everything which might develop into an intellectual interest or a new idea. From his Junior year on, his bones and arteries may have hardened,

but his head and heart have remained as impermeably soft as a down cushion. He is genuinely pleased when his friends tell him that he has not changed in thirty years; but let us note that he has friends—though they are apt to be drawn from later and later generations as the years advance—and that they like to tell him things that please him. He is generally an honest and not unamiable fellow, and if our colleges produced nothing worse, it might not be so hard to forgive them.

It not infrequently happens, however, that the arresting influences of a college education affect its cleverer students at an even earlier age, and the perennial Sophomore is a much more pernicious person than the perennial Junior, known as the "Old Grad". He is most often found among the college faculty, for the seamy side of the teaching profession is the attraction it has for those who have so crystallized in the Sophomoric conceit of superior wisdom that they are neither able nor willing to abandon it. They *must* instruct; they *must* present their opinions as the final truth upon any and all subjects. Nothing is sacred to them. They suffer a neurotic compulsion that they cannot control to drag out and attack one's most cherished prejudices, and to contrast the lofty clarity of their own vision with the abysmal darkness and superstitious ignorance of those around them. To their friends, if they have friends, they are as Job's comforters.

We are prompted to these observations by an address on "Science and the Supernatural", by Dr. A. J. Carlson, delivered as the William Vaughan Moody Lecture at the University of Chicago, and published in the issue of *Science* for February 27, 1931. It, too, comes as an echo of the past, bringing us again the old blatant note of materialism, pretending to speak as science,—the pretence which H. P. B. exposes again and again, and fought through all her life. Dr. Carlson is Professor of Physiology at the University of Chicago. His principal works, according to *Who's Who in America*, are "Saliva and Saliva Secretion", "Lymph and Lymph Formation", etc., and he leaves us in no doubt of his conviction that such "cogitations disciplined by years of research" enable him to speak with authority, though he grants that what he has to say "has already been said, perhaps better, by other people". He holds that "The relation of the brain to the emotions is nearly as clear as the relation of the kidneys to the secretion of urine or the relation of the gullet to swallowing". He has no faith in the supernatural, and deems it of importance that this should be explained to us. In general he speaks to our blindness more in pity than in anger, but there are times when he wishes us to feel his just indignation and resentment that, despite his expressed disapproval, the world still clings to religious beliefs and ideals.

"Is supernaturalism a thing of yesterday? Have the peoples of the earth ceased to chant every variant of the tune, 'the old religion is good enough for me'? If the orthodox Jew (and that embraces most of the Jews) has dethroned Jehovah, and rejected the Bible, I have not heard of it. . . . The God of the Jews, the Christians and the Mahommedans in 1930 is not a fossil. Enter almost any religious service and you get an earful of ancient and modern super-

naturalism anent the soul, the devil, hell and heaven, sin, redemption, almighty Gods, angels, divine purposes, prayer. Is the supernatural extinct? Take a look on and about this campus, and you will find a very prolific and very recent growth of chapels and churches: edifices I am delighted to note, only in part dedicated to the rituals of the 'God of old'. . . . The world has indeed moved since the days of Galileo, but in some places it has not moved very far. Why, the handful of liberal and informed people who have worked their way out of the cocoon of supernaturalism does not even make a respectable leaven in the college graduate group!"

We should like to believe him in these matters; it would be comforting to believe his indignation warranted by the facts; but, alas, he is not as convincing as we might wish,—even when he asserts that "When I die, I will be a long time dead"; for, unfortunately, reincarnation must be reckoned with. His paper is noteworthy for more reasons than we can pause to point out, and we recommend it to students of Theosophy who, used to more modest utterances, have been tempted to wonder whether H. P. B.'s strictures on the dogmatic bumptiousness of the materialism of her day could have been really deserved. Dr. Carlson, the physiologist, is the only author we know who, writing of the "guesses or stories" in the world's "'sacred books' or mythology", claims "a fair acquaintance with most of them". We think of the series—to go no further—of Max Müller's *Sacred Books of the East*, and we realize that we cannot contend with such a pundit. We can only answer him in the words of Job: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." But no—Pascal can reply to him as well or better than Job, for none has a better right than he to speak in the name of the scientific method to which Dr. Carlson appeals, and if he has not Job's patience, he has at least the gift of going straight to his point.

"Now how does it advantage us to hear a man say that he has shaken off the yoke, that he does not believe that there is a God who watches over his actions, that he considers himself the sole master of his actions, and the sole person to whom to render his account. Does he think to induce us by this to have confidence in him henceforth, to expect his consolation, his counsel, his succour in all the needs of life? . . . 'Tis a mark of the feeblest wit not to recognize the misfortune of the man who lives without God. Nothing shows a worse disposition than not to desire earnestly the truth of the eternal promises; nothing is more cowardly than to brave it out against God. Let them leave these impieties to those so ill-bred as to be really and truly capable of them. Let a man be at least honourable if he cannot be a Christian. Let him recognize that there are but two kinds of people who can be called reasonable—those who serve God with all their heart because they know Him, and those who seek Him with all their heart because they know Him not. But as for those who live without knowing Him, and without seeking after Him, they judge themselves so little worthy of their own care that they are unworthy of the care of others; and one must have all that Christian charity which they despise, not to despise them even to the abandonment of them in their folly."

FRAGMENTS

MADAME BLAVATSKY
July 31st, 1931

MADAME BLAVATSKY, our lion-hearted pioneer! All honour to her, with our endless reverence and gratitude, as we stand at the salute while the twenty-one guns are roaring.

Where should we be without her, in what wretchedly far-off land of unlikeness, had she not braved poverty, obloquy and pain to bring her message through in unfaltering devotion to her Master's command.

In what darkness should we not have groped along, stumbling and falling in our weakness, lost, perhaps, in some morass of misunderstanding or despair, had she failed in her dangerous mission.

She it was who led the way, fearful always, but undaunted, trampling her sensibilities, her natural shrinkings under foot, and blazing the trail for us to follow through the wilderness of this lower world, pointing always to the Light, and bidding us believe that each true seeker finds.

Well did she know herself to be the target for every poisonous arrow of the Black Lodge, and, instead of avoiding them, she strove to attract them to her, that the Society she founded and nurtured might be spared the danger of their wounds.

To some this may appear figurative, but they would be wise to accept such statements as very literal fact, and pay her the tribute they owe for such unselfish service—a personal service, rendered to them personally—with all that implies of obligation. We may be sure the Masters, looking on, will require it at our hands,—they who stand like mountain fastnesses behind all those who are faithful unto death.

Because of her, the Lodge bugles rang their guiding call to us in our early days, bidding us awake and to arms, then giving us our direction: Not here, there; filling us with their nostalgic sweetness, and raising our hearts in the perplexities and confusions of our search.

Whatever of achievement any one of us may be able to show, whatever stone or pebble we may have placed in the edifice of the Theosophical Movement; whatever success the Movement itself has attained in this era of its manifestation (and success indeed it has had); no matter what credit be due to others (and glorious credit is due); it must all go back to her. She initiated the Society, she toiled for it, she died for it—she gave all that she had; and we who have drawn our sustenance from it, and have had the supreme and perilous privilege of working for it in our turn, must not, dare not, forget what we owe.

For as we remember, may we hope also to be remembered by Those whose blessing will be, if won, our final accolade.

CAVÉ.

H. P. B.

WHEN I first met H. P. B. in the spring of 1887, she was already an old and valued friend. I had been first introduced to her by reading A. P. Sinnett's *Occult World* in November, 1884, and *Esoteric Buddhism* in the following spring; and had been completely convinced of the truth of her message, of the reality of the Masters, and of her position as Messenger of the Great Lodge.

This conviction was tested by the attack made on her by the Society for Psychical Research in London, in June, 1885, when I made a vigorous protest in H. P. B.'s defence, and by further study of *Isis Unveiled*, *Five Years of Theosophy* and *Light on the Path* in the months that followed. H. P. B. came to England in May, 1887, and settled with some of her friends at Maycot, a villa in Upper Norwood near the Crystal Palace. I was in London for Indian Civil Service examinations, and was able to make arrangements through these friends to visit her. When I entered the room, she was sitting writing, with her back to the door. She turned to greet me, the powerful face lit up by a smile in the great blue eyes, her hair light golden brown, naturally waved or rippled, and parted and drawn back.

She was at work on the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, which came out at the end of 1888; we talked about some of the ideas it contained, and such was the immense generosity of her nature that she never made her visitor feel young, ignorant, inexperienced. There was an unconscious, whole-hearted humility about her, as rare as it was beautiful. One was always aware of the largeness and dignity of H. P. B.'s nature, yet there was nothing stilted or artificial about it. When at Lansdowne Road in the summer of 1888, whither she had moved from Maycot with her loyal friends, she stood behind my chair at lunch, stroking my hair and accusing me of using a tallow candle-end to keep it smooth,—there was not the least lapse from dignity: it was the humour of a good-natured Titan.

An immense feeling of power surrounded her; it was like being in a room with a tremendously active volcano, though eruptions—and there were eruptions—had less to do with that impression of power than had the steadily maintained force that was present in everything she did,—was present equally when she seemed to be doing nothing.

In the summer of 1888, H. P. B. was seated at a small table in the drawing-room at Lansdowne Road, not writing nor playing solitaire, as she so often did. I was seated at the opposite side of the table, talking to her of my coming journey to India. H. P. B. began to move her right hand, as if tapping the table with her fingers, but stopping some six inches from the surface. The tap came,

just the same, seemingly from the point on the table which she would have touched with her fingers. She did this half a dozen times without any break in the talk. Then I said: "That is interesting! Suppose you make the raps come on the back of my hand!" and I laid my closed hand before her on the table. The raps continued to come, with a cracking noise as before, and with the sensation of a spurt of electricity coming from my hand toward her finger tips. Then I said:

"It would be still more interesting if you made the raps come on the top of my head!" H. P. B. smiled and, raising her hand till it was about a foot from my head, which was slightly bent forward, she produced half a dozen raps, felt and heard as before. Then she said, in answer to a question:

"I could only show you how it is done if you were clairvoyant!"

In talking to her, one had always the sense of power, wisdom, integrity, humour. But at rare intervals there was a notable change. It was as though a door had opened within her, a door into the infinite worlds. One had a sense of a greater than H. P. B. speaking, a tremendous authority and force.

I once asked her what her own experience was during such visitations. She said that it was as if she stepped out and stood at one side, listening, keenly interested, fully remembering afterwards all that was said. "Nothing of the medium about it!" she added.

Rightly to judge her works requires a long perspective. Writing in 1887 she accurately foretold the immense revolution in physics which began with, the discovery of X-rays, Becquerel rays, radium and the miracle of radioactivity which transformed the whole of science; she even foretold the date—"before 1897". Years before, an article published by her declared that the day of a four-dimensional world was at hand. What was then an enigma is now a commonplace. What she wrote concerning gravity should be compared with the latest views. The quantum theory of light is constructively discussed in an essay, *An lumen sit corpus*. What she wrote concerning the Buddhism of Tibet, derided by orientalists, has been approved by high Lamas.

Far greater is the value of her spiritual teaching. She outlined the path of immortal life, indicating the signposts on that immemorial way. Those who have had the devotion, the sacrifice, the fortitude to follow her guidance, know of their own knowledge that she truly imparts the wisdom of the Way of Life.

C. J.

In my Truth is my strength.—SOPHOCLES.

H. P. B.'S DOCTRINE OF THE WILL

Passions grow from the will,
The will grows from thought and imagination:
When both are calmed,
There is neither sensualism nor transmigration.—

THE SUTRA OF FORTY-TWO CHAPTERS.

MADAME Blavatsky vigorously denied that the science of Theosophy was in any sense her discovery or invention. She insisted that she was only restating truths which had been studied and exemplified in the ancient Mysteries, and which are the immemorial heritage of the Great Lodge. By members of the Lodge—as many believe—she was directed to make public what had been privately taught for centuries. But even in the outer world there had always been knowledge of the existence of a "secret doctrine", though it was veiled by symbols and myths and figures of speech. Every student has reason to be grateful for H. P. B.'s revelation of the treasures buried beneath the surface of the world-religions and of many old philosophical systems. She has made the past live again in the present.

However, though her predecessors were numerous and illustrious, Madame Blavatsky had the rare faculty of producing new thoughts out of old materials; she was an original thinker. She could not be otherwise, because she was of the few who have attained individual, personal consciousness on the planes where force is creative. The human being who has become a genius—as the root of that word indicates—is a generator. His powers of perception and action are no longer negative and passive, moved only by external stimuli, for they are controlled by the will of their user. For example, a great artist sees in a landscape something unique, something which he alone can discover; and the energy released by his contemplative activity, impels him to embody his vision, to share it with others, thereby enriching the general consciousness of humanity. In like manner, Madame Blavatsky transmitted not only the "secret doctrine" of the Mysteries, but also her own invaluable personal view and interpretation of it. The science of Theosophy is as old as the universe, but passing through her mind, it was renewed, because she had proved its axioms for herself by living them.

We can never understand her literary work, if we consider it only abstractly. It was part of her service of her Master, and it mirrored the qualities of an adventurous and heroic life. It is dangerous and presumptuous to try to characterize in a sentence a nature as rich and as many-sided as hers; but without risk of falsification, one may regard her career as a progressive incarnation of

her Master's purpose. To that end, and to that end alone, she sacrificed all that was of lesser importance, and this one-pointed force of devotion became outwardly manifest in a character as loyal as it was indomitable.

The recorded incidents of Madame Blavatsky's childhood reveal her native endowment of imagination and will. Throughout her life she purified, developed and consolidated these powers, until she had literally transformed them into magical energies. Knowing their potency in her own life, like a true experimentalist, she assumed that all the creative forces in Nature were of the same essence as those which she had herself experienced. She recognized imagination, desire and will as the causal trinity, the "three in one", reigning supreme in macrocosm and in microcosm. This is, incidentally, one reason why her exposition of the Mystery teaching is never musty or academic. She did not consider metaphysics an intellectual game to be played by a few people who are good for nothing else. As she uses the term, metaphysics is the science of consciousness in all of its modifications, great and small.

In the opening pages of *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. B. states her attitude: "Call the phenomena force, energy, electricity or magnetism, will or spirit-power, it will ever be the partial manifestation of the *soul*, whether disembodied or imprisoned for a while in its body—of a portion of that intelligent, omnipotent and individual WILL, pervading all nature, and known, through the insufficiency of human language to express correctly psychological images, as GOD. . . . The ancient philosophy affirmed that it is in consequence of the manifestation of that Will—termed by Plato *the Divine Idea*—that everything visible and invisible sprang into existence. . . . As God creates, so man can create. Given a certain intensity of will, and the shapes created by the mind become subjective. . . . Given a more intense and intelligent concentration of this will, and the form becomes concrete, visible, objective; the man has learned the secret of secrets; he is a MAGICIAN" (I, 58–62).

In another passage from the same work, she quotes the words of a kindred spirit, Paracelsus: "Every created being possesses his own celestial power and is closely allied with heaven. This magic power of man, which thus can operate externally, lies, as it were, hidden in the inner man. This magical wisdom and strength thus sleeps, but, by a mere suggestion, is roused into activity, and becomes more living, the more the outer man of flesh and the darkness is repressed . . . and this, I say, the kabalistic art effects; it brings back to the soul that magical yet natural strength which like a startled sleep had left it." She adds that "both Van Helmont and Paracelsus agree as to the great potency of the will in the state of ecstasy; they say . . . that pure primeval magic does not consist in superstitious practices and vain ceremonies but in the imperial will of man" (I, 170).

The keynote here sounded recurs again and again throughout her writings. In *Five Years of Theosophy*, she defines "an Adept in the Occult Science" as "a man of profound knowledge, exoteric and esoteric, especially the latter; and one who has brought his carnal nature under the subjection of the will . . ." (p. 31, art.: "Chêlas and Lay Chêlas"). "It is only when the power of the pas-

sions is dead altogether, and when they have been crushed and annihilated in the retort of an unflinching will; when not only all the lusts and longings of the flesh are dead, but also the recognition of the personal Self is killed out . . . , that the Union with the 'Higher Self' can take place" (*Lucifer*, II, 179; art.: "Occultism versus the Occult Arts"). In *The Key to Theosophy*, she identifies real prayer with the exercise of the will: "We call it *will-prayer*, and it is rather an internal command than a petition. . . . It is a mystery rather; an occult process by which finite and conditioned thoughts and desires . . . are translated into spiritual wills and the will; such process being called 'spiritual transmutation'. The intensity of our ardent aspirations changes prayer into the 'philosopher's stone', or that which transmutes lead into pure gold. The only homogeneous essence, our 'will-prayer', becomes the active or creative force, producing effects according to our desire" (pp. 45–46).

Such words as these no longer sound strange and exotic. A clergyman or even a psychologist might read them without a sense of terrible shock. However, it is well to remember that the tides of opinion have turned since Madame Blavatsky's day. The scientists and the theologians who were her contemporaries, did not treat her ideas with the tolerant indifference so characteristic of our generation.

During the greater part of the Victorian Age, the so-called intellectual class was divided into two camps. There were the partisans of scientific materialism, and there were the partisans of old-fashioned theology. Strange as it may seem, Madame Blavatsky appeared between these enemies as a peacemaker. She revived and taught the doctrine of the divine possibilities of the human will. The idea of divine possibilities in Nature or man had never occurred to any of these people who argued with so much self-assurance about the essence of things. The mere pronouncement of such a thought gave them a shock from which they never recovered.

The scientific materialist, the brother-in-arms of Tyndall and Haeckel, described the universe, in rigid terms, as a great machine, every motion of which is determined by the mechanical interaction of its parts. Consciousness was supposed to be a phenomenon, like colour or sound, an illusory appearance produced by certain very complicated movements of material particles. There was, of course, no real place for imagination, desire and will in such a system. They merely signified that the protoplasm of the brain was undergoing some obscure chemical changes.

This mechanistic hypothesis was, in a sense, the expression of a natural reaction against the pretensions of theology. As a result of centuries of mental crystallization, the more orthodox theologians had finally evolved the notion of a world created out of nothing by a "God" whose moral intelligence seemed to be as uncertain as his temper. This "God" had plenty of imagination, desire and will of a distinctly human or rather sub-human order, but his creative power was absolutely distinct from these, as a hammer is distinct from the hand which uses it. His creative power was, in fact, the one attribute which distinguished him from the creatures which he had fashioned in his

image. In other words, man could never hope to attain to the dignity of his Maker, and his imagination, desire and will were faculties which served only to get him into trouble. It is unnecessary to explain that these theological dreamers revealed an abysmal ignorance of the sense of their own Scriptures and that they denied the words of Christ.

One aspect of the historical significance of Madame Blavatsky's mission becomes evident, when one contrasts these views of human destiny with her pronouncement that "as God creates, so man can create". When there was no one else to speak, she reminded the souls of men that their powers differ only in degree, not in kind, from the great Forces which support and energize the Cosmos.

Very few have been converted to the science of Theosophy, but at least the Twentieth Century has been freed from the particular "moulds of mind" which confined and stultified so many great intellects during the Nineteenth Century. Materialistic mechanism and fundamentalist theology still have their representatives, but they are pale replicas of their forbears. The ideas of Jeans and Eddington would have seemed preposterous to the generation of Faraday and Clerk-Maxwell, for these contemporary physicists have provided a place in their systems for a creative, cosmic Intelligence, whose faculties correspond to the faculties of the human mind. In psychology, the transforming potency of imagination, desire and will has been recognized in some degree by all the important schools, with the exception of the Behaviourists.

However, because of the dual nature of the unregenerate man, truth becomes in his hands a two-edged sword. It is dangerous to believe that the personality can be enhanced and strengthened by conscious effort and direction. What a man really desires to be, that he becomes,—as many have learned to their sorrow. The conversion of desire into effective will is a process which is illustrated at every moment of our lives, and magic is, in a sense, only the quickening of the process. But magic is white or black, good or evil, according to the nature of the desire which is energized. Thus, in the Mysteries, a long period of probation and purification preceded training in practical occultism. Unfortunately, the theory and practice of many contemporary psychologists, tend merely to stress the forces latent in our consciousness, without reference to the responsibility of the person who develops and uses them.

In *The Key to Theosophy*, there is this significant passage: "*Will-power* becomes a living power. But woe unto those Occultists and Theosophists, who instead of crushing out the desires of the lower personal *ego* or physical man, and saying—addressing their Higher Spiritual Ego, immersed in Âtmâ-Buddhic light—'Thy will be done, not mine', send up waves of will-power for selfish or unholy purposes! For this is black magic, abomination, and spiritual sorcery" (p. 47).

H. P. B. never tired in her insistence that in occultism motive is all-important. The white magician does not neglect the moral virtues, for it is part of his training to understand the scientific basis of ethics.

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The doctrine of the creative will is, of course, implicit in all mystical philosophy, and one can find many statements of it which recall the words of H. P. B. Thus, although there is little mention of the will, as such, in the works of Plato and his school, a new light is cast upon the Theory of Ideas if we follow Madame Blavatsky's suggestion that in Plato's thought, Will and Idea are virtually synonymous terms. The doctrine is latent in Christian mysticism, and its significance was explicitly realized by Ignatius Loyola, whose *Spiritual Exercises* expound a method of changing desire into aspiration by a special training of the imagination. The mediæval alchemists seem, however, to have been the first, in the Western world, to affirm the immediate connection between the will and magical creation. Boehme, who adapted to his use the symbols of alchemy, boldly identified the essence of the human will with the will of God, and in a series of magnificent images represented will as the originating and emanating power which is the root of Nature. It is not generally recognized that Boehme's genius deeply affected the subsequent trend of philosophical speculation. In particular, Schopenhauer's system appears to have been influenced, both directly and indirectly, by Boehme's conception of the will as creator.

Madame Blavatsky was evidently aware of the analogy between her views and those of the alchemists, and she quoted Schopenhauer with approval. But it would seem that we must look elsewhere for the direct inspiration of her thought. She herself points to its place of origin, in the East, where she had studied the "secret doctrine". It is significant that her exposition of the powers of human consciousness is generally based upon the terminology of the Scriptures of the Orient, especially those of India.

It is the tradition that the Master who instructed her, is a Rajput. According to the testimony of the *Upanishads* themselves, the Rajputs or Kshatriyas were the most ancient custodians of the Mysteries in India. It has been suggested that they belonged to the Red Race, the Race which also ruled Egypt, and which is said to have embodied more completely than any other the powers of the spiritual will. The Rajput sages were philosophers, like the Brahmin priests whom they initiated into their Wisdom, but they were warriors by inheritance and profession. They interpreted the mysteries of being from the point of view of the soldier, not from that of the scholar or the priest. It was their primary aim to live the "secret doctrine", not to subject it to intellectual analysis or to talk about it. It may help us to understand certain implications of H. P. B.'s doctrine of the will, if we think of her as primarily a revealer of the Rajput teaching.

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"To desire is to realize in proportion to the intensity of the aspiration," she writes, "and that, in its turn, is measured by inward purity" (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 592). As has been said, behind will, stands desire. "It is the Upādana or the intense desire which produces WILL, and it is *will* which develops *force*, and the latter generates *matter*, or an object having form" (*op. cit.*, II, 320).

"Inward purity" may be regarded as synonymous with altruism, selfless-

ness, singleness of heart. In the last analysis, this quality is dependent upon the right use of the imagination. Behind desire or feeling, stands imagination. The status of a man is determined by the images to which he gives himself, by the "ideal", high or low, which he seeks to embody.

The term, imagination, has various connotations in English, not all of them equally apt. For example, many people identify the power of constructing mind-images with mere day-dreaming. It is best to let Madame Blavatsky herself define exactly what she means by the word. "What is imagination? *Psychologists tell us that it is the plastic or creative power of the soul;* but materialists confound it with fancy. The radical difference between the two, was, however, so thoroughly indicated by Wordsworth, in the preface to his *Lyrical Ballads*, that it is no longer excusable to interchange the words. Imagination, Pythagoras maintained to be the remembrance of precedent spiritual, mental, and physical states, while fancy is the disorderly production of the material brain" (*op. cit.*, I, 396).

The remembrance of precedent states may be positive or negative, active or passive. In other words, a memory-image may be dynamic, charged with force and desire; or it may be a colourless picture leaving little emotional impression. The imagination which arouses the will, is the positive or active state of memory. The calibre of our personal consciousness may be judged by our response to a few elementary questions. What are the experiences which we remember instinctively and with little or no effort? What are the experiences which we desire most often to repeat and to amplify?

The presence of a dynamic memory-image makes itself known to the mind as a persistent impulse to repeat some past action. The reaction of the mind is automatic, if left to itself. It proceeds to plan and to inaugurate a course of action, the purpose of which is the concrete realization of the desire that memory has awakened. This reaction leads to self-knowledge on some plane or other, since the realized desire reflects to the actor some mode of his own consciousness. Each time that an experience is repeated, there should be an increase of self-knowledge, for repetition is not the same as duplication. Probably no one ever desires to repeat an experience exactly. What we really want is to re-live an action, and so to extract from it a more complete experience than was gained before.

"Desire first rose in It which was the primal germ of mind, and which Sages, searching with their intellect, have discovered in their heart to be the bond which connects Entity with non-Entity." According to the scriptures of ancient India, the power which renews the universe after each "Night of Brahmâ", is essentially one with the triple force of imagination, desire and will in the human being. Both in the universe and in man, in macrocosm and in microcosm, desire is born in the "mid-world" between the abstract (non-Entity), and the concrete (Entity). This "mid-world" in man may be conceived as the zone of his dynamic memories which preserve the experience of the past and prepare the experience of the future.

It is necessary to emphasize this idea, for it seems to express one of the most

fundamental laws of being. "Nature loves to repeat herself",—an old axiom which is attested by the operation of cyclic law throughout the whole domain of the physical universe, and which can be proved by any man for himself by a simple act of introspection at any moment of the day. We are all of us instinctively, if not deliberately, desiring one thing or another all the time, with more or less energy. The idea of the thing—whatever it may be—must be based upon some experience which is stored in our memory and which we want to reproduce, or to complete and perfect. Indeed, we cannot put ourselves into any act, enveloping it with an aura of emotion, without thereby sowing the seed of desire for a repetition of the act.

As this desire usually functions, in the human or sub-human entity, it can scarcely be regarded as creative. An impulse to eat ice-cream every day, or to seek re-election to some public office, is in itself of no discernible value to the soul. A more complex form of the love of repetition, upon the physical and mental planes, is illustrated by the desire to intensify or to expand our sensations and feelings. Thus the lover of ice-cream may become an *amateur* of caviar, and the politician may aim, not at re-election, but at promotion. It is hard to see, however, in what way the universe is permanently benefited by such transformations of consciousness.

The tragedy of most lives is that men employ their imagination to fasten ever more securely their sense of identity to the body or the personality. The imagination cannot be described as creative, until the point of human evolution has been reached where the Ego begins to detach its sense of identity from its physical and mental vestures, and to attach itself to an ideal which it recognizes as greater than itself. This dual effort of liberation and of service, was represented in the Mysteries as the power which revives in the soul the memory of its past existence as a companion of the Gods, before its fall into matter. The desire to repeat the past then becomes the effort to make concrete and personal its abstract and impersonal reminiscence of the paradise which is its true habitation.

In *The Key to Theosophy* (pp. 84–91), the term reminiscence is used to distinguish the memory of the soul from that lower memory "which is a faculty depending entirely on the more or less healthy and normal functioning of our physical brain." Reminiscence is "no faculty or attribute of our *physical* memory, but an intuitional perception apart from and outside our physical brain", a perception which is "called into action by the ever-present knowledge of our spiritual Ego. . . . As every genuine psychologist of the old—not your modern—school will tell you, the spiritual Ego can act only when the personal Ego is paralyzed. The spiritual 'I' in man is omniscient and has every knowledge innate in it; while the personal self is the creature of its environment and the slave of its physical memory. Could the former manifest itself uninterruptedly and without impediment, there would be no longer men on earth, but we should all be gods."

In *The Voice of the Silence*, Madame Blavatsky outlined a method of liberation from sensual and psychic attachments, which is taught in certain Eastern

schools. She utilized the terminology of Buddhist devotional literature, for even exoteric Buddhism recognizes as the cause of all sorrow the "Great Heresy" of the "belief in Soul, or rather in the separateness of Soul or *Self* from the One Universal, Infinite SELF" (p. 4). The Path to liberation and enlightenment is, therefore, the increasing realization by the individual soul of its identity with the One Self which is within and above the appearance of differentiation in Nature.

The Secret Doctrine, as is explained in the Proem, is the exposition of this fundamental theme of the One Self. It is well to remember this fact, for *The Secret Doctrine* has the magical quality of all veritable productions of genius. It gives the reader what he seeks. Thus, a geologist, loving scientific truth, could find a way opened to the solution of more than one geological mystery, if he would condescend to consult this book with an unbiassed mind. Similarly, the student of Theosophy who desires to learn the secret of transmuting the powers of his consciousness, has the means of discovering the solution of his problem, for is not that solution implicit in the doctrine of "the fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul"?

For example, there is this sentence, quoted by Madame Blavatsky from the *Vishnu Purâna:* "Brahmâ thought of himself as the father of the world". By the power of this thought, the universe became existent. She adds, in a footnote: "This 'thinking of oneself' as this, that or the other, is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomenon. The words 'whoever shall say to this mountain, be thou removed and cast into the sea, and *shall not doubt* . . . that thing will come to pass', are no vain words. Only the word 'faith' ought to be translated by 'Will'. Faith without Will is like a wind-mill without *wind*—barren of results" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, II, 62). This is *Kriyâshakti*, "the mysterious power of thought which enables it to produce external, perceptible, phenomenal results by its own inherent energy. The ancients held that *any idea will manifest itself externally if one's attention is deeply concentrated upon it.* Similarly *an intense volition will be followed by the desired result*" (*op. cit.*, I, 312).

The supreme objective is, therefore, to "think of oneself" as that which one really is, as the Higher Self, an undivided part of the One Self of all beings, an individualized ray of spiritual consciousness. Speaking of the "Yoga Powers", of which *Kriyâshakti* is one, H. P. B. says that "each of these Forces has a living *Conscious Entity* at its head, of which Entity it is an emanation" (*op. cit.*, I, 313). Such an Entity may be described, in the terms of Christian mysticism, as both transcendent and immanent, for like Vishnu, "his essence is both single and manifold." Without ceasing to be individual, he is also the Higher Self of all the souls which have emanated from him. They know reality in the degree that they can recognize it in the consciousness which they share with him, and in so far as they can embody and individualize this recognition in concrete form and action.

In a Section of *The Secret Doctrine* concerning "The Lotus as a Universal Symbol", there is a passage which suggests the way in which the Creative

Host uses imagination in the formation of the Cosmos out of chaotic substance. The ideas are cast in cosmological form, but "as above, so below".

"Whether as the Lotus or water-lily, it signifies one and the same philosophical idea, namely, the Emanation of the Objective from the Subjective, Divine Ideation passing from the abstract into the concrete, or visible form. For, as soon as Darkness, or rather that which is 'Darkness' for [to] ignorance, has disappeared in its own realm of Eternal Light, leaving behind itself only its Divine, Manifested Ideation, the Creative Logoi have their understanding opened, and they see in the Ideal World, hitherto concealed in the Divine Thought, the archetypal forms of all, and proceed to copy and build, or fashion, upon these models, forms evanescent and transcendent.

"At this stage of Action, the Demiurge is not yet the Architect. Born in the Twilight of Action, he has yet to first perceive the Plan, to realize the Ideal Forms, which lie buried in the Bosom of Eternal Ideation, just as the future lotus-leaves, the immaculate petals, are concealed within the seed of that plant" (I, 407–408).

One reason why our imagination so often misdirects our conduct is that when we make a mental representation of some duty which must be performed, we concentrate our attention, not upon the act itself, but upon ourselves as the actors. We experience in advance the feelings which we expect to have in this or that situation, and we try to conceive the consequences of our actions, their relation to our bodily well-being, to our self-esteem, to the good opinion of others, and so on. The result is loss of vision and loss of detachment, with an ultimate sense of futility and frustration in everything which we attempt.

According to the Mystery Tradition, the Demiurge, the Paradigm of man, does not use the image-making power in this way. Brahmâ thought of himself as the father of the world; he did not think of himself as the world, though the world is an emanation of his consciousness. One must resort to a paradox. One can only think of oneself as a creator, by ceasing, in a sense, to think of oneself at all. "The Creative Logoi" of the passage just quoted turn their imagination towards an "Ideal World" which is in the "Ideation" of a Mind higher than their own. From one point of view, the universe is made existent by the intensity of the desire of the Logoi to gain concrete knowledge of the Ideal World. In this way, the paradox is resolved. Meditating upon That which is superior to themselves, they end by thinking of themselves as That.

This is the doctrine of identity taught in the great Upanishads, the essence of the Eastern Wisdom. *Tat twam asi.* "Thou art That."

This is H. P. B.'s doctrine of the Will.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

SOME THINGS WRITTEN ABOUT H. P. BLAVATSKY

All human acts are involved in faults, as the fire is wrapped in smoke.
BHAGAVAD GÍTA.

IN the published letters attributed to Masters, there are at least ninety passages in which Madame Blavatsky is explicitly characterized by them—her work, her sufferings, her achievements. Assembled together, they form an extraordinary tribute—a tribute which members of the Society she founded, and died to serve, will be glad, as it were, to offer back to her through the medium of the QUARTERLY, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of her birth. If we revere her memory—as we do—how can we learn to esteem her better than by entering with sympathy and understanding into what the Masters are said to have thought of her? It would be difficult to find a body of published material where so astonishing an endorsement has been set forth. Truly, a Catherine of Siena, a Catherine of Genoa, a Theresa of Avila, recorded, under obedience, precious tributes of esteem and praise from their Master; and they themselves, in time, wore down by the sheer force of saintliness, the bitter opposition of ecclesiastics and the hostile misunderstanding of their generations. The fair name of the Maid of France has been rescued from the stigma of witchcraft and the infamy of vile insinuations, so that her very enemies vie in proclaiming her innocence and extolling her virtue and genius. The pens of men have been eager and busy—at long last—to defend, to exonerate, and to pay tribute to these servants of the Lodge;—though the nature of their work and the cycles in which they laboured prevented them, perhaps, from realizing consciously just whom and what they served. It has remained for Madame Blavatsky, as conscious Initiate and Lodge Messenger, to receive the written endorsements, and the written tributes, of Masters.

Readers of the QUARTERLY will remember a review of *The Mahatma Letters* which appeared in the issue of July, 1924, where elucidation of the authorship of these letters, and unmistakable warning were given; and in the present article the writer must ask that what was there said shall be borne in mind. The individual authorship of any letter is not proved in the least, simply because a name or initial is printed at its close.

The vindication of Madame Blavatsky has begun. It was, apparently, Master K. H. who wrote in 1882, "Theosophy and its adherents have to be vindicated at last"; while in a letter signed M., we read of H. P. B.: "Defence and *full vindication she* must have".[1] This last was written on the occasion of a

[1] *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, new and revised edition, January, 1930.

public slander accusing Madame Blavatsky, amongst other things, of appropriating funds for her personal use. If the Masters felt so strongly in the early days in one particular instance when H. P. B. was attacked, out of the many which preceded and followed, what of their feeling—and, we may surmise, determination—as to the whole course of her life, and the consummation of her sacrifice? In a note signed M., we read: "The least we can do for a person who has devoted her whole life to serve us and the cause we have at heart is to preserve her body and health for her whenever she may need it again . . . for such is the wish of *all of us*. . . . Perish the Theosophical Society rather than be ungrateful to H. P. B." Loyalty to their "valiant, trustworthy servant" breathes throughout these letters, as might be expected. When she was "hastily suspected and *unjustly* condemned . . . of *deliberate deceit*", a letter, signed K. H., says: "I protest most emphatically against the woman being dealt with so uncharitably"; while a letter signed M. states definitely: "Martyrdom is pleasant to look at and criticize, but harder to suffer. There never was a woman more unjustly abused than H. B." In fact, the difficulties of the situation frequently were occasioned by the fact that, instead of being a scheming hypocrite and "liar", "She is *too truthful, too outspoken, too incapable of dissimulation:* and now she is being daily crucified for it." One may believe that the Masters will consent to recognize as Theosophists in any true sense, those, and only those, who understand their debt to H. P. B., and strive to "vindicate" her name by the silent witness of their life, when not called upon to do so outspokenly.

One of the most striking things written of Madame Blavatsky was in the autumn of 1881, unsigned, but attributed in a superscription to Master K. H. After a preliminary statement: "I am painfully aware of the fact that the habitual incoherence of her statements—especially when excited—and her strange ways make her in your opinion a very undesirable transmitter of our messages", and a partial explanation of this, ending: "This state of hers is intimately connected with her occult training in Tibet, and due to her being sent out alone into the world to gradually prepare the way for others",—we read: "After nearly a century of fruitless search, our chiefs had to avail themselves of the only opportunity to send out a European *body* upon European soil to serve as a connecting link between that country and our own." When one thinks of the great galaxy of Western mystics, which might have been supposed to be potentially available for such a service; when one considers that apparently the Lodge searched *nearly a century*, fruitlessly, for someone capable and willing to undertake the special work that they proposed (inevitably the failure of the preceding century's Lodge effort comes to mind—Cagliostro, Mesmer, St. Germain), and that Madame Blavatsky provided the "*only* opportunity" for the Lodge—one catches a glimpse of what Lodge service of such a nature means, and of the spirit of her who volunteered. The above statement was followed a few months later (Feb., 1882), by another, signed M. After speaking of Olcott, the writer says: "With him we associated a woman of most wonderful and exceptional endowments. Combined with them she had strong

personal defects, but just as she was, there was no second to her living fit for this work. We sent her to America, brought them together—and the trial began. From the first both she and he were given to clearly understand that the issue lay entirely with themselves. And both offered themselves for the trial for certain remuneration in the far distant future as—as K. H. would say—soldiers volunteer for a Forlorn Hope. For the six and a half years they have been struggling against such odds as would have driven off any one who was not working with the desperation of one who stakes life and all he prizes on some desperate supreme effort." The phrase referred to, attributed to Master K. H., was: "What I meant by the 'Forlorn Hope' was that when one regards the magnitude of the task to be undertaken by our theosophical volunteers, and especially the multitudinous agencies arrayed, and to be arrayed, in opposition, we may well compare it to one of those desperate efforts against overwhelming odds that the true soldier glories to attempt. . . . Of course, if we had undertaken to found and direct it in *propria persona*, very likely it would have accomplished more and made fewer mistakes, but we could not do this, nor was it the plan: our two agents are given the task and left—as you now are—to do the best they could under the circumstances. And much has been wrought."

What a vista is here opened to us of the workings of the inner world, of the spirit and temper of its denizens, of the point of view of the Elder Brothers of the race! No wonder that even in this world, even in Kali Yuga, there has been chivalry, there are Gothic Cathedrals, there is the heart of France. And we see that, by using a Western body, it was the West which, in H. P. B.'s person, forged a new link with the Lodge,—and not the East, which had, apparently, already done so through the success of Eastern chêlas. Olcott was warned in 1888: "We have no favourites, nor affections for persons, but only for their good acts and humanity as a whole. But we employ agents—the best available. Of these, for the past thirty years [i.e., from 1858 on], the chief has been the personality known as H. P. B. to the world (but otherwise to us). Imperfect and very troublesome, no doubt, she proves to some; nevertheless, there is no likelihood of our finding a better one for years to come, and your theosophists should be made to understand it. . . . Her fidelity to our work being constant, and her sufferings having come upon her thro' it, neither I nor either of my Brother Associates will desert or supplant her. As I once before remarked, *ingratitude* is not among our vices."

By far the largest number of references are to H. P. B's sufferings—about a third in all. Next comes direct praise of her; while recognition of her personal defects—which looms so large in the literature about her—receives notice only in an effort to open the eyes of a worldly short-sightedness, so great that it obscured all true perspective. What are these "strong personal defects" which Masters—not men—saw in this woman of "exceptional and wonderful endowments"? First, pride, which caused her acute suffering when scandalously attacked and vilified; but beyond the strain that this suffering occasioned, and a slowing up of her own work, she did not permit it to affect the Movement.

Next, the "habitual disorder in which Mrs. H. P. B.'s mental furniture is kept", which is explained as explicitly due to the strain of the work which she had undertaken to do. Third, "She is a woman though she be an *Upâ-si-ka* (female disciple) and except on occult matters can hardly hold her tongue." Compare another statement, when H. P. B., being "off her head" owing to the attack *on the Masters* arising out of the Kiddle incident, evoked the comment: "Verily woman—is a dreadful calamity in this fifth race!". Fourth, exaggeration; and last, lack of discretion: "Madame B.'s discretion is not improving in ratio with her physiological enfeeblement". That is all,—unless, perhaps, "her impulsive nature" be held a fault, or the fact that "our dear Sister . . . is so careless and thoughtless of herself"—which most certainly can be taken in two ways.

That these defects caused a great deal of "trouble" and commotion, is manifest. Nevertheless it is apparent also that the Lodge thought her services were worth the pains. Particularly in the light of her motives and of what she really tried to do, we might indeed expect to find the Masters writing of H. P. B.: "We, my dear sirs, always judge men by their motives and the moral effects of their actions: for the world's false standards and prejudice we have no respect"; and again: "You can hardly show her enough respect and gratitude, or more than she is entitled to".

That Madame Blavatsky had to suffer the consequences of her indiscretions and impulsiveness is made abundantly clear. It is part of the price the Initiate has to pay, when he undertakes to work in the world, that he must bear the full Karmic weight of his misdeeds during his incarnation, and also of his mistakes and blunders, not only on the plane of the world, but precisely in their repercussion on his inner nature,—and this, even though his inner, native vision has had to be deliberately obscured, his faculties and will perhaps diseased by inheritance and warped by early education, and so his hands, as it were, tied. How could it be otherwise? Nevertheless, the very fact of volunteering, and undertaking such a mission, bespeaks the acquirement of an immense good Karma, which would bring "certain remuneration in the far distant future". The following is full of illuminating suggestions, and might well repay careful reading. "The fact is, that to the last and supreme initiation every chêla—(and even some adepts)—is left to his own device and counsel. We have to fight our own battles, and the familiar adage—'the adept *becomes*, he is not *made*'—is true to the letter. Since every one of us is the *creator* and producer of the *causes* that lead to such or some other *results*, we have to reap but what we have sown. *Our chêlas are helped but when they are innocent of the causes that lead them into trouble;* when such causes are generated by foreign, outside influences. Life and the struggle for adeptship would be too easy, had we all scavengers behind us to sweep away the *effects* we have generated through our own rashness and presumption. Before they are allowed to go into the world they—the chêlas—are every one of them endowed with more or less clairvoyant powers; and, with the exception of that faculty that, unless paralyzed and watched would lead them perchance to divulge certain secrets that

must not be revealed—they are left in the full exercise of their powers—whatever these may be:—why don't they exercise them? Thus, step by step, and after a series of punishments, is the chêla taught by bitter experience to suppress and guide his impulses; he loses his rashness, his self-sufficiency, and never falls into the same errors. All that now happens is brought on by H. P. B. herself. . . ." There follows an analysis of a particular phenomenon of H. P. B.'s, in which Sinnett had joined others in thinking that she had deceived them. The letter continues: "And now, do you want to know how far she is guilty? Know then, that if she ever became guilty of real, *deliberate* deception, owing to that 'zeal', it was when in the presence of phenomena produced, she kept constantly denying—except in the matter of such trifles as bells and raps—that she had anything to do with their production *personally*. From your 'European standpoint' it is downright deception, a big thundering *lie;* from our Asiatic standpoint, though an imprudent, blameable zeal, an untruthful exaggeration, or what a Yankee would call 'a blazing cock-a-hoop' meant for the benefit of the 'Brothers'—yet withal, if we look into the motive—a sublime, self-denying, noble and meritorious—not *dishonest*—zeal. Yes; in that, and in that alone, she became constantly guilty of *deceiving* her friends. She could never be made to realize the utter uselessness, the danger of such a zeal; and how mistaken she was in her notions that she was adding to our glory, whereas, by attributing to us very often phenomena of the most childish nature, she but lowered us in the public estimation and sanctioned the claim of her enemies that she was 'but a medium'! But it was of no use. In accordance with our rules, M. was not permitted to forbid her such a course, in so many words. She had to be allowed full and entire freedom of action, the liberty of *creating causes* that became in due course of time her scourge, her public pillory. He could at best forbid her producing phenomena, and to this last extremity he resorted as often as he could,—to her friends' and theosophists' great dissatisfaction. Was, or rather is, it lack of intellectual perceptions in her? Certainly not. It is a psychological disease, over which she has little if any control at all. . . . Thus, while fathering upon us all manner of foolish, often clumsy and *suspected* phenomena, she has most undeniably been *helping* us in many instances; saving us sometimes as much as two-thirds of the power used, and when remonstrated—for often we are unable to prevent her doing it on her end of the line—answering that she had no need of it, and that her only joy was to be of some use to us. And thus she kept on killing herself inch by inch, ready to give—for our benefit and glory, as she thought—her life-blood drop by drop, and yet invariably denying before witnesses that she had anything to do with it. Would you call this sublime, albeit foolish self-abnegation—'dishonest'? We do not; nor shall we ever consent to regard it in such light."

One further quotation illustrates, in the same explicit and unmistakable way, how those who really understood H. P. B. regarded her faults, and serves to sum up the above long quotation. "Such is the true history, and *facts* with regard to her 'deception' or, at best—'*dishonest* zeal'. No doubt she has merited a portion of the blame; most undeniably she is given to exaggeration in general,

and when it becomes a question of 'puffing up' those she is devoted to, her enthusiasm knows no limits. Thus she has made of M. an Apollo of Belvedere, the glowing description of whose physical beauty, made him more than once start in anger, and break his pipe while swearing like a true—Christian; and thus, under her eloquent phraseology, I, myself, had the pleasure of hearing myself metamorphosed into an angel of 'purity and light'—shorn of his wings. We cannot help feeling at times angry with, oftener—laughing at, her. Yet the feeling that dictates all this ridiculous effusion, is too ardent, too sincere and true, not to be respected or even treated with indifference."

What are the outstanding facts which underlie this series of characterizations of Madame Blavatsky? Surely that primarily her self-depreciation was so great, her humility so genuine, and the torrent of her devotion to her Masters and zeal in doing their work so impetuous, that discretion and balance were sometimes lacking, and coherency and mental poise dissipated; so that, while on the one side intensely concentrated and intuitive, on the other, the personal side, she was careless, indiscreet, given to relatively harmless exaggeration, and withal, a nervous and physical wreck, owing in part to the reckless way she spent herself. "Poor woman! Incessantly and intensely engrossed with one ever-working thought—the CAUSE and Society—even her carelessness and lack of memory, her forgetfulness and distraction are viewed in the light of criminal acts." In other words, and to carry out the analogy of a soldier volunteering for a Forlorn Hope, her critics blame H. P. B. because, volunteering for, and perpetually under, terrific shell-fire (for sixteen, not four and a half years, with no reliefs); poisoned with asphyxiating gases of slander and deliberate misrepresentation; wounded and in pain to the point of being repeatedly at death's door, and crippled for five years—yet ever fighting; surrounded by traitors, spies, and inept, fat-witted comrades, she frequently talked wildly, sometimes acted without due balance, and often raged and stormed at "friends" who, likely as not, were enemies in reality—as she came later to know. The Masters, watching her "sublime" heroism, her "noble and meritorious zeal",—realizing "how dangerous for her will be the achievement of her duty", and the fact that "she must either conquer—or die herself"—saw her shed "her life-blood drop by drop", and, we may well believe, recognized and acclaimed one like unto themselves—a *Brother*. If her volcanic temper and sharp tongue stirred up "feelings" and made trouble, they knew it. One of them wrote of showing "newspaper ribald notices" to the Hobilghan, who "laughed till the tears streamed down his old cheeks". But with H. P. B.—on the firing-line—it was different: "When the 'Old Lady' reads it, there will be a cedar or two damaged at Simla." Unfortunately, unlike Nature's products, damaged human cedars could salve their feelings by writing further libels—which they did. Nevertheless, it must be a comfort, sometimes, for the Lodge to find *someone* in whom—to use their own words—"a vital cyclone is raging much of the time", instead of nothing more forceful than pious hopes and dilute aspirations.

Meanwhile, what was H. P. B. doing for those who turned against her? Take for example, Stainton Moses, who "nearly upset the theosophical ark",

who came to regard the Brothers "as *impostors* and *liars*", and who had "determined in his heart the utter annihilation of the British Branch". The "Brothers of the Shadow"—as H. P. B. prophesied to him—attacked him. "One night she had prostrated herself before her Superior, one of the few they fear, praying him to wave his hand across the ocean, lest S. M. should die, and the Theosophical Society lose its best subject." Again, C. C. Massey, who failed at the first test, and who accused H. P. B. of "deliberate deceit", nevertheless found a champion in the very woman he maligned,—for she "actually offered to accept one year more of her long, dreary exile and work far away from her final goal would we but consent to gratify him with our presence and teachings". Surely, comment is superfluous, except to quote a Master's own characterization—"absolute and frenzied devotion to a great Idea and those whom she regards as her best and truest friends." One would like to be included in that number! Nor could there be a better way to be counted amongst her real friends than to serve the Cause she virtually gave her life *three times* to further,[2] prior, even, to the time of her actual death.

Moreover, the veil is lifted even further, and a direct suggestion is made that Madame Blavatsky's personal peculiarities were not always so beyond her real control as appeared,—in other words, that her temper, her rudeness and roughness of speech on occasion, were deliberately assumed for a purpose, quite regardless of the ill-will towards herself which might be generated, and from which she knew well she must suffer. What else can the following mean? "If H. P. B. (as an example) was wrong last night—as she always is, from the Western point of view, in her everlasting natural impulses apparently so rude and indelicate—she did it after all at her Master's direct order. She never stops one moment to consider the propriety of things when concerned in carrying out such orders. . . . Before it became with her a habit, she used to suffer in *her* Western nature and perform it as self-sacrifice of her personal reputation." Elsewhere, we read again of her "*assumed* roughness".

In the light of such service, such devotion, such utter disregard of herself, such deliberate endurance of ceaseless physical pain, of personal humiliation, of the public attacks and bitter hostility of the very people she was trying to help and was sacrificing to benefit, how *could* the Masters (that is, Karma or Divine Justice personified) condemn her for one moment for what they saw as faults and mistakes? Others who saw her mistakes, too often overlooked her sufferings. Not so the Masters. "We forgive her for she suffers intensely." What it must have cost to watch that suffering! One thinks of St. Michael, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, watching a witch-burning in Rouen five hundred years ago. "Brother mine, I can do naught for our poor Sister. She has placed herself under the stern law of the Lodge, and these laws can be softened for

[2] Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, 1888. I. p. 555: "For Sound generates, or rather attracts together, the elements that produce an *ozone*, the fabrication of which is beyond chemistry, but within the limits of Alchemy. It may even *resurrect* a man or an animal whose astral 'vital body' has not been irreparably separated from the physical body by the severance of the magnetic or odic chord. *As one saved thrice from death* by that power, the writer ought to be credited with knowing personally something about it."

none." Again, in February, 1882, more than nine years before she finally died: "I must say she suffers acutely and I am unable to help her for all this is effect from causes which *cannot* be *undone*—occultism in theosophy. She has now to either conquer or die. When the hour comes she will be taken back to Tibet. Do not blame the poor woman, blame me. She is but a 'shell' at times and I, often careless in watching her." It is a relief to read, under date of October, 1882: "H. P. B. is *mended*, if not thoroughly at least for some time to come." Nevertheless, already by the summer of 1884, it was a question "if Mad. B. finds the necessary strength to live (and this depends entirely on her *will* and its powers of exertion)"; while she nearly died in 1887, and once again chose to suffer and struggle on. Here is the description in her own words, as recorded by the Countess Wachtmeister, and published in her *Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky and The Secret Doctrine:*

" 'What has happened, H. P. B.—you look so different to what you did last night.' She replied, 'Yes, Master has been here; He gave me my choice, that I might die and be free if I would, or I might live and finish *The Secret Doctrine*. He told me how great would be my sufferings and what a terrible time I would have before me in England (for I am to go there); but when I thought of those students to whom I shall be permitted to teach a few things, and of the Theosophical Society in general, to which I have already given my heart's blood, I accepted the sacrifice, and now to make it complete, fetch me some coffee and something to eat, and give me my tobacco box.' "

In a touching letter, dated Torre Del Greco, July 23rd, H. P. B. wrote: "Ah, I tell you, I *have* learnt things on that night—things that stamped themselves for-ever on my Soul; black treachery, assumed friendship for selfish ends, *belief in my guilt*, and yet a *determination to lie in my defence*, since I was a convenient step to rise upon, and what not! Human nature I saw in all its hideousness in that short hour, when I felt one of Master's hands upon *my heart, forbidding it cease beating*, and saw the other calling out *sweet future* before me. With all that, when He had shown me *all, all*, and asked 'Are you willing?'—I said 'Yes', and thus signed my wretched doom, for *the sake of the few* who *were entitled to His thanks*. . . . Death was so welcome at that hour, rest so needed, so desired; life like the one that stared me in the face, and that is realized now—so miserable; yet how could I say *No* to Him who wanted me to live!" (*The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 105.)

To sum up, what was the key-note of her life, if not devotion and altruism?—a favourite word with her. In an editorial in *Lucifer* (Vol. IV, May 15, 1889, p. 188), she wrote: "For real Theosophy is ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then, the GOLDEN AGE will be there indeed."

The Golden Age does not drop, like manna, from heaven; it is brought about by men, divine and human. It has been suggested that the present Theosoph-

ical Movement is the means of inaugurating, if successful, the approaching Golden Age of the new Race; and we are witness to the fact that Madame Blavatsky, the Lodge's accredited representative for that work, incarnated in herself the altruism of the Golden Age. H. P. B. had that in her—"(pardon the eternal repetition but it is being as constantly overlooked) which we have but too rarely found elsewhere—UNSELFISHNESS, and an eager readiness for self-sacrifice for the good of others; what a 'multitude of sins' does not this cover!" Nor was her altruism and devotion a mere abstract force. It is said to be Master K. H. who wrote: "I do not believe I was ever so profoundly touched by anything I witnessed in all my life, as I was with the poor old creature's ecstatic rapture, when meeting us recently [*c.* Oct., 1882], both in our natural bodies, one—after three years, the other—nearly two years absence and separation in flesh. Even our phlegmatic M. was thrown off his balance, by such an exhibition—of which he was chief hero. He had to use his *power*, and plunge her into a profound sleep, otherwise she would have burst some blood-vessel including kidneys, liver and her 'interiors'—to use our friend Oxley's favourite expression—in her delirious attempts to flatten her nose against his riding mantle besmeared with the Sikkim mud! We both laughed; yet could we feel otherwise but touched? . . . You can never know her as we do, therefore—none of you will ever be able to judge her impartially or correctly. You see the surface of things; and what you would term 'virtue', holding but to appearances, we judge but after having fathomed the object to its profoundest depth, and generally leave the appearances to take care of themselves. In your opinion H. P. B. is, at best, for those who like her despite herself—a quaint, strange woman, a psychological riddle; impulsive and kind-hearted, yet not free from the vice of untruth. We, on the other hand, under the garb of eccentricity and folly—we find a profounder wisdom in her *inner* Self than you will ever find yourselves able to perceive. In the superficial details of her homely, hard-working, common-place daily life and affairs, you discern but unpracticality, womanly impulses, often absurdity and folly; we, on the contrary, light daily upon traits of her inner nature the most delicate and refined, and which would cost an uninitiated psychologist years of constant and keen observation, and many an hour of close analysis and efforts to draw out of the depth of that most subtle of mysteries—human mind—and one of her most complicated machines—H. P. B.'s mind—and thus learn to know her true *inner* Self."

We might conclude with one more quotation: "O poor, poor Sister! Chaste and pure Soul—pearl shut inside an outwardly coarse nature. Help her to throw off that appearance of assumed roughness, and anyone *might well be dazzled by the divine Light concealed under such a bark*" (italics ours).

Is it needful to recall the words of the *Ramayana*? "Be grateful. Sages prescribe expiations for murderers, robbers, drunkards, and other sinners, but no expiation can wash away the sin of one whose *offence is ingratitude*."

GRAZIE.

"SHE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH"

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF H. P. B.[1]

"IT is said somewhere that self-discipline often leads one to a state of self-confidence which becomes vanity and pride in the long run. I say, foolish is the man who says so. This may happen only when our motives are of a worldly character or selfish; otherwise, self-confidence is the first step to that kind of *will* which will make a mountain move."

"To live like cats and dogs in the T. S. is *positively* against all rules—and wishes of 'the Masters', as against our Brotherhood—so-called—and all its rules. THEY are disgusted. THEY look on, and in that look (oh Lord! if you could only see it as I have!) there's an ocean deep of sad disgust, contempt, and sorrow. . . . The ideal was besmeared with mud, but as it is no golden idol on feet of clay it stands to this day immovable . . . and what the profane see is only their own mud thrown with their own hands, which has created a veil, an impassable barrier between them and the ideal . . . without touching the latter."

"I am the Mother and the Creator of the Society; it has my magnetic fluid, and the child has inherited all of its parent's physical, psychical, and spiritual attributes—faults and virtues if any. Therefore I alone and to a degree . . . can serve as a lightning conductor of Karma for it. I was asked whether I was willing, when on the point of dying—and I said Yes—for it was the only means to save it. Therefore I consented to live—which in my case means to suffer physically during twelve hours of the day—mentally twelve hours of night, when I get rid of the physical shell. . . . It is true about the Kali Yuga. Once that I have offered myself as the goat of atonement, the Kali Yuga recognizes its own—whereas any other would shrink from such a thing—as I am doomed and overburdened in this life worse than a poor weak donkey full of sores made to drag up hill a cart load of heavy rocks. You are the *first* one to whom I tell it, because you force me into the confession. . . . You have a wide and noble prospect before you if you do not lose patience. . . . Try . . . to hear the small voice within."

"Yes, there are 'two persons' in me. But what of that? So there are two in you; only mine is conscious and responsible—and yours is not. So you are happier than I am. I *know* you sympathize with me, and you do so because

[1] From *The Path*, Vol. VII, July and August, 1892, pages 121, 161.

you feel that I have always stood up for you, and will do so to the bitter or the happy end—as the case may be."

"Well, sir, and my *only friend*, the crisis is nearing. I am ending my *Secret Doctrine*, and you *are* going to replace me, or take my place in America. *I know you will have success* if you do not lose heart; but do, do remain true to the Masters and *Their* Theosophy and the *names*. . . . May *They* help you and allow us to send you our best blessings."

"There are traitors, conscious and *unconscious*. There is falsity and there is injudiciousness. . . . Pray do not imagine that because *I hold my tongue as bound by my oath and duty* I do not know who is who. . . . I must say nothing, however much I may be disgusted. But as the ranks thin around us, and one after the other our best intellectual forces depart, to turn into bitter enemies, I say—Blessed are the pure-hearted who have only intuition—for intuition is better than intellect."

"Every pledge or promise unless built upon four pillars—absolute sincerity, unflinching determination, unselfishness of purpose, and *moral power*, which makes the fourth support and equipoises the three other pillars—is an insecure building. The pledges of those who are sure of the strength of the fourth alone are recorded."

"Are you children, that you want marvels? Have you so little faith as to need constant stimulus, as a dying fire needs fuel? . . . Would you let the nucleus of a splendid Society die under your hands like a sick man under the hands of a quack? . . . You should never forget what a solemn thing it is for us to exert our powers and raise the dread sentinels that lie at the threshold. They cannot hurt *us*, but they can avenge themselves by precipitating themselves upon the unprotected neophyte. You are all like so many children playing with fire because it is pretty, when you ought to be men studying philosophy for its own sake."

"If among you there was one who embodied in himself the idea depicted, it would be my duty to relinquish the teacher's chair to him. For it would be the extreme of audacity in me to claim the possession of so many virtues. That the *Masters* do in proportion to their respective temperaments and stages of Bodhisatvic development possess such Paramitas, constitutes their right to our reverence as our Teachers. It should be the aim of each and all of us to strive with all the intensity of our natures to follow and imitate Them. . . . Try to realize that progress is made step by step, and each step gained by *heroic* effort. Withdrawal means despair or timidity. . . . Conquered passions, like slain tigers, can no longer turn and rend you. Be hopeful then, not despairing. With *each* morning's awakening try to live through the day in harmony with the Higher Self. 'Try' is the battle-cry taught by the teacher to each pupil.

Naught else is *expected* of you. *One who does his best does all that can be asked.* There is a moment when even a Buddha ceases to be a sinning mortal and takes his first step toward Buddhahood. The sixteen Paramitas (virtues) are not for priests and yogis alone, as said, but stand for models for us all to strive after—and neither priest nor yogi, Chêla nor Mahatma, ever attained all at once. . . . The idea that sinners and not saints are expected to enter the Path is emphatically stated in *The Voice of the Silence.*"

"I do not believe in the success of the . . . T. S. unless you assimilate *Master* or myself; unless you work with me and THEM, hand in hand, heart. . . . Yes; let him who offers himself to Masters as a chêla, unreservedly, . . . let him do what *he can* if he would ever see Them. . . . Then things were done *because I alone was responsible for the issues.* I alone had to bear Karma in case of failure and *no reward* in case of success. . . . I saw the T. S. would be smashed or that *I had to offer myself as the Scapegoat for atonement.* It is the latter I did. The T. S. lives,—I am *killed.* Killed in my honour, fame, name, in everything H. P. B. held near and dear, for this body is MINE and I feel acutely through it. . . . I may err in my powers as H. P. B. I have not worked and toiled for forty years, playing parts, risking my future reward, and taking Karma upon this unfortunate appearance to serve Them without being permitted to have some voice in the matter. H. P. B. is not infallible. H. P. B. is an old, rotten, sick, worn-out body, but it is the best I can have in this cycle. Hence follow the path I show, the Masters that are behind—and do not follow me or my PATH. When I am dead and gone in this body, then will you know the whole truth. Then will you know that I have *never, never* been false to any one, nor have I deceived anyone, but had many a time to allow them to deceive themselves, for I had no right to interfere with their Karma. . . . Oh ye foolish blind moles, all of you; who is able to offer himself in sacrifice as I did!"

The Buddha said: As from a heap of refuse by the road springs up a beautiful, sweet-scented lily, so the disciple of the All-Enlightened One shines forth among the masses of the world who sit in darkness.—DHAMMAPADA.

The heart of man is so constituted that its fulness comes of spending. When we serve—we rule. When we give—we have. When we surrender ourselves—we are victors.—NEWMAN.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

II

NEITHER the spirit nor the significance of these letters can be appreciated without an understanding of the circumstances in which they were written. It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that readers of this instalment will refer to what was said, by way of introduction to the series, in the last issue of the QUARTERLY (April, 1931), page 314 *et seq.*

From the date of the first to the last (June 6th, 1894) of the letters now given, the attacks on Judge were steadily becoming more open and more virulent. Mrs. Besant and the Countess Wachtmeister, who had arrived in Colombo during the early part of November, 1893, were met there by Olcott, who escorted them, by slow stages, to Adyar, where they arrived in time for the Convention toward the end of December. Mrs. Besant had "gone native" almost as soon as she set foot in India, adopting an imitation of native dress, and in every possible way proclaiming herself Hindu. So far as her lecturing engagements permitted, she was hurrying to Allahabad, where Professor Chakravarti, whom she had adopted as her occult instructor, awaited her. It was while at Allahabad, on February 6th, 1894, that she handed to Olcott the formal request he wanted, namely, to direct, as President of the Society, "that the charges made" against Judge, "with reference to certain letters and sentences in the alleged writings of the Mahâtmas", "shall be formulated and laid before a Committee" of the T. S. Olcott wrote officially to Judge next day, enclosing a copy of Mrs. Besant's demand, and offering him "the following options": (1) either resign all offices in the T. S., or (2) submit to a trial by a Judicial Committee of the T. S., which would make public the whole of the proceedings in detail. Olcott added that as he would like to know Judge's decision before Mrs. Besant left India, "I would ask you to kindly cable me the word 'first' if you choose to resign; or 'second' if you demand the Committee"! Judge's stand in this matter is set forth clearly in his letter to me of February 26th. Olcott's suggestion that Judge might prefer to resign was intended, of course, for "the gallery", as even Olcott knew Judge too well, just as a man (he knew nothing about him as an Occultist), to suppose him capable of any such thing.

It cannot be repeated too often that the objective of the Black Lodge, which instigated and engineered these attacks, was the destruction of H. P. B.'s reputation, as a woman, but chiefly as Lodge Messenger, and, as a direct consequence, the nullification of her life's Work, which constituted the chief outer effort of the White Lodge in the nineteenth century. The attacks on Judge, who was known to have been her pupil, and who claimed, rightly, to be follow-

ing in her footsteps, both in spirit and in method,—were aimed at her, through him. Judge knew it, and all who loved and trusted him, knew it also.

Colonel Olcott had played most creditably an essential and difficult part in the early days of the Movement; but the trouble was that he knew it, and came to think of himself as more important than H. P. B. His attitude in this respect, complicated matters greatly for her during the last years of her life—as all members of that period well knew. He had imagined that, in the event of her death, he would occupy the centre of the theosophical stage without a peer. When she died, his vanity was deeply affronted by the recognition given to Judge; and Judge was H. P. B.'s most powerful and most faithful defender. Olcott felt instinctively that this was a reflection upon himself, and it galled him. He desired, on the one hand, to exalt himself by belittling H. P. B. (as he attempted to do in *Old Diary Leaves*); and Judge balked him there. He was jealous of Judge, on the other hand, because Judge, compelled by Olcott himself to balk him, won increasing admiration by his manner of doing so.

It was the same old story of unregenerate human nature,—not only in Olcott's case, but in the case of all those, without exception, who laid themselves open to be used as tools in this infamous campaign. Because they were willing tools, they thought that they were conducting it, but actually, as a campaign, it had been devised, well in advance of execution, by those whose hatred of the White Lodge over-shadowed all minor hatreds, whether of H. P. B. or of Judge.

Meanwhile Judge worked and worked and worked—for Theosophy. As these letters prove, he spared himself no pains, overlooked no detail in *his* campaign, the single purpose of which was to consolidate and complete the vast enterprise of H. P. B. It filled him with despair that those who ought to have done likewise were giving their time and energies to personal resentments and jealousies—or to personal devotions; but he refused to be diverted from his course, refused to protect himself, refused to attack his enemies, convinced that truth would prevail in the end, as it will. In those days some of us would have given our lives if he could have been vindicated at once; but he was in no hurry; and now, neither are we. When H. P. B. is recognized for what she was, Judge will be also: not before, because the two stand or fall together. They are inseparable.

E. T. H.

NEW YORK, December 27th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove,

I can now speak definitely in respect to the April Convention here. It will be held at San Francisco near the end of April. Frisco is 5 days away by rail. That makes 10 days from London—say 11. That makes 22 for travel there and back. Could you do it? Such a trip would benefit you in body and mind as well as spreading another T. S. rope across the world. If you come over, here are items to attend to:

(a) Appointment to represent European Section.

(b) Address prepared from European Section and signed by the General Secretary.

(c) Your own address as representative.

(d) A couple of papers or lectures ready on T. S. subjects, one being short, say 40 minutes. As many in reserve as you like.

(e) Informing me in advance so that I can assign you a place for a talk on some theosophical subject. This I must know in advance for program.

(f) Inquire to see if you are to bring over any boxes or things from 19 [Avenue Road] to *Path* or T. S. here.

(g) Some good photos of yourself for use possibly (positively) with the newspapers. Those you bring, but one is to go out ahead to the Coast through me.

Even should Bert [Keightley] insist on coming, it makes no difference as that would only possibly cut out the representation. But if you are coming and announce it long enough in advance, he is not likely to wish to duplicate, as it would not do. Besides I don't think he wants to go so far over as Frisco, —and he was there years ago.

This is all I can think of in relation to the affair.

With best love

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Judge used a typewriter, when available, for much of his personal correspondence. "The machine" of the next letter, refers to that.

Khandalavala was an Indian Judge. He had contributed an article to Colonel Olcott's magazine, *The Theosophist*, indirectly attacking Judge, which I had mentioned with disgust in a letter to Judge.

NEW YORK, February 6th, 1894.

Dear Hargrove,

After using the machine for a time it goes well. Try it.

Am glad to hear from you and to get the news. Silentio, my dear, is almost as good as patience. He laughs best who does it last, and time is a devil for grinding things. Do not fear for me; no way. I am not in pain nor will I be. A defeat even would be a sort of new sensation and thus a relief, but I do not expect it. It will be the same old grind all the while. And "yoiung" chickens with swelled heads do not run the universe for any great length of time, for whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. See? As to such men as Khandalavala they are prominent by reason of official position in the Government, but they do not form a majority at all; they are not even types in the Indian Section [of the T. S.]. I know thus. Haven't much to say. You are all right. Use the time in getting calmness and solid strength, for a big river is so, not because it has a deep bed, but because it has VOLUME.

As ever thine,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

NEW YORK, February 8th, 1894.

My dear Hargrove,

Just a line about the Convention. There is to be held at the same time at Frisco, a midwinter Fair (now on), with a religious parliament annex, and we are in it by and large with two days for talk. It will meet on the 19th, so you must be over in time to get there by that date. We may want you to swell around at that as a "furriner", so you will have to see the Chinaman as to a paper. The subjects are: "The Wisdom Religion the basis of all religions"; "Reincarnation"; "Necessary unity of Religion, Philosophy and Science"; "Karma, the immutable Law of Cause and Effect." Let me know at once the one you take. This, mind, is extra to the Convention, so you must be ready also with things for that. You are now to be initiated into real rushing work in the land of the free, so be bold and strong and don't mind, for you will be protected and come through all right. How do you like the prospect? We shall have lots of fun, and you will meet so many whole souls you will never want to live in London any more. Good bye and good luck to thee. In haste—as ever the same,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

On the back of the envelope containing the following hurriedly-written letter, Judge wrote: "Want your biography for Faces of Friends. No escape."

The "splendid picture" of the postscript was the photograph I had sent him in compliance with his request.

NEW YORK, February 23rd, 1894.

Dear Ernest T.,

Enclosed is Convention notice. You do not speak at Rel. Parl. but you ought to be here 1st April so as to go with us. Let me know soon. Mrs. J., Buck, myself and you go together. We may have to start by April 5th from N. Y. so as to do up some places.

I gave Mrs. K. by this mail a small certificate for you.

Times h'is 'ard, but Karma takes care of its own. Come along to Convention and have a good time and we'll get well acquainted.

Love and devotion
Common sense and *justice.*
As ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Splendid picture.

NEW YORK, February 26th, 1894.

My dear Hargrove,

I have now found out all about the trip to California and send you information so that you can decide your dates and let me know at once in order that I may be able to buy the ticket from here. You can pay me for it when you arrive. I must buy it before March 31st in order to take advantage of low rate.

The midwinter Fair at Frisco is reducing rates on the R. Rs. They offer ticket good till July 30th from N. Y. to the Coast and return for $123.70, the sleeper being about $40. extra going and coming; that makes about $164.70 without any meals. This will give you a good notion of the probable cost. I buy the tickets here, right through, sleepers and all. We shall go from here viâ St. Louis to Los Angeles, where we shall break off for a day extra and then go up the coast to Frisco, and back viâ another route touching at Salt Lake and Denver and Chicago and home. This takes in a good bit of the U. S., as San Diego is really the most southern city near to Mexico.

We must leave here early in April so as to have enough time, but I must know right off so as to buy the tickets before the rate is raised again. This rate is an enormous reduction and is on all the roads so as to attract people to the midwinter Fair. Is it not lucky for us? So now let me know. I have billed you all about and sent your phiz to Frisco and they are "making you up" for the papers. As I asked for a picture and you sent me two with no word to the contrary, I made use of it thus though it is a very nice piece of art work to be flinging around the place.

* * * * * * *

Please note for your use. The T. S. is a body with no creed, and under its constitution no one has the right to enforce or to authorize a belief. Hence it is unconstitutional for a T. S. committee to sit on or consider a question which raises the existence or powers of the Masters; and so the T. S. has no right to have a committee to decide if anyone ever used the name, fame, or hand of a Master, right or wrong. If they try this, they violate the constitution and make a definite dogma by the decision either way of such a committee. Sit on this question as a lawyer. It is vital.

Good bye, good man, and good luck. I stopped the Chinaman in time, eh?

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Elliott B. Page, a very old member of the Society, referred to in the following letter, was manager of the Theosophical publishing and book business at the Headquarters in New York.

NEW YORK, March 2nd, 1894.

Dear Hargrove,

This will probably be the last chance to write.

(a) Wire me if you are going to be here in time to leave with us on the 3rd.

(b) Push up the persons named in Page's letter so they will send you the stuff in time.

(c) Have all the packages marked with your own name, and have as many as you can in your cabin, for when Stabler came back her packages did not turn up for three days. You will have a cabin to yourself and there is plenty of room underneath the berth

(d) Bring notes with you of your own life for the purposes of *Path* articles. Your plate is here and it is very good.

(e) Have letter of greeting from the European Section sure, as well perhaps as another from the London household [at 19 Avenue Road], and any others you can get from the Continent.

(f) All right about the articles you have mentioned. Bring all your notes of old lectures as you may need them. It may be that you will not speak at the Parliament, as they have cut us down a lot, but the stuff will be just as good for the Convention. The basis of religions is splendid for the Convention, as I have none on that, and they need it, and the Christ idea is also for a second day as they need that too, and it will take with the public.

I hope there will be no hitch in your coming, as I am banking a lot on you though I have not said much.

Good bye then, and good luck as ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

English notes are easily cashed here, or gold, or bill to a bank.

The Countess Wachtmeister, who had been appointed to represent the Indian Section of the T. S. at the San Francisco Convention, and I, as delegate of the European Section, travelled on the same ship to New York, where we arrived on March 31st. The Countess had accompanied Mrs. Besant and Olcott on their recent tour in India, and had returned to London somewhat in advance of Mrs. Besant so as to reach San Francisco in time. She was an old member of the Society, and had lived in close contact with H. P. B., so Judge—always thinking of his members—promptly set her to work, and incidentally myself, by calling upon us to speak at the regular Tuesday evening meeting of the Aryan T. S. in the hall at 144 Madison Avenue, then the Headquarters of the T. S. in America.

Judge's solicitude for his members was intense. In his eyes it was nothing short of a crime if older workers, especially those visiting America from abroad in some official or public capacity, failed to give of their best. In reply to a letter from Jasper Niemand (Mrs. Archibald Keightley), asking him to be less "cold" to Mrs. Annie Besant than he had been during the latter's visit to this country with Professor Chakravarti in September, 1893, Judge had written: "It is true Annie suffered through my cold and hard feelings. But it was her fault, for I say now as then to Annie, that she, absorbed in Chakravarti, neglected my members, who are my children, and for whom I wanted her best and got her worst. That made me cold, of course, and I had to fight it, and didn't care if Annie did not like it: I have no time to care. I am glad she has gone to India. It is her trial and her chance, and when she gets back she can see for herself if she is able to prevent the 'big head' from coming on as has happened with others."

In justice to the Countess Wachtmeister it should be said that Judge had no

such ground for complaint against her, as she worked indefatigably throughout her visit, doing more than was asked of her, as Judge thankfully recognized.

On the Thursday after the Aryan meeting, Judge and Mrs. Judge, the Countess Wachtmeister, and I, left New York for San Diego. Our party was joined *en route* by Dr. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati. We travelled, I think (for at that time all American railroads were alike to me), by the Southern Pacific; in any case we passed through Little Rock, Arkansas, because I well remember Judge's subsequent enjoyment when a member of the Society, residing in Little Rock, who met us on the train as we passed through, pointed to a building in the neighbourhood and said with evident pride: "The largest lunatic asylum in the country!"—or words to that effect. Judge seized upon this incident as an introduction to an American peculiarity, enjoying its humour, of which the local member was totally unaware, but perhaps anxious that I, on my first acquaintance with the country, should not gain a wrong impression. "They are like that", he said, "but they are real people none the less: the salt of the earth."

I was impressed by the way Judge practised what he had preached in his letter to me of October 7th (see the April, 1931, QUARTERLY, p. 321). Instead of seeking every possible opportunity, real or imagined, to instruct others—the dreadful way of some people—he was constantly creating opportunities to gain information that would be of use to him in the Work, his one unceasing concern. The train would stop, for instance, on account of a "hot box." Judge would disappear, to return later with the explanation that he had been talking to the engine-driver, and had picked up this or that fact from the man's experience which illustrated some theosophical principle and would perhaps serve as an illustration in a lecture, or in an article for *The Path*. Judge had read a great deal, but was not a bookworm, and used his reading as a background for his unceasing study of *life*, especially of human nature, which, he said, was the main business of the practical occultist. On the train, he spent most of his time writing. There were innumerable letters to be written, in addition to articles and editorial work for *The Path*. Both Mrs. Judge and the Countess were admirable travellers, uncomplaining, always punctual, tactful, and making the fewest possible demands on Judge's time. After our arrival on the Coast, when the stream of visitors was almost incessant, Mrs. Judge accomplished wonders by steering them away, without hurting their feelings, when intermissions were really necessary.

Judge had wonderful eyes, with infinite depths behind them,—depths of tenderness, of strength, of perception. They were luminous eyes; sometimes veiled, especially with strangers, and at other times flashing out with marvellous power and light. They could express everything,—the whole gamut of feeling; or they could express absolutely nothing, as he wished. When he was amused, they danced. As I remember him, he rarely laughed, and then, silently; but his smile was radiant—it was a beautiful smile—and revealed all kinds of things, perhaps intense pleasure, perhaps intense enjoyment of some humorous incident. For part of the distance on the journey to San Diego, there was

no dining-car on our train, and we stopped somewhere in the Mojave Desert for lunch or supper. As I paid the waiter, a raw-boned Westerner, for my share of the meal, I made some remark, intended to be sympathetic, about having to live in a desert, with nothing but stifling, hot sand for miles around. The man's retort, perhaps intended to put the "furriner" in his place, was instant: "No stinkin' vegetation in these parts, thank God!" How Judge enjoyed that!

Travelling in such close association with the Countess Wachtmeister made things a trifle awkward, for me in any case. I had seen a good deal of her at Avenue Road and at the office of the T. P. S. in London; I was indebted to her for having been the first to speak to me of steps leading toward the possibility of chêlaship: I had great respect for her personally: but I had good reason to suspect that her attitude toward Judge reflected Mrs. Besant's; so I was compelled to distrust her thoroughly, and of course could not in any way refer to "the row" in her presence. Judge treated her as if she must necessarily feel as he did,—that nothing counted or mattered, except work for Theosophy. I could understand that, but when, later, he encouraged her to visit, quite alone, as many Branches as possible and to stay as long as possible, without any fear whatever, so far as I could see, that she would, perhaps unconsciously, spread doubts of his integrity,—I was distinctly worried and told him so. His reply was that she greatly interested the members with good, helpful and authentic stories of H. P. B.; that her visits to small towns and Branches would stimulate an interest in Theosophy, and that she would do more good than harm, even supposing she were capable of harm. It was yet another instance of his bigness of view, of his detachment from personal considerations, and of his one-pointed devotion to Theosophy in and for itself. To what extent she responded temporarily to his generosity of attitude, I do not know. She was completely a gentlewoman in the old and true sense of the word, and although she remained with Mrs. Besant after the "split", I never heard that she attacked Judge.

We arrived in Los Angeles on the evening of April 10th, and went straight to a Branch meeting at which Judge, Buck, and I spoke. Next day, Judge and I started early for San Diego, and arrived there at one o'clock. After lunch, we addressed a large Branch meeting and met the members until five. This was followed in the evening by a public lecture in Unity Church, when we spoke upon "The Aim of Life". So it continued, day after day, without intermission. I was young and sufficiently able-bodied, besides which the experience, for me, was novel, but Judge had been doing the same kind of thing for years, and was already suffering from the premonitory symptoms (wrongly interpreted by doctors as "liver") of his last illness. How he stood it, is not easy to explain, except on the ground that his intensity of devotion kept his body going without the slightest sign of mental or nervous fatigue.

From San Diego, back to Los Angeles, and more lecturing and interviews, and so to San Francisco, where the Religious Parliament, at which Judge and Buck spoke, immediately preceded the Convention.

Judge was received with enthusiasm everywhere, either because of, or in spite of, attacks in the newspapers, which naturally made the most of the

stories circulated from Adyar against him. At the first session of the Convention, Judge announced that Olcott, as President of the Society, had notified him that he, Olcott, had suspended him as Vice-President; whereupon the following resolution was carried unanimously, all present, except Judge, rising spontaneously to make their protest more emphatic:

"That this Convention, after careful deliberation, finds that such suspension of the Vice-President is without the slightest warrant in the Constitution, and altogether transcends the discretionary powers given the President by the Constitution, and therefore, is null and void.

"And this Section, in Convention assembled, hereby expresses its unqualified protest against the said illegal action by the President of the Society, and can see no necessity for such action, and that even did the Constitution contain any provision for a suspension, it would have been wholly needless and unbrotherly, inasmuch as by the Constitution the Vice-President has no duties or power save in case of the death, resignation, or accusation of the President."

Olcott's action had revealed the animus which inspired him, and which inspired the others with whom, by this time, he was hand in glove as against Judge. The delegates and members assembled in San Francisco recognized this animus, and felt rightly that Judge was being persecuted. It made them angry, and it is some comfort to know, after the passage of all these years, that I did my small best *not* to lessen the anger. Yet the anger was contained and quiet. Judge well knew the reaction that follows an emotional outburst, and always did his best to check "demonstrations."

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, the President of the San Francisco Branch, and author of well-known books on Theosophy, then read resolutions in regard to the charges against Judge of "misuse of Mahâtmas' names and handwritings", and asked that these resolutions be submitted for the consideration of the proper Committee; but the Convention would not tolerate delay, and insisted upon passing them, as read, by a rising vote. The fact was (and is) that these resolutions were too completely logical and crushing to admit of debate, even if there had been any desire for it. In substance they set forth that *whereas* Olcott, Annie Besant, A. P. Sinnett and others had at various times claimed to have heard from the alleged Mahâtmas, and that Olcott by request was making arrangements for an official inquiry by a Judicial Committee to try the question whether Judge had "misused the names and handwritings of the Mahâtmas"; and *whereas* the Constitution provided freedom for all as to beliefs, and that no dogma of any kind could be officially recognized by the Society; therefore *Resolved:* that the opinion of the Convention was that the President's action was uncalled for, unconstitutional, illegal, and improper; that the Convention re-affirmed the right of all to believe or disbelieve in the Mahâtmas or Masters; and then thanked William Q. Judge for his work and expressed full belief and confidence in him.

Then followed the gem of the Convention,—a resolution to the effect that if, in the face of the protest of the American Section, an investigation were to be carried on, then Olcott, Annie Besant, A. P. Sinnett, and others should be

investigated also, and that they should be compelled to show their commission from the Mahâtmas and to divulge what they know thereon, and to show the truthfulness of their claims thereon.

Lastly it was resolved that in the opinion of the American Section only a body of Mahâtmas appearing at the session of the Judicial Committee could decide whether or not any communication was or is a genuine or fraudulent Mahâtmic message.

It can be imagined with what enthusiasm these resolutions were carried. They supplied a much-needed counterblast to the intrigues and threats of Judge's enemies, and The Theosophical Society of to-day—the continuation and exfoliation of the old American Section—can afford to be proud of its record on that occasion. The best of good Karma was made by the loyalty, clarity of perception, fearlessness of protest, and strict adherence to principle, of the membership of 1894. Incidentally, the individual who inspired the demand that everyone should be investigated while they were about it, deserved great credit both for his keen recognition of the logical issue, and for his sense of humour!

The Convention then proceeded with its order of business, including a public meeting in Golden Gate Hall at which Judge, the Countess, Buck and I spoke. Judge, who spoke last, concluded his speech with these words: "Theosophy is the Reformer of Religions, the Justifier of Conscience, and the Mediator between Science and Religion; it is our present and future, our life, our death, and our immortality."

Judge's voice was not strong, though his intonation was pleasant, clear and virile. He was not an eloquent speaker, in the ordinary sense of the term; he used hardly any gestures; his style was simple, without a shadow of display; he said what he had to say, naturally and without effort; but he carried conviction, as few do, because of the intensity which he embodied,—the force of a restrained but consuming devotion, the compression of a steel spring. And on this occasion his audience, though consisting mostly of strangers, seemed to sense something great, something heroic, in Judge as a man; for not content with a storm of applause at the end of his speech, there were loud calls for "Judge" from all parts of the Hall, much to the astonishment of the T. S. members who were present. Judge, I think, was rather embarrassed as he stepped forward and bowed; but some of us blessed the people who did it. It was a reminder that the Olcotts and Besants and their kind, were not the only people in the world.

Meetings, morning, afternoon and evening of the next day, immediately after which Judge sent me to lecture and meet members in Santa Cruz and San José, while he visited Oakland, returning to San Francisco to deliver another public lecture, before proceeding to Sacramento where I rejoined him. On May 1st we arrived at Portland, Oregon, for more lectures and meetings, and then went to Seattle. Judge much preferred this northern part of the West Coast, to its southern reaches. He told me that Seattle had been built on the site of an ancient and great city, and that he believed the Puget Sound neigh-

bourhood would become, in time, one of the most important centres in the United States, commercially in any case.

From Seattle, to my indescribable disappointment, I was called back to England on account of illness there—needlessly, as it happened. Judge was not at all pleased, and I much regret now that I did not complete the tour with him, as he travelled—meeting members and lecturing wherever he stopped—to Victoria, B. C., Port Townsend, back to Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Portland, and so to Chicago and New York by way of Salt Lake City (a large public meeting in the Salt Lake Theatre), Aspen, Denver, and Omaha.

Throughout his long journey, with the "investigation" ahead of him in London, Judge not only edited and wrote articles for *The Path*, but carried on his immense correspondence with members all over the world—encouraging and guiding the inner efforts of some, and the outer activities of others; supervised the publishing, book-selling and printing business conducted at Headquarters; kept a close watch on the lecturing and organizing work of Burcham Harding in Massachusetts and Connecticut, of Dr. Griffiths in the West, and of Claude Wright in the South, and never lost touch with the Countess Wachtmeister who continued her lecturing tour through America for several months. It was an extraordinary performance. Judge was determined to turn evil into good, and to use the attacks against himself for the ultimate benefit of the Work.

I of course wrote to him as soon as I reached London, receiving the following letter in reply:

NEW YORK, June 6th, 1894.

Dear E. T. H.,

Just got your first. Thanks. But I am soon coming. I shall say but little. Take my advice and say nothing now. You cannot in England talk as you did here, save on general T. S. matters. So keep quiet until you see what to do. I feel too that J. C. K. will get well. I always thought so. But the pain and agony for so long are awful. Delivered yours to Mrs. Judge. She will write you. I do not know if I shall have you on the Coast or not. Seems to me if we can get a sure man more known and older, it will have better effect. This is not against you, but you know how people are. I am dubious. But will settle it all when I get over. Till then revoir.

W. Q. J.

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.—LOVER.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—FRANCIS BACON.

WAR MEMORIES

XII

The Evacuation of a Hospital

NOT long after that fatal night attack—the air raid which resulted in the great toll of life—we began to hear rumours that our hospital was to close down. Even when it had first been opened, its installation was never, I believe, intended as a permanent arrangement (the uncertain and constantly shifting lines would alone have made impermanence a necessary feature in the reckoning), and it was now too exposed to be suitable for the particular kind of wounded who came to us. In the beginning it had, I think, been classed midway between a casualty clearing station and a sort of temporary place of convalescence (convalescence which promised to be of short duration), and it had been kept open because of its fine situation, the lovely park and the spaciousness of the château itself; also because it was excellently equipped. Quite recently, however, several British casualty clearing stations had been established well to the east of Poperinghe, much nearer the lines than we had ever been—in fact, almost in the front lines themselves, where the staffs were doing splendid pioneer work—and there was no longer the same need for us that there had been. So the rumours of our removal farther to the rear, where our wounded would be safer, increased, and we expected that each day might be our last in the château.

The autumn was setting in, and with it the weather, which had been none too friendly from the start, broke finally and completely. Sometimes I think that never before has there been so much rain as fell that year of Third Ypres. Day after day it came down in sheets, in torrents, and with gales of wind, making the moving of men and of artillery over the glutinous clay of the soil—transport of any kind—indescribably difficult; washing away the very trenches themselves at times, or turning them into deep, death-filled canals. The casualties were appalling, it was a veritable carnage; yet, with indomitable persistence, with grim determination, the Allies fiercely contested every inch of the shell-torn, mouldering earth; creeping forward where they could; holding fast against insuperable odds where advance was impossible, the Germans, meanwhile, continuing to bring up reinforcements, fresh divisions from the eastern front, adding to their own strength against our unflinching but weary troops. Here in the dreary swamps and marshes which stretched in galling monotony around Ypres; here on these Flanders Fields which in 1914 had sprung to immortal fame, another bloody conflict was raging, and while, from certain points of view, the Third Battle of Ypres was not as conclusive as had been anticipated (for the Germans still controlled the Belgian coast, and still

occupied a highly important centre—Lille), the Allies had, none the less, wrested many prominent positions from the enemy, eventually capturing Passchendaele Ridge itself—or all that remained of it, after the bitter struggle for its possession; and what was of incalculable moral value, they had thereby greatly strengthened their hold on Ypres. Had this old Flemish town, which stood in the popular imagination as symbolic of an iron endurance (though it was now hardly a town; really little more than heaps of charred stones and drifting ashes, *La Ville Morte* it was called)—had Ypres been allowed to fall into German hands, it would probably have meant the eventual loss of the last inch of Belgian soil, making the conquest of that lion-hearted little country complete.

So the autumn set in with storms and flood; with only an occasional sunny day or clear night—one advantage to us, at least, being that we had fewer air raids. Meanwhile our hospital life moved on as usual, save that with the shorter days and the chilly, gusty dampness, we could not take our men out very often; but the nurses had a "day off" now and again when work was slack, and I made it known that, rain or shine, when my turn came I was going to explore the countryside of which I had seen very little. The château park was large (no lack of space to move in), but you had to get outside the gates if you wanted to see any of the countless signs of war which passed along the highways. This did not, of course, mean that inside our enclosure we were left in peaceful unconsciousness that the War was raging, but knowledge of it reached us more by air than by land, and while I had *heard* plenty of guns, I had seen few for some time—and I like guns, though I know little about them. Then came a morning (not my "day off", but it was fine weather), when I was asked, quite unexpectedly, to go over toward Bailleul on a small commission for the hospital, and even with the many other things I saw, that whole day is glorified in my memory because of a single event, over in a few minutes; an event which still moves splendidly across the scenic curtain of my mind, a brilliant if fleeting picture—a column of marching men. The car in which I rode had been dashing along at high speed (it was nice to be in the open again), when, on the outskirts of the town, we tore past a small, shell-shattered house—no unusual sight, indeed, but it seemed to call to me in some peculiar way, as though in its solitude it were begging the charity of human sympathy. Telling my driver to wait a moment for me, I hurried back over the stretch of road we had come, for I wanted to peep in at the staring, curtainless windows; to give that desolate, uninhabited little house the comfort for which it seemed asking. There were at that moment few people about, and with the stopping of my car a sudden stillness had fallen with caressing peace around me. Reaching the small house with its neglected garden, overgrown with weeds, I stood there a moment wondering what the now-absent family had been like, and if there had once been children playing there among the flowers. Then suddenly, from a distance, and carried to me on the wings of the autumn wind, there came a sound which in an instant banished every other thought; a sound which always sends the blood racing and tingling in my veins—the sound of fife and drum. I waited, expectant. Nearer and nearer came that martial music (of all music

perhaps the most stirring), and then, round a bend of the road, I caught the first glimpse of the advancing column; a regiment of British Regulars was marching up from some village in the rear, where it had been in rest billets—marching up to take its place in the line—the men swinging easily and steadily forward in preparation for the entrance into Bailleul, for it was well known that such gallant sights and sounds as this, heartened the people of the countryside to a degree now difficult to realize, perhaps. The autumn sunshine streamed over them, glinting here and there; giving the dull khaki of the uniforms a warm and glowing tint, like the tint of autumn leaves, as on they came. Seemingly from nowhere a crowd had meanwhile gathered near me; a crowd which, like myself, had been irresistibly drawn by the shrilling of the fifes, the deep, insistent throbbing of the drums, and silently we watched the column as it moved toward us. At its head rode the colonel of the regiment on a faultlessly groomed chestnut, with a glossy coat like silk; with tiny ears pricked forward, proudly arched neck and dainty feet which seemed hardly to touch the earth. Then after him, in long alignment, and at regular intervals, followed company after company, each led by its commanding officer, each man with his full equipment, in perfect marching trim. The officers for the most part wore the traditional look of cool reserve; the men themselves moved with a kind of splendid carelessness; many were singing; all were smiling and jesting—and so they swung gaily past, with that haunting rhythm which rises from marching feet, going forward, most of them, as they knew but too well, to certain death. There followed the machine guns; the field kitchens, steaming comfortably and reassuringly, rattled by; all the paraphernalia of regimental well-being swept past, but it was the contagious inner, united spirit of that regimental life which stayed with us; which dominated and inspired us; for to us it was symbolic of Allied aims and hopes. Then away in the distance died the sound of fife and drum; away marched those men never to return; but the memory of them can never fade; they live again and will always live, in the hearts of those of us who saw them pass that day.

Routine life in our blind ward continued for a while longer (though the rumours of evacuation were not lacking), but many of our men who had been there when I first arrived had been sent to the base, and while in each case the usual promises never to lose touch were made, when the unavoidable and painful moment of parting came, all these men, so carefully tended, passed, as a rule, one after another, out of our lives—that was, of course, the fortune of war. Occasionally a letter to the head nurse would reach us, with news of those who had gone to the rear; but for the most part, there was silence. Some of our original blind stayed on, however, stayed on for one reason or another, and among these was a man we proudly called "our orderly". This did not mean that he was our *only* orderly, for we were well supplied with these necessary hospital appendages; the title signified a special admiration, affection and trust on the part of everyone in our ward, whether staff or patient. "Our orderly's" name was Jim, and although beside being blind he had lost most of his right arm and half of his left hand, at least his legs were intact, and his

heart never for a moment failed him (or us!), and there seemed to be little or nothing he could not do, from tying a bow-knot (his teeth helped him in that case), to making beds and "washing up". He was a paragon, and our ward was intensely proud of him and jealous of his good name. Jim was never for a moment idle. When there seemed to be nothing particular to do, he would prowl about in search of work of which he was avaricious; so, of course, he always found it. In one sense, he was everybody's pet—tousle-headed (he had the delightful kind of hair which scornfully repudiates cultivation of any sort), always good-natured and willing, long-suffering and with a human understanding which far surpassed his years. But he was no milksop. He made me think of a wise old shepherd dog, watchful and patient and gentle when things were going as they should, but quick to show his fangs when ward laws were deliberately broken, or insubordination threatened. "Nah then, nah then, none o' that, I tells yer!" you would hear his voice raised in warning to some delinquent, though you never quite knew how (being stone blind) he had scented mischief, sometimes from afar. Jim had lost his eyes, but he had never lost his wits, and not one of us could imagine the ward without him.

The C. O. who, in his "unofficial moments" was a great tease—the men adored him—also had an affection for Jim, and one day, coming unexpectedly into the ward, he noticed "our orderly" who was labouring, under peculiarly adverse circumstances, over some self-appointed task.

"Jim!" called the C. O. sharply, in mock severity.

"Our orderly", hearing the familiar voice, stood rigidly at attention, and saluted—at least he intended it for a salute. But he had some difficulty in making it for the reason that the wound in his left hand was again giving him trouble, and had that very morning been swathed in heavy dressings which made it look more like a suet pudding than anything else, while, his right arm being gone, he could not call upon that in his dilemma. Equal to the occasion and quite unabashed, however, he saluted with the only thing he had, and that suet pudding raised jauntily to the side of his cap (his cap which he insisted on wearing most of the time, and always on the back of his head), gave him a pleasantly impudent air.

"Sir!" answered Jim, gravely and still at attention.

"I am afraid you are getting lazy, Jim," growled the C. O., the severity of his tone unchanged, "I don't like the look of things."

"Yes sir," said Jim, modestly and expectantly.

"Here you are, wasting your time as usual! Why don't you get to work at something? You are getting to be an out-and-out slacker!"

"*Yes* sir!" said Jim again, this time with a broad grin, while the rest of us laughed delightedly at the suggestion that Jim had grown lazy.

"The slacker", as we now sometimes called him, continued, however, to be our prop and mainstay, and when at last, late one afternoon, we got our marching orders, and knew that the hospital was to be evacuated—and, with the usual military precipitation, evacuated that very night—Jim, hearing the news, rose gallantly to the occasion.

It is amazing how quickly a large war-time hospital can be moved, for, quite apart from the wounded and the personnel (surgeons, nurses, orderlies, cooks, etc.), there is the complicated "machinery" of operating theatres, sterilizing plants, tents to be packed, kitchens to be closed—a long list. Our hospital was well organized, and the moment the news reached us, each member of the staff got to work at his or her particular post. I, being somewhat like Jim, a kind of "handy man"—though very far from being as handy as he was—fetched and carried, ran errands or helped in the ward as the case might be. The afternoon was already far advanced; it was the close of a bright, crisp autumn day, when the sun, an unusual sight, had cheered us; but it meant that when darkness fell we were more than likely to have an air raid, as on most clear nights, and there was no time to lose, for a raid in the midst of evacuating a hospital is not a situation to be courted. In our particular ward, we began at once to get our blind men ready for the journey, and strange as it may seem, many of them did not want to go. They had got used to their surroundings, to us and to the routine. With a natural hesitation, they realized that they were re-entering the old life which, now that they were blind, would be new and strange to them. No wonder that they looked on this move with mixed feelings! As for us—well, we could not bear to part from them, though we knew it was best that they should go. You get so desperately attached to men who have come to you shattered and torn, and whom you have watched struggle bravely and little by little, day by day, back to life—perhaps this is especially so when they are blind. The actual preparing of our men for their journey to the rear, took more time than I, at least, had anticipated. It was a comparatively easy matter to give out socks, shoes, overcoats and such things; also to get each of our men into them when the moment came; the real difficulty and delay began with the packing up of their personal belongings, for each had his special "treasures", generally tied in a handkerchief or bit of sacking, and each treasure had to be carefully felt (eyes being gone), handled, sorted from the rest. It afforded me some questionable amusement (if not a natural feminine recoil, nearer to a pang), to discover that a common object of highest value to many of them—one that they absolutely must "take home"—was the particular piece of shrapnel extracted from their wounds while under ether, and saved for them by earnest request. So the time passed all too rapidly, but by patient industry our men were at last quite ready, and waiting for the signal which would tell us that it was time for them to go.

Meanwhile, out in the park, preparations for departure were well under way. Inside the dim recesses of the tents, nurses and orderlies could be seen busily at work over their men, particularly over the severe cases. The men who were up and about could shift for themselves, but some were really in no condition to be transported at all, and medical officers stood in earnest consultation over acute cases. Tent bags had been carefully stacked outside the tents, ready for instant packing as soon as the tents should be empty, and along the avenue, with a traffic sergeant in charge, a long line of ambulances waited. The afternoon was gone; the sun had set in a final blaze of glory, and dusk was now

gathering. The C. O. stood in the twilight, on the steps of the château, watching the work of removal. It was a busy scene. Out of the huge hospital tents, stretchers were already being brought with wounded men, wrapped in heavy blankets; then, the ambulances began slowly to move forward for loading; the stretchers one by one, were carefully and noiselessly slid into their grooves, and:

"Full? Move on there!" sounded the low, business-like voice of the traffic sergeant who was in full control of this army on wheels.

Not a light was to be seen, save once in a while the sudden, sharp spurt of an electric torch, as quickly extinguished as it had been lit. Out of the deepening gloom, ambulance after ambulance rolled up, was filled, and then rolled off again—out through the park gates, invisible in the darkness, out and beyond to the high road, out, and then lost in the night. It was a world of strange, moving shadows, and hardly a sound near at hand except the grating of the ambulance wheels on the driveway, and the even, methodical voice of the traffic sergeant, with his ever-repeated:

"Full? Move on there!"

The sky was now a fathomless, dark vault, and one by one the stars came out; it was a perfect night for a raid. Over there, beyond Ypres, the guns were booming (they never seemed still for a moment), and up from the horizon shot wide, vivid flashes like sheet lightning, leaping, terrible and splendid; awful with its hidden force. Now and then, a sudden, deep-crimson stain, like life-blood gushing from the open wounds of dying men, flooded the east—an S.O.S. signal from some lonely outpost in dire need of help. The stretcher-bearers toiled on; the long line of shadowy ambulances continued to roll up, load and move off—the line was interminable. Then, above the dark masses of the trees, a great, round, harvest moon came sailing—and what a woeful harvest of human lives it looked down upon! It bathed the whole park in a silvery mist, illuminating the silently moving figures of the stretcher-bearers with their heavy burdens; the bulky outlines of the ambulances; shining with a cruel and revealing beauty on the old, grey walls of the château, making it a fine mark for "night birds" passing overhead.

"Sergeant!" called the C. O. sharply.

"Here sir!"—the low, even voice, with its monotonously repeated command, was interrupted for a moment.

"How much longer is this going to last? It's not exactly the night for an evacuation, is it!"

"We're gettin' on, sir," was all the sergeant replied.

I had been watching this kaleidoscopic scene from the obscurity of the cavernous entrance hall which stretched behind the spot where the C. O., out on the steps, was standing. The blind men from our ward had been brought downstairs, and were assembled here until their turn for departure came. The indefatigable Jim was everywhere; weaving himself carefully between the stretchers; "nosing" his blind way about, now here, now there, like the good old shepherd dog he was. He needed no light to guide him; those blind eyes of his saw all that was necessary, and instinctively he reached the side of some

suffering comrade, stretched out under his blankets, waiting patiently but wearily for the next move.

At last our men were summoned; it was the turn of the blind ward to take its place in that long line of departing ambulances; to be carried away from us into the night. No time now for good-byes—moreover they had already been said, repeatedly; the order to march was given, and off they moved in the care of the orderlies and stretcher-bearers. Some of the nurses, I among them, were not to leave until the next day, and we stood there in the doorway and watched those men of ours swept from us—for that was the way we felt about it. Those on stretchers were slipped quickly into their places in the ambulances, and, in the dark interiors, were lost to us instantly and for ever; those who were "sitting" cases climbed into other ambulances as well as they could, and, as always:

"Full? Move on there!" came the unfaltering voice of the traffic sergeant.

Jim was the last to clamber in (he had begged to stay behind to help "tidy up like", but of course he had to go with the rest), and the last I ever saw of him was his tousled head thrust out at the end of the ambulance, between the flaps, the clear moonlight shining on his good, eager face as, with the stump of his right arm, he waved a silent farewell toward the place where he thought we stood. Then, down the long avenue rolled those ambulances, full of our blind men—men who were going back to their old-new world, where old-new people would have to learn to understand them all over again—out through the park gates, now once more made visible by the brilliant moonlight; down the straight, white highroad, and so away.

They had hardly disappeared when the alarm sounded to warn us of a raid. Too late now to call them back from that merciless, white road where every moving speck could be seen from above, even at a height; with nothing between them and the enemy-infested heavens, except the frail top of an ambulance. We were helpless. With the first warning note, the steady stream of stretcher-bearers had ceased; everyone who could do so, took cover, and for the time, no more ambulances rolled up; the C. O. and the traffic sergeant withdrew. Suddenly, through the pearly loveliness of the moon-lit night, another sound pulsed—the *ron-ron* of enemy planes; and so clear and bright was the upper air, that the two dark, swift-moving shapes could be seen, like great, ink-black rooks, as they swooped low over us, while the roar of the motors was deafening. But evidently we were not the prey they were out after that night, for they only dropped one bomb, which did little harm, and they passed on rapidly. A few minutes later, however, we were left in no doubt of their real object, for off in the direction which our ambulances had taken, came the roar of repeated explosions, one after another—it was the railway station they were bombing; the railway where the hospital trains were rapidly being filled to carry our men away to the interior and to safety. We waited in an agony of suspense; to continue sending our men from the now comparative security of our half-evacuated hospital to the railway which had suddenly become a centre of trouble, was not to be thought of; but the question uppermost in our minds was: What has happened to those of our men who are already there?

An hour later, the news came back to us, brought by the returning ambulances. That raid had caught our men in their most helpless state. In spite of the many Red Cross signs and flags, displayed most carefully so as to be visible from the sky, bombs had been dropped on the trains which were waiting for departure and full of wounded; on the incoming ambulances; on the wounded who were in process of being transferred from ambulance to train. The raiders had been flying very low (we had noticed that as they passed over us), so that every bomb dropped in that clear moonlight, had taken effect; the aim had been sure, the casualties frightful. The blind ward had suffered badly, and our poor Jim, with many others, lay dead. The last that anyone knew of him alive was when, in the consternation of that terrible moment, he was seen to seize the arms of two men more newly blind than himself, and to be guiding them, by that extraordinary instinct of his, to cover—to a place of safety which, however, they did not have time to reach. This was told me by the driver who had been in charge of Jim's ambulance.

It was well past midnight before the evacuation could be continued, and meantime, with the usual sudden and disconcerting change of weather, a heavy thunder-storm had gathered and broken over us, violently dissipating the silvery enchantment of the moon-lit night. In the end, however, the damaged trains were again made up, and our remaining men sent on; the remaining hospital tents were emptied, folded and packed, ready for shipping; the last of the waiting ambulances disappeared, most of the staff going with them, and a strange and ghostly loneliness settled on those of us who were left. The wind which had now risen to a gale, howled round the shivering walls of the old château, so lately echoing to the sound of many voices; the windows shook and creaked, and our world was drowned, obliterated in the dreary wash of the rain. For the rest of that night we worked on, attending to the final closing of our hospital. Little was said, but our hearts were in our throats. Of those dear men of ours, so lately in these very rooms, how many were lying dead!

At last the grey, drenched dawn appeared, and found us ready for departure. For the last time I wandered through the rooms and corridors, so familiar, but now so empty; I stood for a brief moment in the dank garden, under the dripping trees. The rain fell heavily, noisily, in a steady, dismal slant; the sharp bite of the early autumn morning was in the air; leaves, damp and sodden, drifted aimlessly down, and lay, just as they had fallen, on the soaking ground below—it was a place of memories only. Sadly I turned back and re-entered the old château, joining the other nurses who had gathered at the front entrance, and in another few minutes we were off; but as we drove away—down the long, silent avenue, where only the night before the endless lines of ambulances had passed—I heard the pounding of the great guns over toward Passchendaele, reminding me of what our troops were enduring and must continue to endure (for how much longer, God only knew!), there in that sanguinary Ypres salient, where the fight was still at its fiercest.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

hand, was completely in his element. She did her utmost to minimize her 'powers', often attributing to one or another of the Masters, as her superiors, the more remarkable of the phenomena she performed. Something of this, though only something, is indicated in another conversation with Judge, recorded in the article I have already quoted, while there are passages in the so-called *Mahatma Letters* which refer to it directly. Judge reports her as having said:

> " 'If you think Master is going to be always precipitating things, you mistake. Yes, he can do it. But most of the precipitations are by chêlas who would seem to you almost Masters. I see his orders, and the thoughts and words he wishes used, and I precipitate them in that form; so does * * * and one or two more.'
>
> " 'Well, what of their handwritings?'
>
> " 'Anything you write is your handwriting, but it is not your personal handwriting, generally used and first learned if you assume or adopt some form. Now you know that Masters' handwritings, peculiar and personal to themselves, are foreign both as to sound and form—Indian sorts, in fact. So they adopted a form in English, and in that form I precipitate their messages at their direction. Why B——— almost caught me one day and nearly made a mess of it by shocking me. The message has to be seen in the astral light in *fac-simile*, and through that astral matrix I precipitate the whole of it. It's different, though, if Master sends me the paper and the message already done. That's why I call these things "psychological tricks". The sign of an objective wonder seemed to be required, although a moment's thought will show it is not proof of anything but occult ability. Many a medium has had precipitations before my miserable self was heard of. But blessed is the one who wants no sign. You have seen plenty of these things. Why do you want to ask me? Can't you use your brain and intuition? I've sampled almost the whole possible range of wonders for you. Let them use their brains and intuition with the known facts and the theories given.'

"One more quotation from the same article in *The Path*,—which I want to read for the benefit of students, rather than that of chance inquirers into Theosophy. H. P. B. sometimes attributed phenomena to Masters which she performed personally, in order to conceal the extent of her own 'powers', but also for the simple reason that her passionate devotion to the Masters who had commissioned her to found the Theosophical Society, meant that she would squander her own life-force unlimitedly if, by so doing, she could spare them the use of their time and energies. But there was another and vitally important reason why it was her duty to act herself, in their place, whenever possible. This was explained by her to Judge—though indirectly—in the following words:

> " 'Look here; here's a man who wants to know why the Masters don't interpose at once and save his business. They don't seem to remember what it means for a Master to use occult force. If you explode gunpowder to split a rock you may knock down a house. There is a law that if a White Magician uses his occult power, an equal amount of power may be used by the Black one. Chemists invent powders for explosives and wicked men may use them.

> You force yourself into Master's presence and you take the consequences of the immense forces around him playing on yourself. If you are weak in character anywhere, the Black ones will use the disturbance by directing the forces engendered to that spot and may compass your ruin. It is so always. Pass the boundary that hedges in the occult realm, and quick forces, new ones, dreadful ones, must be met. Then if you are not strong you may become a wreck for that life. This is the danger. This is one reason why Masters do not appear and do not act directly very often, but nearly always by intermediate degrees. What do you say,—"the dual forces in nature"? Precisely, that's just it; and Theosophists should remember it.'

"There are very few students of Theosophy, even to-day, who appreciate the significance and ramifications of that law.

"People who accuse her of fraud in connection with her phenomena, do not understand what they are talking about. She was not only supremely honest and fearless—recklessly so, at times—but did not need, from any standpoint, to put pretence in the place of actuality. That she possessed occult powers of an unusual kind, hundreds if not thousands of people all over the world, knew. That she characterized her phenomena as 'psychological tricks', everyone knows. That this might mean that a letter, which appeared to be fluttering down from the ceiling, was not fluttering at all, but already lay on the table—its perception inhibited, and the illusion of fluttering from the ceiling created, by her trained will and imagination—is entirely conceivable; but in that case, which would have been the more remarkable phenomenon of the two: the descent of a letter from the ceiling, or the inhibition and creation which I have suggested as a possible alternative? If she used the method which required the least expenditure of occult (vital) force, what wonder! People are such idiots about these things. In those days, as Sinnett very clearly, though unconsciously, shows in his *Occult World*, he and most of his fellow-members, drained her, morning, noon and night, by their craze for phenomena. He was a materialist, like most of those who came after him—Mrs. Besant included—in spite of adopting the language of Theosophy. There was not even a streak of mysticism in their make-up. It was the Karma of the nineteenth century. So they were satisfied with nothing less than seeing and touching,—*things;* and H. P. B. supplied them with things which they thought they were seeing and touching. In comparison with her, they were children—in some cases hard-hearted, in other cases emotional children—even as we are children in comparison with the real self of that extraordinary woman; but they did not have sense enough to know it, as I hope we have. Hence many of them decided in later years that she had deceived them, in this instance or in that, when, in fact, as she said, she had never deceived anyone, though she had often been compelled, for their own protection, to allow others to deceive themselves. Occultism deals with terrific forces, and is not a study for babes. On many occasions, doubtless, she was obliged to meet their insistence as a mother meets some of the questions of her child. What vanity,—to think that *she* owed *them* the truth! Nothing she wanted more ardently than to be able to give them the truth. Can an eagle tell the truth, as

it sees the truth, to a mole, or a lion share its experience with a mouse? I wonder. Yet the gulf between such creatures is no greater than that which divided the world in which H. P. B. often functioned, and the world of Sinnett and others,—of others who, unlike Sinnett, sat at the feet of H. P. B. adoringly, and called her their Teacher, and thought themselves humble—and were not.

"That she had perfect control over her instrument—her personality—no one, with any knowledge of the facts, would suggest; but, properly understood, her very limitations can only add to our sense of gratitude, because of what she accomplished in spite of them. She was a woman, and was deeply sensitive to public abuse and ridicule, suffering terribly, and often needlessly, especially when accused of being a Russian spy, and far more so when some Russian newspaper accused her of having adversely criticized the government of the Czar: for, in her personality, she was a patriotic Russian aristocrat to her finger-tips.

"However", the Ancient concluded, "she is an inexhaustible subject. Perhaps, after all, the best testimony to her character and achievement—and incidentally to those of W. Q. Judge, her chêla—was the recent Convention of the Society she founded, a report of which will be published in the July [this] issue of the QUARTERLY. Many of those who were present will know that for reasons not of the surface, as well as for reasons quite obvious, that Convention *proved* the essentials of her mission and message to the world."

"I should like to speak of one accusation that has been brought against her", the Student now volunteered, "to which you did not refer, and which was echoed a few days ago in a newspaper review of a book, purporting to give an account of her life, but based entirely upon the memoirs of that rotten specimen, her cousin, Count Witte, who knew nothing about her at first hand, and merely served up the gossip of his low associates. The reviewer, quite ignorant of his subject, of course accepted without question the worst possible view of her, including the fiction that she was dirty, frowzy, and most unpleasant to look at. The book itself adds that she swore like a trooper, which again is an echo of a very old and foolish slander.

"I wrote to Mr. Johnston about this, and received, in spite of his illness, the following reply:

" 'In all the years that I knew her, H. P. B. was invariably scrupulously neat, and this, in spite of her invalidism. One of her frequent visitors, a well-known American actor, said to her more than once in my hearing: "H. P. B., you are the best dressed *big* woman I have ever seen!" This, of her ordinary costume. For years, she had a very competent French maid, Louise, to look after her; and she had the devoted ministrations of the Countess Wachtmeister and the other ladies of her household. She had excellent manners—or, better, an excellent manner,—always the *grande dame*, even when "discussing" with B. K. the details of his Karma! She did say "damn", but I never heard her use, or heard of her using, an expression that was in any way gross.' "

"The Countess Wachtmeister", another old member commented, "was the daughter of the Marquis de Bourbel, whose family went back to long before the Norman Conquest. She married her cousin, Count Wachtmeister, while the

latter was Swedish and Norwegian Minister in London. She lived there, under the eye, so to speak, of Queen Victoria, for three years, and then for two years at the Court of Denmark, which produced the style and code of Queen Alexandra. Almost necessarily she was a woman of the greatest personal refinement, —as all who knew her can testify, and she was widely known in this country. She was not rich according to present standards, but was of entirely independent means, and, when a widow, lived with H. P. B., in constant personal attendance, in various parts of the Continent and later in London. Could she have been as devoted as she undoubtedly was, if H. P. B. had been the kind of woman her enemies—especially those who never set eyes on her—describe!

"As to saying 'damn': in England, forty or fifty years ago, if a girl in society had said it, she would have been ostracized; it was unheard of. Oddly enough, it was considered the privilege of elderly Duchesses, and that sort of person, to use that word if they felt like it. I remember calling on an old lady once, the daughter of an Earl and the wife of a Baron—a woman of great dignity—and feeling secretly rather embarrassed (I was young!) when, with perfect quietude and poise, but with considerable emphasis, she 'damned' her butler for lack of respect in announcing the arrival of 'a person of the name of ———', who was obviously of the lower class, and whom the butler considered beneath him, but who was a cripple, and a protégé of Lady ———'s, visiting her at her request and as *her guest*, and who *therefore* was entitled to the same respect as a Duke, etc., etc. Never the flicker of an eyelash on either side. The butler was used to it!

"A corresponding 'privilege' existed among the older women of a certain rank in most Continental countries, especially in Russia and Austria, and H. P. B. belonged by right to their world. If anyone ever was cosmopolitan, she was.

"This does not mean that such women (least of all, H. P. B.) were coarse in their language. Coarseness of any kind would have been regarded as unpardonable,—as it for ever is, whether in men or in women, in any walk of life.

"Another matter: I, too, read the review to which the Student referred. The reviewer, after quoting with approval and gusto the statement that her wrapper was 'apt' (his word!) to be 'discoloured by droppings of greasy food', added, as conclusion to that part of his anathema, that 'she was among the pioneers of the cigarette.'

"What nonsense, and what provincialism! As a Russian, H. P. B. belonged to the grade of the minor nobility, of whom some did and some did not belong in Court circles. In her day, all the Russian women of her class smoked, unless personal idiosyncrasy prevented it. The same thing was true in Austria and in parts of Germany. Nearly all the Royalties smoked. At least one of Queen Victoria's daughters smoked cigars. The present Queen of England smoked cigarettes when she was a girl, though she probably stopped doing so when the habit became vulgarized, as it is to-day.

"All children are provincial, sometimes amusingly so; but there is no excuse for it in a 'grown-up' who is supposed to be educated. As a small boy, visiting a fashionable German Spa with my parents, I was almost dumfounded at the sight of a large, stout, imposing-looking Baroness, of unquestionable respectability,

massively making her way from a *Brunnen* to her Hotel, smoking a black cigar which an amazed imagination insisted was the biggest I had ever seen. That was, I think, in 1879 or 1880, when H. P. B. was almost at the beginning of her public career. 'Pioneer of the cigarette'! They must be hard up indeed to add *that* to the list of her offences."

"It is not only right, but necessary, to do one's duty", said the Historian at this point, "and there is a kind of duty which it would be criminal to leave undone. For us, it is that kind of duty to speak in defence of H. P. B. and of Judge. Fortunately we have been trained to 'abandon the fruits of action', because the fruit of our defence is likely to be invisible in *this* world for a very long time to come! It is best to face the fact that people are not interested in spiritual qualities and powers, and are incapable of recognizing, still less of appreciating them. Patience! as Judge used to say.

"Furthermore, 'believing in H. P. B.' does not necessarily do a man the least good, any more than 'believing' in Christ, or in Buddha. To 'believe' and never to do, or to believe in a totally false picture, may be worse than no belief at all. In any case, there are thousands of so-called Theosophists whose humility, for instance, is no greater for their 'belief' in H. P. B.,—and, may be, less.

"Meanwhile, we must not only do our duty, but must try to do it as H. P. B. and Judge did theirs,—with the utmost possible zeal.

"If I may add a word to what others have said, it seems to me that H. P. B.'s outstanding quality was her heroism. She was heroic in everything,—in her sacrifice, in her labour, in her devotion, and in all other ways; and, as we have often been reminded in the QUARTERLY, it is only a virtue carried to the point of heroism, that the Masters find *compelling*. She was built on heroic lines, which, in itself, would make her too big for the modern world to see. Yet in the Lodge, when she returned to it, she was greeted with the *Ave!* due a Conqueror."

"I move we adjourn", said the Student.

"One moment please", the Recorder interposed. "A friend in England sent me a cutting from the London *Times* of March 15th—a letter to the editor from Frank H. Simonds, an American, whose despatches during the World War will be remembered by most of you as among the best. I believe it will be of interest to many of our members. It is dated from Paris, is headed 'The State of Europe', and reads as follows:

> "Sir,—Nearly six months spent as a journalist in Berlin and Warsaw, in the Polish Corridor and on the Franco-Italian frontier, in Geneva and in Paris, have left me with a very clear impression, which I venture to ask space for in *The Times*.
>
> "Although at the moment the National-Socialist movement in Germany seems in disarray, it has already accomplished one clear result. It has, in fact, consolidated German opinion of every colour behind a programme; and this programme is unmistakable. Henceforth, every German Government will demand as the price of co-operation with other European countries the revision of the eastern frontiers, Anschluss, parity in armament, which means to-day rearmament, and, finally, the abolition of Reparations.

"My visit in Poland made it perfectly clear that, as to revision, Poland, whether supported by France or abandoned, whether faced by Germany singly or together with Soviet Russia, will fight. Anyone in the least familiar with what is going on behind the scenes knows that Czechoslovakia will oppose Anschluss to the death. You cannot spend a day in France now without feeling that not alone in Paris but all over the country popular feeling has been roused, and that there is a hardening of national sentiment, which may yet produce a domestic political explosion, and will certainly dictate an uncompromising stand alike on revision, rearmament, and Anschluss. As to Reparations, that issue can for the moment be ignored.

"Put at the lowest estimate, the whole European atmosphere is to-day more tense than at any time since the occupation of the Ruhr, and in many unpleasant details recalls the conditions of the immediate pre-War period.

"In the face of this situation preparations are going forward for a Disarmament Conference next year. Moreover, in the course of my travels I have discussed the prospects of that Conference with not less than a dozen foreign Ministers. Not one of them has hesitated to say that the Conference could only lead to disaster, because it was condemned to be the battle-ground between a German Government which, to live, must press the issue of rearmament, and the French, Polish, and Czech Governments, which to survive would have to defend a security which their own publics, now thoroughly disturbed, regard as essential. Europe is, then, confronted by the danger of one more unprepared Conference in circumstances which must recall those of Genoa in 1922, but with far graver possibilities. What, moreover, is most striking to the American is that, while Mr. Henderson, M. Briand, and Dr. Curtius continue to talk of co-operation and understanding, the atmosphere, not only in France and Germany but in all Europe, has so completely changed that the man in the street everywhere sneers at the idea or sadly confesses that absence of faith which is fatal.

"It is an open secret that if she fails to carry her point Germany will leave the League. It is equally obvious that were Germany to prevail Poland would be driven to quit. In a word, the state of mind in Europe almost certainly forecasts a failure at Geneva as complete as that of the once notorious First Hague Conference, a failure which could prove as fatal to the new peace establishment in Switzerland as the earlier meeting was to the experiment in Holland.

"In the light of these undisputed and generally recognized facts, is not the postponement of the Geneva meeting the obvious course of intelligent statesmanship? Or must one conclude that not even the preservation of peace is a sufficient justification for the postponement of a Disarmament Conference?

"I see no need to comment."

T.



REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Morning Session

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on the morning of Saturday, April 25th, 1931, at 10.30. After the necessary preliminaries, Mr. H. B. Mitchell, who had been elected Chairman of the Convention, spoke as follows:—

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN

THE CHAIRMAN: We are all keenly conscious to-day that Mr. Johnston is not here to welcome us as is his wont. All of you know he has been ill. All of you will be glad to know that he seems now much better; and though it is not possible for him to be here this morning, as he would wish, we hope he will soon be out again. Meanwhile it is for me to try to take his place in extending to you the welcome of your Executive Committee, and something which is deeper and greater than any greeting they could give. It is a greeting which I think we are made to feel less by words than in the silences, when the Voice of the Silence itself welcomes us,—and welcomes us home.

In attempting to speak of that greeting, we face a difficulty which runs through all we say at these Conventions. It arises from the fact that our Society rightly means so many different things to different people. The Movement is so wide and deep, Theosophy is so inclusive, that it must speak in different ways and at different levels to different hearts. Therefore it is not easy to summarize what it says. It speaks in silence, and when one tries to echo it back in words, one becomes conscious of the inadequacy of those words, and perceives that they at best reflect but one of many facets. We therefore have to remind ourselves of this at the start, to avoid confusion. As Mr. Judge said, Theosophy is like the ocean, so shallow at the shore that a child can wade and play there, picking up the pebbles; but beyond, there are unplumbed depths. Those who speak of what Theosophy is, presuming to measure it, are, in reality, measuring themselves—reflecting the limits of their own ability to understand it. For to what Theosophy offers there are no limits: the only limits are a man's ability to receive.

Therefore, no matter how I may speak of Theosophy and the Theosophical Movement, there will be some to whom it will seem that I say too much, so that they will only follow in part; and there will be others who will know that I say too little, and who will wonder that such shallow terms can be used for what is so great and deep. Hence in all that can be said, each member must take for himself what he finds true, and supplement for himself what he finds inadequate. Words can be no more than sign-posts, pointing to what each recognizes within himself.

So I come back to the effort to reflect what you are all conscious of: the welcome which the Society itself gives you, the welcome of the Movement. It is said that in the spiritual

sciences, the teacher is to the pupil as father and mother, and the teaching as native land and home. So Theosophy is to us. As one of our delegates said ten minutes ago, to come here is like coming home, and the welcome we feel is a welcome home. But in that home there are "many mansions". Many welcomes blend into one. There is that from the friends and comrades whom we see here; and from those whom we do not see but only feel, our friends and comrades of the past; and beyond that again there is that from the great Masters of Wisdom, who (as many of us believe) initiated the Movement, and who have said, in their graciousness, that they have never deserted the Society but continue to constitute its First Division or Degree. From every level, something speaks to us. There is the voice of the present and of the past—yes, and of the future; there is something from the heights, divine and royal, as well as something very close and intimate and homely.

There are times, perhaps, when some of us, looking back over the years and thinking of those who once were with us, day by day, and are so no longer in the outer work, are tempted to feel that death has made us poorer, taking from us companionship which had been very precious. Perhaps we half feared as we came here, that rich as we should find the present associations, we should yet miss something which we had had, and had no longer; but when we *were* here, and could feel what the silences held for us, all such forebodings must have been wholly swept away. Here the past lives as richly as the present. Here we touch both worlds, and know both. Whether "in the body or out of the body", we feel our comrades' presence, and know that our dead can and do serve the Movement they loved, perhaps more effectively now than ever before, because they are no longer hampered by the veils of personality which are still so obscuring to us. This year Dr. Keightley, who held our love in life, holds it in death; no longer with us outwardly as in the past, he is with us inwardly in a different, but no less real, way. We are the gainers by the years, not the losers.

That the great Lord Buddha lives in Buddhism, that the Lord Christ lives in Christianity, that our great predecessors live in the Movement to which they gave their hearts and lives and all they were—this surely must be the fact. Where else should our dead be, but in the Movement? What else would they wish, save to continue, more and more effectively, the service that they loved? Where else should we find them, save here?

Why is it that this Movement of ours has been so loved and served? We may say we love the Movement because we are its children and belong to it; or we may say that we love it because it is a light brought into our darkness; because, without all that Theosophy means, we should be like men sitting in a room so dark that, though surrounded by all our hearts' desires, we could not see them, nor put out our hands to take them,—so that we starved in the midst of plenty. Theosophy has shown us life's richness, its meaning and possibilities; brought us a Cause worth dying for, and so worth living for, a Cause into which we can pour ourselves, and find life in surrendering life. It brings us truth; it brings us purpose and beauty; it brings us comradeship, friendship, love—all these things; and, greatest of all, to those who seek them, it brings the Masters. We have but to think for a moment, in order to see into what a new world it has admitted us. Look at the life of the world around us. It is easy to seem cynical, but how many of the worldly people that you know are really happy? They may have wealth, learning, charm, power and place, possessions perhaps much to be envied, but if they have not Theosophy, how many do you know who are leading lives which seem, even to themselves, worth while? I think very few. I think that those to whom the light of Theosophy has come, as they look out upon the world unlit by that light, must find it dark and barren—very tragic in its emptiness. Men eat and drink and marry; they can be divorced and marry again; they can strive day and night to be "merry"; and at the end, what have they gained? Is not the greater part of their restless "gaiety" an effort to escape from the knowledge that they are gaining nothing, and, far worse, aspiring to nothing,—holding nothing, giving nothing? We, if we have gained little, yet know that there is much to be gained; that there are transcendent values in life to be attained, in the pursuit of which our lives are well spent.

You will each be able to formulate for yourselves what Theosophy has meant to you, but I am sure there would be some things upon which we should all agree. It shows us a deeper

content in life,—the inner life within the outer, which alone makes the outer life worth while, and which also makes that outer life unnecessary, for it shows us that whatever value is in it, may exist without it. This does not mean that we have, of necessity, to throw away the world, though it may mean that. It means simply that what we seek is independent of the world, something which may be found either in worldly possessions or in the deprivation of them; so that in the one case it shines through possessions and gives value to them, and in the other case makes their deprivation no deprivation, since despite the outer loss the inner value remains. But in all that Theosophy gives, it imposes a trust and makes a demand—the demand that we should be true to the trust. We are shown where riches lie; we are given something of the secret wisdom. This is not revealed to us for ourselves alone. It is given us in trust for all who seek it rightly; and we must keep it available for them. It is a light which we have received from our predecessors and which we must pass on unimpaired to our successors.

Madame Blavatsky told us that something of the same message as she brought, was given by the Lodge to the world in the closing quarter of each century, and that it was left for the world to make such response as it could through the remainder of the hundred year period before the next outgiving. Those who have studied the history of the Movement have traced these cycles, and seen how spiritual light has blazed up in splendour only to die down again, leaving its record in spiritual achievement, but itself passing away,—so that it had to be rekindled in the century that followed. We know that this time the fire has been kept alive, kept flaming in the world, because flaming in hearts and lives that are in the world. The knowledge of the hidden treasure of wisdom, the knowledge of the Lodge and of the possibility of discipleship, have been manifest in the world for longer than ever before. We have spoken of that in many of these Conventions, and of the great opportunity it offers. It is now fifty-six years since the Society was founded and this incarnation of the Movement came into being. We have passed from youth into middle age—a new generation has arisen since the cycle closed—we have run more than half the race that was given us to run.

Having turned the corner, what should we expect to find beyond it? Should we not expect that, as the home stretch is entered, numbers become less significant? Remember the way polar explorers have made their dash for the pole. They start with a fairly large body of men and provisions, proceed a way, make an advanced base, and send half their force back. The other half goes on, makes a new *cache*, and again half of them turn back. So it continues, until there are few left to make the final stage to the pole itself. We do not need large numbers now. We never have needed them, but now less than ever. If one man knows where a treasure is hid—really knows—can he not show as many others as may be necessary? It is not strange that, as the years pass, our workers are called home to aid in making ready for the new outgoing of the Lodge, in the new cycle—whose way we strive to prepare. We do not need many to prepare the way here, but as our numbers grow fewer we need greater and greater fidelity in those who are left. There is no one of us but has his contribution to make, and who is not counted upon to make that contribution, be it great or small. Sometimes members question this; but each can answer the question for himself, if he will. Whatever a man *is*, that he can give. His contribution is the contribution of his own truth, his own ideal, kept clear and bright before him, lived up to and fulfilled as honestly, faithfully and courageously as in him lies. He is not asked to live another's truth, but he is asked to be true to his own truth, come what may.

There is, then, a demand of honour made upon us—a demand upon our strength, courage, selflessness, above all upon our fidelity; and the question of success or failure, for the future of the Movement, really rests upon whether we rise to that demand. It is no secret that the great hope and ambition for the Movement is that we, having gone so much further than the Movement has ever gone before, having been *pulled* and *pushed* these six years beyond the half-way mark,—that we should continue to the end, complete the cycle, and keep the Movement alive, vigorous and unperverted, until the next Lodge Messenger can come. The way in which our chances of success or failure can be measured is a simple one. It is summed in a single question: are there enough people in the world who love the Move-

ment for itself alone, who so love the theosophic ideal as to seek it for itself? Remember we may be—surely we should be—of that number; so the question becomes a question of our love. I misphrased it,—it is not a question of the number of people, but of the amount of love. One man might be enough, if he loved enough,—as Judge proved.

Picture to yourself your own ideal. Can you love it for itself? Can you seek it for itself, regardless of what may come to you, and, in fidelity to it, turn your back upon all the world may offer? If so, if you can keep the flame bright in your heart, it will kindle a like flame in other hearts, and we need not fear that it will ever lack fuel; but if we ourselves cannot, or do not, so love it, how can we hope that it will be loved in the world? The stream will not rise higher than its source. Our leaders of the past, those whose invisible presence we feel here to-day, had a power of love and sacrifice which was contagious. It caused us reverence and pride, and perhaps our first true humility; but most of all it passed a spark to us, and something in us quickened because of the valour, the truth, the selfless devotion we felt in them.

Theosophy opens a door to a new and far richer life. It enables us to see that wherever we are, in our offices or our homes, whatever be the path through which our duty leads, and whatever be the medium in which we must work,—in that path and through that medium we may still express the highest truths, the richest beauty. One of the greatest of military painters was Meissonier, and he painted on the smallest canvasses. Does it matter how small, if thereon live and breathe figures which bear witness to the truth? The lesson of Theosophy is the lesson of all true art: it does not matter what the medium, or what the scale, art is great in the measure that it reveals and incarnates the spirit, and is perhaps greatest when it shows us most clearly the spirit in common things. So Theosophy shows us that through the common stuff of everyday, we have the opportunity to make live in the world the same great spiritual qualities as animate the Lodge. Fidelity is not less faithful because it manifests in little things.

There is our ideal. If we love it we can follow it; but shall we ever attain it? Let us not delude ourselves, or others. Though you love wisdom, and say you will give your life to its acquirement, do you think when you come to die that you will say: I have attained to wisdom? Though you love beauty, do you think you will ever be able to say: I have made my life a living image of that beauty? Do you think if you love truth, you will ever say: It is mine—I have compassed it? Because if you do, you do not know the thing you say you love. Theosophy, in giving us its gifts, gives us something for ever beyond our reach; and if we are true to them, we shall pursue them unswervingly to height after height, but we shall never be able to attain them. That you must face; and perhaps it takes courage to face it, and more than a little selflessness. There is a story that an aspirant for chêlaship, perceiving that all his life he had failed because of the smallness and insufficiency of his love, prayed to his Master that he might learn to love as his Master did. The answer given him was this: "My son, he who would learn love from me must learn to free it from self."

There lies our problem. Can we free love from self, so that we shall be content to follow on and on, in pursuit of an ever-advancing ideal, which, because of what it is and because it must ever advance, we know we never can attain? Before such knowledge, courage will falter if love be of self; but if it can be made selfless, it will not lack incentive and support. We shall know that if we follow it unswervingly we shall be serving it, bringing more and more of it within the reach of other hearts, opening more room for the heart-doctrine that Theosophy has brought to us.

On this question the success of our Movement hangs. It is a question put to each one of us, and which no man can answer for another, though each one who answers it rightly, helps others to do the same. We move forward to meet our test, helped by one another, yet each required to stand alone; each of us entrusted with this gift from the past intended for the future, this gift from the invisible world meant for the visible world; and each of us accountable for our trusteeship.

There is something more of which I wish specially to speak, and which many of you will have had in mind. Our meeting to-day is more than an anniversary meeting; it is a cen-

tenary meeting,—for this is the hundredth year since Madame Blavatsky was born. She was born on the night between July 30th and 31st, 1831, just a hundred years ago. In view of that, does the end of the cycle, the goal for which we strive, seem so very distant? Does it seem asking too much, when we are celebrating the hundredth year since the birth of the last Lodge Messenger, that we should carry the Movement through to the coming of the next? Can his coming be so very far away?

If we owe anything—*as we owe all*—to those who have preceded us in the Movement, who is there to whose splendour of courage we owe more than to that of Madame Blavatsky? Little by little the world itself is recognizing this. I have here a translation from a French magazine, issued by a union of French publishers to announce each month's new books. It contains a notice of a French edition of the Recollections of Countess Wachtmeister. Here is what is said: "We owe much to H. P. B. for the great moral courage of which she gave proof in presenting to the world thoughts and theories in complete dis-accord with the science of the day. Those theories and facts which at that time provoked only disdain, are now considered worthy of careful study". It is but one of many straws, all agreeing in telling which way the wind is blowing. On all sides we can see how H. P. B.'s work has affected the thought of the world, colouring all it touches, and, not least, the science of to-day. She predicted that this change would come; but I doubt whether she would be pleased by the use which has been made of the ideas thus unconsciously borrowed. As science adopts them, it distorts them, and echoes them back in partial and often very misleading form. We are not wise to look to science for the confirmation of Theosophy. We should rather look to Theosophy to see what of modern science is likely to endure. For science has its fashions—as marked and variable as those in dress—and though we may reverence the selfless quest and honest love of truth which many scientists have shown, we must none the less recognize that, for the most part, they are creatures of their time, and too often epitomize the narrowness and dogmatism of their time. The intellectual seed which H. P. B. sowed has, indeed, proved its fertility; but of the many, who now look with favour upon her ideas, there are few who are ready to emulate her sacrifices. Neither science nor the world can be counted upon as allies, and our work must remain ours. But if we can deepen the recognition that the world is beginning to give to H. P. B., we shall be doing much for the Movement. There should be new incentive in the thought that we can, in this way, give to the coming Lodge Messenger an advantage which no other has ever had—the ability to build directly on the work of his predecessor—on the work of Madame Blavatsky, whose centenary we celebrate. May we use that incentive as she would have us use it,—for the Masters, and the Cause she loved and served.

The Chairman then called for the report of the Executive Committee.

Report of the Executive Committee

Mr. Hargrove: It is with regret that I have to speak for Mr. Johnston in his capacity as Chairman of the Executive Committee, as well as for myself as a member of the Committee, and for the Committee as a whole. All of us must miss Mr. Johnston to-day. He has been very ill, but he is now recovering, and I should like to say that, humanly speaking, his recovery is due to the care and skill and devotion of Dr. Stedman. We shall rejoice when we are able to welcome Mr. Johnston at the next Convention.

While regretting, in the nature of things, that I have to speak on his behalf as well as on my own, I must none the less rejoice at this opportunity to welcome the members and delegates (as the Chairman has already done), and to do so on behalf of the Executive Committee. It is an immense privilege to be here. That is the way all of us feel. I do not believe there is anyone in the room who is not thankful from the depths of his soul that he is here once more as a member of The Theosophical Society. We think of those who have been here, and who are no longer visibly with us. Necessarily we must think this year, first and foremost, of Dr. Keightley, because he was the last to go; because he was beloved by all of you, and because, for some of us, he had been for nearly forty years, one of our closest and

most intimate friends. There can be no need to repeat what was said of him in the QUARTERLY, though think of him, speak of him, we must; and thinking of him, we think all the way back along the line. It is not my purpose to attempt to mention everyone by name, but thinking of Dr. Keightley reminds us of course of Mrs. Keightley, and it would be impossible not to think of Mr. Griscom, of Miss Hillard, General Ludlow, and of splendid workers in Venezuela,—back along the line (I know how many I am omitting) to Judge and to H. P. B.

The Secretary, Miss Perkins, will report later as to the details of the work during the past year. The letters of greeting also will give us an idea of what has been accomplished. I should like to say in advance that when you hear the letters from German-speaking members, both in Germany and in Czecho-Slovakia, I think you will agree with me that they deserve great credit for seeing, in spite of such adverse circumstances—for seeing as, according to their own statements, they do see, that is, in line with the view that is presented in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

In reviewing the past, one must necessarily speak of the centenary of H. P. B., as Professor Mitchell has already done. The July QUARTERLY, I understand, will give special attention to that great event. Even the world has caught something of its significance. Many books are being written about her, some in favour, some bitterly hostile. I was looking at one yesterday, published in England, by a creature of the name of Roberts. I refer to it because there are bound to be such books. There are so many people in the world with a genuine love of filth, who are absolutely incapable of believing in unselfishness of purpose or purity of life, who resent the suggestion that good can exist in anyone, and who therefore pounce on someone like H. P. B., who is known to be revered by the few, as a shining example of depravity. Writers of that kind do not seem to understand that they simply reveal the hideousness of their own nature. She was one of the greatest and noblest of women. It is inevitable, therefore, that she should arouse in base people, the worst of their baseness.

What do we owe to H. P. B.? Because what we owe to her must be an indication of what we ourselves should try to accomplish as members of The Theosophical Society. Some of us go back in terms of membership a good many years, to a time when things were different from what they are to-day. I am sure that some of you will agree with me that when we first heard of Theosophy, thanks to H. P. B., that which came home most immediately and closely, that which brought light into our darkness, that which solved problems which we had utterly failed to solve, that which created a new life in us, was the reminder that the Lodge of Masters exists as the central fact of our being.

Other Lodge Messengers have revealed other truths, but I do not know of any teacher in the history of the world who has proclaimed, as H. P. B. did, the existence of the Lodge of Masters. I regard that as the supreme contribution she made to religious and spiritual history. Many peoples have of course believed in *a* Master; but in the Lodge of Masters? No,—the declaration of that truth stands out as H. P. B.'s gift. A Brotherhood of just men made perfect,—but more than that, because she threw new light on the character and nature of Masters. Even the "Pale Galilean" was revealed, *not* as that, but as one of the greatest of statesmen and of warriors,—a new picture of human perfection, of human achievement, and of course, incidentally, of the possibilities latent in all men. If you will stop for one moment to compare the pictures of Masters which she brought to us in those early years, and the picture of a Master in general which had existed previously among the followers of different religions, what a gulf! There will be others here who found that old picture of the "Pale Galilean" absolutely repellent, and who, therefore, were grateful beyond all words for this new and yet old truth that she brought to us, and which some since then have verified,—that Masters are totally different. It is a truth that continually needs re-emphasis. Of course, we have to-day not only the letters addressed to Sinnett or to Hume, and published in the *Occult World;* we have volumes of letters attributed to Masters—I should be very sorry to guarantee their authenticity in all cases, but you can exercise your discrimination and decide which among these hundreds of letters rings true, and which not. It is one of the blessings of the Movement that it is impossible to pick on any one letter and say: This

is genuine—this is final—this is the last word on that subject: there would be an end of The Theosophical Society in the real sense of the word, if ever that could be said.

I hope greatly that we have got rid of that false concept of Masters once and for ever, so far as students of Theosophy are concerned. A great many years ago, a fellow member told me of one of his experiences with his own Master. He had been working for the Movement; he was ill, exhausted, in a state of collapse physically. He said he had not been at all conscious of looking for sympathy from his Guru, but suddenly, he heard these words, "Brace up! brace up!" That was all,—a different picture from that of the "Pale Galilean", and if there is anyone who still harbours the idea that Masters are effeminate, he had better get over it. Such was not the picture that H. P. B. gave us. It cannot conceivably be in accordance with the truth. Masters are not, on the one hand, "dessicated pansies"; not, on the other hand, sentimentalists. First, last and all the time, they are first-class fighting men.

I hope you do not feel that, as a member of the Executive Committee, I am compromising you or the Society by this free and easy talk about Masters. Professor Mitchell has already reminded us that no one is obliged to believe in them. In fact, it would be really stimulating if some member here, with sufficient earnestness and ferocity, were to challenge the belief in Masters. It would revive memories of many years ago—one of them, of a time when some of us were in Edinburgh, before a large audience of medical students who were absolutely furious at the idea that such beings as Masters could exist, and were ready to lynch everyone on the platform for daring to suggest it. The arguments of that period are still floating around in the atmosphere, and if someone here were to challenge what has been said about the reality or nature of Masters, instead of being resented, instead of being received with a sense of shock and scandal, it would be welcomed with open arms. We need not worry our heads about orthodoxies at that point.

Of course the other revelation that H. P. B. brought to us—a reminder of what was already known instinctively—was that because of the existence of the Lodge of Masters, because of the nearness of Masters, because of their humanity, discipleship is a present-day possibility: that is to say, knowledge of Masters, growth into the life of Masters, imitation of Masters, conscious communion with Masters,—that that was a possibility for all men who wanted it and would give their lives for it. Talk about a new life, a new outlook on life, a new purpose in life! Truly, former things had passed away—a new heaven and a new earth, and all things were made new!

Yes, what we owe H. P. B. is beyond all words, and what we owe Judge is beyond all words —because Judge carried on the flame which H. P. B. had lighted, and without him, none of us would be here to-day. There is a so-called "Back to Blavatsky" movement. Having followed strange gods for many years, there is a reaction among the wanderers, and they now say "back to Blavatsky". Among them are Mrs. Cleather, William Kingsland and others. What do they say they are trying to do? "Back to Blavatsky" without Judge! They cannot do it. It is impossible to do it. Beware of the people who pretend that they have any contact with the Lodge or with Masters, and who try to leave Judge out as a link in the chain. Beware of the people who set up for having an independent and separate connection of their own, which they have established and created regardless of H. P. B. and of Judge. They are not in contact with the White Lodge. They are in contact with the Black.

Judge was part of H. P. B.'s own soul, and she said so. Judge never set up for being anything in and of himself. He set up for being a disciple of H. P. B., and he *was* one. And he was loyal and faithful to the death. Therefore, please let us remember it. There are times coming, I suppose, when this Society will receive overtures from other societies, to the general purport: Let by-gones be by-gones, and let us all eat out of the same mess. I want to read you something which was written for the "Screen of Time" by a very old member (not myself), and which one of the editors of the QUARTERLY tells me is being carefully preserved for the "Screen". It expresses exactly what I want to convey. "Vile and miserable I am, and utterly unworthy of the least of our Lord's blessings, but never have I nor will I sink so low as to forgive anyone who raised his hand against Judge—never! until those who did so have repented in sackcloth and ashes and proved their repentance through crores of incarnations.

To Judge I owe more than life itself. He fed and nourished my soul, and brought me light and understanding. May he dwell for ever in the Masters' peace."

I like that, which is why I read it. I suppose that according to some people, it does not sound very brotherly. There is no sentimentality about it. But after all, if the Masters are first-class fighting men, there is no sentimentality about them, and loyalty to one's friends, loyalty to one's teachers, is fundamental in manhood. There is no manhood without it. If we owe to H. P. B. our first knowledge of the fact that Masters are virile and not effeminate, then what kind of creatures should we be if we were to throw our arms around the people who attacked and killed Judge? Of course, the truth is, also, that these people are working for totally different purposes. They may call themselves Theosophists if they choose: their activities are the opposite pole from everything we are attempting to accomplish.

Now I should like to try to give an illustration of the light that H. P. B. threw on ancient doctrines. I have spoken of our debt to her because she brought into the world a knowledge of the existence of the Lodge, and of discipleship as a present-day possibility. She also threw light on old teachings which had become for most of us meaningless. Take, for instance, the doctrine of Brahmâ, Vishnu and Shiva, the Hindu Trinity. In India there are Shivites, Vishnuites, and so forth, as narrow and orthodox as any sects in the Christian Church—more so, I think. Let us see what we can get out of that doctrine, as throwing light on the past and future of The Theosophical Society. Brahmâ stands for expansion, exfoliation; Vishnu for preservation; Shiva for death, for contraction, for indrawal. Let us remember that all life of any kind involves the activity of those three aspects of life. If we could understand, for instance, the workings of the physical body, we should find that always, contemporaneously, Brahmâ is active, Vishnu is active, Shiva is active. So it is in the life of The Theosophical Society. During recent years, under the auspices or expression of that aspect of the trinity represented by Brahmâ, we have been advancing in terms of time (that is to say, in terms of force, because time is only a negative aspect of force). In terms of consciousness, we have been consolidating, as an expression of Vishnu. In terms of manifestation, of matter, we have been indrawing, with Shiva. And we ought to have been doing all of those three things. An understanding of that old Hindu expression of the universal doctrine of the Trinity, explains just what we are doing, and why and how.

Indrawing in terms of manifestation: outer events, we have been told, are symbols, up to a certain point, of inner realities. We shall fail to understand outer events until we see their real significance as invariably hidden,—because all outer life is glamour. In one sense of the word, all outer life is a suggestion, a hint of some reality which lies concealed behind the outer. Now will you think for one moment of the events that led up to the Battle of the Marne? You can think, if you choose, of the forward movement of H. P. B. You can think of 1900 and the years after that, as a withdrawal and still further withdrawal. And the Battle of the Marne has not yet been fought in the spiritual world. It will be. And there will be no trench warfare when the Lodge gets busy!

It has been said in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY over and over again, particularly in "Fragments", that the war is not yet over. Extremes meet, but it sounds like a joke, none the less, to say that Field Marshal Von Mackensen approves of Cavé's doctrine. Field Marshal August Von Mackensen (and he is a great authority on that side of the fence) announces: "The world war is not yet ended". Well, if you will excuse such language, the old devil is right! And if the Black Lodge knows it, surely it is *our* duty to know it and to act on that knowledge. The world war is not yet over. It is being fought to-day, both inwardly and outwardly; and the battle between the two great Lodges, manifested to some extent in the life of the Theosophical Movement, is manifested also in the outer world, on the objective plane, in great external battles, and I repeat: *the real Battle of the Marne has not yet been fought.* It will be fought under the leadership of the next Lodge Messenger.

Do we understand something of what that means? Do we, as members of The Theosophical Society, realize that we are taking part in a movement of that kind? Do we realize that we have the unthinkable privilege of representing the Lodge itself—oh, yes, as pawns, as mere

privates in the ranks, but still as representing the Lodge of Masters in their warfare? Responsibility, yes! Opportunity, yes—almost unbelievable as opportunity. Consolidation in terms of consciousness: an ever-increasing sense of unity, a more and more perfect *esprit de corps*, learning all that we possibly can, learning in order to use it in the service of the Lodge. Indrawal, by identifying ourselves more and more clearly with the purposes of the soul, rather than with the purposes and desires of the body and of the world. Advance, by continuing in terms of time, by perpetuation of the nucleus, by moving with the current of Lodge force.

We think, and should and must think of our own insignificance. Yes, my friends, but there is only one unforgivable sin, and that is the sin of despair. It has been said of Judas that his betrayal was bad enough, but that what finished him spiritually was the sin of despair. Suppose that man, instead of going out and hanging himself, had said: I must atone, must work, must live for nothing else but to try to undo the thing that I did—and suppose he had lived for twenty or forty years, slaving, with no other desire than to carry to others his Master's glad tidings of the new life and of the eternal heavens! Never despair, either of ourselves or of others. Do you remember that vision of Ezekiel's, of the valley full of bones? "And, lo, they were very dry." And the Lord said to Ezekiel, "Son of man, can these bones live?" And he answered, "O Lord God, thou knowest." What happened? Those dry bones came to life,—and we too may come to life. That was the very heart of the message of H. P. B. That is the very soul of the Theosophical Movement:—that we too may come to life.

The Chairman having been authorized to appoint the usual three standing committees, now announced their membership:—

Committee on Nominations: Dr. C. C. Clark (Chairman), Miss Margaret D. Hohnstedt, Mr. C. Russell Auchincloss.

Committee on Resolutions: Mr. E. T. Hargrove (Chairman), Dr. R. E. Torrey, Dr. J. H. Hohnstedt.

Committee on Letters of Greeting: Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell (Chairman), Miss Celia Richmond, Mr. S. V. La Dow.

The Report of the Secretary T. S. was next called for.

Report of the Secretary T. S. for the Year Ending April 24th, 1931

Miss Perkins: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I have the honour to submit the following report:

Branch Activities

This year the Branch reports record more completely than ever before the ideals and efforts of our members. It would be a pleasure, if time permitted, to read to you these accounts, often eloquent in their simplicity and depth of devotion—but a few extracts must serve to show how unmistakably they embody what we call the theosophic spirit. Of course there is no orthodox pattern; each Branch is expected to shape its work in line with the old motto, "From every man according to his ability, to every man according to his need." Usually, Branches hold meetings, but their life is not dependent upon this, as is shown by the following report of one that is never able to assemble its members (notice the absence of drones): "A book is chosen for study, and once a month each member writes comments on the appointed portion, and asks questions on any point on which elucidation is required—these are replied to by the other members. During the past year we have taken the *Bhagavad Gita*, Mr. Johnston's translation, one book a month. Some of us have found that fidelity to the work brings great strengthening and encouragement. The feeling that we are closely connected with Headquarters, through the Reports of the New York Branch meetings so kindly sent us, has helped us to realize that time and space are non-existent in the inner life of the Movement."

Our Branches in England are holding their position by quiet work, despite the great odds

against them; like the "Lost Battalion", they are completely surrounded in hostile territory, for to English ears, the term Theosophy means everything that Theosophy is not. All these Branches include in their discussions the Reports of New York Branch meetings. An officer writes, "The Reports show us the unity of the thought of our Branch with Headquarters; every member appreciates the valuable information they contain, and each sends warmest thanks to all who help to get them out."

In the Branch of Arvika, Sweden, those who know English translate, for use in their meetings, many articles from the QUARTERLY, especially those by Cavé, Mr. Griscom, and Professor Mitchell; also the New York Branch Reports. "Our main purpose," the Secretary says, "is to try to increase the theosophic spirit in ourselves and in others—to live the spiritual life, with greater trust and patience in all that concerns life's circumstances and trials. The Reports are a connection and a greeting from your big Branch to our little, little Branch in far away, cold Sweden."

The Oslo Branch in Norway, for which Colonel Knoff worked devotedly to the day of his death, meets weekly. "His remembrance", they write, "will always live among us." They are working with much interest and harmony; those proficient in English, as are several of the officers, must constantly translate for their fellows, since their special study has been given to Mr. Griscom's "Elementary Articles", the Convention Reports, and New York Branch Reports.

There is a small Branch in Czecho-Slovakia which first required all its members to study English, and now has voted that the QUARTERLY shall no longer be read in translation at their meetings, but in the original. With similar determination, they have set themselves to begin making reparation for the wrong done by their countrymen in Germany. Under this head, they write: "It is impossible to speak with Germans about Germany's attitude during the War, in the light of right and honour as we see it, with the help of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. The German mind seems to be terribly sterile ground; this, and a frightful suspiciousness, seems to cause inability to perceive the genuine motives and working ideals of others, individuals and nations. Therefore, we seek, individually, touch and contact with the Czechs, to whom we can speak our view about the War, and Germany's real character as manifested by her war methods. In such times as this, we feel not only very ashamed of Germany's intrigues, but also a great inner dejecting pressure, as we know we share with the actual evil-doers the responsibility for such injuries, by reason of our racial unitedness, although we are subjects of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic. The German people of our town are in the same moral disposition as their countrymen in the 'Reich'. To teach them theosophical ideals would mean to come into conflict with every fibre of their moral nature, and to arouse in them a warding-off of what they see as an injury to their views and feelings." In Germany, where no Branches have been chartered since the Great War, members-at-large have banded together in study-classes, meeting frequently, and assisting one another to reach an understanding of Germany's war-guilt, which they always take occasion to discuss whenever visitors are present, hoping thus to bring influence to bear upon the thought of their country, still so far from repentant.

One American Branch which has several comparatively recent members began the season by reading "various addresses made at the 1930 Convention, with a special endeavour to bring home to members who had never attended one, the devotion and endless effort with which the leaders of the Movement carry out their share of the work; to give as far as possible a sense of the quality of consecration which lies at its core." The President of this Branch is quoted as having told its members that the Branch could not succeed until some of its number were wholly devoted to the Cause, adding, "as yet, the effort toward discipleship is part of our individual lives, a fundamental motive and attitude, but it is not the all-embracing sole interest."

As a final quotation, here is a portion of the President's report for the Pacific Branch, which has been studying Mr. Johnston's *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali:* "Our object has been to make as plain as possible something of the principles and processes of inner life and growth, as well as of outer behaviour, that each Sutra appears to postulate, and would actually involve

if put into practice. We then, imaginatively and verbally, apply those principles and processes either to our own life, thought, and purposes, or to what we see going on in the life around us, or to what everyone should be, eventually, as inner growth takes place in accordance with the sutras. Through it all, the purpose has been to make as clear as possible, for one another, the road which leads to conscious discipleship in the Lodge of Masters. As a result of those efforts, and of the inward urge and help that the Lodge is always giving, we do see that road a little more clearly, and are endeavouring to follow it farther. Yet we still stumble and get personally bruised, so to speak. This year we have come to realize, as never before, that theosophical teachings can be of little more use to us in times of stress, trials, or need, than the crudest beliefs that we have abandoned,—unless our Theosophy is so vitally interwoven with our ordinary being, as to become an actual part of our everyday *life and consciousness*, as well as of our daily thought."

It is most interesting to note the result of the action of the Executive Committee in refusing to accept annual dues from the European Branches, and requesting them, instead, to contribute toward the support of any organization devoted to War-relief among the Allied nations. Branches and members-at-large report that they have sent their contributions to charities carefully selected by them. From the Continent, gifts went to organizations they knew in France and in Belgium; English members make special mention of the British Legion as, "the organization that does the most for men who are still suffering as a result of the War, and for the wives and children of those who were killed." All have taken pleasure in explaining that their gifts were prompted by official action of The Theosophical Society, and the appreciative responses they received show that its position has thus been widely disseminated. Nor has the Society been the loser financially, for one of its members repeated last year's special contribution, amply covering the amount usually received in dues from abroad.

HEADQUARTERS' ACTIVITIES

Theosophical Quarterly

Few organizations are fortunate enough to have an organ so truly representative of their aim, spirit, and method as the QUARTERLY is of ours. Inquirers can be directed to it, with confidence, for it expresses the spirit that has informed the Society, from its foundation in New York in 1875, down to this, its fifty-sixth year. The magazine is consistently free from personalities, which its founder, Mr. Clement A. Griscom, and its present Editors apparently regard as "the unnecessary, and therefore, the immoral". It is now to be found in many libraries all over the world; and our efficient "library committee" offers to arrange for additional subscriptions as fast as members report the names of new libraries patronized by readers who care for such magazines. The special "imperishable" edition of Volume xxviii has just been mailed to a select list of prominent libraries in each country of the civilized world,—to be bound and preserved in their permanent archives. Without question, the message of the QUARTERLY is only for the few, but a new approach to it has been opened this year through a professional index—the "International Index of Periodicals", upon which librarians rely for references in the discussion of topics of the day,—a field in which our magazine often expresses unusual and provocative views.

Quarterly Book Department

In addition to supplying standard books on Theosophy, the Department is glad to be of service to those who cannot readily secure elsewhere such worth-while books as are reviewed and discussed in our magazine. Our policy is never determined on the basis of money-making.

Secretary's Office

This year the attitude of applicants for membership has been noteworthy, especially those who have been readers of the QUARTERLY; they have grasped the significance of incorporation into such an organism as our Society, and have themselves proposed the need of preparatory

study and practical application, as a natural precursor to admission. Correspondence shows that the readers of our magazine in libraries are of various classes, but the most appealing letters come from those who have spent their lives searching in "the byways and hedges" for a truth and a way of life to which some dim hope within, ceaselessly pointed them. Another reflection that arises from the year's correspondence is, the deadening effect of patience in its negative aspects: those who contentedly sit, asking for nothing, waiting for some plum to drop their way, have to be left in the custody of their good intentions,—for there is, on the Executive Committee, one who is convinced of the value of Mr. Judge's advice—"Give them exactly what they ask, not a word more".

Many who never knew Doctor Keightley personally, have written of him, since his death; to distant members he represented a living link with H. P. B.: they are deeply grateful to him for standing so staunchly behind her—a devoted and understanding pupil—when most sought to turn the tables and direct their teacher. To others, his beneficent presence was a feature of Convention,—they looked forward to that, and to his enthusiastic delight in the reading of the "Letters of Greeting". Outsiders, who knew him only through his articles, have also expressed their feeling that he showed a heart touched both by human need and by the compassion of Masters for it.

The "travelling-library" attached to this office, is at the disposal of members, for their use and that of their friends; a section of it is also available to non-members. No fee is assessed for the loan of books, and if the payment of carriage-charges would be burdensome, that can be arranged. Members sometimes say, "For years, I have wanted to read that book, but we never had it in our Branch library." Why wait years? why not ask for it from the "travelling-library"? Perhaps there are certain numbers of the QUARTERLY a member has never read. Any number may be borrowed; a complete set of the volumes that contain Mr. Griscom's "Elementary Articles" and his "Letters to Students" is assembled, ready for loaning.

There need be no mystery about the absence of friction and "lost motion" in our work; the elements that produce them are not lacking, but they are held in check before they become destructive, by the ceaseless vigilance of the older members, through which we are freed from the misunderstandings that sap the life of so many organizations. It is impossible to acknowledge adequately our indebtedness to those who make possible the production of such a magazine as the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, but a desire is felt throughout the Society to express thanks to its Editors, whose knowledge, taste, and standards are the guide and incentive of many contributors, the despair of proof-readers—the delight of all in any way connected with the magazine. Our thanks are also due to those members who are contributors, to those who do the proof-reading, and to the one who for years has taken charge of certain features of the mailing. Again, as in past years, a member has paid the salary of a competent stenographer who greatly lightens office routine; and another member who was enjoying the freedom of a "sabbatical year" put time and unflagging interest at the disposal of the Secretary. To the stenographic notes taken by the Assistant Secretary, we owe a record of the addresses at New York Branch meetings, which another member condenses into four or five typewritten pages, a remarkable performance: both should have our warmest thanks. Lastly, there are those intrepid "elders" to whom, in spite of our rumpled or ageing "overcoats", we are all children in the Lodge's kindergarten: they set us lessons, teach us games, send us on errands which we usually manage to bungle, and watch over us closely—every contact with them is a blessing, and in the name of our entire membership I should like to express to them our thanks—before they have opportunity to thank us for our occasional willingness to be helped.

Respectfully submitted,
ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

A vote of thanks to the Secretary T. S. was then carried unanimously with acclamation, after which Mr. H. B. Mitchell, as Treasurer, submitted the following report:

REPORT OF THE TREASURER T. S.

APRIL 27TH, 1930—APRIL 25TH, 1931

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Current Dues	$462.00	Printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (4 numbers)	$4,426.48
General Contributions and Donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	1,907.42	Stationery and Supplies	44.67
Subscriptions to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and Propaganda Fund	2,106.62	Printing	78.65
	4,476.04	Rent	150.00
1932 Dues, prepaid	210.00	Telephone and Miscellaneous	179.93
Total Receipts	4,686.04	Total Disbursements	4,879.73
Balance, April 27th, 1930	420.55	Balance, April 25th, 1931	226.86
	$5,106.59		$5,106.59
Assets		*Liabilities*	
On deposit, Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company, April 25th, 1931	$226.86	1932 Dues, prepaid	$210.00
		Excess of Assets over Liabilities	16.86
			$226.86

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,
Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.

The Report was formally accepted, with the thanks of the Convention to the Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer.

The Chairman next read the list of Branches represented at the Convention either by proxy or by delegates in person:

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

It was then unanimously voted that the love and greetings of the Convention be sent to Mr. Charles Johnston.

After various Convention activities had been announced, the proceedings were adjourned until 2.30 p.m.

Afternoon Session

The Chairman called for the Report of the Committee on Nominations.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

DR. CLARK: The Committee presents the following nominations: for the two vacancies on the Executive Committee, Mr. A. J. Harris of Toronto, and Mr. Gardiner Hope Miller of New York; for Secretary T. S., Miss I. E. Perkins, and for Assistant Secretary, Miss J. Chickering; for Treasurer T. S., Mr. H. B. Mitchell, and Mr. G. M. W. Kobbé as Assistant Treasurer.

It was voted that a single ballot be cast by the Secretary to confirm these nominations.
The Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was then called for.

Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell: At a Convention several years ago, the letters of greeting were spoken of as the golden threads from all over the world, binding all parts together, along which the light of the Lodge can travel. The letters I am about to read, will undoubtedly remind you of that suggestion.

Mr. Mitchell then read all the cablegrams, telegrams and letters, extracts from some of which are printed at the end of the Convention Report.

The Report of the Committee on Resolutions was then called for. Mr. Hargrove, Chairman of that Committee, requested that its two other members speak first.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions

Dr. Torrey: There is a problem which lies very close to the hearts of all of us, and that is the problem of education. The Society was founded, not that its members only should be given the opportunity to evolve into power, wisdom and joy, but that its influence should permeate the thought and actions of the world, leading men and women everywhere to a better life. This is the more or less accepted ideal, too, of secular education, though in the opinion of many of us its narrow and materialistic conception of the "better life", is hopelessly at variance with truth.

Now education is particularly a subject which concerns the young, and one feels keenly that Theosophic influence and education must be directed to youth. Mr. Judge has referred to the difficulty of getting a hearing with older people. Their thought forms are alarmingly set and crystallized, and they reject almost automatically any attempted incursion of new truth. All of us know people whose reactions are so constant that it suffices to press certain buttons to get a predictable response. But with the young it is not so. Their entrance into the life of intellectual maturity is surrounded by an atmosphere of Romance. A teacher largely concerned with Freshman instruction once remarked to me: "They think we have some secret—some hidden wisdom that we are going to give them, and, of course, I try to get that out of their heads." There is tragedy in that remark, and it contains a condemnation of our whole educational system. Is it indeed true that youth's vision must inevitably fade into the light of common day? Theosophy answers the question with a categorical denial.

How often have we seen the first flame of Freshman enthusiasm disappear under the combined influences of dead teachers and dead textbooks. But, on the other hand, we have seen the renewal of the fire in later years when the young man "found himself". He has been studying comparative anatomy perhaps, and suddenly he detects the basic structural plan which underlies an outer heterogeneity, and at once the heap of dead bones springs to life. He has found Theosophy, and it might seem that under the right guidance he could find again the path of romance. True, but the guidance which he now receives in all likelihood points him toward the graduate schools where the life of the soul is not a popular subject for graduate study, and where the learned professors are rather painful persons as soon as they leave their special fields of study. There is danger, too, that our student may fall into the clutches of the devotees of vocationalism and "flimsiness" who are bent upon purveying education (or something which passes under the name) to the public. Simon Flexner has recently dealt with them in a devastating manner. When the largest University in America descends to the level of offering academic credit for courses in running drug stores and tea shops, or gives advanced degrees for theses on how to reduce the number of motions which mother makes in washing dishes, it would seem to have touched the bottom of degradation. Far better the education of the mock turtle in "reeling, writhing and fainting in coils". That at least possesses the spiritual element of humour, whereas the professors of these portentous subjects have no slightest notion of that divine quality: they couldn't, and remain where they are.

Now Dr. Flexner is a "mixture". He is of the academic elect which possesses decided

Brahminic traits. Still it is true that there is a dignity and nobility about the higher education, and one can quite understand such righteous anger against the thieves and robbers who have broken into and defiled the sanctuary. Through their schools of education these disciples of Mammon have a strangle-hold on the elementary school system which they are transforming rapidly into a vocational machine. They deliberately threaten to invade the collegiate field and to control its educational methods and policies likewise.

The Theosophical Society represents in the world to-day that Group of Wise Men who are the true Teachers of the human race. In days when mankind was not mad with the madness of Kali Yuga, the teaching profession rested in the hands of the priestly colleges, some of whose members were most certainly in contact with the Lodge. We have read about this in the *Idyll of the White Lotus*, or in connection with such great hierophants as Pythagoras or Apollonius, or the far-off Egyptian kings. That position is ours to-day, and yet it would seem that our place in the cycle forbids the closely-knit outer hierarchy which once centred the teaching profession. To-day we have no Theosophical College where children can be educated. To be sure there are organizations which use our name and which, in apparent violation of cyclic law, are seeking to establish priestly schools for the young. Some singularly trusting people are sending their children to a certain notorious Bishop (sic!). The system of the school, if one can trust newspaper reports, consists in waiting around till something happens. Perhaps the Bishop issues from his copper-sheathed study, and all go out on a hunt for elementals. Incidentally we are given details on the geography and natural history of these elusive beings. One species which lives in Malay is striped like a zebra.

I'm not concerned now with the existence or non-existence of elementals—striped or unstriped. I am concerned with the development of normal-minded, enthusiastic, disciplined young men and women, and not with psychic monsters.

Well, what are we to do to rescue young people from the Scylla and Charybdis of academic sterility on the one hand, and academic dilletantism and flimsiness on the other? Since we have no centralized school, the teaching profession in a sense devolves upon us all. Last year I tried to point out the need to get down to "brass tacks" and really try to understand Theosophy if we are to fulfil this function. Yet it seems to me that more is needed than this general programme. Can we do nothing in regard to these centres of higher education which have so largely been false to their trust?

What did the Lodge do when their school of the world was slipping into materialism? They sent forth two teachers—H. P. B. and Mr. Judge—to devote themselves to the work of redemption. There are with us to-day certain young men and women still in contact with the universities, and who are, perhaps, fitting themselves for the teaching profession. They can, if they will, carry Theosophy into the school-world just as H. P. B. and W. Q. J. carried it to the Western world. There is a great opportunity here to do work for the Lodge. Such prospective teachers must master the factual knowledge of their professions if they are to gain the respect of their hearers. Then with the desire to use their knowledge in the service of the Lodge, and through "intending their minds upon it", the deeper significances will slowly reveal themselves—those romantic significances whose loveliness draws the young student away from the lower things of the world toward the treasure waiting for him yonder.

We have been told of the Guru-parampara chain which in the East is held to link the least village teacher of youth to the Great Teacher who stands at the head of the World School. Through that chain, if we "keep the link unbroken", the power of the Lodge will descend to do its work, and we shall find accomplished that which surprises and delights us.

DR. HOHNSTEDT: The Chairman reminded us this morning of the work that was left to us, the inheritance left us by the Masters and their fellow workers. I think it would be a good idea if each one of us resolved in his heart that that work of the Masters shall not be in vain, and that we will daily add to it,—add to the cumulative knowledge of Theosophy, and thereby help the world and the coming generation, and make a better superstructure on the foundation that our predecessors built. That is one of the resolutions I am going to try to maintain, and I am going to try to help others do it.

MR. HARGROVE: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members,* there are the usual resolutions, submitted yearly for your approval:

First, that it be left to the Chairman to authorize and request some member to acknowledge, on behalf of this Convention, the letters of greeting to which we have had the great pleasure of listening. As a rule, of course, we ask Mr. Johnston to acknowledge them, and he does so; but on this occasion, I suggest that we ask the Chairman of the Convention to appoint a substitute.

Second, that the officers of the Society be authorized by the 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 three resolutions were duly acted upon by the Convention, and unanimously carried.)

We have already had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Torrey and Dr. Hohnstedt, who have each in his own way, attempted to express on behalf of the Convention, though not in terms of a formal resolution, the real feeling and wishes of the delegates. It must be assumed that everyone, as he leaves this assembly, resolves to attempt some further step in the theosophic life. It is, in part in any case, the function of this Committee to try to express these inner feelings and resolutions and opinions of the members in general.

This morning, mention was made of the indrawal of the Movement as part of the process of growth; as the manifestation, as it were, of Shiva's share in the process of our growth. You will recall Yama's statement in the Katha Upanishad to the effect that the Logos pierced the openings of the senses outward, therefore man looks outward, not within toward the Self; a wise man, however, with reverted vision, turned his sight inward toward the Self, seeking immortality. One of the methods of indrawal which every member should, in my opinion, attempt to use, is this very process of reverting or inverting his vision. There are stages in this, however, as in all things. We have often used ritual as an illustration: at one stage, ritual may be necessary, at another it has to be outgrown, and at a third it can be used for the purposes of the Lodge. In the case of the senses, you will see that either outward or inward turning may be proper, though at different stages of development. A healthy little dog runs around with all its senses very much on the alert, taking in everything, thoroughly objectivized. It has no morbid feelings. It does not worry about its motives. It is very inquisitive, peering and sniffing at everything within reach. Clearly, that is natural and right. Then think, if you will, of the human stage. Man perverts everything. Man, once he becomes sufficiently sophisticated, turns all that intense activity, all that curiosity, all that spirit of exploration and discovery, back upon himself,—but in a wrong way, because he becomes introverted and hopelessly self-centred. His feelings become his universe; he becomes immersed in them. He goes through life doing nothing but look at a mental picture of himself, very anxious to have other people look at that picture also, wondering whether they are seeing in it all the fascination he sees in it, and so forth. The further he gets his senses inverted, the deeper he gets into hell,—because that sort of thing *is* hell.

Next, a reaction, let us hope. There was first a reaction from the external activity illustrated in the little dog or in the normal child, to the state where the senses are turned inward. Then, perhaps, there comes a further reaction: a man goes out in acts and thoughts of altruism, of consideration for others—which is a vitally necessary step in the escape from hell. But there is a fourth stage, at which man must look within, no longer at himself, but at the Higher Self, the real Self. That sounds very general, and often, alas, it *is* very general. Many people do it as though they were trying to get their heads into the clouds and past the clouds, in the hope that there is something on the other side. That is not the way to do it. Turning the attention in toward the Higher Self means, in fact, trying to recognize the spiritual values in life; trying to see the real behind the veil of the unreal; the effort to realize that man is not simply this body, not simply this mind, but is that which can inspect the mind, looking down; that which can inspect the heavens, looking up. He is the beholder, the perceiver. The primary function of his power of perception is to recognize the spiritual values in life, which is, of course, the great need of the world, because the curse of the world at the present time is

that it sees nothing of spiritual values; it sees only material values. Whether we speak to youth or to age, inside or outside of colleges,—we should above all things insist upon the spiritual value of things, the real values; we should see the absurdity of, and pour ridicule and good-natured contempt upon values as the world knows values, materialistic, destructive, and altogether childish.

This morning you were reminded of the vision of Ezekiel, when the dead bones came to life. You will remember how it was done. The Lord told Ezekiel to prophesy over those bones. The meaning of the Hebrew word translated as "prophesy" in that story is *to flow forth*. What the Lord told Ezekiel to do was to *flow forth* upon those dry bones, to spend himself on those dry bones, to *give* himself—the secret of all happiness, of all true life. How else can anything be accomplished but by self-spending? Certainly one of the first steps on the path of discipleship is to reverse that terrible condition in which man is centred in himself, and replace it by unlimited spending of self upon other people and upon the ideals for which Theosophy stands; to try to make that a reality in life,—spending self for Theosophy.

But to do this in any real sense—certainly to do it as Ezekiel did it—means far more than the "altruism" of the third stage of which I have spoken. It can be done only as a result of previous and profound indrawal—the fourth stage as I described it—when man has at last disentangled himself from his mind, and knows in his heart that his true self is the eternal Perceiver. Only at that fifth turning can man "flow forth" as Ezekiel flowed forth, bringing dry bones to life.

One of the things that the Committee on Resolutions always attempts is to speak of some of the needs of the world, and to suggest certain ways in which members of this Society can meet those needs. We try to call attention to misunderstandings that exist, in order that they may be removed—and for no other purpose. At the present time, one of these blights is a complete misunderstanding of the meaning of natural law. People seem to think that natural law is an entirely material thing which they can circumvent with impunity. They do not realize that natural law is another name for divine law, any violation of which must result disastrously. You will remember a phrase from the *Occult World*, where a Master, speaking for all Masters, says: "We but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works." That is not the attitude of modern science, not the attitude that the ordinary man adopts toward natural law. There is no need to refer here in detail to what was discussed in the "Screen" in a recent issue of the QUARTERLY. Certain things were said there about family life which you may remember. Any effort to interfere with natural law, to escape the consequences of natural law, destroys the souls of the people who are guilty of such wrong-doing.

Then take the law of supply and demand. People do not think of that as a spiritual law. They think of it merely as applying in the realm of political economy. They feel free to do what they choose with it, so far as they can. Yet, actually, it is a universal law, and therefore, of necessity, a divine law. You can see its application in the spiritual life. Demand creates supply. It is because of our instinctive belief in that law that we aspire, meditate, pray; and in the spiritual life, there is freedom of demand and freedom of supply, so that equilibrium is constantly maintained. Co-operation, or combination, is not limited or regulated by demo-autocratic interference. Supply descends as demand ascends. But because men think of it as a material law and no more, governments have become increasingly paternalistic and increasingly eager to regulate and to improve upon the natural order of things. We see the result in the world around us,—wide-spread unemployment, both of capital and labour, and an immense amount of needless suffering: an absolutely artificial and man-made condition. If, instead of interference, men and governments would adopt an attitude of *respect*—not to say, of reverence—toward the laws of Nature; if they would (like Masters), first study, and then "but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works", it would not be long before the existing situation would be righted, never to occur again. To avoid the possibility of misunderstanding, perhaps I should add that the last thing I am advocating is the overthrow of national barriers. Instead of that—instead of a materialistic internationalism—I suggest that "every man's house should be his own castle", and that the less dependent we are upon the world around us, whether for our amusements, for our necessities, or for our

intellectual and religious life, the happier and more contented our homes are likely to be. Exactly the same thing of course applies to nations.

Perhaps Dr. Torrey and others who are in closer contact than the rest of us with institutions of learning, will be able to invent a way in which such truths can be stated in terms more acceptable than mine, to the materialistic mind. I do not know how it can be done, because the moment he were to speak of purpose, he would be jeered at. In any case, the effort should be made to introduce the idea of universality, and to shake the confidence of these people in their notion that a law such as the law of supply and demand can concern economics only, when, in the nature of things, if it is true there, it is true everywhere. If true of one thing, it is true of all things. If not true of all things, it is not true of the one thing.

Now to change the subject, and to turn to the condition of the Spanish-speaking world. We have reason to express sympathy with the many sane and sober Spanish-speaking people who have had to suffer from the feverishness which is afflicting all peoples, but has recently fallen very heavily on their own kindred, both in South America and in Spain,—restlessness, the desire for change for the sake of change. A few days ago, I was discussing the upheaval in Spain with a man who had recently come from there, and I asked, why the revolution? He replied, "They just wanted a change." Of one thing we may be sure, that the *spirit* of man is not a restless spirit, and that a revolution caused by restlessness is an act of folly at best. We must thank heaven that our Spanish-speaking members are among those who see the truth; who do not long for change for the sake of change; who are not restless in their attitude, and who regret, as we do, that which has recently been taking place.

The spirit of man is still. The spirit of man has learned long ago that human happiness does not depend upon the form of a government, but upon the spirit of a government. For any one to imagine that greater wisdom is likely to come from a mob than from a man (even if the man were stupid) is foolish. I should rather have to suffer one stupid man than a million stupid men!

There is one matter on which I feel we should go on record in words of the strongest possible disapproval; that is, against political murder and the glorification of political murderers. Two recent cases of this are conspicuous. Most of you will remember the day when the Crown Prince of Austria and his wife were murdered in the streets of Sarajevo—an event which nominally, superficially, was the cause of the World War, the excuse seized upon by Germany and Austria for the War. Not many months ago, on a house at the street corner in Sarajevo where the murder was committed, a tablet was solemnly dedicated to the murderer, with the inscription: "On this historic place Gavril Princip proclaimed Liberty." The murderer was a Serbian, and the Serbians were on the side of the Allies. It does not make any difference. From the Theosophical standpoint, it is an outrage, an insult to all spiritual law and common decency that a monument should be erected to a murderer.

With equal vehemence we protest against the erection of a statue in honour of the Irish murderers of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson,—a statue erected in Dean's Grange Cemetery, Dublin. Incidentally, it may interest you to know that when the statue was unveiled, there was a very brief report of the ceremony, printed in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, a small French newspaper published in New York. The statement seemed incredible, so someone telephoned to the *New York Times* and to the *World* and other newspapers, to ask if they had received the same news. They all expressed incredulity, saying they would have heard of it if the news had been true. One of our members then wrote to Lady Wilson, the widow, asking her if it was true. I have here a clipping from the London *Times* which she sent in reply, containing an account of the ceremony. It *was* true, but the New York papers, which reported the Serbian dedication, professed entire ignorance of the similar event in Ireland. Even the London *Times* tucked the news away at the bottom of an unimportant column, the item above it being headed, "Cruelty to Neighbour's Horse". Not a word of protest, so far as I am aware, either in England or America. "Peace at any price": what a mockery!

Now a word as to Germany. Hunting through some old notes yesterday in a hurry, I came across an extract from a book, *The Aftermath*, by Winston Spencer Churchill, the English politician. I am not at all sure whether I quoted it at the last Convention, but, if so, it

struck me none the less strongly on this occasion. He is speaking of the terms of Peace, is criticising Clemenceau, and he says Clemenceau ought to have 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." It leaves one almost speechless! Let us translate the idea by analogy. Think of a man who has been carrying on a terrible struggle against some bad habit, let us say the drink habit. He has fought it for years, not always with success. At last he feels he has got his enemy down. The enemy says: Now is your opportunity to be kind, now is your opportunity to be Christian; suppose we compromise—take one drink a day, and we will call it quits. The man, full of reciprocal kindliness (so-called), agrees. That is his victory! You know what happens to the man, granting that drink is his enemy, granting that drink is his temptation. That "one drink a day" is his damnation.

That is what a man like Churchill, who is supposed to be a statesman, who at least has occupied positions which statesmen ought to fill—that is what Churchill says Clemenceau ought to have done when considering the terms of peace. It is that miserable weakness in men (and frankly, I think it is more marked in Anglo-Saxons than in any other race) that is the cause of most of the trouble in the world at the present time. That is why the War is not yet over; that is why the War remains to be won and still may be lost. Weakness, not only contemptible but monstrous in its perversity; unbelievably stupid. It has been said that we Anglo-Saxons are stupid. It may be true. The tragedy is that we are not the only stupid people in the world. There are so many of them! But let us make no mistake about it: stupidity is a crime. Stupidity is the result of moral weakness, of moral cowardice, of moral insufficiency. We cannot plead an alibi on the ground that, because we are Anglo-Saxon, we are necessarily stupid and therefore there is nothing to be done about it. We are responsible for the full range,—the depth and height and breadth of our stupidity. Let us thank heaven if we begin to suspect it once in a while, and annually resolve that we must do something to correct it. If we have ever been told by anybody that we are blind at a certain spot, let us go back like the little dog and nose around and try to learn more than we learned before. It is so monotonous to stay just as we are, with the same blind spots, making the same blunders. Let us make our lives gayer, as well as more profitable, by seeing something new every day,—instead of seeing the same thing with the same eye, with the same slant. No wonder people go through life bored, on that basis. Any man who is bored is bored because he sees the thing always in the same way. No man has any business to see the same thing twice in the same way, or twice as the same thing. We get so far behind by doing that, and the Movement cannot wait—because the Movement is pulled along by the Lodge.

Now I am going to read something included in an appeal for City Missions—not in this country but in London. This was a genuine appeal, not a joke:

> What *is* this life, if, full of care,
> We have no time to stand and stare,
> No time to stand beneath the boughs
> And gaze about like sheep and cows?
> What *is* this life, if, full of care,
> We have no time to stand and stare?

It was meant to be pathetic as an appeal, though it was not written in that spirit or for that purpose. I bring it to your attention because the idea in it is typical of an existing attitude both in this country and in England. There is a tendency to think that if you look on and admire somebody playing a game, it is just as good and perhaps better than playing the game yourself. Hundreds and thousands of people are eager to watch others exerting themselves. They will pay good money for the pleasure of doing so, and they will "stand and stare", full of admiration for the individual who drives himself beyond his limit.

In other words, there is a type of admiration that springs from laziness, and which is a sort of abdication, while true admiration is creative, is instinct with the spirit of emulation, and is a short cut to becoming. Let us beware, for instance, as we read the letters of Mr. Judge,

or as we hear stories of H. P. B. or read of her life, that we do not sit like the people on the benches watching baseball, full of admiration, but using that as an excuse for doing nothing, and thus turning our admiration into a poison. We need desperately to examine ourselves under that head, because there is no escaping the fact that, because of our racial incarnation, we must share the tendency to be satisfied with looking on, and with watching the performance of other people.

I do not know who the people are who are doing most for the Theosophical Movement at the present time, but it certainly does not follow that it is those who talk the most or who write the most. The people who are doing most for the Movement must be those who are giving most of themselves, who are sacrificing most of themselves, who are contributing most in terms of self-denial. Surely, that is what contribution means. They are not just onlookers, not just admirers; nor are they those whose activities are a form of self-indulgence. They are doers, and have seen that to be a Theosophist one must be something of an artist, or in any case an artisan (a word scarcely used any more in this country), busy with the material at your disposal—clay or wood or metal—transforming it into something worth while, something useful, if possible into a thing of beauty. Yes, transformation of character, transformation of the personality—transmutation: taking the life out of wrong and foolish tendencies and putting it into something more worth while. Dry bones to work on, if you choose; but bringing those dry bones to life by love of the ideal, by living with and for that ideal, and so, by mere contagion, making those bones vibrant with the breath of heaven, making them live with the overflowing life of the soul.

Reports from delegates were then called for, Madame Sánchez being asked to speak for the Venezuela Branch.

MADAME SÁNCHEZ: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* As some of you know, I have been in this country for many months, and consequently away from the work of my fellow-members of the Venezuela Branch; but the reports received from the Corresponding Secretary enable me to speak to you of the efforts made there by a group of loyal souls who have perceived the light of Theosophy and made it the chief activity of their lives. I find myself, therefore, in the exceptional position of speaking of this year's work of my Branch as seen close at hand and also from a distance. It is thus, I understand, that Theosophy should be studied,—both from within and from without.

The routine work, of less interest to you, has been carried out with religious punctuality. The programme of the work has been varied. As subjects of study were chosen: Karma, Reincarnation, and in particular the Cycles. It is a coincidence very often noted that the themes studied by the Venezuela Branch are almost always the same as those of the New York Branch; because of this the article entitled "The Theosophical Movement and Kali Yuga" served to deepen the teaching for us, and this was supplemented by the article "Things Prophetical". The contribution by Professor Mitchell on "Incarnation" helped to elucidate the subject of "Karma and Reincarnation".

In the issue of *Lucifer* for January, 1888, H. P. B. said: "Let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The astral life of the earth is young and strong between Christmas and Easter. Those who form their wishes now, will have added strength to fulfil them consistently". Therefore the members of the Branch have, for three years, followed the custom of formulating their purposes for the year within this propitious cycle.

At the Convention last year we made a resolution to dedicate five minutes each day to meditation on *Light on the Path*. This is of significance in the inner world inasmuch as it is known that the real author of this book is a Master to whom the Theosophical Society owes so much.

They write me from Caracas that they will make this Convention a spiritual centenary of the birth, in July, 1831, of that great soul, our founder, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the vahan of the Master H. P. B. Our Society thus anticipates this date by a few months, in

virtue of its spiritual growth which enables it to function in a world that transcends the illusory trinity of the past, present, and future. H. P. B. is here with us and is of no age.

A spiritual connection, a tie of love, binds the Venezuela Branch with H. P. B., since the first official meeting of the theosophical group in Venezuela was held on the 8th of May, 1895, this date being selected, as the record says, "as a tribute offered to the memory of so distinguished a Master". Since that time the love for H. P. B. and also for William Quan Judge, who was in Caracas in person, has been an inextinguishable lamp of devotion. There has never been an attempt made to defame the name of a Master, that a member of the Branch has not at once come forward in some one of the leading daily papers of the capital, thrusting forth the irresistible sword of Truth. It is also very significant that none of the pseudo-theosophical societies has ever prospered in that country. Is not this a reward of service to the pure theosophy that H. P. B. brought to us?

A concentration is observed. Members of other Branches, who believed that work is the life of the Movement, seeing that their Branches were suffering through lack of it, dissolved them and requested incorporation in our Branch.

The members regard the study of English as a part of their active work. As for *El Teósofo*, it costs an enormous expenditure of labour because so few co-operate in it. But our greatest trouble is in the printing—an almost impossible task.

The fundamental note of the past year has been that of discipline and training for a combat which each day grows more immanent. Perhaps the hearts of some are already seeking to know what is the immediate work the Lodge will ask of them.

At this very moment the members in Caracas are assembled in union with you for the eleventh time, for these formal meetings began in 1921 and since then have deepened in significance with the years. A few years ago it was voted with enthusiasm that at each Convention the Branch should be personally represented by a delegate from its own membership. To-day that office confers upon me the greatest honour of my life—to represent my fellow-members of the Branch in this assembly of men and gods—for here are also present H. P. B., W. Q. Judge, and our founder Masters.

COLONEL SÁNCHEZ (speaking in Spanish): *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I feel a deep gratitude to Those to whom I owe the privilege of being with you at this Convention. To come here was one of the greatest desires of my heart, not for my own satisfaction, but because it is here that we receive, in the measure of our communion with the Great Ones, confidence and strength for consecration to the Cause of the Masters. It is true that a greater effort is demanded of us, and an ever more definite attitude, but the promise has been given us that we shall never be abandoned.

MISS ELEANORE EVANS: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I was asked by the Newcastle Branch in England to read to you their very cordial greetings to the members of The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Once again it is my privilege to convey to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes. It is a happy circumstance that on this occasion I have not to resort to the post for its conveyance, thankful though we are for that medium of communication.

We are glad that one of our own members is to have the joy of attending the Convention and expressing in person the feelings and aspirations we are striving to embody; and we are determined to keep the flag flying at all costs. For how could we do otherwise with Dr. Keightley's death so fresh and green in our memory. And may I here express our gratitude to Mr. Hargrove for his splendid article in the QUARTERLY on Dr. Keightley.

It has long been a source of satisfaction to me that we do not need to copy or imitate the ways of others—and I am glad to see this recently emphasized; we are to fill the gaps and close the ranks by being ourselves to the utmost. "Live each day as though it were the last, yet live in each as though it were eternal."

So the Cause, or the Work, cannot fail if we give our all to it in our own individual way. We cannot all write, we cannot all speak, but love and devotion can emanate from each one of us. And *as* we love and *as* we are devoted, we shall work to fit ourselves for the greater service that lies ahead. In this way, "growing as the flower grows, unconsciously", we shall also appreciate those other words of *Light on the Path* where it says, "that as we attain to knowledge, we shall also attain to speech."

It is the first time that a member of our Branch has been able to attend the Convention, and now that we have made a start it would be fine to repeat it in the years to come. But be that as it may, I am sure that Miss Evans will find it, in the meantime, an experience long to be remembered and cherished. She has already said to me that she regards her visit as a going home to her kindred; so I am convinced that our greetings to you will be nothing compared with your welcome to her.

We have decided to hold a special meeting on Convention Day, that we may be more fully at one with you in purpose and aspiration; that you may feel our presence, in spirit, and our earnest desire for a successful issue of your deliberations—successful in the sense that it is fearless, uplifting and strong.

With renewed greetings and best wishes from the members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Branch,

Yours sincerely,
E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
President.

MR. RIVERO: *Mr. Chairman:* As a member of The Theosophical Society in the Venezuela Branch, I wish to express sincere pleasure in the designation conferred upon Madame Sánchez, who has been selected to represent in this Convention, as its only delegate, the Venezuelan group. I am pleased, among other reasons, because this designation coincides with the centennial of the birth of Madame Blavatsky. Woman has held in The Theosophical Society the opportunity and the responsibility of serving,—with more failures than man, perhaps, but, on the other hand, with greater abnegation and splendour. It is sufficient to mention the name of Madame Blavatsky. In a volume of her letters, never written to be published, the grand "Old Lady" says: "*All* or *nothing* is their motto",—the motto, I think, of the Master of Wisdom to whom she in turn knew how to give *all* with a more than human loyalty. She was "the Sphinx of the Age", "the White Yogini", "the Lion of the Punjab".

As to man, the corresponding example was Mr. Judge. Judge and Blavatsky are the mighty columns of the theosophical arch through which we must pass, in this world, toward a better world. Outside this arch there is no other possible road for us toward the Eternal. Judge told us that here and now we could gain immortality; and to such an end he taught us with the candour of a child and with unequalled heroism. "Work, work and work" was, without doubt, his theosophical motto; and thus he too gave *all* for the formation of the nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, working and suffering as did Blavatsky.

Work and suffering made the soil in which grows the theosophical tree, whose branches may be local but whose internal vitality is universal and tends to make of the human soul an imperishable flower. Nevertheless, we gather to-day around that tree with joy and gratitude in our hearts,—transubstantiated fruits of past work and suffering. It behooves us, also, to work and suffer—"precious suffering" and precious work—for the joy and gratitude of the envoys and their adherents of the future,—legion of true spiritual liberators, soldiers of the Lodge.

Permit me to voice in this wonderful assembly—so small in the visible, so great in the invisible—something of that gratitude and joy. My joy is that of the traveller who, after a long and arduous pilgrimage through strange lands, finally returns home and is welcomed as a prodigal son. I owe my gratitude to the New York Branch for having had the invaluable knowledge of its most interesting meetings; to the older members for having had their luminous teachings (to one of them in particular, I am very greatly indebted for having favoured me once with a word of wise counsel); and, in short, to the editors of the THEOSOPHICAL

QUARTERLY, that literary gem, from whose facets there shines, ever more and more limpidly, the light of the spirit.

If the high gods have granted to me the joy of to-day attending my first Convention, I ask them further, in humility, the grace of maintaining me under the edifying influence of this inspiring day, of this solar day, of this halcyon day, not only to-morrow, but through all my life to come,—æon upon æon. Thus I shall be able to make my gratitude tangible in the form indicated by Judge, that is: by working, working "as those who are ambitious", working "for the work's sake", with faith, hope and love,—above all love.

Years ago, in this same place, if I remember well, a disciple of Judge declared: "Nothing is more divine than a fact". Let us make of Theosophy the divine fact, first in ourselves and then in others; and, so, the theosophical tree will cover all the earth with its branches,—every one of us a living branch. Can we, who are so few in numbers, realize such a miracle in this iron age? The answer is given to me by a Mexican poet who, in his moments of mysticism, became like Emerson, very much a theosophist, and pondered the militant love of Christ and his Apostles in these strophes:

Un carpintero y unos pescadores
cambiaron los destinos del planeta
con un poco de amor.

Which translated, read:

A carpenter and some fishermen
Changed the destiny of the planet
With a little love.

In that spirit, renewing the vow of the aspirant, I conclude thus: In Theosophy as in a staunch ship my soul goes on—a celestial traveller—toward the Eternal.

MISS HOHNSTEDT: I much like a phrase used by the last speaker: "this is a solar day". At our Branch meetings we have been studying the second volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, in which so much is said about the Lunar and Solar Pitris. The Solar Pitris are right here helping us.

In regard to the Branch work, we have *The Secret Doctrine* class, studying the second volume every other week. The alternate week, one of our members reads a paper, and we have taken as a keynote for this year the motto, "By our works we shall be known". We are trying to inculcate ethical and moral principles, so that all may realize that those things are more necessary than evanescent things. Our members are very staunch. We will not listen to anyone who has ever attacked Judge or Madame Blavatsky.

MR. WAFFENSMITH: Mrs. Waffensmith and I are happy to be here to-day. It is a great privilege. We were unable to attend the last Convention, and we missed it all the year; so now we have come home to renew our courage for the coming year.

MRS. ROSE: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* We are overjoyed to be here to-day. As everyone says, it is home. I think the keynote of the message from Hope Branch is gratitude,—not only because we are here, but because we even know of Theosophy in these troubled times. We sometimes wonder what other people do without it. I think we "do something about it". We have tried to. It is manifested in a greater unity of purpose among our members. We are a small Branch, but those few are faithful, and we feel that the future of the Hope Branch depends upon the individual. We are particularly grateful for the reports of the New York Branch, which make us feel less lonely and also clear up many obscure points. In addition we have been reading the Gospel of St. John. We are always grateful for the QUARTERLY. We cannot tell you what it means to us. I think the feeling is that as the Old Guard salutes and passes on, each member wants to carry his share of the added burden, and we pray we never shall "lean on".

MISS RICHMOND: I should just like to say how grateful I am for the privilege of being here.

MR. MILLER: Year by year, as we gather here, those of us whose privilege it has been to attend these Conventions for a number of years, feel increasingly, I think, the inadequacy of our efforts to use the truth which we have been led to see; to do all that we can. One of the Masters has said: he who does all that he can, all he is capable of doing, does enough for us. As Professor Mitchell said this morning, the sculptor models the image from the material he has, no matter whether that material be base or of fine texture. The creative spirit can model that image from whatever material we have. We are not limited in the beauty of the image which we can create. When Mr. Hargrove was speaking about some of the things going on in the world to-day, I recalled having seen a notice of a meeting held in this city, only last night on the eve of Convention, by a large group of people who were going to discuss the question: "Can the Church abolish war?" I was so grateful for the statement made this morning that Masters are first-class fighting men, and for the appeal made to the martial spirit in our effort to carry on the work of the Lodge and of our predecessors.

In the *Dhammapada* there is an anecdote of a mendicant who was so cross and old that he was unable to learn a single Gatha, or verse, and thus became an object of ridicule. The Buddha, taking compassion on him, painstakingly and tenderly taught him a single verse. Impressed by the Buddha's kindness and graciousness, he learned the verse. Later, some nuns asked the Buddha to send them a teacher, and this man was sent to teach them the verse he had learned. The Buddha was prepared for what happened, and told him he would be ridiculed. The nuns at first made fun of him and decided that they would recite the verse backward. The mendicant said: "Sisters, my talent is small, my learning is very little. I know only one Gatha, but I will repeat that and explain its meaning." The nuns became tongue-tied, and hung their heads in shame. Later, the Buddha said of him: "This mendicant has allowed the secret virtue of the words of this one Gatha to penetrate his spirit; his body, mouth and thoughts have obtained perfect quietude." [I thought of that statement when Mr. Hargrove spoke of the restlessness in the world to-day.] The Buddha then added: "To understand one truth, and, hearing it, to act accordingly, this is to find deliverance."

MR. KOBBÉ: *Mr. Chairman:* As I suppose most of us do, in thinking about Convention beforehand, I thought of several things I should like to say. But as I listened to the proceedings to-day, I decided not to mention any of them, because the feeling has grown stronger and stronger that I wanted to use this occasion for two other purposes. One is to convey my thanks to one who would never let me convey it to him while he was here—Dr. Keightley. It was my privilege to take treatments from him for several years. Aside from the physical benefit, there was a mental, moral and spiritual benefit which was tremendous. It was tremendous not only because of what he had to give, but also because his method compelled the patient to use his own will. On two different occasions, I tried to express my gratitude, but each time he gave a funny little chuckle and then was off to the old days in London, telling me about his work with Madame Blavatsky and the others; and I never had a chance to convey my thanks. I do it now, "in Convention assembled".

That was the first thing that was on my heart. The other is this: I know that each Convention should be greater and deeper and more profoundly silent, in an interior sense, than any of the preceding ones. To me this Convention has been all that, and, as I sat here to-day, I could not but feel wonderment that I should be privileged to belong to this Society which traces its connection through Judge to H. P. B., and through H. P. B. to the White Lodge. I am grateful I have that connection—the connection which goes back, through an unbroken chain, to those first-class fighting men.

MR. BRUSH: *Mr. Chairman:* I think Convention for many of us is a time of inner stock-taking, and perhaps readjustment. There was a phrase used by one of the speakers at the last Convention, and repeated this morning, which I think we can use as a measure not only of our own inner attainment during the past year, but of our service to the Movement. The phrase is: All we have to do is to be true to our own truths. It does not really matter very much whether we approach reality through, for instance, the teachings of the old Christian mystics, or through the ancient Greek philosophy, or the great Oriental Masters, or by what-

ever method appeals to our own liking and temperament. What does matter is the answer which each one gives in his own heart to the question: how true have we been in the past year to our own truths?

MR. GANSON: *Mr. Chairman:* Some years ago, I was in the habit of taking orders whether I knew what I was about or not; an order to march, or to sit down, or to get up and go about my master's business—because we had masters in those days, in the simpler sense of the word. No movement was free. Everything was trained, was provided for us in advance, so we should become smooth and polished in the machinery of war, to do the part which was planned for us to do. Fragments of that experience keep drifting into my mind. One is the march of armed feet. As members of the T. S. we are caught up in a column, going on and on; we cannot get out, because we are enrolled in it. We can be lifted up, up, up, a rank or two in advance. We cannot go outside, but must go on. There is something in the column that must appeal to us, a great spirit that goes through it. Napoleon had the ability to inspire, to kindle, officers and men, to do what seemed to be the impossible. Some great fire seemed to pass through him and into the natures of other people.

In the simple duties of a soldier—to us—there is given this opportunity to sink our personality in that great *esprit de corps*. In the soldier's life that is one of the most valuable lessons: the *esprit de corps* of the whole body—*and we in it.* It is like the unity of the whole Movement. We ourselves are nothing, because we are absorbed and swallowed up in the whole. I do not have to listen except with the ears of my leader, and if the Master will speak for me, that is all I want. And our Master in this great Movement is the Soldier, the General, the strength of our courage; and when we are brave, he is our force. All we have to do is just to keep marching on ahead, because he is there.

MR. ROY: Each year I realize more and more what a privilege it is to be here at the Convention. During the winter, I have read and re-read *Fragments*, and one in particular points out to me a way in which I can be of service. "Be what you love. Strive after what you find beautiful and high, and let the rest go. Harmony, sacrifice, devotion, take these for key-notes, express them everywhere and in the highest possible way. The beauty of a life like that, the power of it, who can measure or set bounds to?"

MR. SAXE: Numbers of us who have been present at many Conventions, and who think back over those most significant occasions, cannot but feel that we have made far less use of their gifts than we wish we had. Of course, we should not waste time or energy in regret, but we may turn with every feeling we have, toward a new resolution which will inevitably spring from attending this Convention. It occurred to me that probably many of us would think it worth while, when formulating our Convention resolution, to include in it a resolve to think more about the Great Ones to whom, as we were told so eloquently this morning, we are indebted not only for the Movement and for the opportunity of taking part in it, but for our very existence. Obviously, we cannot think about them and consider them too much —for many reasons; for one, because they are the basic source of all our inspiration. One thing which we learn from occultism is, that thought joins us to the object of our thinking, just as surely as the telephone wire connects us with our friend in San Francisco or in Paris. To those of us to whom the Masters seem a vivid reality, this idea must be inspiring.

A day or two ago, I read a letter written by one of the chêlas of the Master K. H., to A. P. Sinnett, in which he said that it could hardly be possible for Sinnett to realize the way in which even the training for chêlaship increased one's sensibility to the thoughts of others. At the time, the chêla had been ill, and Sinnett had known about it, and had thought of him sympathetically. The chêla went on to say: "I felt your kind thoughts flowing toward me, even as the convalescent in the cold mountains feels the gentle breeze from the valley below." I mention this, not because it is a new idea to you, but because it reminds us of something which we may so easily forget. It is a field in which most of us can improve greatly, and one which it is most worth while to keep in mind. We are told that we should not crystallize, that we must keep fluidic. If that be true of our habits and views and interests in general,

surely it must also be true of our thought and ideas and knowledge of those Great Ones. Many of you have thought much more about this than I have, and to you my remarks are more or less superfluous; but there may be others, to whom, as I hope, the suggestion will be helpful.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: Everything I had in mind and heart to say has been said much better than I could possibly say it, but it is an immense privilege to be able to try to express something of the deep gratitude that we all feel for what we have been given—for the ideals presented to us, and for the chance to live those ideals; the ideals of our own souls that have been pointed out to us by Theosophy; something that we can love with our whole hearts and to which we can give our whole lives. The Theosophical Society was founded to meet the need of the world, and the need of the world is just that: an ideal. Men in the world have no ideal that they know to be true, and that they can love, believe in and follow.

Dr. Torrey was speaking about educational institutions. What is the trouble in Academia? Is it not just this lack of an ideal? The president of an eastern college who gave an address here in New York, began by saying: "We do not know what we are doing, we do not even know what we are trying to do." They do not know what to aim for. I have been trying for some time to find a college that has a standard of values, which is another way of putting the same thing. I asked the professor of philosophy at one college what effect four years there had on the standard of values of the students who went through. He finally said he supposed they got their standard of values from their classmates. Evidently they do not get it from the institution! Yet it is on a man's standard of values that his whole happiness or unhappiness depends. It determines what he is going to seek, and what he is going to sacrifice in order to get it. It determines the value he puts on what comes to him, whether he sees life as rich and full of purpose, full of opportunity, or whether it seems cruel and blind and unjust. And it is through Theosophy that the world can get a true standard of values.

It was said here two years ago that the basic trouble with the whole world is that it has ceased to see life in terms of spiritual values. You cannot have a standard of values without knowing what your purpose is,—because your values will always depend upon your purpose, *must* depend upon your purpose. Take a crowbar: if you are trying to get a child out from under an automobile, it may be worth its weight in diamonds; if you are trying to save him from drowning, it may be worth less than nothing. So it seems to me impossible to have a true standard until you have a clear-cut idea of the purpose of life. There again, one looks in vain through the educational institutions of the country for any idea that there *is* a purpose, or any intelligence higher than man's in the universe.

One wonders—it is presumptuous perhaps—how the next Lodge Messenger will see the need of the world. It seems to me that one need will be to point out the purpose of life, so that man may get a true standard of values, may see an ideal, a purpose to which he can give himself with all his heart and soul. It is the only way by which happiness can be gained. And that is our great privilege: to try so to live, so to act, that the way for the next Lodge Messenger may be made easier; to live with so much intensity of desire and devotion, as to help to bring nearer the time of his coming; and so to live that when that time does come, much of the work will already have been done that Madame Blavatsky had to do herself before she could begin her real mission. Think of the difference, if in 1875, when she began her work, there had been a few in the world who, by living it, had gained some understanding of spiritual truth. We all know that the only way by which understanding of spiritual truth can be gained is to live it. That is our opportunity—to live it so that we shall have some understanding of it, so that when the time comes, there will be instruments ready to hand for the Lodge Messenger. It seems as though the thought of the world were everywhere being prepared, and the fixity of its beliefs weakened in every direction, so that, being no longer sure of its old ideas, it may be receptive to new ones. Even the law of gravitation is doubted to-day. Thus, when the next Lodge Messenger comes, there may be a clean slate, and open minds, on which the impression of the Lodge can be stamped. As Madame Blavatsky said, if we hold true to our trust until the Lodge Messenger comes, the world in the next century may be a paradise compared to what it has been.

MR. HARGROVE: Just one word in comment on the address made by the new member of the Executive Committee, Mr. Miller. He mentioned the fact that a meeting (one of many meetings for the purpose) was held last night in this city, to talk war out of existence. May I suggest that the speakers on such occasions are wasting their energies, if only for the simple reason that on this plane, at this stage of evolution, evil is positive and aggressive, while good is negative,—the result being that the world would go sound asleep except for the wickedness that is in it. We are enormously indebted to the really wicked people because they keep us awake. It is not Rajas but Tamas that is the danger. For that reason, war is the only thing that really wakes good people up. The evil people are aggressive all the time.

It is interesting in that connection to notice the immense benefit that Germany is conferring on France. Germany is an everlasting danger. If it were not for that, and for some realization of it, France might become as somnolent as certain other nations,—unnecessary to name.

There is not the slightest danger of war being preached or talked out of existence, because it is a vitally important means to man's salvation. If nothing else were to bring it about, and if nobody else could, the Lodge—whose chief function in life is to prevent people from going so sound asleep as never to wake up again—the Lodge might be compelled to see to it that wars occur. But that, of course, is nonsense. We need only remember that outer events are a precipitation, as it were, of inner events, and that so long as the Black Lodge tries to snatch the souls of men from the White, the White Lodge will fight; in other words, so long as there is war in heaven, there must be war on earth. The only chance the Pacifists have to stop war, is to convert the Black Lodge. To accomplish this, they would need first to convert themselves. It is difficult to think of either achievement as likely. Meanwhile it is for *us* to become more positive, more aggressive, against "the lurking whisperer" within us, and to throw ourselves completely and finally onto the side of the best and highest we know. War will cease when the entire human race has done the same. It is for us to lead the way, following in the footsteps of those who prepared the way for us, and who are, as one of them said, the way, the truth, and the life.

After the standing committees had been discharged with thanks, and the thanks of the Convention had been voted to its officers, the Convention 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: This year as every year before, our longing to be present at the Convention must be expressed in our increasing wish, that all, with unselfish hearts, may be carried together and give themselves to the Masters' Cause, so that the way may be prepared for this century's coming Master,—the Master for the world's salvation. While at a long distance we are this day with our hearts and thoughts in your presence.

For the Arvika Branch,
AMY ZETTERQUIST.

AUSSIG, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled in New York: Once again it is my privilege to send our warm fraternal greetings and good wishes to the Convention. Our longing, our hearts are turned to the Masters of Wisdom, and we pray that our gratitude and devotion for all that we have received, may in some degree contribute to strengthen the unity of our hearts and draw them to their hearts.

When the Masters will be viewing us on the day of the Convention, we hope that they will find us ready, as servants loyal unto death, to give them all, and to help them to achieve a complete victory in their war against the Black Lodge.

So we shall receive their blessing which may kindle our spiritual will to white heat, that we shall be one with them as Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge and others are.

"Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

For all Members of the Branch,
HERMANN ZERNDT.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

To the Secretary T.S.: Please convey our greetings to the Convention. Those of us who are compelled to be absent, will be with you in spirit, on this, the most significant event of the year.

HERMAN F. HOHNSTEDT,
President.

DENVER, COLORADO.

To the Secretary T.S.: Members of the Virya Branch send to the Convention their earnest hope that it may in every way fulfil the desires of those who have its interests most at heart.

MARY K. WALLACE,
Secretary.

AYLSHAM, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T.S.: In the name of the Branch, I am asked to send our warmest greetings to our fellow members, with our most heartfelt wishes and prayers for the success of the Convention—and our very deep gratitude for the help that we receive through the QUARTERLY, the Reports of meetings, and personal letters.

ALICE GRAVES,
Secretary, Norfolk Branch T.S.

Mrs. Bagnell wrote:—I am sure that all of us, who live far from New York and are unable to go to Convention, prepare more and more carefully for it, so that although we cannot be there in person, we may very certainly be there in mind, heart and spirit, closely united with our fellow members, who have the happiness to be there. It seems to me that if we can do this with any degree of thoroughness, we should be able to catch, in our hearts, an echo of the key-note which is sounded at Convention, and so, brooding on it, may be better prepared to receive and understand the full Report of it, when it comes to us in the QUARTERLY.

This last year has been a difficult one, all the world over, and this I think has been especially the case in England, where the conditions prevailing have bred much discontent in men's minds, with increasing unrest and dissatisfaction. Everyone, or almost everyone, seems discouraged and depressed; there is a spirit of "defeatism" abroad, which was entirely absent during the War and is unnatural in Englishmen, who generally fight best when their backs are to the wall. With this sense of discouragement there goes a curious spirit of recklessness, a feeling that as things are so bad it does not matter what anyone does, for nothing could make them worse. This is of course a very darkly painted picture, and does not apply to the best elements in the nation; but it is, in the main, quite correct and I believe applies not only to England but to almost every other nation in Europe, in the present day.

The world seems very sick, and needs help urgently. What therefore is the thing that would help it most, and for those of us who have been Theosophists for years and have known its wonderful power in helping, enlightening, sustaining us, in all trials and difficulties,—the answer must always be Theosophy. . . .

The cornerstone of the T. S. is Brotherhood, a complete unity of heart and soul in all its members; and in Convention we all re-affirm our belief in this, and draw closer together in each succeeding year.

That this may be more than ever the case in our coming Convention is my most ardent wish and prayer.

Miss Bagnell wrote:—We believe and hope that the "Powers that be" will find in the meetings of the Convention a Brotherhood united, harmonious, understanding of *their* purpose, fit to serve as instrument for *their* plan in the world. That is the ideal, and our approximation to it depends on the incessant individual effort of every member. I have in heart a phrase as to "that totality of souls that wait upon the gods"; may that be truly said of us, because lived.

Two days ago I was reading an account of a Prisoners' Aid Society. . . . I found myself wondering to what extent any or each of us are prisoners, "tied and bound" maybe, "with the chain of our sins", imprisoned in a false personality from which we refuse to detach ourselves, or still fettered by conventions which approximate too nearly to the standards of the world. . . .

In the Roman household the children were called free, "liberi", as distinguished from the slaves of the household. So the chêla, who is also a child, has to win his way through to freedom, that he may release others from slavery. In so doing, he begins at last to be of some use to his Master. . . .

I join in heart and intention with all fellow-members "in Convention assembled".

OSLO, NORWAY.

To the Secretary T.S.: Now again the day of Convention is drawing near and our thoughts will be with you. I should like to have a meeting here of all our members on the Convention-day, but I do not know whether that will be practicable. I think that in such a meeting we ought to talk as little as possible, concentrating mind, soul and heart on the proceedings in that little room in New York, reminding us that a few years ago Colonel Knoff was also personally amongst you, and that surely he will be there now, together with our other living dead ones, and that his thoughts will go in love also to every one amongst us. It *is*—so far I can understand—in the *inner* world that our chief work is now going on, we personally being *always* able to partake in this work, while in the outer world perhaps only striving to fulfil our daily duties. If not practical to meet personally on the Convention-day, I trust we shall be occupied with one or another of these duties, remembering the most important of all of them—to place ourselves in the Presence of our Inner God, and listening to the silent voice, that makes our outer nature also beneficent and harmonious. The "power of invocation" will always be a key-note of every Convention in the T. S., I think; and I wish to close this letter by quoting these words from Mr. Charles Johnston's kind letter to us a year ago, viz.: "We must use the magical powers of imagination and will; realizing that we ourselves are an integral part of that world for which we seek the leadership of God-instructed men, we must form in our souls the image of the virtues which we see that the world most needs; we must then evoke the power of the Masters above us, to breathe life into this image within ourselves, to make the virtues real and full of life. We shall thus set in motion a current which, as it grows stronger, will 'induce' a parallel current in the hearts of the world, until they feel the need of God-instructed men to lead them out of the desert."

I am as before writing through you, trusting that you will forward to Mr. Johnston our thanks for his letter, and to all members in Convention assembled our fraternal greetings. There are so many whose names we could wish to mention with thanks, but I am sure they would all ask us to send our thanks to the Great Ones, whose work we are all trying to serve.

HENNING DAHL.

TORONTO, CANADA.

To the Secretary T.S.: The members of Toronto Branch send most fraternal greetings and good wishes to the 1931 Convention.

In these days of turmoil and confusion, to belong to such a body as The Theosophical Society is a great privilege and also a deep obligation.

We know that it rests on a foundation strong and sure because true to its original impulses, and for this we should like to express gratitude to those who labour so devotedly for it and for us less learned ones. We are grateful for the QUARTERLY and other help they give us: for the

example of devotion without which many of us might give up in despair. As they are to us, so must we be to those "who tread their path in darkness". We may be "debarred from flaming like the noon-day sun upon the snow-capped mount of purity eternal", but we may "choose a humbler course" and "point out the way—however dimly and lost among the host": we can try to "give light and comfort to the toiling pilgrim, and seek out him who knows still less than"—we do; as so beautifully expressed in the *Voice*.

Time is passing swiftly on, and ere long the new Messenger will arrive. May it not be that out of the strife and sorrow which surrounds us, there may be born a new desire for Truth, for something dependable, which will mean a wider welcome when he comes?

ALBERT J. HARRIS.

BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: . . . . What is said in the January "Screen" about Germany is true, only too true. It shall inspire us to a fresh summoning up of our forces, to strengthen our faith in the grace of Masters and the power of right thinking, and to fight for theosophic principles with ever more decisiveness. . . .

On behalf of the Wilmersdorfer Study Class,

OSKAR STOLL.
ALFRED FRIEDEWALD.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Dear Brothers and Sisters, We beg to send you our heartiest greetings and wishes for this year's Convention which no doubt will surpass in depth and strength all previous ones. We shall strive our utmost to feel at one with you in these hours, laying the poor harvest of our last year's endeavours and struggles at the Masters' feet, and opening our hearts to receive the new message which will be given us for another year of fight and—may they grant us—of victory.

LEO SCHOCH.
ELISABETH SCHOCH.

Greatly to the interest and pleasure of the assembled delegates and members, letters of greeting were also read from Mr. W. H. Box, President of the Branch in Los Angeles; Mr. Birger Elwing (Texas); Mr. Otto Ihrke (Germany); Mr. and Mrs. Max Kolb (Germany); Mrs. Hannah Maughan, Secretary of the Branch in South Shields; Mr. William E. Mullinax (Arkansas); Mrs. Antonin Raymond (Japan); Mr. Frederick A. Ross, President of the Branch in Whitley Bay; Miss Jennie B. Tuttle (California); Mr. Acisclo Valedon (Venezuela); Mr. Richard Walther and Mrs. Luise Bethge (Germany); Mr. and Mrs. F. Weber (Germany); Mrs. Rossie Jane Whittle, Secretary of the Branch in Middletown. There was also a cablegram from Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Bagnell and Miss Bagnell; a telegram from Miss Anne Evans, President of the Branch in Denver; and letters from Mr. Othmar Köhler, Secretary, and Mr. Richard Jaeger, Treasurer of the Branch in Czecho-Slovakia.



The Unrealists, by Harvey Wickham; the Dial Press, New York, 1930; price, $3.50.

The late Harvey Wickham believed that most modern philosophers have lost their way in a morass of confused ideas; that they have atrophied their common-sense, although common-sense is only another name for the faculty of recognizing truths which are self-evident. Thus, a normal, healthy person accepts his own existence and the existence of his fellow-mortals as self-evident, nor would it ever occur to him to doubt the existence of the universe within which he and all other entities have their being. The great philosophers of the past were normal and healthy, in the sense that they based their systems upon certain axioms which are instinctively accepted by all sane people, even by those who have never heard of philosophy. But according to Wickham, the modern philosopher is a being set apart. The very word, truth, shocks his sensibilities, and if a truth be self-evident, he shuns it like the plague. Under the circumstances, it is not wonderful that the contemporary literature of metaphysics should leave an impression of incoherence and delirium. In any event, it is a ripe field for a satirist.

Wickham was a satirist of no mean stature, as he proved in *The Impuritans* and *The Misbehaviorists*, the latter being an exposure of the quaint thought-processes of several well-known psychologists. *The Unrealists* is a ferocious onslaught upon modern philosophical systems, and it is a good book to read, in spite of the fact that it has the inevitable defects of its satirical qualities. In his desire to damn everything "modern", Wickham went too far. He failed to recognize the positive contributions of men like James and Bergson to the sum of human knowledge; and this limitation of understanding materially reduces the value of the book as an essay in criticism. But one should not judge satire too solemnly. It is sufficient that Wickham has laid bare the futilities of the modernistic spirit, its defiance of common-sense, and its revolt against the standards of logic and intellectual decency. No one can turn the pages of *The Unrealists* and feel the same awe as before, when the names of Bertrand Russell and John Dewey and Albert Einstein are mentioned.

Wickham recognized that from one point of view the modern philosopher is more to be pitied than blamed, in so far as he is suffering from acute intellectual indigestion. The uprush of science during the past century has had some frightful effects. So many dogmas have been overthrown, so much information or supposed information has been gathered, that the philosopher who tries to correlate the data of the sciences, is unable to assimilate one thing before he is required to swallow another.

The fundamental defect of the modern philosopher is, however, much more serious. As Wickham suggests in several passages, it is egotism. The philosopher reflects and rationalizes the self-satisfaction and self-worship which exist to an appalling degree in all strata of society. The logical metaphysical expression of egotism is solipsism, the doctrine that the personal self is the only reality, and that all other "existences" are figments in its dream of a universe. Solipsism is not unknown in insane asylums, but it is an attested fact that all lunatics are not officially classified as such. Wickham affirms, with good reason, that no one who thinks that he is the only pebble on the beach, can have any sensible ideas about anything. Such a man is unable to profit from his own experience or from the experience of others, for he is forced

by the exigencies of solipsistic logic to deny reality to everything except his personal feelings from moment to moment. Thus we have "the nearest possible approach to the spectacle of a great negation crawling into its hole and dragging the hole in after it. . . . What it means is that he [the solipsist] wants to be the great negation himself—the other than anything which can be named" (p. 218). V. S.

Meditations of a Hermit: The Spiritual Writings of Charles de Foucauld; translated from the French by Charlotte Balfour, with a Preface by René Bazin; published by Benziger Brothers, New York; price, $2.25.

To those who are already familiar with René Bazin's deeply interesting biography, *Charles de Foucauld, Hermit and Explorer*, the present volume of Meditations will, of course, have a special meaning. The life of this extraordinary man can hardly fail to leave a deep impression upon anyone who has followed it; the thought of that lonely figure, moving, hushed and absorbed, among his Trappist brothers; wandering through Palestine, lost in loving contemplation as he passed along the ways that his Master's feet had trod; spending his last years as missionary, quite alone among the nomad tribes in the sun-scorched wastes of the Sahara—these are memories of him which do not easily fade. Charles de Foucauld came of an old and distinguished French family; by birth and inheritance he had everything which the world could give him. Though still young, he had an enviable scientific record; he was an officer in the French Army; he had the affection and admiration of countless friends; but suddenly he found in himself a hitherto unsuspected passion for solitude; an overwhelming desire to be alone with his Master—he felt the call to a life of prayer, and he turned his back upon the world and followed that call. The present volume is a collection of some of his spiritual writings, most of which (though not all) date from that period of his life which was spent in the Holy Land. His meditations usually take the form of intimate colloquy, and not infrequently he adopts the methods of St. Ignatius: "I will look in imagination upon the persons in the mystery I am meditating." The result with him appears to have been an intensely vivid realization of actual presences, of past events revived.

He strove with everything that was in him to realize his ideal of discipleship; to be interiorly alone with his Master at all times and under all conditions, yet to work constantly for the betterment of the world, for his Master's sake. Curiously enough, with all his ardour, his years of unstinting labour, his passionate desire for the conversion of "infidels", Charles de Foucauld did not make a single convert to his religion, in any practical sense; but while many students of Theosophy are not in sympathy with the missionary effort to change the religion of people already having a well-established religion of their own, into which they have, by the laws of Karma, been born, nevertheless, as we read, it becomes increasingly evident (especially in the Béni-Abbès and Tamanrasset days) that this courageous and solitary man was a most vital, spiritual link between France and her African colonies; he was the spiritual interpreter of his country to the wandering tribes—the "poor" of the Great Sahara Desert; and there are many living there to-day who remember him with deepest respect for his holiness and goodness, and who still talk of him in gratitude because of what he did for them while he lived his simple, hermit's life in their midst. T. D.

A Château at the Front 1914–1918, by the Marquise de Foucault; Houghton Mifflin Company, 1931; price, $4.00.

Here is another record of the Great War written by a French woman who refused to leave her home because of danger. Like Baronne Ernest de la Grange in her delightful book, *Open House in Flanders*, the Marquise de Foucault tells us of her daily experiences: how at the time of the 1914 invasion, the Germans swept over her and then receded; how French troops were billeted in her beautiful château of Pronleroy, and how French officers came and went and came again; of how, realizing their need, she did all she could to give them refreshment and the sense of home, for which, in the midst of their terrible experiences, they were so grateful to her; how air raids and bombardments shook the old buildings to their foundations; of how General Mangin himself had his Headquarters there. Pronleroy is in Picardy, and situated

not quite half way between Compiègne and Amiens, in a direct line south of Montdidier, and it was from here (as a tablet in the courtyard records) that General Mangin "launched on July 11, 1918, the counter attack of Méry-Courcelles, the first victorious offensive of the French Armies in 1918, which halted the march of the German Armies upon Compiègne." The second half is much the best part of the book; it is full of dramatic incidents, exceedingly well told, for they are records hot from the pen, as it were—records dashed off almost at the moment these incidents took place, and often without at all realizing what the events signified.

The Marquise de Foucault is, of course, intensely royalist, but above all else, she is a daughter of France to whom every inch of the soil of France is sacred, and she played her own courageous part in preserving the sacredness of that soil, by her unflinching refusal to leave her home when the worst dangers threatened, and when everyone advised her to go. When General Mangin's Headquarters was moved, and he bid her good-bye, he said: "I cannot tell you, madame, the joy I feel in finding my way into a house during war-time where *life goes on* . . . in fighting for people who are faithful to their posts, instead of for ruins and fugitives." This book will give any reader an excellent idea of what daily life in a château at the front was like. The translation, save for certain curious mistakes, is good.

T. D.

Victoriana, by Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton.

If there be conscientious students of Theosophy who feel it their duty to plumb the modern mind to its depths, and who are not satiated with the depths already reached, we suggest this book as probably supplying the mud at the bottom. We have not read it. It was not sent to us for review. We are totally unwilling to spend $3.00 or 3 cents for further acquaintance with what we already know as much about as we can stand. We judge it solely on the basis of a notice sent us by a "high-toned" New York bookseller, whose appraisal, in this case, we accept unquestioningly. He writes: "In *Victoriana*, Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton have collected a number of the more stupefying idiocies by the more eminent Victorians, such as Carlyle's 'There is a perennial nobleness, and even a sacredness in Work', and similar pronouncements by others including Gladstone, Arnold, Ruskin, Palmerston, Bishop Wilberforce and the Great Queen Herself. Max Beerbohm has contributed a characteristic frontispiece in colour."

Well, well,—on second thoughts it sounds surprisingly familiar. There were Lemurian and then Atlantean small boys who tried to shock their elders, as a certain type of small boy always will. "Mother, I *hate* God", need not leave us prostrate. Much of so-called modernism is just that and no more. It springs from the same desire: to occupy the centre of the stage, to appear important, above all, to appear *dangerous*. Superficially there seems to be more of this to-day among grown people than there used to be; on the other hand, at no time in the history of the world has self-advertizing been so easy,—or so profitable financially; so it may be that human nature has not changed after all, and that these "bright young things", whether grey-haired or actually juvenile, have always existed and (in Kali Yuga) always will, and that we should be spared any knowledge of them if it were not for the Press,—which we suggest as another sound argument for its immediate abolition. Seriously, what a comparatively peaceful place the world would be if it were not for the newspapers.

T.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 360.—*What is the difference between a mystic and an occultist?*

ANSWER.—Though the mystic and the occultist follow different methods as they travel along the Path that leads to the Eternal, the difference is one of shading, of colouring, of temperament, of type of consciousness rather than a hard and fast distinction. The mystic is inspired, primarily, by love; the occultist by zeal for knowledge. But he who loves the Divine, and he who knows it, differ but little: for he who knows, loves; and he who loves, will know. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The word mystic is derived from the Greek *mystēs*, an initiate, or one who contemplates the Reality behind the veil of appearances. The word occultist—from the Latin *occultus*—signifies one who is adept in the hidden or concealed science. The terms are, therefore, essentially synonymous. In general usage, however, occultism seems to denote an advanced stage of initiation or mystical consciousness. The occultist is not merely an aspirant. He is versed in spiritual science and has full use and control of "the psychical powers latent in man." S. V.

ANSWER.—An occultist is *ipso facto* a mystic; a mystic, as the word is now generally understood, is not necessarily, or even often, an occultist, in the true sense of the term. The difference, moreover, is so great, that it may truly be said to be not merely a difference of degree, but of kind—in much the same way that man is an animal, but with so much added as to become virtually another type of being. Madame Blavatsky defined an occultist in *The Theosophical Glossary* as follows: "One who studies the various branches of occult science. The term is used by the French Kabbalists (See Eliphas Lévi's works). Occultism embraces the whole range of psychological, physiological, cosmical, physical, and spiritual phenomena. From the word *occultus*, hidden or secret. It therefore applies to the study of the *Kabbalah*, astrology, alchemy, and all arcane sciences." It is an axiom of occultism that one must live the life really to know, so that the very ability to comprehend the occult sciences presupposes a rigorously ascetic life leading to complete self-mastery. Mystics, apparently, in ancient times, meant practically the same thing as occultists, because, as H. P. B. wrote in *Isis* (I. xliii), they were "Those initiated"; but: "In the mediæval and later periods" it became a term for those "who believed in a direct interior communion with God, analogous to the inspiration of the prophets." Since, therefore, "Knowledge is power", a mystic, however ascetic and saintly his life, lacks what the occultist attains—knowledge, which gives him power both to be and to do. Many of the best known mediæval mystics would have turned from occult studies with horror as savouring of the devil. One of the aims of students of Theosophy is to distinguish between genuine and false occult knowledge. Q.

ANSWER.—The term "mystic" is usually applied, in the West at least, to the Christian mystics. The difference between a mystic, as thus defined, and an occultist, is analogous to that between a saint and a chêla. Jacob Boehme is an example of this difference. According to H. P. B., he was "a natural born clairvoyant of most wonderful powers", and "a thorough born mystic", but not an occultist. G. H. M.

QUESTION NO. 361.—*What is the karmic result of the humanitarian for himself and those he is serving, if his motive be unselfish and in conformity with his highest light?*

ANSWER.—The fact that an act is performed in accordance with one's "highest light", does not necessarily prove that the motive which prompts the act is unselfish, because with many of us, alas, our highest light is often of a very low order indeed, and our motives in consequence, far from what we think them. In *The Occult World* we read: "Perhaps you will better appreciate our meaning when told that in our view the highest aspirations for the welfare of humanity become tainted with selfishness if, in the mind of the philanthropist, there lurks the shadow of a desire for self-benefit or a tendency to do injustice, even when these exist unconsciously to himself." But there is another side to the question. Because a motive is unselfish (granted that it *is* so), it does not follow that the act is therefore a *wise* act. One could perhaps imagine a humanitarian who had reached a high state of selflessness, but who possessed little discrimination. Result: the karmic effects of his unselfish motive would probably be favourable "for himself and those he was serving", while the karmic effects of his lack of discrimination might be disastrous. In the great Law of Karma there appear to be wheels within wheels. Yet a further question may arise: Is it possible really to be unselfish and, at the same time, to lack discrimination? Is not wisdom implicit in true selflessness? But that may be left for "another chapter". T. A.

ANSWER.—It is true that we are told it is motive that counts, but we are also told that right motive is not enough, that with it there must be intelligence, insight, and understanding. The highest light of the average person, as a rule, is not illumined by these qualities; there is, usually, merely an unswerving determination to "do good" to some one, whether he wants it or not, and at whatever cost in time, trouble, and expense; the greater the cost in these ways, the more "unselfish" it is. Sometimes, this is interference, pure and simple.

Assume that the humanitarian interferes in a case of illness, and by sheer force effects a physical cure. What does he know of the hidden, inner causes of which the physical illness is merely an outer expression? What does he know of the opportunity which this illness presents to the individual in question to recognize a lesson in cause and effect, to learn on the inner planes? Unless the humanitarian possesses a high degree of intelligence and spiritual understanding, and exercises them in conjunction with the purely physical cure, the result will be interference with karmic law, the growth and development of the one he has tried to help will be delayed, and he himself will inevitably be involved in the future working out of that individual's personal karma. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The humanitarian whose motive is unselfish and who follows the highest light he knows, undoubtedly will earn the right to know better and, so deserving, will be given the opportunity of learning how to work for humanity more intelligently and with a knowledge of the existence of the law of karma. Surely the Great Lodge of Masters would want to make use of his unselfish desire despite what must have been, though unconscious, frequent interference on his part with the karma of those whom he served, probably often resulting in making it necessary for them to go through some phase of their karma again. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—If by "humanitarian" be meant one who is interested solely in physical and material "betterment" to the exclusion of the spiritual, it is obvious that his present highest light is regrettably inadequate. However, the karmic result of acting in conformity with one's highest light is always to be shown a higher and better light. One who honestly and unselfishly tries to help others according to his best vision, will, when mistaken, in time be shown his mistake. The desire to relieve physical suffering is something that everyone ought to feel, and may mark an advance over callousness and indifference. It becomes harmful when it obstructs, or is permitted to blind one to, Life's true purpose, the development of character. In that case, in addition to more serious harm, it defeats its own end, and, sooner or later, increases the suffering it sought to alleviate. J. F. B. M.

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

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

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

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

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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

Published by The Theosophical Society
at 64 Washington Mews, New York, N.Y.

July; October; January; April

Address all communications to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York

In Europe, single copies may be obtained from and subscriptions may be sent to John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England; or to Mr. E. H. Lincoln, 9 Beaconsfield Road, Low Fell, Gateshead-on-Tyne, England, from whom all back numbers may be obtained. Annual subscription price, 6s., postpaid.

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Entered as second-class matter September 5, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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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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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1931

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Theosophical Reading

ONE of the first lessons that Theosophy teaches its students is that truth, if it be truth, is universal, itself unchanging within all its protean forms,—so that the sluggard can, in fact and with profit, learn from the ant, and the same golden grain can be gleaned from widely separated fields. Whatever is studied in the light of Theosophy becomes a text book of Theosophy, for life is one, and to comprehend its action anywhere is to understand something of its action everywhere. The enigmas which baffle us in our own complex nature, may lose all ambiguity when seen resolved into their elements in simpler forms, and therefore the keys to self-knowledge must often be sought without, rather than within, the self. We are, in general, too close to ourselves, too lacking in detachment, to see ourselves in a perspective into which some part does not obtrude itself to the obscuration of the whole. Introspection commands no vantage point, and remains too limited in its field, until we learn either to rise above our problems or to project them beneath us, so that we can look down upon them as from a height. As there is no form of life that does not manifest some aspect of our life, there is none that has not something to tell us of ourselves,—some guidance to give us in our efforts toward self-mastery.

It is this guidance which the genuine student of Theosophy seeks, and finds, in all about him: in the morning newspaper and the observations of the brakeman on the train, in the garden and the nursery, in his business and from his friends, and in all he reads. Every book has for him two subjects: that which the author intended, and that which, perhaps despite the author, shines through it of Theosophy. It does not matter what it is; so long as it has any reality or truth, it is a revelation of eternal Reality and Truth, and of the way in which life acts, and as such it is of moment to him. As there are two subjects, so also are there two languages in which every book is written—a particular and a

general—and though the first may be almost unknown to him, the second is simple and plain, for it concerns that which is the same in all tongues and ages.

Cytology and the Heresy of Separateness

An interesting illustration of the wider interpretation which Theosophy gives our reading, is afforded by a recent paper from the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, dealing with what is regarded as the unit form of life—the cell. In "The New Cytology" (*Science*, March 20, 1931), Dr. Alexis Carrel points out that the studies of the past years have proved less fruitful than had been hoped, in advancing knowledge of the cell, because investigation had been based upon concepts that were too limited and partial. Few names carry more weight in medical circles than that of Dr. Carrel, and the new technic for the study of the cell, which he here develops and explains, will doubtless command the attention which biologists give to anything that he sponsors. The interest of the paper to students of Theosophy, however, is less in Dr. Carrel's technical recommendations than in the philosophic implications of the concepts he advocates,—implications with which Dr. Carrel and his followers seem very little concerned, but which constitute, in effect, an abandonment of the materialistic position for that of mysticism and Theosophy. Read in the light of Theosophy, Dr. Carrel's argument, whatever may have been his conscious intent, becomes an exposé, upon its own plane, of one of the first and most pernicious of the delusions that theosophic teaching seeks to dispel—"the great heresy of separateness".

Dr. Carrel's contention is that cytology properly deals with both cells and tissues, and should be concerned with their functions as well as with their structure; but that in the study of the form the study of the function has been neglected, so that the result is incomplete, and can neither explain the simplest pathological phenomena, "such as the cicatrization of a wound or the growth of a tumour", nor show how cells and tissues build up organized beings. In the first few pages, we read that cells "have been abstracted from both space and time. In fact they have been stripped from their reality. Obviously the traditional conception has to be given up. . . . *Cells and environment form a whole.* A cell depends as strictly upon its medium as the nucleus upon the cytoplasm. . . . The organic medium is secreted by the tissues and, in its turn, regulates their activity. . . . But each cell type responds in its own way to a same environment. We may assume that the state of a tissue rests simultaneously on its hereditary properties and previous history, and on the conditions of its medium. . . . To summarize: The conception of the cells and of the tissues, which I propose to substitute for the classical one, is that of a system, *cells-environment*, of which the structural, functional, physical, physico-chemical and chemical conditions are considered in time as well as in space."

It is obvious that what Dr. Carrel is here urging, as necessary for the right understanding of the individual cell, is exactly what Theosophy has always represented as essential for the right understanding of any individuality, great or small. So long as we think of anything as a separate and isolated form, we

can have no true picture of it; for what it is depends quite as much upon its functions as upon its form; upon what it does, or what it is dynamically, quite as much as upon what it is statically. The moment, however, that we broaden our view, so as to consider what anything does, observing how it affects and is affected by its environment, we have to face the problem of how these effects are brought about. How are things which are separate, able to act upon one another? Philosophically, every attempt to answer this problem breaks down, if it does not in some way postulate a unity, a greater Self, that includes within itself the things that we see reacting on each other.

This is a conclusion now reached by physics as definitely as by metaphysics. The separate form, which at first may appear to be the individual thing itself, is not more than a focus, or nucleus of individuality,—the individual really including all that it influences or is influenced by. Thus the individual electron, or electric charge, is no longer considered as something that is localized at a point. At the point there may be, truly, a focus or nucleus, but the charge itself is not confined to the focus but is felt through the whole of space. In this very actual sense every electron is infinite, penetrating and being penetrated by every other electron. The old dogma that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, has had to be surrendered; for the view of matter, as composed of hard, round little marbles, that can only touch one another upon their surfaces, has proved quite inadequate to explain the phenomena that matter presents.

This dogma was, of course, never accepted in the East. As was pointed out in Mr. Willson's *Ancient and Modern Physics*, Hindu physics stressed the permeability and interpenetration of all things, while the West was laying emphasis upon an assumed impenetrability. In the Eastern view, men do not live *on* the Earth, but *in* it; since the Earth's atmosphere is part of the Earth. Similarly, the sun is not a distant fiery ball, separated from us by millions of miles of empty space. The visible sun is only the central point or nucleus of the true sun, which is the total sphere of its influence: of its light, heat, electric and magnetic radiation, its gravitational pull, etc., etc., and the Earth and all the planets exist within this sphere, as part of it. The Earth and sun interpenetrate one another; were it not so, no life could exist on the Earth. The sun, in its turn, exists within still other spheres, and so on without limit. To speak of "man's life *on* Earth", as is done in the West, seems to isolate that life from all about it; but to speak of "man's life *in* Earth", as is required by the Eastern view, suggests the limitless infinitudes which embrace his life and make him part of themselves. "On" is a word that limits us to the surface of things; "in" implies depth; and if on the surface there is separation, there is unity in the depths. Paradoxical as it may sound, to go in is to go out; the deeper we penetrate, the broader is the base revealed.

In asking his fellow biologists to cease regarding the cell as a separate entity, and to study, instead, cell and environment as one whole, Dr. Carrel may himself consider that he is only applying to cytology the same postulates and concepts of individuality that physics and chemistry have recently found it

necessary to adopt; but in so doing he is, in fact, abandoning the philosophic position of the West for that of the East; and, if his views prevail, he will have brought his science that much nearer to Theosophy, in its doctrine of the unity of life as opposed to "the great heresy of separateness".

The Self and its Environment

What practical difference would it make in a man's thoughts and actions, if, without other knowledge of Theosophy, he were to be led, by the principle of correspondence, to extend to his own individuality Dr. Carrel's concept of the cell, and become persuaded that his true entity, his real Self, was the self and its environment regarded as one whole? It is doubtful if he could avoid going further; for really to believe, to the point of living, any aspect of Theosophy, inevitably reveals other aspects, so that one is led on, whether one wishes it or no. Our environment, in its largest sense, is of course the sum total of all that influences us or that we influence. It is, in this sense, the whole universe; and the beginning of the "nucleus of a universal brotherhood", which The Theosophical Society seeks to establish, may well exist in just such a recognition of all about us as constituting a larger and truer Self than does our separate personality. Once we have gained this recognition, our old self-centredness cannot endure. It is the whole which interests us and the changing pattern of the lines of action and reaction that run throughout it, linking all together. For one group of these, those which radiate from the personal self, we see ourselves to be primarily responsible; and the question arises as to how that responsibility is fulfilled. What passes over these lines? As we draw from others, so must others draw from us. We can no longer blind ourselves to the fact that we are our brother's keeper; and our brotherhood is universal,—a brotherhood of all men and of all beings, of bird and beast and plant and rock, and cooling streams and flaming suns, and distant, silent stars. What do we give back for all we take?

In whatever direction we look, and however casual our glance, we see our dependence upon our environment; and the more science advances, and the more we know of ourselves, the less self-contained we perceive ourselves to be. No man needs to be told that he could not live without water to drink and air to breathe; but physiology shows us also the dependence of human life upon the dilute salts in the ocean, and upon the rare gases that exist in the atmosphere only in such minute quantities that they remained long undetected. We need the light of the sun as vitally as its heat, and meteorologists trace the effects upon our climate of the recurring cycles of sun spots. The materialism of our age gives little thought to "the aspect of the heavenly bodies", but their material influence can scarcely be ignored when physicists are isolating "cosmic rays", and measuring their power of penetration. These things are symbols. As our physical life reaches into "the two infinitudes", and draws both from the infinitely little and the infinitely great, so does our mental, moral and spiritual life. The "One Mind" common to all individual men, the "Over Soul" in which all souls are one, the "Eternal Spirit", from which all spirit emanates and to which

it must return—it is these that environ us and which, in their infinite wholeness, constitute the Self.

The Higher and the Lower Self

This, at least, is the inescapable logic both of our philosophy and of Dr. Carrel's concept of the cell; but men none the less cling to a narrow self-identification that embraces little more than the affairs of their separate personalities; and the environment, of which they are from day to day conscious, rarely opens for them wide vistas and long views, but seems rather like a windowless wall shutting them in upon themselves. It is a useful and a humbling practice to ask ourselves, at the close of the day, from what levels of Being have come the influences to which we have consciously responded, and, similarly, what have been the aims to which our acts have been directed and the levels to which they have reached. It shows us how persistently we belittle ourselves, and choose the trivial rather than the great. With all the powers of the universe before us, though we are,

> ". . . owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain",—

we have occupied body, mind and heart with—what? For what have we laboured? What have we read, thought, and spoken? What have we hoped and feared? What has been augmented, and what made less, because of us this day? We cannot face such questions, in the light of Theosophy, without perceiving that, for the most part, we live our lives like sleep-walkers, blind to what lies about us, intent only upon the obsessions of a dream. Why is there this tragic discrepancy between the potential and the actual, between theory and experience?

We may find an answer by turning back to the sentences quoted from Dr. Carrel's paper, again applying to ourselves what he has to say of the cell. Dr. Carrel takes pains to remind us that each different cell type responds differently and "in its own way" to one and the same environment, and he insists that to understand this response it must be studied "in time as well as in space", the state of a tissue resting "simultaneously on its hereditary properties and previous history, and on the conditions of the medium". This medium, upon which the cell "depends as strictly as the nucleus upon the cytoplasm", is the distillation which the cell itself makes from the environment, the residual essence of its past actions and reactions. It is first "secreted by the tissues", and then, "in its turn, regulates their activity", for, according to its nature, it is responsive to one class of stimuli and resistant to another. It thus serves as a selective screen between the nucleus and its wider environment. This is the function that the past must always exercise in relation to the present; for the past furnishes the only medium through which the present can act.

We have, in this, the clue that we have been seeking. What we find in our environment to-day, what we realize of the Higher Self, is the result of what we have sought from it in the past. At the root of every present condition lies past choice and desire. This is true on every plane of our being. Our physical senses are keen to discern that which our interests have trained them to note, but soon fail to respond to what we regard with indifference. Mentally it is the same. From our past thinking has been woven a "mind body" that is far subtiler, but no less definite in its qualities, than the body of flesh. Like the medium which is secreted by and surrounds the cell, it acts like a selective veil between our thought and the contents of the great ocean of thought in which we are immersed. We can only use the vocabulary that we know, relate new concepts to those with which we are familiar; so if the new be too different from the old there is no way in which it can penetrate the mind body to reach our consciousness. As it is, it is meaningless to us and our minds reject it, until either we ourselves have grown up to it, or we have pulled it down to us, so changing, colouring and diluting it as to make it assimilable to our past. In the moral and emotional nature the same effect is even more noticeable. The self-centred man sees all things in terms of self; the lover, as they concern the one he loves. The suspicious man can see nothing worthy of his trust. Our character surrounds us like an aura. It is veil and vesture and instrument, —the medium that we have ourselves first secreted, and which then, in its turn, determines our activity by determining what can reach our consciousness from the infinite Self which lies all about us, and which we in fact are. This aura is our own creation; it is the living past, the carrier of our Karma; and the stuff of which it is made, though we writhe under it in anguish, is Desire. What desire has consolidated, desire can dissolve; so that to desire to change it, is to begin the change,—provided only that our desire be real and sustained. Of this there is one unfailing test: the effect upon our present actions, not where we are blind, but where we see, and so may freely choose.

The house of my soul is narrow—enlarge it, O God, that Thou mayst enter in!
—JOHN RUYSBROECK.

FRAGMENTS

IN material life we are shrouded in darkness, mired so often in its sins, blinded by its false and meretricious reflections. Yet once the soul of man awakes and stretches forth his wings, he feels the existence of another world, within and also beyond him, the mere thought of which rouses vague memories and longings, and is like passing from the fetid atmosphere of a hot, dry room into the clear freshness of the outer air. Something is stirring, something is calling him, and if he respond, he has entered upon the beginning of that path whose ending is immortal life, and so is endless.

For the Eternal is calling home that which has long been exiled from it, in whose vast depths he shall not be extinguished, but find himself. Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!

To some of us, would-be disciples of this day and generation, such an experience has been granted: let us reflect upon it for a moment.

The bridegroom's love, its eagerness, its tenderness, its passion, has been used by Initiates of every time to shadow forth the love of the Infinite for the finite, of the Master for the soul which is his own.

We stand here on the brink of an abyss, so deep, so overpowering in its immensity, that we tremble as we face it, and darkness comes over our fainting consciousness. It is the magnificence of these realities of the Eternal that staggers us, and we fly back to disbelief to recover breath and reason.

Yet it is in man's power to adapt himself to the marvels of the spiritual world, to realize himself as inherent part of them; the path of the disciple's development and progress lies along these dizzy heights. . . .

To see Christ throned in glory we must see him on the Cross, where, as has been said, there is a blood-stained beauty before which all other beauty dies; an altar raised at the very centre of manifested life, in whose eucharistic sacrifice we must all partake who would follow the mystic way. There is reached the Heart of the universe for our unending adoration.

So in the Passion there is supreme glory; a faint and distant shout of triumph, growing clearer as we listen for it, sounds within our ears, the pæan of the angels as the heavenly host sweeps across the sky, sweeter far than the song above the sleeping, winter hills of Bethlehem. The darkness of Calvary, unlike the darkness of Christmas, is fringed with the first faint streaks of the Easter

dawning, victory for the individual, as victory for the world, in the understanding, and entering into it.

Even in the darkest hour of our sense of feebleness and helplessness let us then find promise, remembering the dereliction of the Cross, since hidden beneath the veil of outer things there is always to be found the splendour of their inner meaning.

A great saint has said: "When you see imperfections and sins in yourselves, cast them into the great furnace of the love of God; and as a thread is consumed in the fire, so all these things will be consumed in the love of Christ. For so, also, our God is a consuming fire."

Yet that these things may be for us, we must take our pain and sorrow in their spirit; thus bear our burdens; wage our warfare to its supreme end in valorous self-giving, offering passion for Passion. In so doing, our finiteness shall be at-oned with the Infinite.

If I give my all, have I not met that which has given me all? *The dewdrop slips into the shining sea.*

CAVÉ.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

III

IN reply to Olcott's official letter of February 7th, 1894, from India (see THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1931; p. 35), in which he had peremptorily notified Judge that in view of Mrs. Besant's charges against him, he must either resign all offices in the T. S. or submit to trial by a Judicial Committee,—Judge had cabled immediately (March 10th): "Charges absolutely false. You can take what proceedings you see fit; going to London in July."

On March 15th, 1894, Judge issued a circular letter addressed, "To all members of the Theosophical Society", and headed, "Charges against William Q. Judge". In it he said that he was bringing certain facts to the attention of members "so that surprise and perhaps confusion may be prevented." He did not mention Mrs. Besant by name, but tried to cover her, for the time being, by the phrase: "the assertion is made in India that I have been guilty of 'misuse of the names and handwriting of the Mahatmas.' " He told of Olcott's action; gave the wording of the cable in reply, just quoted; denied the truth of the charges explicitly and unqualifiedly, and then said that although he would never object to a proper investigation by competent persons,—"on constitutional and executive principle I [Judge] shall object from beginning to end to any committee of the Theosophical Society considering any charge against any person which involves an inquiry and decision as to the existence, names, powers, functions, or methods of the 'Mahatmas or Masters.' " "I shall do this", he said, "for the protection of the Theosophical Society now and hereafter, regardless of the result to myself," because any decision would establish a dogma in a Society which must at all costs be kept free from dogmas.

This letter of March 15th not only inspired much that was done at the San Francisco Convention, described in the last instalment, but had important repercussions in London.

In the letter to me of June 6th, 1894 (see p. 45 of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1931), Judge had written that he was "soon coming" to London. He was coming from New York, after his exhausting visits to the many Branches of the Society between the West and the East Coast, to face Mrs. Besant, Colonel Olcott and his other accusers before the so-called Judicial Committee. He arrived at Southampton, accompanied by Dr. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati, several days before the Committee was due to assemble. Dr. Archibald Keightley and I met them at the dock and travelled with them to London. Judge was obviously very tired and frail. Dr. and Mrs. Keightley were anxious that he should stay with them at Richmond, so as to avoid the inimical atmosphere at Avenue Road; but he insisted that it was his duty to stop at Headquarters, where he remained throughout all the hideous weeks preceding and following

"the Trial". Dr. Buck stayed there also. Only on a few occasions, and then for not more than an hour or two, did Judge escape to Richmond "to be with friends".

It had been assumed both by Mrs. Besant and by Olcott that the Judicial Committee would put an end to Judge as a factor in the Theosophical Society. Instead of this, when the Committee met, it was *they* who were on the defensive, and not Judge,—as any one can see by referring to the report of the Proceedings, and of the European Convention which followed, published officially, in the same terms, both in *The Path* and *Lucifer*. There were four main contributing reasons for this—to them—unexpected outcome.

First: although Annie Besant's influence, as time passed, was sufficient to turn the majority of English members against Judge, the immediate situation was that while Judge was very little known in England, except as an American, which was not in his favour in those days, most English members knew how disloyal Olcott had been to H.P.B., and how much she had suffered at his hands, during the last years of her life. It would not be too much to say that they disliked him, many finding his transparent vanity and jealousy positively mortifying in the President of the Society. In this case, to make matters worse, he had violated the most elementary principles of fair-play, and English people, as a rule, object to that: it is against their code.

In an official letter dated March 20th, 1894, to Judge, as General Secretary of the American Section, Olcott (following the receipt of Judge's cable of March 10th) had announced that the Judicial Committee would convene at "our London Headquarters on the 27th June next." In another official letter of the same date, Olcott had informed Judge that, "as the accused party . . . you are entitled to enjoy the full opportunity *to disprove* the charges [unspecified] brought against you." These two letters were dated on the day Mrs. Besant left India for London.

In their haste to give Judge his death-blow, they had lost all sense of the decencies: they had acted as if it were permissible to call a man a liar and a cheat, and then, without furnishing him with any Bill of Particulars, to haul him into Court and demand that he prove the contrary. There were many members who knew well the established rule of British law that charges must be based upon alleged facts, and that the accused must be supplied with these allegations, before he can be called upon legally to disprove them; so that Olcott's assumption, in an official letter, that charges not even formulated were as good as proved, and that Judge would be allowed to disprove them if he could,—made a most unfavourable impression.

Second: Mrs. Besant's public accusation of Judge, before giving him an opportunity to refute the charges privately, distinctly jarred, *at first*, on the rather muddled idea of "brotherly obligation" which most members in England had absorbed. It took Mrs. Besant some little time to educate them into the conviction that "obligations", no matter how explicit, must be interpreted as expediency requires. It was fortunate for the Movement that Judge maintained the exact opposite, for in America, in any case, there still are many who

know that by his fidelity to H.P.B. under that head as in all other respects, he saved the "nucleus" from destruction.

Third: Mrs. Besant and Olcott had blundered tactically in allowing the General Secretary of the Indian Section, Bertram Keightley, who was both weak and obstinate, to leave India ahead of the procession of Judge's accusers. He arrived in London some time before she did, and, with Chakravarti no longer at his elbow, temporarily fell under the influence of George R. S. Mead, General Secretary of the European Section.

George Mead, by this time suspicious of everyone—not only of Judge, but of H.P.B., Olcott and Annie Besant also—was still trying to be neutral. He had seen, both that Olcott had been unfair, and that the effect of Judge's circular letter of March 15th, could not be ignored. He pointed this out to Keightley, who had been educated as a lawyer, and who found it easy to concede this, because, although he hated Judge (the reasons are on record), it was far from his desire to exalt Olcott; in fact, he was rather glad of an opportunity "to put Olcott in his place". If he wished to exalt anyone, it was Chakravarti, with himself (Keightley) as next President of the T. S. and Chakravarti's representative; and as his double or triple purpose could be accomplished only by destroying all trust in H.P.B. and Judge, it was necessary to use Olcott as a means to that end, but no further. The result was that Keightley joined Mead in an official letter, dated March 27th, which explicitly convicted Olcott of a series of violations of the Constitution of the T. S. in his handling of the Judge matter, reminding him that they were "members of that General Council of the Theosophical Society from which, as recited in Art. VI, Sec. 1, you 'derive your authority' as President of the T. S., and to which, as therein provided, you 'are responsible for its exercise'." This put Olcott on the defensive. He was told publicly that his official letter of February 7th "contains no copy in writing of any charges, does not give the names of the persons who bring such, and even contains no specific statement of what are the exact charges brought"; further, "that in officially giving Mr. Judge the alternatives of resigning all his offices in the T. S. or submitting to the inquiry proposed, you have again departed from the procedure laid down by the Constitution", and that "by so doing you place yourself officially in the position of having prejudged the case and virtually announce before any inquiry has taken place or even any specific charges have been formulated, that you believe Mr. Judge guilty." The attitude of these two men, members of the General Council, seriously threatened Olcott's position, as well as depriving him and Mrs. Besant of the hope that, between them, they could stampede a majority of the Judicial Committee.

Fourth, and even more disconcerting, was Judge's own attitude,—totally unexpected as the event proved. Not content with, though standing squarely on, the principles enunciated in his letter of March 15th, and elaborated in the American Convention Resolutions, which, for the most part, were legal principles; not content, either, with a mere denial of the acts charged against him (misuse of Masters' names and handwritings), he put his accusers into a terrible predicament by declaring further, as Olcott found it expedient to admit when speaking

in Judge's presence,—"that Mahatmas exist, are related to our Society and in personal contact with himself [Judge]; and *he* [Judge] *avers his readiness to bring many witnesses and documentary proofs to support his statements.*" Those words are from Olcott's long defence of himself, read by him before the Committee,—Olcott immediately adding: "You will at once see whither this will lead us"! Well,—Olcott and Annie Besant in any case saw that it might lead *them* into the very opposite of what they wanted. So it was they, not Judge, who "backed water" and who brought the "Inquiry" to naught. "Candour compels me to add", Olcott protested, further on in the same prepared statement ("Candour"! He was admitting what everyone knew), "that . . . Mr. Judge has travelled hither from America to meet his accusers before this Committee, and announces his readiness to have the charges investigated and decided on their merits by any competent tribunal" (see official Report).

Mrs. Besant, from that day to this, has deliberately misrepresented these facts. She has declared repeatedly that Judge evaded a trial by raising legal technicalities,—a thoroughly characteristic perversion of the truth.

The meeting of the Judicial Committee was preceded, on July 7th, by a meeting of the General Council, with Olcott, Bertram Keightley, Mead, and Judge (Judge not voting) present. They ruled that "the Judicial Committee has no jurisdiction in the premises to try him [Judge] as Vice-President upon the charges as alleged." This meant that Olcott, having officially convened a Judicial Committee to try Judge as Vice-President, now officially declared that it could not try him. No wonder that his effort to "save face", Chinese fashion, was laboured and lengthy! But the Committee, having been convened, had to meet. It met in the Blavatsky Hall, at 19 Avenue Road, on July 10th.

"Present: Colonel Olcott, President-Founder, in the chair; the General Secretaries of the Indian and European Sections (Mr. B. Keightley and Mr. G. R. S. Mead); Delegates of the Indian Section (Mr. A. P. Sinnett and Mr. E. T. Sturdy); Delegates of the European Section (Mr. Herbert Burrows and Mr. W. Kingsland); Delegates of the American Section (Dr. J. D. Buck and Dr. Archibald Keightley); Special Delegates of Mr. Judge (Mr. Oliver Firth and Mr. E. T. Hargrove); Mrs. Besant and Mr. Judge were also present." James M. Pryse was selected by the American Delegates to sit in place of the General Secretary (Judge), American Section.

As I have said, Olcott's chief preoccupation, by this time, was to defend and excuse himself, and also, by instinct, to gain time. Mead, still trying to be neutral on March 27th, and even now "playing fair" in his official capacity, had become definitely anti-Judge. He had sought an interview with Judge some days before, at which Judge, as he told me later, had tried to show Mead his "real heart"; but Mead had approached him with his hard, dry mind, full of suspicion,—a mind already darkened with disloyal suspicions of H.P.B. He was incapable of understanding the heart of a great Occultist, and could interpret it only in terms of himself. Judge's deep humility and simplicity were utterly beyond him. He could see neither that, nor Judge's intense desire to help him.

Judge's enemies shared two outstanding characteristics: they entirely lacked humour, and they were devoid of mysticism. (Olcott thought that he loved humour, but this was because he enjoyed comic songs and practical jokes.) All that is necessary is to read what they have written.

As a rule, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* but some of these dead still think they are alive; so now is the time to speak, rather than later, when the more painful evidences of death will have been removed. "Illogical", some will perceive. Yes, truly; but I am referring to Kama Loka.

Of Bertram Keightley, perhaps enough has been said already. Never again, it is rumoured, did he leave the elbow of Chakravarti; never again, till he meets a furious H.P.B., will he know that Day and Night are different.

Sinnett, bitterly anti-Judge (Judge had vigorously supported H.P.B. in her dispute with Sinnett about the Earth Chain of Globes),—Sinnett ended his days with a vicious attack on H.P.B., repudiating her from the root up.

Sturdy had come specially from India to join in the condemnation of Judge. A pupil of H.P.B.'s, he had distrusted her even before she died, and his distrust, thinly concealed, had grown until he concealed it no longer. Inevitably he welcomed the attack on Judge as an opportunity to justify his disloyalty to her.

Herbert Burrows, anti-Judge, was a Socialist and Agnostic who had remained a Socialist and Agnostic when he followed Mrs. Besant into the Society in 1889. He was still following her, though he ceased to do so in a few months, and resigned from the Society a year later, for reasons as personal as those which led him to enter it. Mrs. Besant, he wrote (see *The Path*, January, 1896, p. 328), "Mrs. Besant *knows* that both Col. Olcott and Mr. Sinnett believe Madame Blavatsky to have been fraudulent; but she has had as yet neither the moral courage nor the honesty to say so. On the contrary, she quotes them in *Lucifer* as the all-round staunch and firm upholders of H.P.B., while at the same time she upbraids those who wish the real truth known as besmirchers and practical traitors". Burrows, through whom ran a streak of honesty, had till then lived in the delusion that Mrs. Besant was incapable of saying one thing and meaning another. No delusion could have been less excusable.

William Kingsland, anti-Judge, representing the European Section for that and no other reason, was a solitary, provincial person, whose idea of Theosophy was a static, intellectual concept, consisting chiefly of triangles and squares which never moved after they had once been neatly arranged on paper. To-day he pretends to "know" that Judge was guilty of the charges brought against him; but he knew and knows nothing of Judge whatever.

Buck was pro-Judge,—but such a weak reed! Coming from America as Judge's friend and supporter, a man of excellent presence and an experienced speaker, he might have done much to carry the spirit of the San Francisco Convention into the London Headquarters. But he was cowardly and was cowed. Vain, and a great "respecter of persons", he wanted to be "friends all round"; was for peace at any price, willing and anxious to compromise in every direction. Bold in San Francisco, he crumpled in London, and instead of being a help, Judge found him a burden. He reminded me of Bismarck's description of Lord

Salisbury: "A man of wood, painted to look like iron." He never deserted Judge during Judge's lifetime, but when he died, years after Judge, it is doubtful if he knew in whom or in what he believed.

If, in London, in 1894, Buck had been charged with moral cowardice, he might well have defended himself on the ground that Judge was urging all his friends—as readers of his letters will have seen—to work for "solidarity", for the T. S., and not to bother about him nor to counter-attack. And the truth is that very few of his friends realized instantly that Judge's duty was not necessarily theirs; that it is one thing for a leader to adopt such an attitude about himself, and a very different thing for his friends and followers to take him at his word. Failure to understand that elementary principle of Theosophy, was not, however, the cause of Buck's attitude. He was weak and he wobbled.

Next on the list, as a delegate of the American Section, stands the name of Archibald Keightley. Everyone knows where he stood, not only then, but to the end of his long life. Loyal to H.P.B., and equally loyal to Judge, he never wavered, and was the greatest support and comfort to Judge throughout those dreadful days. Mrs. Keightley (Jasper Niemand) was distressed beyond words that serious illness kept her temporarily out of the fray. Devoted to Judge, she did everything she could, but it was not until later that she was able to fight for him, as her whole soul longed to do.

For the selection of Oliver Firth as one of Judge's personal representatives, I was largely responsible. Judge declined to select anyone. Firth was a rough Yorkshireman, who knew nothing of Judge, one way or the other; but he had plenty of courage, and I believed he would stand for fair play at the "Trial", which he did; and that was the essential need.

James M. Pryse (though now he belittles Judge and all others, except himself) at that time was pro-Judge. He was courageous, but unfortunately carried no weight whatever because of his advertized psychism and general crankiness.

Ever since the summer of 1893, when Brahminical influence had descended upon the London Headquarters, and when occult "stunts" had been performed *and lines laid down*,—the atmosphere at Avenue Road, in both houses, had at times been appalling. Now, when the Committee finally met, the atmosphere was so tense with evil that it was rigid,—a *rigor mortis* in comparison with which the rigidity of a corpse would seem vibrant. For the Black Lodge had captured the last outer centre of H.P.B.'s work, just as they had captured Adyar years before. The atmosphere was made still worse by the cold fury of those who, for the moment, had been balked of their prey: the plot against Judge had miscarried—had in any case been checked—and those behind the scenes would be compelled to begin their campaign anew. Both Annie Besant and Olcott, for the reasons previously explained, had been put on the defensive, while Judge was still fighting desperately to keep the organization of the T. S. intact—in so far as that was possible without sacrificing principle—and, in the nature of things, as H.P.B.'s successor, was still doing his utmost to help and save his accusers. Struggling in this carefully prepared centre of enemy forces, it is a

revelation of Judge's detachment that he survived the strain. He was contending against an influence which may be compared to a cold, *palpable* and immensely powerful will, trying to paralyse your own, though in this case the entire hall was filled with it. Judge, of course, was the target.

Olcott, as Chairman, read his opening address, which, as stated already, consisted entirely of self-justification. In the official report, it filled three and a half pages, with less than one page given to the balance of the proceedings.

Following Olcott's address, Mead, for our information, read the minutes of the General Council meeting of the 7th. Olcott was then requested to lay before the Committee the charges against Judge. They were wholly indefinite and inadequate, and would have been thrown out by any grand jury in any part of the English-speaking world.

The official report states that the charges having been considered by the Committee, the following resolutions were passed:

> That although it has ascertained that the member bringing the charges and Mr. Judge are both ready to go on with the inquiry, the Committee considers, nevertheless, that the charges are not such as relate to the conduct of the Vice-President in his official capacity, and therefore are not subject to its jurisdiction.
>
> That this Committee is also of the opinion that as a statement by them as to the truth or otherwise of at least one of the charges as formulated against Mr. Judge would involve a declaration on their part as to the existence or non-existence of the Mahatmas, it would be a violation of the spirit of neutrality and the unsectarian nature and Constitution of the Society.

These resolutions in effect confirmed the stand of the San Francisco Convention, and so, as I have stated, the aim of Mrs. Besant and Olcott had, for the moment, been frustrated,—except to the extent that their evil-speaking, still unchecked, would necessarily continue to poison uncritical and credulous minds.

Both Judge and Annie Besant spoke on several occasions in the course of the proceedings, though what they and others said was not included in the official report. Judge, in spite of his exhaustion, spoke as if he were in no way concerned personally,—rather as if he had been taking part in that sort of thing, all his life. Mrs. Besant's attitude I found revolting. She spoke as if she, the accuser, were the victim. Even in Judge's presence, she diffused self-pity. It seemed like rank hypocrisy until one remembered that she lived in a world of glamour, totally blind to her motives, one half of her saying anything to maintain her status in the eyes of her followers (at that time, of Chakravarti also), and the other half habitually convinced that she was sacrificing her all for Truth's sake, thus keeping vivid that picture of herself as hero and martyr which she had worshipped in a sort of ecstasy throughout her life.

The Convention of the European Section of the T. S. was held two days later—on July 12th and 13th—in the same hall. When Judge arrived, after Olcott's opening speech, he was greeted with prolonged applause,—the feeling of members for the moment drifting his way, with resulting uneasiness among

his accusers. At the evening session on the 12th, both Annie Besant and Judge read prepared statements on the subject of the charges, hers filling three pages, and his, one page, of the printed report. Her statement was entirely self-excusatory. To state the situation plainly, she was in a dreadful hole, and was doing her best to wriggle out of it. In an effort to make it appear, so far as possible, as if she had not attacked and condemned a brother Theosophist, she said that she wished it "to be distinctly understood that I do not charge and have not charged Mr. Judge with forgery in the ordinary sense of the term, but with giving a misleading material form to messages received psychically from the Master in various ways without acquainting the recipients with this fact."

Mrs. Besant then declared:

> I regard Mr. Judge as an Occultist, possessed of considerable knowledge and animated by a deep and unswerving devotion to the Theosophical Society. I believe that he has often received direct messages from the Masters and from their chêlas, guiding and helping him in his work. I believe that he has sometimes received messages for other people in one or other of the ways that I will mention in a moment, but not by direct writing by the Master nor by His direct precipitation, and that Mr. Judge has then believed himself to be justified in writing down in the script adopted by H.P.B. for communications from that Master, the message psychically received, and in giving it to the person for whom it was intended, leaving that person to wrongly assume [who was responsible for such a childish assumption?] that it was a direct precipitation or writing by the Master Himself, that is, that it was done *through* Mr. Judge but done *by* the Master.

So far as precipitation was concerned, it was impossible, as Judge said, either to prove or to disprove whether precipitation had been the means used, or not, as that could be determined only by someone "able to see on that plane." As to the second means specified by Mrs. Besant, what evidence could she possibly have produced that messages were *not* "done" *through* Judge *by* the Master,—as had happened so often in the case of H.P.B.? On the face of it, an ordinary eye-witness of the writing of such a "message" could not have told whether, at such times, H.P.B. was writing it, or whether it was being "done" by a Master through her; it is equally clear that even a *good* clairvoyant could not have been certain, seeing that, on the one hand, either the Master or H.P.B. could have inhibited the clairvoyant's psychic vision, or, on the other hand, H.P.B., if she had wished, could have created a visible image of a Master in the astral light which would have been seen by the clairvoyant as the actual "doer" of the "message". It would seem, from Mrs. Besant's statement, that she had not so much as heard of these possibilities, and it is certain that she never even pretended that there were eye-witnesses, whether clairvoyant or not, when Judge wrote his "messages".

It came to this: if she had said, "Chakravarti assures me that 'messages' transmitted by Judge were not 'done by the Master', and that is all I know

about it",—she would have been telling the truth. Unfortunately for the Work, *the truth* is the last thing she was willing to tell.

She regarded Mr. Judge "as an Occultist", she said; but she regarded Chakravarti as the equivalent of a Master. Therefore she believed Chakravarti as against Judge, and not only as against him, but as against H.P.B. and in defiance of every obligation she had assumed. It had been an elementary test of loyalty, and she had failed (a second failure at that point, to be followed by a third); while, so far as "messages" were concerned, she was not only as incapable then as she is now of telling the difference between the real and the unreal, or of recognizing different grades of chêlas and Adepts, but of telling the difference between the White and the Black varieties.

Mrs. Besant's statement suggests that her mental picture of the transmission of a "message" was three-fold and fixed:

(1) A Master in Tibet might choose to write a "message", disintegrate it, and then precipitate it in New York, London, or elsewhere;

(2) He might choose to instruct a chêla to do the work of disintegration and precipitation for him;

(3) He might choose to travel from Tibet in his astral body, and enter the body of a chêla in some other part of the world, and use the brain and arm of that chêla in order to write a "message".

All of these methods had been used in the course of the Movement since 1875, but all of them, in their different ways, were extravagant, as they required a greater expenditure of force, and on lower planes, than was necessary; and it must be remembered that the use of occult forces by the White Lodge *on lower planes*, opens the door to the Black Lodge on those same planes, often to the peril of the intended beneficiary. Spiritual law decrees that the higher the plane on which a Master exerts his influence, the less reaction is there in this world; the nearer the chêla can *ascend* toward the Master, the easier, simpler, and, in the occult sense, the less costly is the method of communication between them.

From the very beginning, *all* methods of communication had been used, from the highest and most spiritual, to the most concrete. It was one of the necessities of H.P.B.'s original mission that she should perform phenomena, in part as a weapon in her campaign against the errors of Spiritualism, and in part because a materialistic age could not be approached, much less impressed, except in that way. As time passed, however, the need for this diminished; the "precipitation" of messages was nearly discontinued, and methods far simpler—in a sense more spiritual also—came to be used with increasing frequency. Although these less "phenomenal" methods could be employed only in the case of a very highly trained instrument, the very fact that they were less "phenomenal" meant that they did not appeal in the same way to those who, like Sinnett, Mrs. Besant and the generality, not only were materially-minded, but entirely ignorant of occult procedure.

Mrs. Besant does not seem even to have taken into account a fourth method, standing, as it were, between the three already outlined, and the more spiritual;

that is: a Master might choose to control a chêla's arm from a distance, and thus produce a "message" in "his own handwriting". When that was done, the chêla would have been entrusted with specially magnetized paper, to be kept for that purpose. It was claimed (which really means "admitted") by Judge's enemies that H.P.B. *had* entrusted Judge with a supply of Tibetan or similar paper. Surely a little common sense might have solved most of Mrs. Besant's problems,—if she had been able and willing to rely upon that instead of upon Chakravarti.

As to the more spiritual methods: the first of Judge's letters in this present instalment—that dated August 7th, 1894—is written in blue pencil; a part of it is in the well-known script of Master K. H., and it is headed (not without a touch of humour, considering that Judge had but recently returned to New York from the "trial" in London)—"*non precipitado*". Yet that letter was not written by any of the methods outlined above, and is none the less as "genuine", in the occult sense, as anything that has appeared in Theosophical literature. Mrs. Besant's entire thesis was that if those parts of the letter, written in the K. H. script, had been written on a separate slip (worse, if written on an unusual kind of paper), and if I had been fool enough to imagine, at first, that Master K.H. had precipitated the slip for my delectation and titillation, then, if I chose to conclude later that it had not been precipitated, I should have been in a position—properly, theosophically, and without violating my "brotherly" obligations —to charge Judge with fraud. Could anything be more absurd, more outrageous,—and less theosophical?

All of Judge's enemies had an acute sense of separateness, which was unfortunate for them. When they attributed the same sense to Masters and chêlas, it became equally unfortunate for the Movement.

To resume the narrative, Mrs. Besant concluded her statement by saying:

> If you, representatives of the T. S., consider that the publication of this statement, followed by that which Mr. Judge will make, would put an end to this distressing business, and by making a clear understanding get rid at least of the mass of seething suspicions in which we have been living, and if you can accept it, I propose that this should take the place of the Committee of Honour [suggested by Herbert Burrows in the hope it might give Mrs. Besant what she wanted, after the negative outcome of the Judicial Committee], putting you, our brothers, in the place of a Committee. I have made the frankest explanation I can: I know how enwrapped in difficulty are these phenomena which are connected with forces obscure in their workings to most; therefore how few are able to judge of them accurately, while those through whom they play are not always able to control them. Now I trust that these explanations may put an end to some at least of the troubles of the last two years, and leave us to go on with our work for the world, each in his own way. For any pain that I have given my brother in trying to do a most repellent task, I ask his pardon, as also for any mistakes that I may have made.

It would seem impossible that Mrs. Besant could have been sincere when

expressing a wish to "put an end to this distressing business", since, almost immediately, she caused to be distributed a circular headed "Occultism and Truth"—to which reference will be made later—which was a vicious slap at Judge, and within two weeks was sailing for Australia, empowered by Olcott (in a document dated April 27th, or as soon as he had received the official protest of Mead and Keightley of March 27th) "to organize a Section or Sections", and "to authorize the formation of Branches",—so as to make sure of a majority vote against Judge on the General Council when the time came to renew her onslaught against him.

The tone of Judge's statement is strikingly different. He did not speak of his "brothers"; he did not call Mrs. Besant his "sister"; he apologized for nothing and expressed regret for nothing. He said:

> Since March last charges have been going round the world against me to which the name of Annie Besant has been attached, without her consent as she now says, that I have been guilty of forging the names and handwritings of the Mahatmas and of misusing the said names and handwritings. The charge has also arisen that I suppressed the name of Annie Besant as mover in the matter from fear of the same. All this has been causing great trouble and working injury to all concerned, that is, to all our members. It is now time that this should be put an end to once for all, if possible.
>
> I now state as follows:
>
> 1. I left the name of Annie Besant out of my published circular by request of my friends in the T. S. then near me, so as to save her and leave it to others to put her name to the charge. It now appears that if I had so put her name it would have run counter to her present statement.
>
> 2. I repeat my denial of the said rumoured charges of forging the said names and handwritings of the Mahatmas or of misusing the same.
>
> 3. I admit that I have received and delivered messages from the Mahatmas and assert their genuineness.
>
> 4. I say that I have heard and do hear from the Mahatmas, and that I am an agent of the Mahatmas; but I deny that I have ever sought to induce that belief in others, and this is the first time to my knowledge that I have ever made the claim now made. I am pressed into the place where I must make it. My desire and effort have been to distract attention from such an idea as related to me. But I have no desire to make the claim, which I repudiate, that I am the only channel for communication with Masters; and it is my opinion that such communication is open to any human being who by endeavouring to serve mankind affords the necessary conditions.
>
> 5. Whatever messages from the Mahatmas have been delivered by me as such—and they are extremely few—I now declare were and are genuine messages from the Mahatmas so far as my knowl-

edge extends; they were obtained through me, but as to how they were obtained or produced I cannot state. But I can now again say, as I have said publicly before, and as was said by H. P. Blavatsky so often that I have always thought it common knowledge among studious Theosophists, that precipitation of words or messages is of no consequence and constitutes no proof of connection with Mahatmas; it is only phenomenal and not of the slightest value.

6. So far as methods are concerned for the reception and delivery of messages from the Masters, they are many. My own methods may disagree from the views of others, and I acknowledge their right to criticize them if they choose; but I deny the right of any one to say that they know or can prove the ungenuineness of such messages to or through me unless they are able to see on that plane. I can only say that I have done my best to report—in the few instances when I have done it at all—correctly and truthfully such messages as I think I have received for transmission, and never to my knowledge have I tried therewith to deceive any person or persons whatsoever.

7. And I say that in 1893 the Master sent me a message in which he thanked me for all my work and exertions in the Theosophical field and expressed satisfaction therewith, ending with sage advice to guard me against the failings and follies of my lower nature; that message Mrs. Besant unreservedly admits.

8. Lastly, and only because of absurd statements made and circulated, I willingly say that which I never denied, that I am a human being full of error, liable to mistake, not infallible, but just the same as any other human being like to myself or of the class of human beings to which I belong. And I freely, fully, and sincerely forgive any one who may be thought to have injured or tried to injure me. To which I sign my name.—William Q. Judge.

Finally, Bertram Keightley moved and Buck seconded these resolutions:

That this meeting accepts with pleasure the adjustment arrived at by Annie Besant and William Q. Judge as a final settlement of matters pending hitherto between them as prosecutor and defendant with the hope that it may be thus buried and forgotten, and:

That we will join hands with them to further the Cause of genuine Brotherhood in which we all believe.

Thus ended the "Judge trial",—the beginning rather than the end of the campaign which his enemies, and the enemies of H.P.B.'s Work, waged against him. As already explained, the Black Lodge was the power behind the scenes; but those whose moral weaknesses laid them open to that influence, were none the less responsible. Without the actors on the stage, the Black Lodge would have been impotent.

The account I have given is a mere outline. There are records in connection with this period, which have never been printed, and some day, when the Lodge is ready, the whole story will be told; but not till then.

The first letter Judge wrote to me after his return to New York reveals *his* reaction from the "trial", and shows very clearly where *his* heart and interest had been centred, both then, and as he considered it in retrospect. Parts of the letter, as I have said, were in the script of Master K. H. I had written to Judge, shortly after his departure, expressing myself with considerable vehemence on the subject of what he refers to as "that absurdity in circulars called 'Occultism and Truth' ",—a circular which had been issued immediately after Mrs. Besant and Olcott had declared, each in his own way, that the "trial" and their "statements" were "a final settlement" of the Judge matter, and which, none the less, they caused to be printed in the same issue of *Lucifer* as that which contained the official report of the "trial" proceedings. The circular did not name Judge, but, signed by Mrs. Besant, Olcott, Sinnett, B. Keightley, Leadbeater (known at that time only as a "heeler" of Sinnett's), Sturdy, and Wynn Westcott—all of them Judge's avowed enemies—it explained elaborately how sad the mistake of supposing that the end justifies the means, and that Truth is unimportant. "Finding that this false view of Occultism", the circular continued, "is spreading in the Theosophical Society"—a statement as false as it could be—the subscribers quoted "a weighty utterance by a wise Indian Disciple" (Chakravarti), containing platitudes about "the Divine Light which is Truth Sublime", and left it to be clearly understood that although Judge had been "let off" for the moment, members should not allow themselves to be contaminated by his bad example. It is significant that the thing was not signed by George Mead. There was a distinct limit to the unfairness he could then tolerate, and in this case it was too obvious that Judge's enemies were trying to stab him in the back.

NEW YORK, August 7th, 1894.

Non precipitado

Dear Ernest,

Nothing is doing. Everybody is simmering and adjusting to the queer official circular.

Now my dear boy this is, as I said, an era. I called it that of Western occultism, but you may give it any name you like. But it's Western. The symbol is the well intended American republic which was seen by Tom Paine beforehand "as a new era in the affairs of the world." It was meant as near as possible to be a brotherhood of nations, and that is the drift of its Declaration and Constitution. The T. S. is meant to be the same, but has for many years been in fight and friction. It has now, if possible, to come out of that. It cannot be a brotherhood unless each, or some, of its units becomes a brother in truth. And *brother* was the noble name given in 1875 to the Masters. Hence you and I and all of us must cultivate that. We must forgive our enemies and those who assail us, for only thus can the great brothers properly help by working through us. There seems to be a good deal to forgive, but it is easily done inasmuch as in 50 years we'll all be gone and forgot.

Cut off then thoughts about those "foolish children" until harmonious vibra-

tions ensue to some extent. That absurdity in circulars called "Occultism and Truth", let go. I publish it, and have deliberately refrained from jumping at such a grand chance. So you see, forgive, forgive, and largely forget. Come along then, and with me get up as fast as possible the feeling of brotherhood.

Now then, you want more light and this is what you must do. You will have to "give up" something. To wit: have yourself called half an hour earlier than is usual and devote it *before* breakfast to silent meditation in which brood upon all great and high ideas. A half hour! surely that you can spare. And don't eat first. If you can take another half *before* you go to bed, and without any preliminaries of undressing or making things agreeable or more comfortable, meditate again. Now don't fail me in this. This is much to give up, but give it up recollecting that you are not to make all those preparations so often indulged in by people.

If by any god's chance you should flittingly or otherwise see me, please calmly note all appearances and let me know all about it. This is necessary for me.

K. H. said thus:

"The best and most important teacher is one's seventh principle centred in the sixth. The more you divest yourself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, and the more you are devoted to the service of others, the more Maya disappears and the nearer you approach to Divinity."

Good-bye then, and may you find that peace which comes from the Self.

WILLIAM Q.

The "circular" referred to in the next letter is the same "Occultism and Truth". Judge published it in *The Path* with the comment he now condenses.

When he says "8 months is a long time", he refers to the interval which it had been decided should precede my permanent departure for America.

"Alec" was Alexander Fullerton,—a thorn in Judge's side, still working at the Headquarters in New York, though as disloyal as he could be. He had helped Judge greatly in earlier days, both in editing the *Path* and in routine correspondence, and Judge held on to him to the last, hoping against hope that he might yet be able to pull Fullerton through.

NEW YORK, August 14th, 1894.

My dear Ernest,

I have yours just as you go off to France. Say, look here, never growl at anything you have to do. If you have to go as you do to see your folks, just take it as a good thing you have to do, and then it will redound to the good of them and yourself, but if it is a constant cross, then it does no good and you get nothing. Apply your theories thus. I got that circular, and had already sent it to the printer with note to say that it was all right and that we had thought the T. S. knew it well long ago, but a good thing could not suffer by repetition. So you see your and my idea are like. It is simply folly, and the way to do is

to keep at the right work and all the wrong work will go to pot. It is a contest of smiles if we really know our business.

Am glad you presided for it gave you a chance, and also gave you the beginning of a prestige. Let it be so again. You will probably have some other chances later like it, as 8 months is a long time.

The news as to Julius and A.K. is good. I have none. I think she will be better. It is a hard fight with such a nature.

All solid here. I have heard from California, and they are gay. They see that the March circular did the business, and are pleased to let the old man [Olcott] have his point of suspension. Countess is doing well. She has just written begging for some light on Manas, which I have sent her!! That is also an omen, as was the presidency by you of the B.T.S. [Blavatsky Lodge.]

Never be afraid, never be sorry, and cut all doubts with the sword of knowledge. Well, good luck and good bye. Alec is off in the country, and that is good, for he was not well.

Adios as ever,

WILLIAM Q.

Your sketch for *Path* is abominable yet has to go in. It omits your birth, etc. and the date of your entry to T. S. In fact it is rotten with absence of dates, except a fool date of some old chap in the bygone centuries.

"Chayskeed" is a delightfully fantastic jumble of "Che-Yew-Tsăng's Kid".

Beneath his signature to this letter, Judge had drawn a hand, pointing to the sign of Jupiter, and had then written: "Theosophical Astrology".

NEW YORK, September 29th, 1894.

My Dear Chayskeed,

I have your long letter. I thank you for it. It's all right. I know how the clouds come and go. That is all right too. Just wait, as the song says, till they roll by. I cannot write much as I am off to Boston tomorrow for some days. Beginning the campaign of reintegration. It was planned last April and now it begins. Any work of the sort you can do, good. Don't let the machinery be seen. Yes, I will write the book and it will be read and widely too. As for all those questions, I cannot reply now, and later will forget, but I will see you at night and you will get the information. Anyway you are right that struggling is wrong. Do it quietly; that is the way the Masters do it. The reaction the other way is just as you say. So you see your intuition is all right. Follow it to the end and look for the light. You will get it. Lines and nets are weaving all around of two sorts; you are in our sort. It is spreading all the time. It will benefit you. We are not alone, and we are not deserted at all, but the Master has so much wisdom that he is seldom if ever the prey of reactions. That is why he goes slowly. But it is sure. Hence some of us are being kept back for our own good.

Arouse, arouse in you the meaning of "thou art that", Thou art the self.

This is the thing to think of in meditation, and if you believe it, then tell some others the same. You have read it before, but now try to realize it more and more each day, and you will have the light you want.

Yes, I want articles. I printed that other and it is out today. Send more; if I can't use them all, you will have the practice. So go on and conquer.

If certain queries arise, put them down, headed "query", and send to me. I will file and use them from time to time, and perhaps in the book. Read or get a crumb from my other letters for news, as I have no time now for more. I try to help you all I can, and if you will look for wisdom you will get it sure, and that is all you want or need. Write all you like. If you can send now and then any jottings in shape for *Path* (for "Mirror"), do so, but send them by themselves so they will not be mixed with letters. No one sends those, so there is a chance.

Best love to you now and forever in the cross roads of life.

WILLIAM Q.

In his letter of October 20th, "A.F." stands for Alexander Fullerton; "the chinaware party" stands for Che-Yew-Tsăng (see the April instalment of these letters); "Julius" was a pen-name used by Mrs. Archibald Keightley.

NEW YORK, October 20th, 1894.

My Dear "Sir",

Have yours and article. Look here, I fear that A.F. will have to be told who the chinaware party is; he suspects it now. How funny to see the old articles reprinted by those who think they are so wise and know your mind and soul so well. Ha, ha. I will use the matter of course, and if I do not, will send it back; but I guess what I get from your place will have small chance to go back.

I am touring the section and driven to death. Am on the path of reintegration and did big work Boston and other places. When the devil begins again he will find much in the way. They will begin again, and will try it here too, you bet. But with the help of the gods, we'll lick them.

Tell Julius that I am not going to use that heart-shaped symbol at all, but another sort of thing that I am waiting for. I will let her know in time, first of all. It shall be done, but how, I am now not able to say. It is good news you give. I hope the good end of all her trouble is near. Now best love to you and proceed right on the line you have in mind. It is good. Think of me when you want to know, and if it be the time I am in bed you will get it sure, and if I am awake, then probably. Good bye as ever thine Sir,

Q.

(*To be continued*)

There is no word so secret that shall go for naught: and the mouth that belieth slayeth the soul.—WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

JONQUILS AND A CROIX DE GUERRE

WAR! War! It is like a dream,—of long ago, but from which I seem only now awaking. Men, off to their mobilization dépôts, en route to Berlin, a jaunt of a few weeks! Women, some excited, some tearful with their babies for papa "gone away"! Strangers, an exodus toward safety!

Of the numerous Americans then in France, for one reason or another, certain men had no calls of duty back to the States; accordingly they saw an opportunity to take part in the mêlée. In the course of inquiry, these scattered individuals began to encounter one another, exchanging opinions, and from that exchange a desire for solidarity began to grow. It would be of advantage, they saw, for all Americans to volunteer as a unit, rather than as merely detached soldiers; for the unit might become a nucleus drawing to it fresh recruits from America. To that end, certain measures were broached with the French Ministry of War, the result of which showed that one way, and one only, lay open to us, namely, the Foreign Legion.

Forty of us went to the recruiting Bureau, *aux Invalides*, on August 24th, 1914, and in fifteen days, we and others who joined us were entrained for Toulouse, the dépôt of the Foreign Legion. Two days and a half were required for that journey which ordinarily would take ten hours, and there were sixty of us packed in a freight car that would have been crowded with forty. It was rough travelling, and before we reached Toulouse, four had died.

In November, we were at the front, on the Aisne, where, by Christmas, our regiment had filled eight hundred graves. So it was not a mêlée but real war. I was not only the eldest of our Group, but so much the eldest, that, work as hard as I could, I was unable to avoid a discharge which came in 1915. A few days in Paris convinced me that my only chance of re-enlistment was through returning to America, so thither I went, and after beating up recruits in the training camps, embarked a second time in the autumn of 1916. Back in Paris, I resolved to make use of knowledge I had gained about the French brand of red tape, and with schemes in my head, I went one day to the Commandant of Artillery, demanding admission, not to the Foreign Legion, but to a regular *French* regiment. The Commandant listened courteously, and, still courteously, told me to carry my application to the office of the Foreign Legion. Then I launched upon him—and in the French language—all my reasons, persuasions, promises, cajoleries, bribes, threats, and bluffs. His persistent reply was: "There is no precedent for such an act", which I felt was overwhelmingly swept aside by my retort: "Take me, and you'll have two things you didn't have before, a precedent and an officer."

Finding himself unable to silence me, the Commandant played his ace: "All

applications must be made in writing," and his ace drew my biggest bluff: "Bien, Commandant, there, right there in that pigeon hole, you'll find my application, sent in two weeks ago, in good French, and here am I to second it." I was well enough acquainted with military red tape to know that an application in writing must be made, and that no action upon it would be taken in less than two weeks; accordingly I had applied in due form. But that my papers were actually there in the Commandant's desk was unadulterated bluff. It worked, however. He laughed, tapped my shoulder, relaxed from official stiffness, called me "mon brave", and promised to give me a regular notification of acceptance. He kept his promise punctually, and in November I was in training with a French regiment of light artillery, practising with the "Seventy-fives".

There were many transfers,—with study both of light and heavy guns in camp behind the lines, and then intensive training in the field. Our regiment (305th) reinforced one division after another, thus covering territory from Belgium to Alsace. Although nominally a *sous-lieutenant*, I was subordinate for ten months to the adjutants,—non-commissioned officers. Nevertheless I was assigned for duty to the Staff, an honour usually given to lieutenants only. The French have a way, however, of assigning to a higher grade, candidates who may seem of promise. It tests the man: can he live up to the responsibilities of that higher grade?

One day in April, 1918, while in action at the village of Flirey, the captain called for two to reconnoitre in No Man's Land. A twenty-year old lieutenant, A—, volunteered with me, and a small, ruined church out there in the desolation was indicated as our objective. It was broad daylight, and the captain hoped that audacity would take the place of darkness in covering the two of us. Human psychology could not be counted upon; if discovered by a Boche observation post, they might think two stragglers were not worth the price of a shell—or they might take us for decoys in some surprise raid, in which case they might fire hundreds of explosives. Flat on the ground we wriggled along through the trenches, snake-like in the mud, miles slower than a snake, of course. Here and there our approach would be detected by men concealed in the deep-dug telephone outposts, and they would appear, giving us their cautions. Their warnings were not of a kind to soothe the tension of our nerves, but A— and I had not premonition of any end save a successful return, so on we crawled and wriggled, cramped in joints and muscles. Our objective reached, we should be perfectly safe and unobserved, we thought, in the shelter of its crumbled walls. We should have known better than to reckon upon such security, after all our experience of the minute preparations the Germans had for years been making, mapping the countryside in detail, and listing farm and equipment far more searchingly than a tax assessor or census taker would do. When they occupied new territory, the Germans wasted no time in mistaken allotments of men and beasts, for they knew with precision that six men could be billeted in the house of peasant Jean, and ten more in his grange, and that his wood-sheds would accommodate eight horses. And what the Boches knew of peasant Jean's outfit and supplies, they knew with equal and uncanny pre-

cision of Jean's neighbours, Jules and Jacques. Our regiment, en route to the Aisne, had bivouacked one night at Vertus, a village only recently recovered from German troops, and the quarters of my particular group were peasant Jules's shed. When the Germans had first occupied the region and requisitioned all supplies, they told Jules to deliver his horse, *Henri by name*. Thorough indeed had their preparations been. Poor Henri, however, had been gathered to his fathers, three days after the declaration of war, though Jules had difficulty in convincing the Boche of that demise.

We should have known it, though we didn't. That little church and churchyard had been measured and mapped to a hair, and no sooner did we emerge from the semi-protection of the trenches and appear in the open rubbish-strewn area, than a storm of shot and shell fell around us. Their artillery had the range, and their shells seemed made of rubberized, elastic metal with the property of bouncing around corners before exploding, and of leaping backwards, sideways, or forwards like disconcerting billiard or croquet balls. Toward the northwest corner, a section of the church wall, still perpendicular, seemed to offer A— and myself some shelter from the bouncing shrapnel, and thither we dodged. Shelter, yes, and refreshment likewise, all unexpected. There, "in his narrow cell for ever laid", protected by that friendly wall from the cold winds of spring as well as from hostile guns, "a rude forefather of the hamlet slept", in his old, old grave. And through all the wreck and ruin that man (no, *devils!*) had made of man, through the utter desolation and death of harrowed earth, there smiled the Easter victory of Heaven. Unmolested by man or devil, that ancient grave was aglow with yellow jonquils—a solitary spot of tranquil loveliness in a desecrated plain. We could scarcely believe our eyes.

There was no time for thought. We made the observations desired by the captain, and were ready to essay the return whenever the artillery barrage might diminish. Then an impulse made itself felt. That grave had given us an Easter. In a minute or two we should leave it behind, the sweetness of those flowers for Heaven's eye alone. The jonquils were in a very thick mass; a few stalks plucked out would benefit, not injure, the clump. Why should we two alone of all the regiment keep an Easter? Why not carry an Easter greeting from that ancient French grave back to the trench—to the grandsons and great grandsons who were offering their lives for France?

As I carefully plucked a jonquil here and there from the undisturbed clump, suddenly the cannonading ceased, and A— whispered: "Make for the trench". That meant a dash across forty yards of open ground. We reached our trench and wriggled back to headquarters, the jonquils held in my teeth. Our expedition ended, the flowers went upon the captain's table.

With nerves relaxed after the tension, A— showed himself a perfect jackdaw of Rheims, chattering irrepressibly about *ce drôle d'Américain*, and his *sang-froid véritable*. Over and over he described the shower of shells, falling around the grave, multiplying them in geometrical progression at each repetition, until our paltry few minutes were stretched into an epic of adventure, "from morn

to noon, from noon to dewy eve", while to equal the shrapnel which A— pictured as strewn in the dilapidated church-yard, even famed and fertile Vallombrosa would have had to pile more than one harvest of "thick autumnal leaves".

The captain perceived that the opportunity was ripe for a graceful compliment to the American allies. With true French taste, he made that cupful of jonquils on his table into a motif for a citation, intertwining with that bouquet, festoons and streamers of *dévouement, enthousiasme, sang-froid,* and *bravoure:* his written report was a literary wall panel, à la Louis Seize.

The Cross itself did not reach me until six months later, in October, when the regiment was in Belgium expecting an armistice. A young boy on a bicycle rode up to our shack at dusk, with his message—and handing me the envelope, looked upon the transaction as finished. But not so I. It was actually the Croix, and I clamoured for the full ceremonial of investiture. In the shack were only a cook, his garçon, and a poilu, but those three seemed quite numerous enough to personify the battalion. To that end, I marshalled them, at "Attention", facing the bicycle-boy who symbolized Foch. In front of "the battalion" I turned each cheek to "the Marshal", while he pinned the Croix over my heart. "The Battalion" volleyed with Homeric laughter "inextinguishable".

A French soldier who has received the Croix because he has really done something of merit, never speaks of his exploit, save to wife or mother. His friends smile and say: *C'en est bien meublée ta poitrine.* An American who by courtesy wears a *complimentary* croix can perhaps be pardoned for breaking decorous silence with this story of a few jonquils.[1]

J. W. G., F. T. S.

[1] It should be added that our contributor had never spoken of his exploit, and wrote of it only when we begged him, for the benefit of the QUARTERLY, to explain his possession of the Croix de Guerre, one of the highest honours a soldier can receive.—EDITORS.

In our definitions we grope after the spiritual by describing it as invisible. *The true meaning of spiritual is* real.—EMERSON.

THE SPIRIT OF LAPUTA

He who has a true idea knows at the same time that he has a true idea, nor can he doubt the truth of what he knows.—SPINOZA.

IN the course of his voyages, Gulliver visited the island of Laputa, where the natives were mathematical prodigies. He must have remembered the land of Brobdingnag with nostalgia, while he listened to the Laputans' small talk. "If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms."

Sir James Jeans, a distinguished astronomer of the Twentieth Century, might have written the following as a commentary upon Laputan æsthetics: "Objective realities exist, . . . but we are assuming something we have no right to assume, if we label them as either 'real' or 'ideal'. The true label is, I think, 'mathematical', if we can agree that this is to connote the whole of pure thought, and not merely the studies of the professional mathematician. . . . The concept [of the universe as a world of pure thought] implies of course that the final truth about a phenomenon resides in the mathematical description of it" (*The Mysterious Universe*, pp. 147-148, 150).

Of course, in our polite century, no one would think of resolving "the beauty of a woman, or any other animal" into such gross elements as rhombs and parallelograms. Such beauty would be described to-day in terms of multi-dimensional geometry or by the square roots of negative quantities.

Swift's satire was not directed against mathematics, but against what may be called the Spirit of Laputa, the notion that everything can be explained if it be given a mathematical expression. Specifically, he referred to the theory that the principles of beauty are reducible to certain fixed laws of proportion which can be stated in formal propositions or equations. Incidentally, such a theory is prevalent to-day and even provides the basis for study in some schools of design. It illustrates very clearly the common mental habit of putting the cart before the horse. Laws of measure and proportion exist, but they cannot explain æsthetic intuition which is an experience, a state of consciousness. They are expressions or symbols of that which eludes all definition. The infinite diversity of form in Nature may be mathematically translatable into a few formulæ of universal import, like the Pythagorean *Tetraktys*. These formulæ are of great practical and theoretical value; but they do not account for the fact that we experience beauty through a series of manifestations, each of which shows forth something unique, individual and inimitable. Thus the Chinese had a saying that a work of art is beautiful only if it have "life's motion". This may suggest one reason why Notre-Dame de Chartres is more

beautiful than St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, although the latter is so excellent, in a certain mathematical sense, that it has been called a definition of Gothic.

In our own time, however, the Spirit of Laputa is more concerned with truth than with beauty. Certainly no one in his right senses can expect to comment intelligently upon the actual propositions of modernistic mathematics, unless he be a trained mathematician. But the most humble layman is under no obligation to accept meekly the statement that the final truth about anything resides in the mathematical description of it.

Mathematics has been defined as "the science of serial, spatial, quantitative, and magnitudinal relations". It has nothing to do with qualities and essences, as the mathematicians themselves admit. But what phenomenon has ever occurred or can be imagined as occurring, to which no qualitative relations can be attributed? It is no answer to affirm that all qualitative relations are inventions of our own minds. This is an inference which cannot be proved. Also it is irrelevant, for it is impossible to draw any line between what is absolutely objective and what is absolutely subjective in our experience of Nature. To all intents and purposes, qualities are just as "phenomenal" as the quantities which science can measure. The redness of a flower, for example, is even more "phenomenal" than the vibrations which constitute its physical basis. The vibrations can be measured, but how can one presume to say that the record of this measurement expresses the final truth about the colour?

It would be more prudent to leave truth, like beauty, among the "undefinables" where it belongs. It is useless to try to imprison it within any formula devised by the intellect, because it will not really be there when we turn the key. It has been said that truth is a life,—which gives a vital meaning to the words of the philosopher who described it as "the knowledge of knowledge". "He who has a true idea knows at the same time that he has a true idea, nor can he doubt the truth of what he knows." In other words, the recognition of truth, like good taste or a sense of humour, is fundamentally an experience, an immediate datum of consciousness. When we lack this sense of inner certitude, our judgments about things are only theories or opinions or fantasies.

Mathematical speculation *per se* is merely a process of inference. It has the same properties as any other form of logical reasoning. Certain axioms or premises are assumed to have a general validity and, therefore, to be applicable to particular cases. Experience testifies to the soundness of logical reasoning as an instrument of deduction. But the validity of a specific formula or syllogism must finally depend upon the validity of the axioms or premises upon which it is based. When an inference rests upon an axiom which we know empirically to be true, the inference itself becomes the equivalent of an experience of truth. It is not necessary to touch a hot stove in order to know what would happen to us if we should touch it.

Pythagoras seems to have regarded the art of mathematical inference from sound axioms as a symbol of every process in Nature. He said that "God geometrizes". In one sense, this suggests that the Logos acts in accordance

with a principle which is analogous to the principle of sound inference. As mathematical truth illustrates the universal, integrating itself in the particular, and the particular merging itself in the universal, so Nature appears as a cycle of experience, whereby the Monad undergoes alternating phases of differentiation and of reabsorption into unity.

It is probable that the Pythagoreans would have been completely unable to understand the point of view of many modern mathematicians who identify their science with a mysterious production of the mind which they call pure thought. By pure thought they seem to mean any thought process which obeys logical rules, but which starts from axioms chosen by a mental act without reference to experience. On these terms, a "pure thinker" might conceivably found a highly rationalistic cosmology upon the assumption that the moon is made of green-cheese. To a layman it appears that much ultra-modern mathematical speculation is distinctly of the "green-cheese" variety.

The point is that our mental life is a mixture. We have a measure of real knowledge, the product of experience and of sound inference from experience. But this solid substratum of knowledge is overlaid by illusions of many kinds, unsound inferences and fancies, generated by desire or fear or by mental laziness or obstinacy. "To discriminate between the Real and the unreal" was the first rule laid down by an Indian sage for those who professed the aspiration to obtain wisdom and understanding. We can begin to apply this rule by trying to separate what we really know from what we only pretend we know.

It may be suggested that this would be a most healthful exercise for some modern scientists who are more seriously entangled in a web of unsound inferences than is generally realized. It is pleasant to record that at least one man of science is aware of the danger which any and all of us must risk if we take our own capacities too seriously. Sir Arthur Eddington says in *The Nature of the Physical World:* "The cleavage between the scientific and the extra-scientific domain of experience is, I believe, not a cleavage between the concrete and the transcendental, but between the metrical and the non-metrical. . . . The sphere of the differential equations of physics is the metrical cyclic scheme extracted out of the broader reality. However much the ramifications of the cycles may be extended by further scientific discovery, they cannot from their very nature trench on the background in which they have their being —their actuality. It is in this background that our own mental consciousness lies; and here, if anywhere, we may find a Power greater than but akin to consciousness. It is not possible for the controlling laws of the spiritual substratum, which in so far as it is known to us in consciousness is essentially non-metrical, to be analogous to the differential and other mathematical equations of physics which are meaningless unless they are fed with metrical quantities. So that the crudest anthropomorphic image of a spiritual deity can scarcely be so wide of the truth as one conceived in terms of metrical equations" (pp. 275, 282).

In brief, physical science is a scheme of measurement. It is concerned with what can be measured and is unconcerned with what cannot be measured. If

we accept such a definition, a certain consequence must be the complete inefficacy of science as a means of discovering the final truth about anything, for the final truth must reside in the unmeasurable as well as in the measurable.

It is questionable, however, whether this rigorous delimitation of science is really acceptable to most of Eddington's colleagues. All of them would, doubtless, admit that it applies perfectly to applied science. The engineer is forced to solve certain definite problems of weight, stress, and so on. He measures and calculates, basing his operations upon careful observation of facts and upon the equally careful application of well-tested mathematical principles. He cannot stray outside "the metrical cyclical scheme" without endangering the lives and fortunes of his clients.

But pure science means something more than a mere metrical system to many of its devotees. Indeed, it would scarcely be unfair to say that pure science is to-day regarded with a sort of reverence which recalls the adulation formerly lavished on theology. It is surrounded with an emotional aura which disturbs the mental equilibrium of all who come into contact with it. This aura suggests —as it were—to those who enter its atmosphere, that pure science has a nobler sanction than applied science, and that in some mysterious sense, it is the custodian of an infallible and universal knowledge.

Eddington himself reveals the force of the collective hypnosis which affects even the strongest minds that pass within the charmed circle. He finds it quite impossible to imagine any approximation to the human stage of life on any other planet in the cosmos. Our own life, he thinks, was made possible by a series of "miraculous" accidents which inaugurated, maintained and developed the necessary conditions of organic evolution. "I feel inclined to claim that *at the present time* our race is supreme; and not one of the profusion of stars in their myriad clusters looks down on scenes comparable to those which are passing beneath the rays of the sun" (*op. cit.*, p. 178). One would not enjoy the task of reconciling these words with his conception of a "background" of the cosmos, in which "we may find a Power greater than but akin to consciousness".

To a layman it is obvious that, in spite of himself, Eddington shares one of the most common of scientific prejudices, that consciousness is a casual and abnormal by-product of a Nature which is essentially inanimate. Doubtless, many causes have coöperated towards the shaping of this prejudice, but one of these causes is obvious, and is, in fact, indicated by Eddington in the first of the passages quoted. Pure science deals with problems which are more abstract than those of applied science, but its methods of investigation do not essentially differ from those of the engineer. The pure scientist can only study what can be measured; consciousness cannot be measured; therefore, he cannot study consciousness. Unfortunately, he goes farther and draws an inference which is in no way justified by the facts that he can study, and which is a flat denial of his own experience. Because consciousness cannot be included in the curriculum of his science, he infers that it must be an inconsequential factor, a sort of infinitesimal which may be omitted from his accounts. It is

not suggested that this inference is always made deliberately; but the general tone of scientific thought reveals a subconscious indifference to the fact of consciousness which is apparent even when some exceptional scientist makes a strong effort and admits that, after all, consciousness may have some significance.

It would seem that pure science is faced with a situation which allows no compromise. Either it must accept the narrow rôle which Eddington proposes, and confine itself to the labour of measuring the measurable,—in which case it must leave the unmeasurable alone in theory as well as in practice; or it must modify its method so as to include the unmeasurable as an object of study. It must omit all reference to consciousness, or it must evolve a science of consciousness.

Madame Blavatsky said in *The Secret Doctrine:* "Accept the explanations and teachings of Occultism, and—the blind inertia of Physical Science being replaced by the intelligent active Powers behind the veil of Matter—motion and inertia become subservient to those Powers. It is on the doctrine of the illusive nature of Matter, and the infinite divisibility of the Atom, that the whole Science of Occultism is built. It opens limitless horizons to Substance, informed by the divine breath of its Soul in every possible state of tenuity, states still undreamed of by the most spiritually disposed Chemists and Physicists" (ed. 1893; I, 566).

When Madame Blavatsky wrote these words, she was stating the case for a science of consciousness against the naïve materialists of the Victorian Age. Extraordinary changes have ensued in natural science since her time. For one thing, materialists have become much less naïve. But there is no sign of the beginning of a genuine study of consciousness in the scientific world to-day. Science has merely proceeded with its work of building an edifice of inferences upon the axiom that only the measurable is the real.

The actual status of the electronic theory illustrates the ***reductio ad absurdum*** to which science has been brought, for it began by postulating the fundamental and sole reality of "matter", and it has finally been led by a chain of deductions based upon that postulate to deny the existence of matter and, therefore, to destroy the value of the postulate. There seems to be a widely diffused opinion that the revolution in physics has overthrown materialism and will culminate in a general spiritual awakening. There is, however, another possibility,—that it will end in a vacuum.

Without question, contemporary physics bears little outward resemblance to the conventional science of our grandparents. Sir James Jeans says in *The Mysterious Universe* (p. 83): "The tendency of modern physics is to resolve the whole material universe into waves, and nothing but waves. These waves are of two kinds: bottled-up waves, which we call matter, and unbottled waves, which we call radiation or light." The supposedly indivisible atom of Nineteenth Century theory, which was said to resemble a very tiny billiard-ball, has been split up into a congeries of particles charged with electricity. Although these particles, the protons and electrons, have mass—a mass, incidentally,

which varies with their speed—under certain conditions they do not behave like corpuscles but like waves. As Jeans suggests, the wave seems to be the fundamental "form" in Nature.

Gross matter is thus reduced to a subjective quality, like colour and sound, which we attribute to "objective realities". Another disaster, equally severe, has overtaken the old-fashioned materialists. The mechanistic hypothesis, the notion that all motions in Nature are as calculable as the motions of a machine, has been seriously questioned. The quantum theory, in its later developments, suggests that at the origin of all phenomenal change there is a "principle of indeterminacy". It is no longer possible to affirm, with an air of unqualified assurance, that a given event must follow a given cause, but only that it is the event which is most likely to occur.

In many ways, these developments of physics recall certain ideas set forth by Madame Blavatsky and by earlier occultists. The illusory nature of gross matter has been recognized, and the atom has been divided, if not infinitely, at least so radically that it is impossible to imagine any resemblance between its components, and little billiard-balls or any other known bodies. Blind inertia is no longer regarded as the basic property of all physical things. The theory that gravitation is an electro-magnetic phenomenon is a *rapprochement* to the occult view; and the idea that matter does not differ in its subtile properties from radiation, suggests the occult conception of the substantiality of Force (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 532, *seq.*).

The student of Theosophy cannot fail to be impressed by these and other correspondences between modern scientific theory and the traditional doctrines of occultism. However, it would be improper to emphasize the correspondences unduly. The scientists themselves are unaware of them, as indeed is natural, for the principles of occultism are not their principles. "The Occultist", says Madame Blavatsky, "sees in the manifestation of every force in Nature, the action of the quality, or the special characteristic of its Noumenon; which Noumenon is a distinct and intelligent Individuality *on the other side of the manifested mechanical Universe*" (*op. cit.*, I, 536). On the other hand, the modern scientist has never detached himself from the notion that the explanation of phenomena can only be found through the mathematical exposition of the metrical properties of the phenomena themselves.

In their pursuit of these metrical qualities, contemporary physicists have gone much farther than their predecessors. It would seem, in fact, that they have gone as far as it is possible to go towards the elucidation of objective realities in terms of inanimate properties alone. However, the inadequacy of their methods of research has been shown by the fact that as they penetrate more deeply into "matter", they find it increasingly difficult to describe what they find. This explains the ardour with which they have turned for help to the higher mathematicians whose chief business in life seems to be to describe the indescribable.

In the earlier days of the electronic theory it was still possible to represent the electron as a conventional, three-dimensional corpuscle. But later experi-

ments have made it impossible to keep this simple picture. With expert mathematical assistance, the "atom of electricity" was transferred into a space of four dimensions, the fourth dimension being time. It was inferred that electromagnetic phenomena "occur, not in space and time separately, but in space and time welded together". But a four-dimensional entity has only a reflected and symbolic existence in three-dimensional space, as a sphere has only a reflected and symbolic existence in a mirror. From the point of view of a three-dimensional entity, the electron as a thing in itself cannot be represented save as an abstraction, a mathematical factor, a thing as remote from concrete experience as the square root of minus one. As the Schoolmen amused themselves by imagining a God who was a bundle of contradictory qualities, so the modern mathematical physicist relieves the tedium of three-dimensional existence with speculations upon the anomalies of another existence, in a space of four or five or any number of dimensions. By this means, he is able to describe, in terms of "pure thought", a particle which is also not a particle but a wave, or which is both a particle and a wave simultaneously.

One can now begin to appreciate dimly the doctrine, so concisely stated by Sir James Jeans, that "the final truth about a phenomenon resides in the mathematical description of it." From the modernistic universe, force and electricity as entities have disappeared as completely as gross matter. Nothing is left but a mathematical formula. Nothing is left of the phenomenal world except a bundle of metric properties and the multi-dimensional continuum which contains them.

Anyone might assert that in so far as the universe can be reduced to metric properties, it is describable by a mathematical formula. But ultra-modern physics describes the universe *as* a mathematical formula. It virtually identifies pure mathematics with the Creative Art which is practised by Nature. "Nature seems very conversant with the rules of pure mathematics, as our mathematicians have formulated them in their studies, out of their own inner consciousness and without drawing to any appreciable extent on their experience of the outer world. By 'pure mathematics' is meant those departments of mathematics which are creations of pure thought, of reason operating solely within her own sphere, as contrasted with 'applied mathematics' which reasons about the external world, after first taking some supposed property of the external world as its raw material" (Jeans, *op. cit.*, p. 138).

There is an increasing tendency, especially among astronomers, to force the data of their observations into the preconceived moulds of a few theories which belong by right of birth to the realm of the purest mathematics. For example, there is the theory of the curvature of space. This originated as an inference, an intellectual invention without reference to experience. But the astronomers are now almost literally moving heaven and earth in their efforts to find evidence that objective space is curved in some way or other. If one may judge by precedent, they will find what they seek,—which does not mean that in good time there will not be others who will seek evidence against the theory and who will also find what they seek. In any case, it is a very dangerous

practice to cultivate deliberately the habit of fitting facts to theories, for no one can indulge this habit without yielding subconsciously to the temptation to reject the facts which do not fit.

After all this, it is not surprising that the Spirit of Laputa should be formally deified. In spite of Eddington's warning, there is a potent urge to conceive a God "in terms of metrical equations". Even mathematicians are not immune to the weakness recorded by Xenophanes of Colophon: "If oxen and lions had hands and could fashion images as men do, they would make images of the gods in their own likeness."

Speaking unofficially of course, Sir James Jeans writes: "We have already considered with disfavour the possibility of the universe having been planned by a biologist or an engineer; from the intrinsic evidence of his creation, the Great Architect of the Universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician" (*op. cit.*, p. 144).

So far no one seems to have undertaken to prove mathematically the experienced truth of his own consciousness; but this would be no more difficult than to "prove" the existence of the Divine. It is impossible to "prove" such things, but fortunately it is also unnecessary. The mystical philosophers of India affirmed as the most certain of all axioms the Reality of the Self and the oneness of the Self with the Divine Essence of all consciousness. They did not make a serious effort to demonstrate these fundamentals by argument, for they knew that no man can be brought by reason to believe in truths which cannot even be imagined until they are experienced.

Some people might prefer almost any God to one who is a mathematician—only that and nothing more. They need not concern themselves. Doubtless, God is the purest mathematical Intelligence, but He cannot be the Spirit of Laputa. As a mystic has said, it is impossible to limit the number of His attributes, if He be God. In God are the essences of all qualities, for where else could they be? He must synthesize in Himself not only mathematics but also the purest biology and the purest engineering science, and in addition have an infinity of other talents, some of them even more "sympathetic".

It is interesting to note what an occultist has written upon the idea of a four-dimensional space. The following passage from *The Secret Doctrine* has an added significance, inasmuch as it illustrates the way in which the science of consciousness can illumine a particular problem of physical science.

"The qualities, or what is perhaps the best available term, the characteristics of matter, must clearly bear a direct relation always to the senses of man. Matter has extension, colour, motion (molecular motion), taste and smell, corresponding to the existing senses of man, and the next characteristic it develops—let us call it for the moment 'Permeability'—will correspond to the next sense of man, which we may call 'Normal Clairvoyance'. Thus, when some bold thinkers have been thirsting for a fourth dimension, to explain the passage of matter through matter . . . , they have been in want of a *sixth characteristic* of matter. The three dimensions belong really to only one attribute, or char-

acteristic, of matter—extension; and popular common sense justly rebels against the idea that, under any condition of things, there can be more than three of such dimensions, as length, breadth, and thickness" (I, 272).

It is here suggested that the human race—with few exceptions—has not yet developed a sense corresponding to the material characteristic of permeability. Nevertheless, this characteristic seems even now to be cognized by a vague intuition, and some of the difficulties of scientific expression might be obviated or reduced, if some attention were paid to this intuition.

For example, there is the problem suggested by Jeans' statement that "no matter how far we retreat from an electrified particle, we cannot get outside the range of its attractions and repulsions. This shows that an electron must, in a certain sense, at least, occupy the whole of space" (*op. cit.*, p. 58).

This universality of the electron may be interpreted as an actual instance of permeability. Its significance may be illustrated by the fact that Jeans' words —just as they stand—might have been used by a mystical philosopher to symbolize the experience which brings to the individual soul the sense of its identity of essence with the Universal Soul.

If permeability cannot be perceived outwardly, it can be felt inwardly, in some measure, by everyone. We are all conscious of our bodies as organic units, for whenever we receive an impression through one of the senses, the impression is experienced as an undivided part of our general bodily consciousness. We do not think of our hands as belonging to us more or less essentially than our feet. The body is a united life made up of many lesser "lives" which participate equally in the greater life which synthesizes them. By analogy, if we imagine the physical universe as an organism, in terms of consciousness it becomes intelligible to say that "an electron must in a certain sense at least occupy the whole of space", for an electron may be supposed to correspond with the living principle of one of the cells of an animal or vegetable body.

According to the mystical tradition, the various states of matter mirror corresponding states of consciousness. Thus, the occultist would interpret electro-magnetic phenomena as symbols and expressions, upon their plane, of the same principles which preside over our individual lives. This seems to express the essential meaning of the ancient maxim: "Man is the measure of all things".

It may seem fantastic to assume that electrified particles illustrate universal spiritual principles. But ideas about the fantastic change from age to age. Possibly some future generation, farther removed from the Spirit of Laputa, will classify our age as one of the most credulous in history, because we found it easier to believe in the square root of minus one than in the universal reality of consciousness.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

WAR MEMORIES

XIII

London during the War

WHEN our hospital staff was at last officially disbanded at that quaint old town, St. Omer (most of it to be drafted into other hospitals almost immediately, I imagine), I turned my face homeward; crossed the Channel without mishap, and reached London in due course. Urgent family affairs had recalled me, and I knew that they were likely to keep me there for some time, so I prepared for a very different kind of life to that which I had just left. I really had not been gone so very long (though it seemed to me like ages), and most of my friends had themselves been so busy—busy with their own Wartime occupations—that they had not even noted my absence. In the overcrowded days through which we were all struggling, we saw only those with whom our immediate work associated us; the very best of friends often did not meet for months on end, unless a rare chance or a common employment brought them together. So, for the most part, we slipped in and out of the country unknown to them; known only to the Secret Service, the police and the Scotland Yard officials at the port from which we sailed, or by which we returned. Realizing this to be the case, I was therefore not surprised when, meeting an old friend the day after my return, I was greeted hastily and casually with: "Hello! Haven't seen you for a blue moon; still rolling bandages in Knightsbridge?"—which is what, in part-time, I had been doing before I got my "billet" in the Ypres salient.

I was on my way to an appointment in the Strand, and as I passed Charing Cross Station, I saw, by the crowd which had gathered there, that a hospital train was just in, and that some of the ambulances had already been loaded, and were pulling slowly and carefully out through the gates. This first homecoming of the wounded was always an irresistible attraction, for the joy on the faces of most of those men, even the most severely mutilated (the "Blighty smile" we called it)—the joy of knowing themselves home at last, was a good thing to see. The crowd was quite large, as it almost invariably was in these circumstances, and I began to wonder how I could work my way inconspicuously through it, and so get nearer to those men fresh from France—perhaps, even, I might see one of my very own! As it chanced, I was still in my nurse's uniform (the reason for this being the simple fact that, for the moment, I had nothing else to wear), and to my surprise as well as secret satisfaction, those standing nearest to me stepped aside (thinking no doubt, that I might be "official"), so that little by little I got through. Of course, I had no more right there than anyone else—although that made no difference to me just then!—and I moved forward, and stood not far from the spot where the loading was going on.

Hospital ambulances are made to carry four men, but if the cases are very severe, the number is often restricted to two, thus affording more room for a nurse; sometimes a doctor as well. On this occasion I saw that only two stretchers were being shot into the ambulance nearest me, and that a nurse followed, standing quietly between them, and as congested traffic in the Strand had delayed, for a few moments, the steady exit of the wounded, I had time, as I stood there, to take part in a quick-passing scene, which I can never quite forget. I could see the occupants plainly (both mere boys), and I saw one of them stretch out his hand, grasping the sleeve of the other eagerly, impulsively, feverishly.

"I s'y—*we're in Blighty!*" he whispered hoarsely.

But the other did not respond. He lay there rigidly, with staring eyes, terrible eyes, eyes that you wanted to cover.

"Hush!" said the nurse, gently, "he can't hear you."

"Oh, but, Sister—I s'y!" protested the youngster, "*tell 'im we're in Blighty*—'e *must* 'ear that—it'll *cure* 'im!"

"Hush, boy", she said again, softly, "don't disturb him, he needs rest", and she laid a quiet, soothing hand on the pillow, beside the head of that silent, staring sufferer.

But as she did this, he gave a hideous, convulsive shudder, and turned away, and lay there panting, like a hunted thing.

"Why don't 'e 'ear me?" groaned the other boy, "'e's my chum, 'e is—'e ain't dead, is 'e?"

"No, he's not dead", answered the nurse, kindly and reassuringly, "but I tell you he needs rest. By and by he'll know where he is, I hope, but you must not disturb him now",—and then the ambulance began slowly to move forward.

"Shell-shock", I thought, and I myself could not avoid a convulsive shudder, "the deadliest thing of all!" and I followed, half mechanically, along the narrow, curving pavement.

The usual Charing Cross flower-women, stout and matronly, with their large baskets full of roses and bunches of dark, sweet-smelling violets, were gathered at the gates, and one of them, wearing the traditional shawl pinned tightly over her ample shoulders, the traditional black bonnet fastened at an uncomplimentary angle to the very back of her head, came forward and threw a few of her flowers into the ambulance.

"Bless yer, me lads—may God bless yer!" she called heartily, but with a choke in her voice. "I seen one o' me own lads pass through these same 'ere gates larst week—God bless yer!" she called after them.

One of her roses fell lightly, delicately on the blanket of the shell-shocked boy, and again that violent tremor seized him; again he drew back as if to hide somewhere within himself, and lay there staring, staring, still panting like a hunted thing—*he* did not know that he was home!

There are some strange people who have a contempt for fear in others, and I have usually found that they are the people whose individual courage (whose weakest spot) has never really been tested; those who have, therefore, never been subjected to fear's devastating effect. Invariably I hope that they may

one day find themselves in circumstances where every bone in their body seems suddenly to turn to jelly; it will be the surest cure for their particular kind of dull, unthinking cruelty, and not until this has happened to them, at least to some degree, will they be qualified to speak. Not long ago, I glanced through a book on the War, the author of which spoke of shell-shocked men in a disdainful tone, calling them of the weaker-minded class.[1] Whoever he may be, I heartily wish him the experience I speak of—it may help to humanize him, if that still be possible. All men are not cast in the same mould; all men do not react to the same danger. The poet has a different set of impressions to those of the so-called man-in-the-street; what is an overwhelming horror to one, may be almost unfelt by another standing shoulder-to-shoulder with him—*anyone* ought to realize that. Some of the bravest men I have known, have told me without hesitation that many times during the War, fear had almost paralyzed them; it had been so great that they had acted like automata, and could not remember a single thing they had done. Most men who fought in the Great War were able so far to conquer fear (if they felt it), that they could "carry on"; but some, particularly some of the boys, taken unaware, broke under it—we do not always know when our hearts are going to crack. No one would dream of advocating fear, of course, for, that there are very few occasions when fear is not a pure regard for self, can hardly be denied; but the so-called "utterly fearless" man merely has his own lower nature to combat under another guise—a guise perhaps less superficially obvious to himself.

I knew a young student at University College, London, just before the War broke on us. He was rather pale-faced; perhaps, even, some of us thought him a trifle effeminate, but he was among the first to join up. I dare say that boy's heart was in his boots all the time before he was sent out, though naturally he kept this to himself; I daresay he almost died of "funk" as the casualty lists came pouring in; but when he was called—*he went!* And with a smile too! Later, he did die, out in Gallipoli, and of shell-shock; but despite the cry of weak human nature in him, he had had courage enough and to spare when it came to the initial "signing on for the duration", and when the time came, he faced with as stiff a courage as he could muster, the unspeakable horror of seeing his comrades blown into unrecognizable shreds and rags around him. To-day his name stands on the long Roll of Honour listed in the wide hallway of University College—that long splendid row of tablets which a younger generation now too often hurries past, with the breezy forgetfulness of youth; but we who knew him, and knew that his courage was greater than his fear, have not forgotten him, and we remember with pride that he was with the

[1] This was especially unfair and foolish as many cases of shell-shock were not in the least due to fear, but to other causes. Drummond's Medical Dictionary, quoting Mott's Chadwick Lecture of 1917, says that "shell-shock may be defined as a 'group of varying signs and symptoms indicative of loss of functions and disorder of functions of the central nervous system arising from sudden or prolonged exposure to forces generated by high explosives,'" among these forces being the aerial disturbance produced by bursting shells. "The aerial wave compression is believed to affect arterial pressure in the body by causing changes in the atmospheric pressure" (Dorland). Shock, medically, is synonymous with "collapse", and may happen to anyone as a result of injury to the nerves, whether caused mentally and emotionally, or physically. Serious nervous injury may cause instantaneous death (Drummond).—EDITORS.

very first to answer his country's call, and whether he died of shell-shock or of wounds, he gave what he had—*his life*.

No one who has ever seen a bad case of shell-shock can forget it. It is the most mysterious, the most pitiable, the most heart-rending result of the War which you could find—far worse, even, than the "faceless man". The badly shell-shocked man has, in a certain sense, simply ceased to be. Often the less serious cases recover—at least they appear to do so; the bad cases seldom, if ever, I believe,—completely. As a rule, my personal hope has been that they would *not* recover. I never heard any more about that trembling, staring, agonizing boy in the ambulance at Charing Cross the day after my return, but I think he would have been one of whose death I should wish to be assured.

I have said that our friends were somewhat casual as to our goings and comings; not so the police—not as a rule, at least; though I remember a ridiculous situation connected with them. As far as I can recall, it was about this time that the law for the registration of aliens became more stringent; it was before the matter was well organized, however; before it had been centralized at Bow Street, as it was later—at Bow Street, where the intricacies of it were well understood. The rules at this time required all aliens to register "at the nearest police station", immediately on arrival in the country, and I was cautioned about this by someone who realized that I probably did not yet know how serious the spy menace had become. You were given twenty-four hours in which to register, and if you failed to comply with these regulations, there was a severe penalty,—one hundred pounds or six months imprisonment, I think. It so chanced that my "nearest police station" was a dim, "one-horse" looking little place at the end of a kind of alley, not far from where I was temporarily stopping, and when I went in, armed with my passport, my identity book, my rationing card, and everything else which I thought might be of use, I found only two young policemen there, both of whom seemed to have plenty of time at their disposal, and both of whom greeted me courteously.

"There are evidently not many aliens in *this* quarter", I thought, "otherwise I'd probably have to stand in a queue."

An experience of many years has convinced me that the London police are the best-mannered, the most even-tempered set of men of their profession in the world. They are seldom really "professional" save in the quietest, most unostentatious way; they are never the looking-for-trouble kind. But this *can* be carried rather too far. On this particular occasion, it approached the farcical.

"Good morning", I began cheerfully, glad to see the familiar uniform, and to meet the calm, detached manner again; "I've come to register as an alien", and I took my passport out of my bag, prepared to hand it over, unasked, as evidence of my good faith.

The young policeman who appeared to be in temporary charge, and to whom I had addressed myself, looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said politely:

"You speak very good English, madam."

This surprised me; but while I was wondering what his reason was for saying just *that* (he was the first policeman I had ever met who had volunteered his

personal opinion in the matter),—while I was still wondering about it, he was examining my passport. Presently he handed it back to me.

"I thought you said you were an alien, madam", he remarked, as though the affair did not merit a moment's consideration; as though he were (still very politely, but at random) brushing a fly off the sleeve of his coat, or a cobweb out of his brain; "*You* don't have to register."

"What *do* you mean: 'I don't have to register'?" I asked, not a little puzzled.

"But you are not an alien", he smiled.

"Why, *of course* I am an alien", I insisted, the situation seeming perfectly ludicrous. "You can see for yourself, from my passport, that I am not a British subject; I am an American citizen."

"Well, aren't you now one of our Allies?"—this with complete conviction, and as though it summed up the whole question. "I can't enter your name here as an alien—you're *not* an alien."

I think there must be times in the life of every man (or woman)—especially with one who has wandered much, and who has lived in many lands—when the sense of his own identity seems, in a strange way, suddenly to slink away from him, and to leave him wondering who, after all, he *is*. I believe Ulysses suffered on occasion from some such disconcerting moments; certainly (to choose a more humble example), the classic old woman with her petticoats cut short, even though she had probably never got more than a mile or two from home, experienced the disturbance. This same sensation now began, vaporously, to creep over me. When all was said and done, who was I?—it's a wise man who knows himself! Here were the police of one of the largest cities in the world, assuring me that I was far from understanding my own status. Was this young policeman mad, or was I mad? Was I an alien, or was I not an alien? And I felt that only a Hamlet would possess those powers of introspection which were necessary to meet and cope with my problem. . . . Then light began to dawn—at least I thought it did.

"I didn't say I was an *enemy* alien", I ventured, "but I *am* an alien because I am not a British subject; don't you understand?"—"Fancy having to instruct the Metropolitan Police on this subject, and in Wartime, too!" I laughed to myself.

But he remained politely obdurate. Whether I chanced that morning to be looking particularly innocuous, not to say guileless, or whether he had as yet received no instructions regarding the registration of aliens, I never discovered. We had both of us begun to wear a kind of mask by this time—the only thing left for us to do—and neither really knew what the other was thinking about. However, that "one hundred pounds, or six months imprisonment" for failing to register, was staring me in the face, and I was not going to run the risk of having it imposed on me because a credulous young policeman refused to take my name.

"All right", I said by way of concession, "if you won't write my name on your books, then you must take my visiting card", and I wrote on it my temporary address, the date of my arrival in England, the date also of my visit to that police station, "and when your Chief comes back, you must show it to him. Otherwise," I added laughing (he was so friendly and so bewildered that

he *made* me laugh), "you'll have to pay my 'severe penalty' for me, and knowing what it is, I'm sure you don't want to do that!"

He promised to deliver my card; we parted amicably, and I never heard anything more about it. Presumably, however, that young policeman later learned the difference between an "alien" and an "enemy alien".

Anyone who spent the closing weeks of 1917, and the opening ones of 1918 in England, is likely to remember them as gloomy and depressing. A strange, miasmic cloud seemed for ever gathering at our doors, and few of us realized at the time, I think, where it came from, or just what it was—we only knew that it was there like a malevolent, lurking spectre. Not that in the healthier public mind there was anything save the profound determination to press on to ultimate victory if it took our last man, but there was much (perhaps natural) War-weariness in England among those who had witnessed little but the drab side of the War—those who could not fight; those who had never seen the glory of heroic death on, or straight from, a battle-field; the splendour of desperation in the face of overwhelming odds, where all thought of self was swept away. Perhaps it was only to be expected that a certain pessimism should begin to clutch at the heart of those whose children were feeling the pinch of hunger, as the rationing laws became more strict, more far-reaching; among those who had to stand for long hours in dismal queues, out in the thick, London fog, or the dreary London rain. It was well recognized that these queues were fertile sources of discontent, and it cannot be denied that in some quarters a certain spirit of pacifism was, at this time, growing in Great Britain; but that did not mean that Great Britain was growing pacifist—there is a vast difference. In all periods of history there have been those who wished to follow the easy road, regardless of what was at the end of it; but when Lord Lansdowne threw his bombshell-suggestion of "peace with compromise" into our midst, the loud outcry against the mere idea of such a dishonourable course was unmistakable evidence of the true state of public sentiment.

It was not in Great Britain alone, either, that this new kind of poison was spreading. France had her deadly problem to face with her Malvy, her Bolo, her Caillaux, her Duval, and perhaps it was because of the very brazenness of these treasons, that it was realized there, more than it was even in England or in Italy, from whence the wave of "*défaitisme*" emanated. Germany, foreseeing her rapidly approaching humiliations, was at work, and, as always, this work was underground. But from across the Channel we, in England, heard "the Tiger" roaring, as one by one Malvy, Bolo and the rest were swept aside—there was never any question of compromise where "the Tiger" was concerned.

Yet, for all this dark wave of depression, the military outlook was by no means so desperate,—as we, who passed through those sad days, have come, in retrospect, to realize; for, despite the many blows to allied hopes which the year 1917 had brought (the defection of Russia among the worst), the Allies were recovering themselves in the Near East, and Allenby had entered Jerusalem; Mesopotamia was no longer the "mess pot" which had earned it that name, and the submarine menace which, at the beginning of the year had looked

so formidable, was shown to be very far from having the demoralizing effect upon which the Germans had counted. To the unsleeping watch of the Royal Navy; to the vigilance and daring of the famous Dover Patrol; the chivalrous courage of the Merchant Marine, which was not, in fact, a "fighting service"; more than all else, perhaps, to the nameless heroes, mostly plain fisher-folk, of the little drifters, armed with a single rifle and a few rounds of ammunition, to the obscure and nameless trawlers for mines in the English Channel—those who, knowing the silent, unpublished tragedies of their humble comrades, never faltered in their duty, but braved the danger alone, out on the black and icy waters through long winter nights—to these intrepid sailors of Great Britain do we owe our undying gratitude, and may we never forget it. On the western front too, "signs of the times" had begun to appear, could we but have recognized them, for it was really more in allied control, the allied offensives there having far outnumbered those of the Germans during the twelvemonth just passed, and, perhaps more significant than anything else, the fierce drive toward Cambrai which succeeded the capture of Passchendaele Ridge, which at one moment actually broke through the Hindenburg Line and which came so near to demolishing it completely, is now said by many to have been a forecast of the open warfare which followed in the spring; and the Germans who, in 1914, had so confidently made their detailed arrangements for a theatrical entry into Paris within six weeks; who later planned their "smashing blow" at Verdun, now had to face the fact that, at the end of 1917, even their defensive was, little by little, ignominiously crumbling.

Of course, in England we *did* feel the blockade, and food shortage was inevitable; but we made light of it, and we used to say jestingly, that we should no more think of leaving home in the morning without our sugar and meat tickets, than we should dream of going for a walk without our umbrellas—and anyone who has lived in London knows the place that umbrellas fill in the list of necessities. Lord Rhondda's voice was raised in perpetual warning against waste of any kind whatever, and the Ministry of Food quite justly demanded heavy penalties when "food hoarding" or "profiteering" was discovered. The restricted lighting troubled some of us (if such trifles could be called troublesome), and the scarcity of coal was really a source of great suffering among the poor; but none of these things counted when compared with the *schrecklichkeit* of the Germans who deliberately sank our home-coming hospital ships, time and time again, although invariably these ships had displayed the Red Cross by day and the unmistakable lights at night. We civilians merely "tightened our belts" when hunger attacked us on land, but each time that anything happened to our wounded at sea, there was a tightening of our heartstrings which made us vow that we would never relax our efforts until such unspeakable outrages were stopped.

Naturally we loved and were intensely proud of our wounded, and strange as it may seem, they were often the most cheerful sight we had—those "Blighty smiles" of theirs! There was literally nothing in the world we would not do for them, and everyone bestirred himself on their behalf. London itself had

become a "city of huts"—Y. M. C. A. huts, and "Fortunes of War Cafés" for men on leave, or for the convalescent who were so far recovered as to be able to walk abroad. How they enjoyed this time at home! The streets were full of the happy faces of our dear Tommies, in the gay, bright-blue of their hospital uniforms—rather baggy trousers, short jackets with white facings, red neck-ties, and their own military caps, on which you could note the insignia of each one's regiment. So if it chanced that you already knew another man of the same regiment (perhaps you had helped to take care of him in hospital "over there", or perhaps you had been with him when he died, and could tell what his end had been), you just went up to the bright-blue, red-necktied Tommy in question, and you asked him if he remembered so-and-so. This happened to me in the King's Road one day. I was about to get into a 'bus, when I noticed two men of the "Princess Pat's" hobbling toward me, one on crutches, one on a cane, and I recalled with a pang another "Princess Pat's"—a boy I knew who had died in France, and I felt I *must* ask them if they too had known, and if they remembered him. The face of one brightened as I spoke the familiar name:

"Why, yes, I knew him well, and I wasn't far from him when he was wounded; but I got my own 'Blighty' a little later, and I never heard any more—won't you tell me?"

I invited them into a neighbouring "A. B. C." (this is what we all invariably did on such occasions), and we sat at one of the crude, uncovered, marble-topped tables and drank strong Lipton tea, as black as your shoe, and ate Bath buns and jam roll, and talked of the dead boy—these were the spontaneous incongruities of Wartime experience, but who can say that this informal tea party, which the memory of the dead boy had inspired, was not as genuine a tribute, as true a sign of our affection for him as many a prearranged and perhaps more formal meeting to-day.

Our Tommies were always singing, whether they were badly wounded, whether they had just come from or were just returning to the trenches—it seemed to make no difference. They would sing in the Recreation Huts, or in the streets and parks. You would be going along the Kilburn High Road, perhaps, and you would suddenly hear two or three strong young voices, with a deliberate and dolefully-mocking drawl:

"I want to go 'ome,
I want to go *'ome*,
I don't want to go to the trenches no more,
. . . . . .
Oh my!
I don't want to die,
I want to go *'o-m-e!*"

—and you would know that those youngsters were having a very good time indeed, for that was the "Tommy spirit". Those "Tommy Songs" were foolish enough, as everyone knew, but we became almost achingly fond of them, be-

cause so many tragically-comic associations clung to the memory of them, and I doubt if any one of us could hear those songs to-day without a lump in his throat. I knew a boy in France who, not an hour before the end, wheezed out that very song, merrily. "Mustn't mind these 'ere trifles," he chuckled, referring to the stumps where both his legs had been amputated—as though they were his socks or his boots! A few minutes later, he *had* started on his journey "home".

The West End too, was always full of officers—officers old and young—many of whom had come from the far ends of the earth to offer their service and their lives. Most (or so it seemed), were crippled past mending; disabled past hope of recovery—an arm or a leg gone, or both; but that superb and dauntless spirit which already we had come to know in France; that power of theirs to rise above the petty, temporal, personal ills; that spirit which life in the trenches had fostered and matured, shone in their faces as they limped along, each man appearing completely to ignore his own disabilities, and to be conscious only of those brother officers who were worse off than himself. That splendid comradeship which a common danger, a hardship shared, had nurtured, was noticeable to the least attentive of us—in fact you did not just "notice" it; it was so strong that it seized and held you, tangibly. And you knew, moreover, that before the War most of these had been the ordinary run of men, with the ordinary faults and vices, unredeemed. Men who had been self-indulgent, self-centred, self-conscious, insular before they went to the front (to France or to the East), now looked out on a wholly different world; a world full of brother-men; and the vision which had come to them "over there", perhaps when, for the first time, they had faced the "zero hour", and knew what it was to get "your first peep into eternity, don't you know!" (as a young subaltern once confided shyly to me)—that vision was still theirs. What did *they* care for lesser things?

There are sceptics to-day who have either forgotten these subtile yet palpable transformations of vast armies of men—things that were apparent to us all—or who profess an unbelief that they ever existed to the extent which some of us, who do not so easily forget, insist upon. Insensibility of this kind is greatly to be pitied, for such people have lost a noble and uplifting memory, from which some of us would not part for anything we know.

London was the home of thousands of small shrines—reminders of those we loved. You came upon them at street corners; in little, dark, windy alleys like that running out of Farm Street, and leading into the wide, quiet, green church enclosure beyond. You always found a few flowers in the water-filled vases, for these small shrines were where the Roll of Honour recorded the names of the men of that particular district who had died in the War. At the top of most of them you read: "For God, King and Country", and directly underneath: "Greater love hath no man." The list of names followed, and if you took note of it, from week to week or month to month, as I used to do on that little, half hidden shrine near the Farm Street church, you would see each time that a few names had been added, perhaps a great many—these lists were

for ever growing. Sometimes a woman in deep mourning could be seen, carefully putting a few roses into the vases which were already full of flowers; sometimes a group of young people, speaking in low tones of a brother, or a near relative whom they had known well. And still these lists grew and grew—how could it be otherwise, if we were to "see things through to a finish"?

Of course we had our air raids—I watched a magnificent one, under quite ideal circumstances one night. I had gone that evening on necessary business connected with our work, to some friends who lived on the fringe of Hampstead Heath, not far from the spot made famous by Constable—the spot where, to the north, you can see so deliciously far across the rolling Heath; while to the south you overlook the whole of London spread generously out below you, with Westminster and St. Paul's rising conspicuously above the lower buildings; with the Tower Bridge stretching itself gigantically, like a saurian reptile, across the wide curve of the Thames, even to the warm hill-sides of Surrey beyond. It was rather a reckless undertaking to go so far from the centre of things at night, for taxis, at this period of the War, took you only where the driver himself wanted to go—even if you came upon a taxi at all. You were generally asked: "Which way, please?" before you were allowed to get in, and if you answered: "Queen's Gate", and the driver happened to be headed toward Park Lane, you would receive a brief: "Sorry!", and would find that your foot, which perhaps you had hopefully but foolishly placed on the step, would suddenly be hanging in the air, as the taxi jerked itself heartlessly away. However, the meeting in question was important, and I thought I would take my chances. I am glad I did, for, shortly before midnight, we heard the sound of distant firing; the raiders had crept in over the Kentish coast, hidden by a slight haze, and the anti-aircraft guns of the outer defences had gone into action before we, in the London area, had been notified of the enemy's approach by the maroons —one of the "Take cover" signals. We hastily threw on some wraps and went out, but we had almost to grope our way, for there was not a light in the streets as we stumbled along, and when we reached that famous high, clear spot where, on pre-War nights, we had so often looked down on the great city, bright and shining like a lambent sea far below us, we now felt that we were looking into illimitable, unfathomable space, where all was abysmal darkness, save for the blinding shafts of the search-lights, which made that vast ocean of obscurity, that stygian gloom from which they seemed miraculously to leap, the more profound because of the contrast. It really was a most wonderful spectacle, viewed from that height; it was as though we were looking out on the birth of a universe, with the awful, unapproachable loneliness of Creation unrolling before our eyes: darkness on the face of the deep; the great, sweeping pathways of light seeming to conceal a primordial force; it was like a cosmic process: nothing but light and darkness—nothing else having come as yet into being. Then, gradually, that magnificent illusion was dissipated, for the raiders had crept nearer, breaking through the outer lines of defences and penetrating the second line; flying now over London itself. They were a long distance from us at first, but we had a fine view of the bursting shrapnel from the anti-aircraft

guns—it looked like a shimmering curtain of fire, which, indeed it was. We saw the explosions of the falling bombs, and we heard the loud detonations; but when we began to hear the demoniac whistling as the bombs themselves rushed downward; when we began to hear the droning of the aeroplanes—that curious, all-pervading drone which seemed always to fill the air, to occupy solidly all the space around you, so that you could never be quite sure from which direction the enemy was actually coming—when we began to hear that, we knew it was time to take cover, and we stumbled hastily home again, and so to comparative safety.

At the beginning of the winter I had done various kinds of work, chiefly for the Canadian Red Cross, and wonderfully organized I found it. I visited hospitals where wounded Canadians were known to have arrived, my duty being to send in rather long and detailed reports (which, of course, had to be very accurate), beginning with their regimental number, full name, rank (whether private, Corporal or Sergeant—I had no officers then), the nature of their wounds, the name and address of the member of their family or of their friends to whom we were to write concerning their progress or their death, and so on. It sometimes took hours just to get the lists copied out when I returned at night, from the notebook which had perhaps travelled all over London with me during the day, for I was given many hospitals to visit, and often, after a push in which the Canadians had taken part, there were many of them in each hospital. But it was really not the arranging and copying of my lists which took the greater part of the time; it was those boys themselves, for, of course, they all wanted to *talk;* to talk to any of us who were "visitors"—heavens how they wanted to talk!—and if a wounded man says he *must* talk, that he had not seen any women-folk literally for months, you certainly cannot tell him that you have a lot to do, that you are in a hurry and have no time to listen. So those cold, foggy, cheerless afternoons used to disappear with distracting swiftness, and the hour when hospital regulations made it necessary for all visitors to leave, usually arrived long before I felt I had even begun to "assemble my facts". But I always went back in a day or two, to see how any of the more severely wounded men were getting on, and after a while I became such a nuisance in some of the hospitals where I went often, that when the visitor's bell rang for the "time's up" signal, the head nurse of the ward I happened to be in, would smile at me indulgently (her rigid discipline failing her when it came to cutting short a talk about "home"), and I knew by that smile that I was to be allowed to stop a little longer—those ward Sisters were kindness itself. So, altogether, with other odds and ends of work, my time was quite well filled.

About Christmas, however, I got a modest position (only temporary—replacing a V. A. D. who was ill) in one of the large Military Hospitals in the south of London, and thus I found myself once more in the now familiar routine of a nurse's life. It was an officers' hospital, and I was in a ward where the recovery of many of the men was more than doubtful. The drive on Cambrai

had taken place, and it is well known what that cost in lives and in severely wounded; though the German losses, as is also well known, far outnumbered our own.

Any hospital ward during the War was a strange combination of age, of types, of disposition, and of interests; but there was invariably one thing present which amalgamated that fortuitous and indiscriminate mixture—the persistent, unflagging good spirits which prevailed. Never did you hear one word of complaint, no matter how devastating the disablement of some of these men was; never a look or even the shadow of a look of self-pity, no matter how black the future must have appeared to many of them. They always seemed to think, and they always said that they had "got off with a scratch"; even the obviously dying, if they could speak at all, declared that they were "top form" or "in the pink". I have been taken to task, on more than one occasion, for idealizing this state of heart and mind among the allied wounded of the Great War; I have been told that the inevitable "grouser", the habitual fault-finder, must *often* have been there because he has always, since the beginning of time, been everywhere else in large numbers, no matter what the conditions. As a consequence of this friendly remonstrance I have given the matter some thought, and I admit that it may seem to be entirely justified; I can only say, however, that in honestly endeavouring to call to mind any men (out of the hundreds, I might even say thousands, with whom I came into daily contact during all those years)—any who showed a murmuring and querulous spirit, only two are remembered, and these were met at long intervals, and in different countries. Perhaps the professional grumbler *was* there by the dozen, but *I* did not meet him—the "courage of laughter" was unfailing. Since, however, I am trying to be strictly truthful, I am forced to admit that these two individuals alone made adequate compensation, by their own behaviour, for the complete *lack* of pusillanimity in all the other hundreds or thousands of Allies put together!

This spirit of quiet, wholly unconscious moral courage was something you never quite got used to; I think perhaps you had to *see* it, to believe it. After the first exchange of greetings between a new arrival and an old patient, who might be lying in the adjoining bed, it was always:

"Where are you from?" (This did not mean: "Where is your home?" but: "On which front did you get your wound?").

"St. Quentin," the reply would be, perhaps.

"What's the latest there?" would follow quickly. "How's our line holding? Tell us all you know," and this, even when the news was likely to be ancient history, because the new-comer might have been kept some time in France, before being sent home.

Afterwards would come a light, rather general question as to the nature of the wounds themselves:

"What did you get?"

"Oh, not much—both feet off, that's all."

There might follow a moment's silence on the part of the one who had made

the inquiry, perhaps even a low whistle; but the one who had given the cool, utterly unemotional answer, would return to the more interesting discussion of conditions at the front. It was the *fight* which was always the first as well as the last consideration with them; and as for each one's personal disaster—after the first, rather unconcerned mention of it, it was simply ignored. Once they had learned the worst from the C. O. or the Matron (that an arm or a leg would have to go, or whatever it might be), there was no further reference to it. So our ward was a wonderfully gay place, the wounded vying with each other to keep the ball of merriment rolling; there never was a hint of melancholy or of tragedy and, although death from time to time took some, every one of those who were left continued to "play the game" up to the very end.

The weeks flew by; March came, and with it came the Battle of Picardy. The Germans were making their supreme effort to crush France—an effort which in the very beginning of the War had been frustrated by the unexpected check at the Battle of the Marne. The great and terrible Spring Offensive had opened, and that, of course, meant that our hospital began to be filled to overflowing by the huge convoys of our wounded which, escaping the perils of the mine and submarine-infested Channel, were brought to us. The tables down the centre of our ward—tables which had always been loaded with flowers—had to be removed, a double line of beds replacing them, but we never seemed to be quite able to make room enough, for still that pitiful wreckage from the battle-fields of France washed in at our doors. Of course everybody worked full steam ahead, but despite the fine organization of our hospital, we seemed at times hardly to make any impression on the ghastliness of that situation. Many of these anguishingly wounded men were slowly, slowly dying—dying by inches; many could hardly speak, but that fighting look never left their faces, and those who were delirious, as not a few were, fought on through their dreams; they went on killing Huns. In the stillness of the night watches, when the darkened ward was one long shadow, you would be startled by a high, sharp voice, raised almost to a shout: "Come out of there, you swine!—take that!" and you would hardly know whether to be the more glad that the fight was still on, or whether to be the more anxious about that man in his delirium.

One grey and chilly afternoon, when the dusk was gathering, a fresh lot of wounded arrived, and a number who were in a very grave condition were sent to our ward. As the stretchers were brought slowly in, I stood at the foot of an empty bed, ready for whatever I might be called upon to do, while one of the Sisters took charge of a very badly wounded young officer, with white, strained face and half closed eyes, his feeble strength almost gone after the fatigue of the journey. In the adjoining bed was another young officer, recently arrived (one of our severest cases—fearful head wounds, among other things), but as he watched the new-comer being put swiftly and gently to bed by the Sister, I saw him suddenly half raise himself, and a look of blank astonishment come into his face—he looked, and then he looked again, as though to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then a jubilant young voice rang out—

a strong and steady voice which seemed to belie the tell-tale, bandage-swathed head:

"Well upon my soul! You priceless old thing! Do you mean to say you've not gone West yet?"

The new-comer, twisting himself round painfully, in the direction from which the unexpected voice had come, opened his eyes and returned that look of astonishment with interest, while slowly a look of amazed recognition stole over his drawn and grimly set face, and slowly, rather gaspingly the answer came:

"Well what in hell—(Oh, I'm sorry, Sister!)—well what the devil—(Oh, Sister!)—well what in God's name are *you* doing here?—why, I left you dead on that beastly little hump of a ridge—out there near Merville—must have spent my sympathy—on the wrong man!" and he sank back, exhausted.

The other gazed at him, almost in stupefaction; he could not seem to take his eyes off him; evidently he could hardly believe his own eyes.

" . . . *here!* . . . in the very next bed too . . . well, I'll be damned!" I heard him exclaim to himself, in an undertone, as he, in his turn, sank back on his pillows.

By this time there was, of course, not a little excitement at our end of the ward. Many of the patients had heard that first cry of astonished recognition, and everyone (I not least) wondered what it was all about. Then, little by little, we learned that these two, who were old schoolmates, had joined up at the same time, and having been drafted into the same regiment, had been together in that terrible fight when the British, "with their backs to the wall", as Sir Douglas Haig had said, tried to stem the onrush of the Germans who had made a three-mile breach in our line, and who had swept through Armentières and beyond. It was one of the blackest hours of the War, and this reunion in a London hospital was little short of a miracle. But that both these boys had come home only to die, was more than evident to us who were caring for them, and as a matter of fact the end was even nearer for one, than some of us had imagined; but as they had been in the same form at school, as they had fought side by side in France, so now, side by side, they lay dying in England—it was one of those strange coincidences which do sometimes happen; the kind of fairy-tale which does sometimes mercifully come true. Occasionally, as the days slipped away, they would exchange a few cheery words—usually "chaffing" each other—but despite that spirited, first meeting, and the tremendous fight for life which they both put up, they were far too weak for much more than that, though always, when night came; when the lights were turned low in the ward, they, like so many others, would thank us "for all you do for us—it's simply topping!" And then: "You think we're hard hit—but you ought to see our men, and what *they've* been through! They're perfectly marvellous; drenched to the skin and cold; with blood running out of open wounds, unnoticed by them; they stand there for hours, still throwing bombs—you can hardly get them away; and their feet are sometimes so black and swollen from being waist-deep in the sodden trenches, that they can't get their boots on, and

they can hardly walk—so they *sing!* They'll 'stick' anything!" Always they were thinking of their men.

We worked hard over these two; the Sisters in charge spared themselves nothing, but do what we could, we saw that the one with the frightful head wounds, unable to recover from a severe but necessary operation, was sinking fast. Yet all that last day he lay there smiling through his weakness and his pain, and when (thinking there might be some small thing which could be done) someone would ask him if he was comfortable, he would answer quickly: "Ra-*ther*—top hole!"—until at last, his mind began to wander.

As most of us know, it is not at all uncommon that, when a man is dying, he lives over again, actually and vividly, some particular episode into which he has thrown the whole of himself; so now I heard this boy begin to mutter in his delirium—he was talking with someone:

"Thanks awfully, sir, but you know I *asked* to go—I *want* . . . to . . . ."

Many more broken sentences followed, with long intervals between, and a kind of wild restlessness which seized him—he was trying to move freely:

"Curse this mud! It's damned hard on the men . . . " then an exultant cry:

"*Look!* What did I tell you!—we've got'em on the run! . . . No! they've turned!"

He was out on that battle-field, living again that last fight of his, and I saw his hands, for all their rapidly failing strength, clenched as if gripping something, savagely. At first his voice had sounded hollow and far off, but now, unexpectedly, it filled with intense and throbbing life, and into his young, death-shadowed face, a light came suddenly—as when the sun breaks through a rift in a dark cloud-bank, just before it sinks for the night below the horizon.

"Come on, boys!" he almost shouted, "Come on! Give'em hell, by God!"—but the effort had been too much for him; his voice trailed off into a long, quavering sigh.

The aged "Padre" had stolen softly in, well knowing what was taking place, and now he came and stood beside the bed, his white head bowed; then silently we listened to the Committal Prayer, while the dying boy's face turned slowly to marble. We closed his eyes, spreading the Union Jack over him, just as he was; and later, when they moved him to the Mortuary Chapel, we knew that his friend would follow him there soon; and when, indeed, within a few days, that faithful friend died too, we spread gently over him the same Union Jack which had covered his old playfellow, so recently "gone West".

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

ROCKS

Why do men love landscape? Because it is the place where Life is perpetually springing.—KUO HSI.

I AM in the country on a vacation, and, after making the beds, sweeping the house, cooking the dinner and washing the dishes, I totter wearily out to sit in the woods.

This is, despite all, a charming little glade. Despite the dump heap, the ubiquitous American dump heap of battered tin cans, broken bottles and an old coal stove not yet rusty or desuete enough to be salvaged as an antique. This rubbish, overlaid as it is by leaves and weeds, is not unpleasant. It provides a sort of skeleton at the feast, evidence of the mortality and transitoriness of forms unanimated by spiritual content. Yes, it is a charming glade, with a few old oaks and hickories and green underbrush of dogwood and viburnum. A brook bed of boulders wanders through it, the brook itself being Virginia creeper, a strange stream of wind-moved emerald.

As I sink down upon a stone, there comes to my mind that so satisfactory little poem quoted in a previous issue of the QUARTERLY:

"I wish I was a little rock,
A sittin' on a hill,
A doin' nuthin' all day long
But jist a sittin' still.
I wouldn't walk, I wouldn't move,
I wouldn't even wash.
I'd jist sit down a thousand years,
And rest myself, by Gosh."

Isn't that why rocks are so soothing, so comforting? They never hurry. Our age is surely described by that riddle which delighted our childhood: "Why is a mouse when it spins?"——"The higher the fewer." But rocks are not like that. They are quiet, they are silent, they can be counted upon. They are plunged in what age-long Bliss!

In the Japanese Tea Ceremony, when the guests are seated in the Tea House, and the elaborate ritual of tea-making is accomplished, a subject of conversation is proposed. For example, at a ceremony where a friend of mine was present, the subject was waterfalls.

Let me, to-day, sitting upon this lichen-covered stone, consider rocks.

High up in the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by snowy peaks, among the great pines, I have seen huge boulders flecked with silver that glistened in the sun. I have seen at L'Ile-Bouchard in Touraine, a dolmen whose great cap stone, the largest in France, had partially crushed in its piers, and lay like a

gigantic tortoise, hoary with what antiquity, and heavy with the memory of what rites! I remember at Nettuno in Italy the ruins of Nero's villa, where great blocks of stone lie fallen in the sea, covered with waving green and purple water plants. I think of the Painted Desert, pink, alizarine, raw Sienna, earth of Puzzuoli, Caput Mortuum, English red, Venetian red, cinnabar and vermilion. Of the Grand Canyon, in which chasm fantastic temples and palaces of purple, red, rose, green and ochre seem like some Atlantean ruin uncovered from the sea. Of the miles-long beach at Point Reyes, entirely composed of tiny water-rounded and polished pebbles like jewels, jade, agate, sardonix, carnelian, lapis lazuli and opal.

My thoughts pass at random from these to the rocks of the grotto of Calypso, set amid fields of violets, lately rediscovered by M. Victor Bérard in the flanks of Gebel Musa. To the strange shapes of malachite and lapis lazuli in Chinese painting. To the porphyry chamber of the palace at Byzantium, where Emperors were "born in the purple". To the rock which Æneas scaled "to seek the prospect far and wide". To the Black Stone of the Kaaba at Mecca. And from these to the strange lore of stones. There are oracular stones, musical stones, stones that run and skip, stones that will not sink in the sea but fly back to the place from which they were taken. There are stones that were called into place by music,—in Mexico and Peru, or at Stonehenge or Carnac in Brittany, the mysterious menhirs and dolmens of the great Dracontiæ. There are venerable stones that are objects of worship, like the Black Stone of Mecca. There is the Stone of Scone. There is the cult of the obsidian knife in Mexico. There are the Ophitês and Sideritês, the "Serpent stone" and the "Star stone". —"The Ophitês is shaggy, heavy, black and has *the gift of speech;* when one prepares to cast it away it produces a sound similar to the cry of a child."

Last but not least, there is the Philosopher's Stone.

Hermes says, "In the caverns of the metals there is hidden the Stone, which is venerable, bright in colour, a mind sublime and an open sea." And also: "The Stone contains in its veins the blood of the Pelican."

Eliphas Lévi tells us in the nineteenth chapter of *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie:* "This stone, say the masters of Alchemy, is the true salt of the Philosophers, which enters as a third part into the composition of Azoth. Now, Azoth is, as one knows, the name of the great Hermetic agent, and of the true Philosopher's agent, so they represent their salt in the form of a cubic stone, as one can see in the twelve keys of Basil Valentine or in the allegories of Trévisan."

H. P. B. says in the *Glossary*, under the heading, "Philosopher's Stone": "Called also the 'Powder of Projection'. It is the Magnum Opus of the Alchemists, an object to be attained by them at all costs, a substance possessing the power of transmuting the baser metals into pure gold. Mystically, however, the Philosopher's Stone symbolizes the transmutation of the lower animal nature of man into the highest and divine."

In the vision of St. John, in Revelation, the Christ says cryptically: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a

White Stone, and in the Stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." And surely this was what the great Hermetic Master meant when he said: "Tu es Petrus"—Thou art Peter and upon this Rock I shall build my Order.

The subject of the Philosopher's Stone, its quest, its solution, the system of the Spiritual Alchemists, is vast indeed. One might sit and meditate thereon as long as this rock should remain here.

But what connection, you inquire impatiently, has this sublime Stone of the Philosophers with these lichen spotted boulders here in the glade? What indeed?

Kuo Hsi, who was a Taoist and a landscape painter in the eleventh century, says: "Rocks are the bones of heaven and earth; and being noble, are hard and deep."

And what are our own bones but sedimentary rocks, and what our skeleton but the crystalline form of man? Hard and deep. Constant and profound.

What is the consciousness of rocks? The student of Theosophy, who is convinced that consciousness is the basis of all existence, can never imagine a rock without it. Their consciousness is embodied, so to speak, in what seems to us the grossest of the elements. Yet consider how many, how various are the qualities of rocks. Some are friable, some hard, some formed by fire, some by water; some contain one element, some another. All such qualities must be the result of varying forces in consciousness. So that rocks, if we could see their insides, must be tremendously alive. Do they not feel the sense of life itself, the bliss of Being? Not that they "work their brains" as we do; but mental awareness, only partly developed in us, is a small part of the far greater reaches of consciousness. We are both evolving,—man and rock.

"Man becomes a stone, a plant, an animal, a man and finally a God," says the Hermetic axiom, and Madame Blavatsky, commenting upon it, adds: "But by 'Man' the Divine Monad is meant and not the Thinking Entity, much less his Physical Body." So the Divine Monad which ensouls the stone is the same as our own.

We ought to be able to discover and share the consciousness of the rock by an interior process like that of following back the involutions of a sea shell. The Tablet of Emerald says: "Thou shalt separate the earth from the fire, the subtile from the gross, acting prudently and with judgment." Shankaracharya says: "Discern between the Eternal and the non-Eternal." This is the method by which one attains the Philosopher's Stone, and, also, penetrates the consciousness of the rock.

As I sit here looking at these stones, I am filled with longing to attain these things, and with the conviction that they can be attained by love and persistence.

I remember the beautiful words of the Zen writer, Keizan: "Silence is eloquent enough to make clear the essence, and even while sitting in repose the cosmos can be grasped."

SAUVAGE.

THEOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF THE WORK OF JEANNE D'ARC

FIVE hundred years ago, in Rouen, Jeanne d'Arc consummated the sacrifice of her extraordinary life in the service of the Lodge. So striking and effective were that life and service, and so unequivocal her testimony to the source of the constant guidance given her, that any student of Theosophy must of necessity think of her as an instrument of the Great Lodge. That she was a "Lodge Messenger" in the technical sense in which we now use that term, is not to be supposed. She was not concerned with doctrines, or with teaching, but with the accomplishment of definite results. Those results, because of the very facts of her life, and the nature and source of her inspiration, must have formed part of a definite plan of the Lodge. Viewed in this light, what she accomplished historically for France takes on, perhaps, a new and special significance; so it will be the purpose of this article to suggest some aspects of that work in their relation to two subjects of special interest to students of Theosophy, namely, cycles, and Adept Kings. Conclusions drawn and statements made—other than quotations—are based upon the writer's interpretation of hints by older students, sometimes contained in previous issues of the QUARTERLY. This interpretation seems to have been confirmed fully by study, the results now being expressed as settled convictions,—for which, in the nature of things, the QUARTERLY is in no way responsible.

Madame Blavatsky—the centenary of whose birth we are commemorating this year—repeatedly emphasized the significance and importance of cycles, and of the fact that the greater their sweep, the more powerful they are. A cycle of five hundred years was referred to by her on several occasions, along with cycles of one hundred, two hundred and fifty, seven hundred, and one thousand years. Furthermore, in "the most secret calculations", every figure or cycle must be a multiple of seven (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I. 36), for seven is "the *Factor* number" of "this present manvantara, our Life-cycle", and the symbol of earth life "*linked with divine life*" (II. 590-91). So we are to-day witness to the fact that Jeanne d'Arc (1412-1431) was formally proposed for canonization 490 (7x70) years after her birth, and actually canonized in the 490th year after her martyrdom[1]—coinciding closely with the 500th anni-

[1] Allowance must be made in all such calculations for the adjustments, or corrections made in the calendar since Jeanne lived. Celestial time is quite oblivious both of man's miscalculations and of his legislative enactments. One of the first difficulties in calculating such cycles is due to the fact that the civil year does not follow astronomical time, whether solar or lunar, correctly. The subject is too large to enter into here; but it might be remembered that in Jeanne's day in France, the year began with Easter, as it had in the Roman Empire until the reform of Julius Cæsar. Jeanne was born, for example, Jan. 6, 1411, old style; but Jan. 6, 1412, new, or present, style.

versary of her death. Moreover, the first outspoken effort which led ultimately towards the canonization of Jeanne was made by the Archbishop of Poitiers, Cardinal Pie, in 1844, or 59x7 years after Jeanne's martyrdom; and she was declared officially Venerable 66x7 years after her martyrdom, or 49 (7x7) years later.

We need not attach too much importance, however, to the dates of Jeanne's canonization by the Roman Church—Rome's belated recognition of her, concerns Rome more than it does Jeanne. Formal canonization was not brought about by any initiative on the part of the Roman Curia; it was an outcome of popular demand, which began to spring up "spontaneously" throughout France after the defeat of 1870; and the Church has at no time declared itself in the least at fault,—not even for the long delay in changing a formal verdict of "liar, pernicious seductress, . . . diviner, blasphemer of God and Saints, contemptuous of God in His Sacraments, . . . seditious, cruel, apostate and schismatical",—to "Virgin Martyr and Saint". The official historian of Jeanne d'Arc, a Jesuit, and an exceedingly able apologist for the course Rome has recently taken, blandly admitted as much when he wrote in 1898: "If the Roman Church has delayed four centuries in raising her to the altars which she is now preparing for her, it is—as we have already said—because no one has demanded it of her until these latter times."[2] What other inference could one draw but that Rome does not proclaim saints as saints unless it is a popular thing to do? If a saint, particularly one persecuted by Roman ecclesiastics, should happen to remain indefinitely unpopular, what then? The Roman Church to-day, while claiming Jeanne's achievements as its own, washes its hands of all responsibility for putting Jeanne to death, and has consistently avoided the slightest admission of guilt. For example, the formal rescript attached to the Bull of Pope Calixtus III, June 3, 1455, authorizing an investigation of Jeanne's Trial of Condemnation, "that justice may be done" (*quod justum fuerit*), calls Peter Cauchon a Bishop "of good memory" or renown (*bonæ memoriæ Petro, episcopo Belvacensi;* Bibl. Nat. Ms. 5970, fol. 3vo.; Quicherat, *Procès De Jeanne D'Arc*, II. 96); while the formal sentence of the Apostolic Commission in 1456, condemning the original *Procès* as null, void, and iniquitous, nevertheless does not contain *one word* in condemnation of Cauchon or any of his fellow inquisitors. To-day, the official attitude of the Roman Curia is different, now that it has been forced into explicit statements by the pressure of a widespread popular demand, and it no longer maintains an equivocal silence. It takes no more blame to itself than before; but now it wholly disowns Cauchon "of good memory", and the others. It tells us that the University of Paris in 1431 was schismatic and heretical, representing the "free thought" of that time, and quarrelling with Councils and supporting anti-Popes; that Cauchon was Rector of the University of Paris before his elevation to the See of Beauvais, was an enemy of the Pope, and acted, as he stated, in obedience to the orders of the English King, which was in defiance of Canon Law; that Courcelles, Erard, and Evérardi, Jeanne's inquisitors, were "equally

[2] *La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc*, by J.-B.-P. Ayroles, S. J., Vol. IV, p. 508.

enemies of the Pucelle and of the Pope"; and that Jeanne *proved* her saintliness and her loyalty to the true Catholic Church 1) by appealing repeatedly over the heads of these schismatics to "the Pope who is at Rome"—which appeals were *denied;* 2) by herself "repelling as the Church the clerics who gave themselves out to be the true Church"; and 3) by the fact that: "She died for having confuted their doctrine on the Church"—a statement as amazing as it is tactically brilliant in promoting her cause for official canonization. In ordinary life, a man's higher nature has to suffer the consequences of the evil deeds of his lower elementals; an outspoken, let alone a tacit disavowal does not relieve him of responsibility. Karma, as some day it may be hoped the Roman Church will find, cannot be side-stepped so easily.[3]

The fact is that the currents which control cyclic manifestations run far below the surface; and in officially recognizing Jeanne's saintliness, the Roman Church was quite unwittingly an instrument of those Great Ones who administer cyclic manifestations in Kali Yuga, and who could use Rome's political opportunism and bid for popularity, as they use all things, for their own purposes. Whatever the reasons, it is unquestionably a fact that never before has the spirit, the mission, and the inspiration of Jeanne's life accomplished more in an inner sense for her beloved France than in the period 1912-1931—a spirit, an inspiration, and a mission which she repeatedly declared came to her direct from "the King of the Heavens", who was also "the King of France", and which have once again aided countless numbers of her countrymen in expelling the invader and maintaining the integrity of France.

In the light of this fact, is it mere coincidence that the first printed line of the preliminary chapter ("Before the Veil") of the first book Madame Blavatsky published as Lodge Messenger, namely *Isis Unveiled*, opens with a quotation from Jeanne d'Arc: "Advance our waving colours on the walls!"? We recall what was said recently in the "Screen" (QUARTERLY, Vol. xxvii, p. 297): "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." Perhaps—who knows?—H.P.B. was already realizing the courage it would take for *her* to advance the Banner of Theosophy into a new cycle, and at the very outset was thinking of a kindred spirit. Certainly we find written in one of the letters attributed to a Master—*à propos* of H.P.B. and the need for workers in the world—that "someone has to be sacrificed—though we accept but *voluntary* vic-

[3] For the above quotations, all from official publications, see *Nova Posito Super Virtutibus, Index Expositionis Virtutum*, pp. 21-22, in *Aurelianen. Beatificationis et Canonizationis Ven. Servæ Dei Joannæ De Arc Virginis*, under the editorship of Cardinal Dominico Ferrata, Romæ, ex typographia S. C. De Propaganda Fide, 1903, 594 pages. The thesis is fully expounded in two very large volumes by J.-B.-P. Ayroles, S. J., accorded a special Brief of approval by Pope Leo XIII: *L'Université de Paris au temps de Jeanne d'Arc, et la Cause de sa Haine contre la Libératrice*, Paris, 1901; esp. ch. i of Bk. I, and Bks. II and III; and *La Pucelle Devant L'Église de Son Temps*, Vol. I of his extraordinary work *La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc*, in five volumes, all of which bears on this subject.

tims."[4] Madame Blavatsky herself wrote in *The Key to Theosophy* (ch. IX: "On Post-Mortem and Post-Natal Consciousness"): "As the man at the moment of death has a retrospective insight into the life he has led, so, at the moment he is reborn on to earth, the *Ego* . . . has a prospective vision of the life which awaits him, and realizes all the causes that have led to it. He realizes them and sees futurity . . . ." Applying this to Jeanne d'Arc, we must assume that she saw clearly the outlines of this proposed incarnation, with its betrayal culminating in imprisonment, torture, and death by fire, and deliberately and knowingly *volunteered* to undertake this terrible responsibility, this sublime piece of work, for love of her Master, and for love of France. Think of facing open-eyed such a life, and then plunging in with such *élan* that, despite the handicaps, a whole people were uplifted, and still are being lifted, out of Kali Yuga mud. In one of the old chronicles recording the sentiment which gave rise to the memorial held in Orleans on the 8th of May, practically without a break each year since 1429, we read that: "In the eyes of the common people her saintliness was different from ordinary saintliness; it was the saintliness of a being who has descended from heaven, rather than that of a being who struggles to gain heaven"—an inspired statement which rendered homage to the dimly-sensed sacrifice, and voiced the instinctive recognition of a truth that even a total mental ignorance of reincarnation could not wholly obscure.

The signs are manifold, as we have suggested, that Jeanne d'Arc was working directly on behalf of the Lodge: she said more than once that she knew a great deal more than she would tell anyone, and that many things had been told her by her Voices with the specific injunction not to speak of them at all. We may expect to find, therefore, many hints and suggestions in her recorded sayings, as also in the outstanding acts and accomplishments of her life, which will reflect Lodge ideals and Lodge purposes. One or two phases only of this can be dwelt upon here, more particularly those which are brought to light by a study of certain cycles, in the development of which Jeanne d'Arc seems to have had a special and prominent place.

Mr. Judge once said, in discussing the interblending of greater and lesser, spiritual and physical cycles, that to discover them "requires a very careful examination of the deeds and works of numerous historical personages in universal history, so as to arrive by analysis at correct periods" (*Path*, IV, p. 279). It is the belief of the present writer that the Lodge made an effort through Jeanne d'Arc, which had certain definite characteristics. These might be stated briefly as follows: 1) It was an effort on behalf of, and to redeem, France; 2) It was a military-religious effort; 3) It sought to bring France as a nation, and especially her King, to recognize Christ as the true King of France,—and the earthly King as his lieutenant and representative; 4) It sought to win the dedication of the arms and banners of France directly to heaven and to the Divine King; and, 5) It provided a group of quite exceptional men whose mainspring and inspiration was a woman. Let us now turn to some of the discernible cycles which seem to link themselves with Jeanne d'Arc, remember-

[4] *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 51; italics ours.

ing that the longer their sweep the more powerful their effect, and using the multiples suggested by H.P.B.

Twenty-one (3x7) years after Jeanne initiated her work, her rehabilitation began, culminating in the formal Trial of Rehabilitation, which officially condemned the trial of Bishop Cauchon (though not the Bishop), and the iniquitous verdicts of the University of Paris. Charles VII has repeatedly been stigmatized for waiting so many years before he saw any necessity to rehabilitate the memory of one who had served him so well, had suffered so terribly on his behalf, and whom he had "deserted"; but it is overlooked that he could have done nothing effective until his power was established, and until he was in possession of Rouen and the necessary records of Jeanne's Trial there. *Three months* after his capture of Rouen, while still in the midst of a difficult winter campaign, he commissioned William Bouillé, Dean of Noyon and Rector of the University of Paris, to set about a revision of the *Procès*. Documents discovered and published since Quicherat's time completely alter the impression conveyed by the older books and still echoed to-day, that Charles did not lift a finger to help Jeanne after her capture, and was completely indifferent to her memory years after her death. On the contrary, the contemporary letters of the Venetian chronicler Morosini to a French sympathizer in Bruges, one Pancrace Justiniani, state emphatically, first (Letter xxii, Dec. 15, 1430), that Charles sent an embassy to the Duke of Burgundy telling him not to dare to ransom the Pucelle to the English, and threatening to retaliate on Burgundians who had been captured if he did; and second, even more interesting, in a letter (xxiii) of June 22, 1431, that "two or three times" the English had wished to burn Jeanne as a heretic, but that they had not done so because "of the great menaces of the Dauphin of France against the English";—though, finally, the third time they had burned her in agreement with the French, which must undoubtedly refer to Cauchon, the University of Paris, and their like (the texts are reprinted by Ayroles, *La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc*, III, pp. 659-660). Charles at that time was both impoverished and almost impotent. It was a Bishop, Regnault of Chartres, who not only presided over the Council of Poitiers that approved of Jeanne's Mission, and consecrated Charles, but who, as Bishop of Rheims, was the Metropolitan of Beauvais and therefore Cauchon's immediate superior,—who could have rescued Jeanne from charges of heresy, if he had wished to do so. But it was precisely that ecclesiastic, a supposedly friendly Bishop, who never raised a finger or a voice in her defence. Ayroles admits this fact, though without comment (*Op. cit.*, IV. 114). Moreover, was it forgetfulness which led Charles on a visit to Orleans, Oct. 3, 1448, to choose to sleep in the house of Jacques Boucher where Jeanne had slept, rather than in the royal quarters? An almost contemporary tablet marks the event.

It was one hundred years after Jeanne's death, or in 1531, that the first statue was erected in Rouen to her memory, followed by a second in 1631, when the first group of books defending her accomplishments began to appear in France. It is noteworthy that the first Bourbon Kings were among the earliest to revive, and to honour, the memory of Jeanne d'Arc. She herself

mentions their ancestor, Charles de Bourbon, as one of the few of Charles' entourage whose "eyes" were able to see her Voices during the special revelations at Chinon. Two hundred and fifty years after her death, or in 1681, Marguerite-Marie (also recently canonized) seems to have been the instrument of another effort by the Lodge for France, when not only "the consecration and the homage of the King [Louis XIV] and all his Court" were asked, but Marguerite-Marie wrote that the Master Christ "wishes to reign in his [Louis'] palace, to be painted on his standards and engraved on his weapons, to make him victorious over all his enemies . . . ."[5] It is doubtful if Louis XIV ever knew of this revelation; but that this behest to mark visibly the consecration of the arms and banners of France, bore fruit with startling results during the recent Great War, not only among individual soldiers but with whole regiments, is known to many—the cycle would seem to be gathering power. In other words, some 250 years after the effort of Marguerite-Marie, and 500 years after Jeanne d'Arc, there was an instinctive recurrence of those earlier impulses.

Four hundred years after Jeanne we have Napoleon, a reincarnation of Charlemagne, as he said of himself, and as pointed out and endorsed by Mr. Judge (cf. *Ocean*, pp. 86 and 120). Now Charlemagne was an even 1,000 years before Napoleon, and 600 before Jeanne d'Arc; and there certainly is no need to characterize the military effort made by both on behalf of France, nor their success in galvanizing and recreating the national spirit of France. In *Echoes From The Orient*, Mr. Judge wrote: "A greater part is taken in the history of nations by the Nirmânakâyas than anyone supposes. . . . Strange, too, as it may seem, often such men as Napoleon Buonaparte are from time to time helped by them" (pp. 30-31). No evidence was ever more direct and positive than that which Jeanne's words and deeds alike bore to the constant aid she herself received from the invisible Hosts of the inner world, and particularly from individual members of that Host. It is hardly necessary to recall that Jeanne d'Arc repeatedly asserted that it was St. Michael who "first" appeared to her at Domremy; that she "saw him several times before knowing that it was St. Michael", but that he finally made himself known to her; that St. Gabriel also came to comfort and counsel her, notably on the third of May: " 'at [the Feast of] the Holy-Cross, I had the comfort of St. Gabriel. And you may well believe that it was St. Gabriel.' And she knew by her Voices that it was St. Gabriel". The inference seems quite unescapable: Napoleon, Jeanne and Charlemagne represent the recurrence of the same cyclic phase in the work of the Great Lodge of Masters for the soul of France. France has taken St. Michael as its patron saint and guardian angel since earliest times; and we recall those words recorded by St. Matthew, and quoted before in the QUARTERLY in a similar connection: "Therefore I say unto you, The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof" (xxi. 43).

Looking backward from Jeanne's life-time to those who preceded her, and

[5] Cf. *Vie de Sainte Marguerite-Marie* par A. Hamon, S. J.; Paris, 1923, 5th ed., pp. 416, 417, and following quoting the original documents, letters, etc.

keeping the multiples of seven in mind for more precision in our discovery of cycles where earth life "*is linked with divine life*", as seems so clear in the characters and periods under review, we find that Louis IX of France (St. Louis) was born in 1215, or the 196th year before the birth of Jeanne, that is, 7x28, and came to the throne in 1226 with his saintly mother as Regent, so that he was 14 years old in 1229, or, in those days, of age, when he began his work for France. It was Jeanne who told Dunois, Bastard of Orleans, at their first meeting in 1429 outside Orleans, when Jeanne had just discovered that she had been tricked into marching on the wrong side of the Loire, that: "En nom Dé, the counsel of my lords [*Messires*] is better than yours, and that of men, and it is surer and wiser. You have thought to deceive me, but you have only deceived yourselves; for I bring you the best help that has ever come to any knight, or city or fortress whatever; and that is God's good-will and the succour of the King of the heavens,—not in the least for love of me, but proceeding purely from God; who, at the request of St. Louys and St. Charles the Great, has had pity on the city of Orleans, and does not wish that the enemy should have the person of the Duke of Orleans or his city."[6] Here we find Jeanne d'Arc passing on information received from her Voices about the concern, one might almost say the solicitude, of precisely St. Louis and Charlemagne, the latter apparently ranking as a saint in the courts of heaven. Nor is this all. Seven hundred years before Jeanne, or 714-741, Charles Martel drove both the Saracens and the German invaders out of France, his great victory over the former falling in the seven hundredth year before Jeanne's martyrdom, or on October 10th, 732. It is striking, also, that Charles Martel drove the Burgundians and Saracens out of Burgundy in 737, just as Charles VII drove the English and Burgundian troops out of Paris and Burgundy in 1437, as prophesied by Jeanne.

As is well known, Jeanne, by revelation, and at the command of her Voices, sent from Tours to the Church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, and bid the priests there dig for a sword buried near the altar, which was duly found, covered with rust, which, however, came off easily with polishing, and revealed five crosses on the blade. According to a local tradition, Charles Martel founded this church in 732 after his victory over the Saracens, whom he ceased to pursue at this spot, and as was the custom of chivalry, offered his sword in thanksgiving for his victory. Once more, tradition affirms that it was Charles Martel's sword that Jeanne recovered miraculously—though some of the chroniclers of the time give more "rational" explanations. However, Madame Blavatsky says that: "No mythological story, no traditional event in the folk-lore of a people has ever been, at any time, pure fiction, but [that] every one of such narratives has an actual, historical lining to it" (*S. D.*, I, p. 303). Therefore, whatever we may believe about the actual sword found, the fundamental truth,

[6] *Chronique de la Pucelle*, ch. 44; p. 284 of the ed. by Vallet de Viriville, 1859. Dunois' own report of this speech, given at the Trial of Rehabilitation 26 years after the event, is identical in thought, but the well-turned Latin phrases lose some of the refreshing vigour and naiveté of the earlier French version, written by one, Guillaume Cousinot, who was almost certainly an eye-witness in 1429, and wrote not long after from notes kept at the time. For Dunois, cf. Quicherat, *Procès De Jeanne D'Arc*, t. III, p. 5-6.

of which the sword was a symbol, would seem to suggest that the old cycle was being renewed after 700 years, and, as in Masonry, the Word, it is said, must be passed on, so the new agent, Jeanne, may have received the seal of continuity in accepting and bearing a mystic sword—as it were another Excalibur—to the relief of Orleans. Certainly Jeanne kept her own counsel as to what became of it: "At Saint-Denis I made an offering of my arms, but the sword of Fierbois was not there. I had it at Lagny. After Lagny I carried the sword of the aforementioned Burgundian [whom she had captured], until Compiègne, because it was a good fighting sword, for good blows and good strokes. As for the sword of Fierbois, and of the place where I left it, that does not concern the trial, and I will not say anything about that at present."[7] The sword at Saint-Denis was captured and borne off by the English and Burgundians a few years later, but the sword of Fierbois, like Excalibur, "disappeared"—as Chartier wrote, "*par miracle*" (ch. 71).

It is interesting in this general connection to note that a contemporary MS. (Bibl. Nat., No. 7301), records that at the time when Jeanne and the Dauphin were approaching Rheims for the coronation, the people saw "des hommes armés de toutes pièces chevaucher en l'air sur un grand cheval blanc, se dirigeant des mers d'Espagne vers la Bretagne, et criant aux populations effrayées: 'Ne vous esmayes!' "—which is still a local proverb in the West of France. Traditionally, there has been a branch of the Lodge in Spain until recent times, and one might suppose that simple-hearted country-folk caught glimpses of what was at that special time literally "in the air". Jean d'Aulon testified in 1456 that in the hot fight before the wall of Saint-Pierre-le-Moustier "he saw the Maid was left, accompanied by very few of her own following or any others; and fearing, he that speaks, that harm might come of it, mounted on a horse and hastily went to her, and asked her what she was doing alone there like that, and why she had not retreated like the others. She, after that she had raised the visor of her helmet above her head, replied that she was not alone, and that she still had in her company fifty thousand of her following, and that she would not leave until she had taken the said city. And he said, he who speaks, that at that time, whatever she may have said, she did not have with her more than four or five men, and this he knows most certainly, and many others who saw her in the same way" (Quicherat, III, p. 218).

One after another of the threads of the past were gathered together into another cyclic focus about the work of Jeanne d'Arc, and passed on through her to our own day. After all, 1429, the year of Jeanne's initial activity and the consecration at Rheims, was, so far as we know, exactly 1400 years after the Last Supper and Passion of Christ. Does not this suggest great things for the next major septenate, or 2100 years after Christ, 1400 after Charles Martel, 700 after Jeanne d'Arc, and fit into H.P.B.'s prophecy in the *Key* about a

[7] Process of Condemnation, session of February 27th. The best as well as the most available text, superseding that of Quicherat, is by Pierre Champion, Paris, 1920; Vol. I, Latin and Old French texts; Vol. II, modern French translation, with illustrative notes. The above will be found in I. 58 and II. 51,—turning indirect into direct discourse. Routledge in London has just published the first complete translation into English, by W. P. Barrett, for 15 shillings, a work which has been long overdue.

possible "heaven on earth" in the 21st century and after? For we still have the Lodge messengers of the 20th and 21st centuries to prepare the way, and the T.S. is still keeping the link unbroken.

In the light of all this, Jeanne's insistence that "the gentil Dauphin" should formally dedicate his kingdom to Christ, the true "King of France", and receive a formal anointing and consecration at Rheims, takes on a new significance. The hierarchical principle being inherent in the structure of the Universe, the Lodge is not a democracy. In the days of old before Kali Yuga descended upon us, great Adepts themselves reigned upon earth: "They have been called Initiates, Adepts, Magi, Hierophants, Kings of the East, Wise Men, Brothers. . . . The older mysteries continually refer to them. Ancient Egypt had them in her great king-Initiates" (*Ocean*, p. 7). "Such dynasties of *divine* Kings—of gods reigning over men, followed by dynasties of Heroes or Giants—exist in the annals of every nation . . . " (*S. D.*, I. 266). "All those great characters who tower like giants in the history of mankind, like Buddha-Siddartha, and Jesus, in the realm of spiritual, and Alexander the Macedonian and Napoleon the Great, in the realm of physical conquests, were but reflexed images of human types which had existed ten thousand years before, in the preceding decimillennium, reproduced by the mysterious powers controlling the destinies of our world" (*Isis*, I. 34-5). Viewed in this perspective, we might naturally expect that if and when the Lodge should work directly with a nation, even in Kali Yuga, that work would be directed towards establishing on earth, visibly once more and as a practical reality, the reign of the Adept particularly responsible for that chosen nation. And as a first step in the reascent from the bottom of the arc, the cycle would work back through the phases which had immediately preceded in the descending arc. Therefore, we should expect to find "Heroes and Giants" ruling as representatives of the Adept King, who (on the descending arc) had himself been forced to withdraw because of the increasing wickedness and rebellion of his subjects, and (on the reascending arc) would not yet be able to assume full and direct control. There is much evidence that the Lodge has been doing just this for France since the fall of the Roman Empire.

The extent to which Jeanne d'Arc carried through the consecration of France to the "King of the Heavens", and won Charles VII to accept the position of Christ's lieutenant, is not always recognized. As the whole matter seems fantastic ("*piquante*", says Ayroles), and without real significance to a majority of modern historians, the actual records have not been found translated into English. The anointing and crowning at Rheims was an outer dramatization which catches both eye and imagination. Since the time of Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, French Kings had been anointed at Rheims, not without a genuine mystical significance; and Charles the Dauphin did not receive the seal of his kingship until formally anointed and consecrated at Rheims. This was actually the second of the special tasks set Jeanne d'Arc to perform, as she herself stated—the first being to raise the siege of Orleans. But behind the outer coronation at Rheims by a Bishop of the Church (Regnault of Chartres, who opposed and betrayed Jeanne), lay an inner, spiritual act of far greater

moment. "Remember it is the little things the work is done through, for they are not noticed, while the larger ones draw the eyes and minds of all" (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, II, p. 32; cf. QUARTERLY, VIII, p. 371). That act was the self-dedication of Charles and the offering up of his kingdom, which involved his acceptance of this divine commission. To bring about this submission of Charles to Christ, the "King of the Heavens, who is also King of France", was a primary object of Jeanne's work. She spoke of it again and again. Her first words to Robert de Baudricourt were a declaration of the royalty of Christ (Bertrand de Poulengey testifies): "I saw her speaking to Robert de Baudricourt, the Captain of the said village. She told him that she came to Robert himself on the part of her Lord; that He commanded the Dauphin to hold fast and not give up fighting his enemies; that her Lord would give him succour before the middle of Lent; for Jeanne herself said that the kingdom did not belong to [*spectabat*, literally, pertain to] the Dauphin, but to her Lord; nevertheless, her Lord wished that the Dauphin himself should be King, and that he have this kingdom in trust, saying that he would make the Dauphin King in spite of his enemies, and that she herself would lead him to his consecration. At which Robert asked of her: 'Who is your Lord?' and she replied: 'The King of Heaven'" (Quicherat, II. 456). It would be impossible to state more clearly or precisely the hierarchical principle, or the Royalty of Christ over France. Again, Jeanne's first declaration to Charles was in exactly the same terms (her confessor, Brother John Pasquerel, gives her words): "Gentil Dauphin, I am called Jehanne la Pucelle; and the King of the Heavens makes known to you by me, that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall be lieutenant (*locum tenens*) of the King of the Heavens, who is the King of France" (Quicherat, III. 103). Numerous other citations could be made of similar speeches.

In addition to this, after the success at Orleans, when Charles began seriously to put his faith in Jeanne, there occurred a scene perhaps as significant as any in this part of her career. An account of it was discovered almost by accident in the Vatican library by Count Ugo Balzani, and was published by the distinguished librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Leopold Delisle, in 1885. The author of this account, an ardently patriotic French priest resident at the time in Rome, wrote a chronicle from the Creation to the autumn of 1428, and therefore stopping just short of Jeanne's advent in Chinon, March 6th, 1429. His knowledge of current French affairs was accurate and often detailed. Seven, perhaps eight, manuscript copies of his highly esteemed work are known, and it was first printed as early as 1479. Among his last words in this chronicle is a sentence to the effect that the very Christian Prince, King Charles, although abandoned by his own followers and left desolate, would, with triumphant banner, nevertheless be aided and be favoured by the Almighty (from whom is all victory) in the very moment that he should humiliate himself, and should pray to Him with a pure heart. This devout and prophetic Frenchman kept his own copy of his published chronicle, and, learning presently of the great events that had transpired immediately thereafter in France, he took up

his pen once more, and added several paragraphs to this one manuscript—we can imagine with what emotion after having written the above sentence. It is this special MS. that has been re-read, with the consequent discovery of these unique concluding paragraphs. The narrative in them ends shortly after the relief of Orleans, omitting all mention of the Loire campaign and the crowning at Rheims; so it must have been written immediately on receipt of the news from eye-witnesses at the Dauphin's court. The passages are too long to quote, except for the following highly significant final incident: "What shall I say more. The said Maid asked of the French King that he make her a present. To this the King pledged himself. She then demanded that the Kingdom of France itself be given her. The King, astonished, after some hesitation, gave it to her, and she accepted it. And she wished that the deed of gift should be drawn up and solemnly proclaimed by the four secretaries of the King. Which being done, the King remained somewhat amazed. The young maiden said to those present: 'Behold, this is the most impoverished chevalier of his Kingdom!' And after a little time, in the presence of the same notaries, disposing of the Kingdom of France as its mistress, she gave it into the hands of God Almighty. Then, at the end of several moments more, at the command of God, she invested Charles the King himself with the Kingdom of France;—and she wished that all this should be solemnly recorded in writing" (Text in *Bibl. de l'École des Chartes*, t. xlvi, 1885, p. 665).

If this incident stood alone, without any corroboration, some might perhaps think it the conceit of a gifted imagination written to entertain a distant friend in Rome, and recorded there in all simplicity—however much in harmony with the whole character of Jeanne's mission. But the Duke d'Alençon deposed in 1456 that: "Then Jeanne herself made many requests of the King, and amongst others that he give his Kingdom to the King of the Heavens, and that the King of the Heavens, after this donation, would do for him as He had done for his predecessors, and would restore him to the former estate" (Quicherat, III. 91-2). Furthermore, the Treasurer of the German Emperor Sigismund, who evidently reproduced official accounts received from the French Court, wrote in his German chronicle of the reign of Sigismund: "First of all, when the Maid arrived before the aforesaid King, he had to promise her to do three things; the first, that he should withdraw his claim to his Kingdom, and forthwith renounce it and give it back to God, since in the meanwhile he had had it from Him; the second, that he must pardon all his own people who had been against him, or had ever wronged him; and third, that he should humble himself so far as to receive into his good grace all who came to him, whether poor or rich, whether friend or foe, who begged grace of him" (Quicherat, IV. 486-7).

With such diverse and independent testimony, the more detailed account of the French priest seems substantiated beyond question. The French King was asked to yield his person and his kingdom to the true King of France, and (not without, first, a flash of characteristic humour) it was returned to him with a commission as lieutenant from on high. *After that* came the formal outer and traditional consecration and anointing at Rheims. No wonder, thirty-two

years later, that Charles VII died with the sobriquet *le victorieux*—and has increasingly been recognized as among the greatest of the Kings of France.

It was Jeanne d'Arc, when a girl of seventeen, who made this possible. It was Jeanne d'Arc who, tied to the stake, with the faggots piled around her, declared of Charles to the priest admonishing her: "By my faith, sir, saving your reverence, I dare to say to you and to sware, on pain of my life, that he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and the one who best loves the Faith and the Church; and is not at all what you say" (Quicherat, II. 17). Perhaps, in the light of reincarnation, Jeanne was right, and knew what she was saying, despite the superficial verdict of so many historians. It was Jeanne d'Arc who carried forward a new and splendid cyclic impulse, to whom France looks instinctively to-day, and well may look in the future, for new and greater achievements. The document which Jeanne had formally drawn up consecrating France to Christ, through her and with the consent of Charles, may have "disappeared",—because, after Rheims, men may have thought it of little value; but it would seem as if the record must stand imperishable in the archives of the Lodge. We have been asked to evoke "God-instructed men to rule the nations". In the light of Jeanne d'Arc's life and work, do we find such "will-prayer" difficult to pray?

QUÆSITOR.

Souls, great souls, more than ever we need them! In the crisis through which we are passing, they alone can save us. To all such then, as feel disquiet for the mediocre, and at least a drawing towards the pure, the holy, the great, we cry: Ascend, Ascend, and never descend; higher, still higher! Look only to those radiant heights to which God calls you.—F. LAGRANGE.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THERE can be no excuse for a student of Theosophy who is narrow in his sympathies or small in outlook. Whatever affects the spiritual evolution of man and the universe, necessarily is of the greatest importance to the Lodge, seeing that Masters guide and readjust the entire evolutionary process; and because it is the aim of the student to co-operate with Masters, and because Theosophy throws light on every field of human endeavour, he strives to ground himself thoroughly in the philosophy—studying that intensively—in order to apply its principles to the phenomena of life as a whole. Starting with the fundamental propositions of *The Secret Doctrine*, tracing their application, so far as he can, through all the planes of Nature (especially his own nature, both higher and lower), he verifies his conclusions by reasoning from particulars to universals, from effects to causes, and thus avoids the pitfalls of that superficial theorizing which is the bane of modern existence.

The conversation now to be recorded, dealt with topics which everyone is discussing,—that often being our aim. The weather was hot, and no one was inclined to thrash a subject to the bone,—an exhausting process at the best of times. In fact, the Philosopher began by reminding us of the old French axiom that the greatest bore in the world is the man who says everything about anything. Then, *à propos de rien*, he added: "The trouble with modern science is that it is so dreadfully incompetent. It produces nothing but toys,—airplanes, automobiles, radios, and all the rest of it. Now, if it could control the weather, I should have some respect for it; but it cannot so much as produce a shower, or extract the humidity from a breeze which, properly dried, would be tolerable."

"Science," suggested the Engineer, "has done a good deal toward revealing the nature of matter."

"It did not take long for the primitive small boy to discover that there are peas in a pod," the Philosopher retorted. "All that science has accomplished in that connection is to break up some of the constituent elements of the atom. You do not understand a flower any better for pulling it to pieces, even if you give the pieces Greek or Latin names. Science is still playing with the rind, fancying that because it is one of the inner layers instead of the outermost, we are that much nearer reality. They have dissected every sheath of every nerve in the human body; they have named every filament of every muscle and blood-vessel, but they know less about *man* than they knew five hundred years ago, and they cannot cure a common cold!"

"They will not be able to do anything with the weather," the Ancient commented, "until they realize that it is man-made; and it will be many a long year before they discover that."

"Please explain that extraordinary statement," our Visitor interjected, not quite sure whether the Ancient had spoken seriously.

"I am tempted to say,—you first," the Ancient replied. "How do *you* explain our unusually trying summer? But, in default of that, Theosophy teaches that physical phenomena are in all cases the precipitation, as it were, from the astral world, of that which has been generated there, chiefly by man's psychic and emotional upheavals. I am using the term 'man' in its most comprehensive sense, allowing always for the action of disincarnated as well as of incarnated humanity, and of men at the two poles of being, representing the highest and best, as well as the most evil, that evolution on this planet has produced. 'The soul is form and doth the bodie make,' as Spenser wrote. All visible things are crystallizations of thought. If you look at the face of a man of fifty or sixty, you can tell without much doubt whether he has lived a life of self-indulgence or self-discipline. You would not question the fact that the present trade depression was man-made, though you could not photograph the causes that brought it about. In the same way with the weather,—it is due to psychic causes, working their way down through different rarefications of matter (astral, etheric and so forth), and through different centres in the earth's 'system', until those causes become visible in terms of physical result."

"Well," said our Visitor, "if that be the explanation, man has certainly made an awful mess of it!"

"He has," the Ancient agreed. "He was wiser in the old days when he prayed to God to manage some of these things for him, the weather included. His appeal in any case reached those Great Souls who are the embodiment of divine compassion, as well as of divine wisdom. Nowadays he thinks that if he himself cannot do it—or his favourite doctor or scientist, as the lineal descendant of the earlier wizard or witch—then there is no one in heaven or hell who can."

"Excuse me," the Student interrupted, "but it is really worse than that, because as soon as a man excels conspicuously in any direction, he is treated as an authority on every imaginable subject, often accepting the popular verdict at its face value. Admiral Dewey took his ships in and out of a Spanish harbour without losing any of them, and became at once the people's choice for President,—some say his own choice also. Tunney won the championship belt with a million or so in spoils, and at once was consulted feverishly, by an army of reporters, about literature, art, pedagogy, the Marine Corps and all else. Einstein, a German Jew and perhaps a great mathematician, as soon as he had become a celebrity produced an opinion on the nature of God which the press of the world jumped at and 'featured' as if it had been proclaimed from a thick cloud on Mount Sinai. He believed, he said, in Spinoza's God, 'not in a God who concerns Himself with the fate and actions of human beings'—rather strange from a mathematician who teaches that the Infinite is contained within the finite! Not long afterwards, when his standing as a world-authority on all subjects had been confirmed during his visit to Hollywood, Einstein branched out with a widely published pronunciamento against the Jugoslav Government, accusing it of the murder of Professor Milan Sufflay, a Croatian,—without a shadow of proof. The mob, reading such stuff, of course concludes that there must be something in it, because Einstein says so,—although, if you were to ask

who 'Einstein' is, in addition to a much-advertized name, I suspect that most of them would guess all the way from 'A famous American who discovered the North Pole', to 'A French tennis player who nearly beat Tilden'. It is the constant repetition of a name, not its connotation, which impresses the mob with a sense of authority."

"True, all true", said the Ancient, "but my point was slightly different. It was that man has set himself up as the supreme intelligence in what he calls practical or mundane affairs. Formerly, when in difficulties, he believed in the possibility of help 'from above'; he appealed for that help, and, when a whole nation prayed, help was often granted: witness the mission of Joan of Arc. To-day, as the constitution of our governments proves, man believes himself to be sufficient, believes himself to be qualified at least to select those who *are* qualified to govern his country and to safeguard its interests. In the early part of 1929, the American people would have said, 'Just look at us: aren't we wonderful!' At present, they would not say that, for their self-satisfaction has been shaken; but they are still a very long way from praying for 'God-instructed men to rule the nations'—least and last their own nation, which necessarily would include themselves."

"So we bungle along", commented the Philosopher, "everyone talking, no one listening, our elected representatives doing all they can to dam this stream and that of natural health-giving readjustment. There is such a huge supply of wheat, cotton, copper and other essential commodities, and they are so cheap, that our 'statesmen' are in despair. Can you imagine the statesmen of a hundred years ago, with a similar despair, from a similar cause! But in those days, wages would have dropped proportionately, while now, wages must not be allowed to drop, because, if they did, how could Labour buy Ford cars and electric flat-irons and radio sets and cosmetics? Yet even this is false reasoning, because the cost of labour enters largely into the production even of a Ford car, especially when you consider the cost of the raw materials which go into the thing; so that, if wages were reduced in proportion to the present price of commodities, a labouring man might be able to buy a Ford for fifty dollars instead of four hundred or so. However, if wages were reduced, the Party in power (whichever Party that might be) would lose some votes, as the logic of the situation is quite beyond the mob. Consequently, wages must be maintained at the highest rate of 'boom' times, and desperate efforts must be made to boost the price of wheat and cotton (there are voters in the South). 'Plough in your cotton', is the latest specific,—an appeal which the grower has not received with enthusiasm, and small wonder.

"My point is that man thinks himself so wise that he can interfere with the law of supply and demand with impunity. He interferes with it in all directions, and often in direct violation of some 'principle' he has invented. Thus, it is no less than a 'principle' that Labour shall be allowed to organize for the avowed purpose of fixing the price of labour, but if manufacturers organize to fix the price of what labour produces, the Federal Trade Commission sends them to gaol. Not only logically, but in ordinary fairness, what is permitted to one

class should be permitted to the other. Labour argues that free competition for employment would reduce the rate of wages; and Labour, representing a great many votes, is listened to by our statesmen with respect. Manufacturers argue that free competition between themselves, particularly at a time like this, means cut-throat competition, making it impossible for any of them to live; but as they represent fewer votes than Labour, they are told that if they do as Labour does, they will go to prison,—the Sherman Act giving spiked effect to the 'principle' that to fix, by agreement, the price of anything, is punishable by Federal law.

"Logically, again, Labour is blind, for it has already almost killed the goose that once laid golden eggs. There are millions of unemployed, we are told (the total probably much exaggerated). But if manufacturers cannot live, and if the government makes it impossible for them to live, how can they employ labour? For instance, the building trade in New York is practically dead; it is unionized root and branch, with wages fixed immovably. Raw materials are cheap, but the price of labour makes the cost of building prohibitive. Inevitably therefore, men in the building trade are unemployed, and literally cannot be employed. Is that sensible? Of course it isn't. It is one of the crowning instances of man-made conditions.

"Please do not misunderstand me. I have no political or economic axe to grind. You will not in any case suspect me of being a candidate for political office! Heaven defend me, for many incarnations, from *that*. No; my sole purpose in calling attention to the absurdity of present methods and measures is to emphasize, following the Ancient, how incapable we are of wisely governing ourselves. I have no panacea. If by some miracle I were put in control of the whole hideous mess, I could only go on my knees and appeal to the divine powers—to the Lodge, to be more explicit—to send someone quickly to tell me what to do; and I know, if I know anything, that no one could be sent now—not for *that* purpose—seeing that any real remedies, based, as they would have to be, on spiritual law, would meet with most bitter and violent hostility. Literally, anyone who attempted to put them in force, would be torn limb from limb,—and the Lodge does not throw its children to the dogs for nothing. Man will not turn from his self-conceit, or accept divine guidance, until he has suffered a thousand times more than he has suffered *yet*. Meanwhile it is our duty to hammer away with the obvious facts, and to do our utmost to bring home to the few who will listen, some sense of humanity's incompetence and need."

"Even the London *Times*", said the Historian, "(and I like to note the occasions when the one-time 'Thunderer' talks sense)—even the London *Times* agrees with you, for the moment, in regard to the law of supply and demand, though of course without any recognition of the fact that that law is an expression of the law of Karma, and without admitting for a moment that what it says of commodities must apply equally to the supply of labour. This is what the *Times* said in a recent editorial:

> "The reason for the acute disequilibrium in supply and demand which has led to the sudden collapse in the price of American cotton

is not far to seek. It is due principally to the activity of the Federal Farm Board, which has been using a large quantity of government credit to hold surplus stocks off the market in an endeavour to maintain prices instead of permitting free play to natural economic forces. Left to themselves, these might have brought about the necessary equilibrium through reduction in acreage and consequent restriction of the supply.

"Thus once more the bountiful provision of nature is stultified by the attempt of man to control prices of primary commodities by artificial means, with consequences which cannot fail to be exceedingly undesirable. Indeed, various attempts of this nature in the past few years have been applied to so many other important commodities besides cotton, such as wheat, copper, coffee and sugar—to mention only a few—that it may be regarded as one of the principal causes directly responsible for the present world depression. . . . Against such short-sighted, ineffectual efforts to interfere with the working of fundamental laws no monetary system, whatever its basis, can be expected to maintain the general level of prices and avoid a collapse universally admitted to be disastrous."

"Did I understand you to say", our Visitor questioned, "that labour should be treated as a commodity, and that wages should be governed by the law of supply and demand? Surely that would be the equivalent of treating wage-earners like cattle!"

"You must excuse me, my friend," the Historian replied, "but you have missed the point, and are echoing, without thought, the cant of Socialists, Labour agitators, and of parlour-revolutionaries the world over. In the first place, my earnings, like yours, are governed entirely by the law of supply and demand, and I am quite certain you would not have it otherwise. The earnings of all doctors, store-keepers, engineers, of all clerks and 'white-collared' employees, of all executives, bankers and their kind, are determined in the same way. Let me remind you that the alternative would be the complete surrender of your freedom to a committee, which experience has proved would consist of shyster lawyers, whose first interest it would be to feather their own nest, and who would decide for how many hours a day you might work, how much you would be allowed to accomplish during that time, and the remuneration you would be permitted to receive. If you were anxious to make a little extra money for the sake of a delicate wife or child, and were to work on a Saturday afternoon, you would be penalized by your governing committee, and if you were to repeat the offence, you would be expelled from your Union and driven from town.

"But when I said you had missed the point, I was referring to what was very clearly brought out, namely, that the law of supply and demand is an expression of the divine economy; that it governs in the spiritual world without hindrance, and that whenever man interferes with it in the physical world, serious trouble results."

"In what way does it govern in the spiritual world?"

"Whatever light you possess, whether spiritual or intellectual, is the result of your demand for light, because demand creates supply. Masters of Wisdom

are the obedient servants of that law. They give in response to man's demand, and they cannot and will not give otherwise. Demand, remember, implies effort, and not mere asking; it involves payment also,—but that is another story.

"It follows that, instead of 'treating wage-earners like cattle', as you suggested, I was proposing that they should be treated as if they were men; more than that, as if they were souls,—fragments, as it were, of the Oversoul, of which the law of supply and demand is one of many expressions.

"If you will refer to the writings of H. P. B., you will find she had much to say about Cant, and that it is the duty of every Theosophist to hate and expose it,—as she tried to do. The world is so full of Cant to-day that the slime oozes and drips from all its pores,—witness the Lights of the Socialist Government in England, as prize examples. It would not be an exaggeration to say that our entire economic system is based upon cant phrases, and that there is no hope for improvement until people are willing and able to look facts in the face, and to re-examine fearlessly a dozen 'fundamental propositions', not one of which is true, but which are swallowed wholesale by all classes of society, just as, a few hundred years ago, nearly everyone believed automatically that the sun revolved round the earth."

"Will you guarantee that the sun does *not* revolve round the earth?" the Ancient asked, smiling.

"I will not," the Historian answered.

"Then think of a better illustration."

"I leave that to you."

"Don't waste time", the Student protested. "I want to ask the Philosopher whether the logic of his thesis would not lead to international free trade."

"Before you answer that", interjected the Engineer, "let me add one more example of how far we are from *internal* free trade; and I will put it in the form of a question: Why, with wheat selling at 50 cents or lower, does a loaf of bread cost as much as when wheat was selling at $1.50 a bushel!"

"It is an absurd situation", the Philosopher agreed; "but the Student's question takes precedence, and my answer is that we must not express principles narrowly, or turn them into graven images and worship them. Some people imagine, for instance, that 'truthfulness' obliges them to tell all they know, to every one they meet, on every subject. Well; it doesn't. Again, it is a law of life, so to speak, that a man should provide his wife and children with sufficient food, so long as he has money or credit with which to pay for it; but suppose that the neighbourhood in which he lives becomes infested with thugs and bandits: would it not then be his duty to buy a gun, even if, in order to pay for it, he and his family had to deprive themselves of all but bare necessities for a considerable time? It is not that there can be exceptions to the application of a principle, but that it is important to state a principle with sufficient breadth. Thus, it is not a principle that a man should supply his family daily with meat, butter and fresh fruit, but, instead, that he shall do his utmost to perform the functions of Brahmâ, Vishnu and Shîva in one, as creator and energizer, sustainer and preserver, restrainer and scapegoat, or the 'sacrifice', of his family.

"That the law of supply and demand should govern the commercial life of a nation, exteriorly as well as interiorly, with the least possible interference by a Government, I believe to be essential to national 'health'; but I also believe that of far greater importance than its commercial prosperity is its continued existence, and that one of the first duties of a Government is to prepare in every way for defence in case of invasion. With that in view, and taking France as my illustration, I should say that she ought to be made self-dependent, by which I mean that, in the event of war, she ought not to rely upon imports for the necessaries of life or of warfare, because she might then be physically isolated, as England nearly was during the World War. This means that she should be able to produce enough food, clothing, coal, steel, explosives, chemicals and so forth, to supply her needs, whenever, in self-defence, she might be obliged to go to war, and that she should be able to do this from her own internal resources. Obviously, that self-dependent condition could not be extemporized while a war was in progress. If I were in control of France to-day, and were convinced that Nature had not supplied her with sources from which to make gasoline, it would clearly be my duty to see to it that an alcoholic or other substitute were provided in sufficient quantity during times of peace to provide for every need in the event of war. It would be criminal to trust to luck, and to 'hope' that it would continue to be possible to import crude oil or gasoline from America or Russia. Further, partly for mechanical and partly for manufacturing reasons, one could not switch from the use of gasoline to some substitute, overnight. Consequently it might be necessary to forbid the importation of gasoline in times of peace, or in any case to impose so high a duty on its importation as to make its use almost prohibitive. It would be necessary to adopt a similar policy in connection with other essentials, so as to insure home production. England at the present time, in spite of her experience during the World War, could be starved to death in three months, once she were to lose control of the seas. She is gambling that America would 'see her through'; that the American fleet would never be used against that of England,—stupidly, incredibly blind to the fact that if this country, in 1915, had had a 'parity' fleet at its disposal, it could, and probably would have been worked up into a frenzy of rage over what the Administration chose to regard as England's unwarrantable interference with American ships, carrying supplies to Germany. We came within an ace of war with England then; and now, in similar circumstances, but with a fleet which on paper in any case is as large as England's, I do not see how it could be prevented. In other words, England would be absolutely at this country's mercy. If any Englishman enjoys the prospect, he is welcome to his shame; and if England does not grow wheat on every available acre, because it is cheaper to buy wheat grown in America or the Argentine, or because of her Free Trade 'principles', and chooses to shut her eyes to the danger that confronts her,—I can only say that, in my opinion, she is making a colossal blunder. It is not a political question in the least. Theosophy teaches us to reason by analogy. Clearly, the adequate protection of one's home, and of those dear to one, is more important than any other external factor in life. The same thing is true of a nation. If I were

a Frenchman, I should be glad to pay half my income in taxes, either direct or indirect, if by so doing I could make reasonably certain that Germany would not again be able to overrun French territory, and I should regard it as the primary duty of my Government to insure the country that degree of protection. In fact, if Germany were to repeat her recent performance through any failure of my Government to provide against it, I should do my best to decorate the lamp-posts along the rue de la Paix with the carcasses which belonged there,—including those of 'statesmen' who had placed their trust in promises and in 'scraps of paper'."

Quoth the Recorder at this point: "You are dealing with a subject that might be discussed interminably. We can leave it to our readers to thrash the rest of it out, among themselves. You have provided them with problems enough! Time flies. What is there to say about Germany's threatened bankruptcy?"

"I protest!" the Student exclaimed. "He must at least make some constructive suggestion that we can tear to pieces at our leisure. Don't let him escape with generalities!"

The Philosopher laughed. "Very well", he said. "First, cut out Government interference. We are bound to have a fool Government, considering how and by whom it is elected, and the less a fool Government does, the better. As it is, it interferes in every direction, always with dire results. For instance: if I were to inherit railroad bonds or stock, I should sell them in any sort of market for whatever they would fetch, simply because the railroads in this country are at the mercy of our politicians, and, instead of being allowed to manage their own affairs, are slaves of the Government. Second, abolish the Income Tax, which costs millions to collect, and which is inquisitorial and corrupting, and, in lieu thereof, raise the necessary revenue by increasing the taxes on tobacco (I smoke!), on cosmetics and a few other superfluities, and impose a five-cent stamp tax on all cheques. Third, prohibit the expenditure of any public funds unless for the benefit of all classes equally. No one has a right to select my charities for me, or to use my money to boost the price of grain, cotton or any other commodity for the alleged but more than doubtful benefit of one section of the community. Fourth, and quite impossible, imbue people with the conviction that natural law is divine law; that its violation is not sanctified because Congress is the agent, but that all the hosts of heaven are outraged when it happens, instinctively uniting to 'make the punishment fit the crime', which means, really, to heal the wound caused by man's desecrating hands. . . . There, I must surely have supplied enough to satisfy the Student's demand! Now for Germany"—and the Philosopher turned to the Historian, who, as we knew, had been following the international situation closely, and who, furthermore, had come prepared for the occasion. Taking a number of newspaper cuttings from his pocket, he said:

"At the end of the last 'Screen', a letter from Frank H. Simonds, the American war correspondent, was quoted *in extenso* from the London *Times*. As a result of personal investigation he declared: 'Henceforth, every German Government will demand as the price of co-operation with other European countries the

revision of the eastern frontiers, Anschluss, parity in armament, which means to-day rearmament, and, finally, the abolition of Reparations.' How any intelligent person could have failed, long ago, to arrive at the same conclusion, is beyond me.

"While the July QUARTERLY was being printed, President Hoover published his plan for a suspension of Reparation payments, to save Germany from bankruptcy. Will Rogers, who calls himself a clown but who is occasionally something of a sage (unlike Bernard Shaw, who poses as a sage but is entirely clown, dull at that)—Will Rogers, on June 22nd wrote in comment: 'If we ever pass as a great nation, we ought to put on our tombstone, "America died from a delusion that she had moral leadership" '. This comment may have reached Washington, for on June 24th 'officials of the Commerce Department' gave out a statement that 'total investments of American capital in Germany' amounted to approximately two billion, five hundred million dollars, about half of that total having been invested in German Government and municipal bonds. This threw a slightly different light on the 'moral leadership' idea, as Germany had flatly announced that she could not pay her debts.

"Little by little it came out that certain of the leading New York banks had made short-term loans to Germany, which now were 'frozen', and Lord Beaverbrook, in a published interview, stated that these short-term loans amounted to $600,000,000. Then it came out that London also had been lending enormous sums to Germany. M. Laval, the French Premier, told the bald but unwelcome truth: for several years past, he said, the City of London had been taking the cheap money of French and other foreign clients to place it at a much higher rate of interest with German banks.

"France did not welcome the Hoover Plan with enthusiasm. She went so far as to dare to criticize it. New York and London, with few exceptions, frothed at the mouth. The usual Senators frothed likewise. For several weeks, nothing was too bad to say about France; she was the international Shylock and worse. 'Borah sees France Endangering Peace', 'Smoot Denounces France', 'Wagner' (at the annual picnic of the Niagara County Pioneers' Association) 'Wagner Attacks France's Stand,' the *New York Times* announced in large headlines."

"Excuse me for interrupting you," interjected the Onlooker at this point, "but who are these funny little men who strut and bawl, and who take themselves so seriously, as if they were real? Should not someone tell them that they are just part of the nightmare, and that presently they will disappear—simply disappear, without leaving so much as a wraith?"

"You must not be disrespectful to our Great Men", the Historian answered, with mock severity. "However, to resume: the New York newspapers, to preserve an appearance of impartiality, printed a few extracts from the French press. Feeling ran so high at the time, that I doubt if many people read them. If they did, the usual comment would have been, 'Hypocrites!' or 'Liars!' Here are one or two. *La Liberté* was quoted to the effect that Germany having been freed for nearly a year from the presence of French troops on the Rhine, and from all the guarantees formerly imposed by the Allies, might conceivably

have decided that the hour had struck for getting rid of the Versailles treaty. In that case, 'ask yourself, would Germany have acted otherwise than she has during the past two weeks?' The *Journal des Débats* hinted that French money was wanted 'to save English and American capital which has been risked in big German industries', and shrewdly added: 'Germany has discovered that the best means of pressure is to have large debts. She has found that this procedure endears her to those who do not wish to lose their money'. M. de Jouvenel, in the French Senate, was reported to have said that what amazed Frenchmen was that there should be deliberate confusion as to the cause of Germany's financial collapse. 'Out of a total revenue of 21,000,000,000 marks, Germany paid only 1,000,000,000 for reparations. Her national wealth in the past ten years, he asserted, had increased more than that of any other European country.' He might well have added that Germany had deliberately squandered her wealth, *and the huge sums she had borrowed*, partly on secret military preparations, hidden, though easily discoverable, in her published budgets, and partly on the most extravagant programme of 'Public improvements' which Europe has ever witnessed,—though many of these, including her railroad developments, had military purposes in view. He might have explained further that this was the third time Germany, in recent years, had deliberately brought herself to the verge of bankruptcy, having found, on the two previous occasions, that she could thus obtain radical modifications of the terms and amounts of her Reparation and other payments to the Allies. This was indicated by *Le Temps*, possibly in indirect reply to an appeal by the London *News Chronicle*,—for some of the London papers, having discovered that abuse accomplished nothing, had become almost pathetic in their entreaties. This particular appeal had declared that 'France could now realize, by one dramatic stroke, the principal aim of all intelligent French policy, which is real friendship with Germany. Let her [France] come forward now, freely and unconditionally, and deliver the German people from the appalling menace which threatens them, and she will secure a guarantee such as no treaty can ever give her and no number of army corps ever enforce. She will stand out before the world and before Germany as the nation which saved Germany from destruction and which had the breadth of mind and generosity of temper to do so, asking nothing in return.' "

"Don't read much more of that kind of thing", said the Student; "I can't stand it! Shades of Bismarck: how he would laugh! And the idiot who wrote it was probably in deadly earnest,—pale with emotion."

"In any case," the Historian continued, immovably, "*Le Temps* pointed out that, 'what is being asked is really a miracle in that what is required is the re-establishment of faith in a country that has already deliberately prepared its own bankruptcy on two occasions, and which to-day, on the brink of an abyss, hesitates to take the necessary engagements for the future.' *Le Temps* added that Germany could not well expect the French 'to be so simple-minded as to place their money in Germany, when the citizens of Germany, like those of the United States, have been feverishly engaged in trying to send their own money out of the country.'

"A few, a very few voices were raised in England and America on the side of reason. London *Punch* had an admirable cartoon by Bernard Partridge, picturing a prosperous-looking French bourgeois, gazing quizzically at a German in dilapidated clothes, out of whose tail-pocket protruded a large document labelled 'Battleship Programme', and who was saying to the Frenchman, 'Won't you please help me? As you see, I'm destitute.' Lord Beaverbrook, already quoted—one of England's *enfants terribles*, but, like many children of that kind, one who occasionally blurts out the facts—Lord Beaverbrook, in an interview, declared that, 'England has so extensively committed herself to German financing that she is in the position of the creditor being ordered about by the debtor. The same situation applies to the United States. The main trouble to-day is that these short-term credits are not being paid. London and New York are staggering under the load. They are finding it very difficult to bear.' Colonel Robert R. McCormick of Chicago, returning from Europe, provided a refreshing breeze by stating bluntly that the Conference of Ministers in London was 'a waste of time'. 'What Germany has to learn how to do', he continued, 'is to live within her income. If I were to live beyond my income, I wonder who would step forward and suggest that I should have a year's moratorium.' He concluded by saying that France, 'financially, industrially, physically and in every way,' 'is on top of the world.' Some of us blessed him for his commonsense and courage,—for it needed courage, at that time, to proclaim such unpalatable truths. We felt the same way about Frank H. Simonds, who spoke at Williamstown before the Institute of Politics, and who summed up his exhaustive analysis of the European situation with the statement that 'we are just as clearly anti-French now as we were in the World War anti-German'.

"Meanwhile, an isolated German, here and there, blundered, perhaps through too much faith in 'strong-arm' tactics. In the *Washington Times* of July 11th, a copy of which was sent me by a friend, a certain Herr Doktor, with all sorts of qualifications, admitted not a little, in an interview deemed worthy of 'bold-face' type. He said:

" 'President Hoover's proposal of a one-year moratorium on international debts and German reparation payments anticipated a more drastic step by Germany by exactly six weeks. The step contemplated by Germany was not a mere moratorium, but repudiation of further reparation payments—a step which President Hoover's proposal, for the time being at least, forestalled.'

"He amplified his statement thus:

" 'While the proposal is for a one-year moratorium, it is conceded, of course, in American official circles that an extension, a year hence, is inevitable. Furthermore, whatever the length of the recess, Germany is practically certain eventually to repudiate further reparation payments entirely. I make these statements, not as a matter of guess work. I make them because I know them to be true.'

"He was asked:

" 'But how can Germany, under the Versailles treaty, be in position to back up such a stand?'

"The Herr Doktor laughed:

" 'Oh, you mean she's disarmed? Why believe in that fiction? Her first weapon, of course, is a threat, whether real or fictional, of a Communist revolution and open union with Soviet Russia. But she has more militant weapons. Germany will be in position, if she is not at this minute in position, to say to France the equivalent of what we call over here, "Try and get it". Perhaps France would try—doubtless would. But she would find at once she had to fight Russia, too, and perhaps Italy.'

"That the existing commercial treaties between Germany and Russia are, in reality, equally treaties of alliance in case of war, was another assertion made by this not uncommon type of German, who declared himself to be intimately informed on numerous Russo-German military activities now mutually engaged in by the two countries.

"He said:

" 'There are 9,000 German officers in the Russian army. The Krupps are manufacturing war munitions in Moscow, and the manufacture is going on day and night. Thousands of armoured trucks and tractors, currently used in Germany for commercial purposes, are convertible into war tanks within 60 hours. But the most important activities are in the fields of aviation and chemistry. Commercial aviation is greatly advanced in Germany, and in Russia, too, for that matter—but in this advance, the thought of airplane use in war is far from secondary. And as for chemistry—the Germans and Russians are working unremittingly on war gas and war flame in Soviet-owned laboratories.' "

"No German," interjected the Student, "would have talked like that in Washington, if he had not felt that many Washingtonians would listen sympathetically."

The Historian agreed, and then added: "France is strangely misjudged in America; yet all that is needed in order to understand French policy, both now and for many years to come, is the realization that *what France desires above all else is security*. She wants to secure herself against aggression, and, if possible, to insure peace. That is fundamental, and controls every move she makes. . . . But I should like to conclude my story:—

"Next came the threatened financial collapse of England, caused by the follies of the Socialist Government, with its ever-mounting Dole and other 'charities by Act of Parliament', but precipitated at the moment by the sudden 'freezing' of Bank loans to Germany,—loans made possible by the astonishing blindness of English financiers to Germany's real condition and motives. Today, as everyone knows, a Coalition Government has been formed, composed of the men who were primarily responsible for the disaster, but with the Conservative and Liberal leaders added, to give the others aid and comfort! This new Government having been formed for the avowed purpose of reducing expenditure to the limits of income, a $500,000,000 credit has been promised, half to be provided by the French, and half by a group of American banks headed by that of Morgan (whose bank was *not* one of those which lent money to Germany). And there the matter rests. There is a lull in the cursing of France,—a lull which will cease as soon as America resumes its campaign for 'disarmament',

because, as Mr. Simonds has clearly shown, America is not asking for parallel disarmament 'of purpose and policy' from Germany, the consequence being that France will be compelled once more to criticize and oppose this country's 'moral leadership' (of the same kind as before).

"There is just a chance, of course, that a glimmer of common sense will filter through before it is too late, and that a saner view of the situation will finally reach Washington. A voice is still raised in protest occasionally. James W. Gerard, Ambassador to Germany until America floundered into the War,—returning from a visit to Europe, is reported by *The New York Times* (September 18th) to have 'declared that Germany did not need any financial assistance, and that a large percentage of the loans from the United States was lent to Russia', to enable the Soviet to buy from Germany.

"'The German nation', said Mr. Gerard, 'is apparently making bankruptcy pay. It is high time that American bankers started helping their own country, and stopped lending money to Germany. Since the conclusion of the Versailles Treaty, Germany has paid out ten billion marks in reparations, and has received eighteen billion marks in public and private loans, so that she is eight billion marks ahead.'

"Following the Gerard interview, the same newspaper, on September 19th, reported that Ambassador Hugh Gibson had stated in Brussels that 'only two per cent of Germany's budget was devoted to payment of War debts, whereas twenty-four per cent was being spent on armaments.'

"But these are voices crying to ears nearly all of which are deaf. They have spoken before, and no one has heard them. . . .

"Does not my recital once more make it sufficiently evident that the world is in desperate need of 'God-instructed men to rule the nations'?"

"If you wait for that, you will wait for ever", said our Visitor, dryly.

"Not necessarily", the Historian answered. "Even Atheists have been known to pray when they knew they were drowning."

"But meanwhile", our Visitor persisted, "if you people feel so strongly about these matters, why don't you get down into the arena and take an active part in politics, both national and international?"

"Because it is not the mission of The Theosophical Society to do so, but, instead, to 'preserve the ancient land-marks', to keep burning and unsullied the Light which has been entrusted to us by the custodians of the ancient Wisdom Religion and their agents, the Light which illumines all religions and all subjects, and which mankind needs more than food or clothing. Because—to carry my answer a step further—because we believe that thoughts are things which can be made dynamic, and that, in the long run, it is the invisibles and imponderables that control; because, finally, this country, at present, is governed by its emotions, greed included; is governed by talk and noise; and because, on the plane of talk, there is universal competition, with no listeners, as already remarked, while there is no competition whatever on the plane of honest and reasonably clear thinking.

"We did get down into the arena, as you express it, though not politically, at

the time of the World War; but conditions then were different. Then, officially ordered to be neutral 'in thought and act', we protested to all who would listen that neutrality was a shame and a disgrace, and gave our reasons and proved that we were right. That was a simple issue. What is the issue to-day? There are a hundred issues, all springing from man's refusal to look facts in the face and to recognize his own insufficiency. Capable of supernatural heroism in times of war—rising then to heights of nobility almost beyond belief, filling one with reverence and awe—as readers of 'War Memories' must agree—man, in times of peace, is no better than a lunatic-at-large, incapable of reason whenever that requires detachment from his personal desires and feelings, the destroyer of himself through his own misplaced conceit."

Then, noticing that our Visitor looked puzzled, the Historian added: "Misplaced, because centred in his mind and personality, the instrument he ought to control. If he were to have 'a good conceit of himself' *in spite of* his personal limitations—which make him in fact a prisoner in a cage—and *because of* the divine possibilities which lie latent within him; if he were to begin to realize that the world in which he lives, instead of being the real world, is only a world of shadows, the distorted reflection of beauties he cannot see, of an order he cannot imagine; if he would condescend even to theorize about the existence of Great Souls among the denizens of that world, and of their participation in the affairs of this, and were to desire, just a little, that 'the Kingdom of His righteousness' might appear,—then, absolutely anything might happen, for man would have opened the door which he now holds shut. As it is, he prefers to impose his own idea of righteousness, this way and that—a Communistic idea in one place, Socialistic in another, and 'Capitalistic-Charity-by-Act-of-Congress' idea in a third—with confusion worse confounded every time he talks, which he never ceases to do."

"I am glad you spoke of the War", commented the Ancient. "I doubt whether in all the history of the world, the great Western Master has been as happy as during that time of man's magnificence; for nearly all those men of unbroken and unbreakable heart were his children, and his joy and pride in them must have been passionate and intense. Also, he had it in his power, as soon as they were 'dead', to reward them marvellously and to their everlasting wonder, and inasmuch as he is human, his joy in that must have been very great. His children! Many of them had seemed so utterly graceless—though *he* had known better. Then their day came, and they proved and redeemed themselves. I like to think that some Eastern Master, responsible for a gentler race, turned and looked and almost envied him their promise—and perhaps said so. . . . In fact", the Ancient continued after a pause, "I believe that did happen. I hope and pray it will happen again."

T.



Living Philosophies, by Twenty-Two Representative Modern Thinkers; Simon and Schuster, New York, 1931; price, $2.50.

The enthusiastic publisher tells us that "here we have a meeting of Titans, who bare their souls and question their deepest faiths and passions." A cynic might suggest that a twenty-third Titan was needed to complete the symposium,—namely Prometheus, who tried to endow man with wisdom. However, even without Prometheus, it is a very intellectual party, including among others, Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, H. G. Wells, H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser, Irving Babbitt, and Hilaire Belloc.

All of the essays in *Living Philosophies* are interesting, if only because they offer actual evidence of the dark night through which the modern world is passing. The men and women who have here undertaken to "bare their souls", are all notable for their amiable intentions, but most of them leave an impression that they have not the least idea of what it is all about. Hilaire Belloc, with his uncompromising Catholic dogmatism, is an exception, but unfortunately a very irritating one. In fact, the reader is driven to use one author as a counter-irritant to another. One takes refuge from Hilaire Belloc in Bertrand Russell, and vice versa.

It would seem that one common quality pervades the thought of the majority of these thinkers. They are quite unreasonably optimistic and cheerful about themselves and about nature,—and this is as true of Einstein as of George Jean Nathan. They are optimistic, although most of them doubt or deny the existence of anything corresponding to an immortal soul in man, and although all but a few question the possibility that there is a divine substratum of nature, or that, if this exist, it is in any sense discoverable. Their general point of view is materialistic, in so far as they conceive man to be an accidental or mechanically determined product of vast, inanimate reactions within the "body" of a vague entity which they usually call Nature.

Ancient materialists seem to have been very gloomy people, whose chief consolation for being alive was that, if the worst came to the worst, they could commit suicide. They were both more consistent and less sentimental than the moderns. However, they lived before Lord Bacon and *The New Atlantis*.

Since Bacon's time, men have dreamed of a future Golden Age which will be brought into being through the advancement of scientific knowledge. Nothing could be more shapeless and unsubstantial than the idea of "progress" toward some scientific Utopia, but it evidently suggests a desirable goal to many individuals, and it stimulates their emotions. We find men who would describe themselves as hard-headed positivists, affirming their faith that science is an instrument devised by the evolutionary process to make man as happy as it is possible for him to be. If they reasoned a little more carefully, they might perceive that the course of our actual industrial civilization illustrates the normal reaction of the human animal to every increase of scientific knowledge. One wonders whether a few more years of such "progress" will lead to Utopia or to Bedlam.

Irving Babbitt is the only contributor who has squarely faced the problem which confronts our century. It is the same which has confronted other centuries, the immemorial problem of the dual nature of man. Unlike most "representative modern thinkers", he does not be-

lieve that science can ever liberate man from the evils which are generated by the misuse of the human will, for these evils can only be removed by the exercise of a higher faculty of the will, which is dormant in most men. Thus, in this era of self-expression, he preaches a doctrine of self-restraint. "One cannot insist too often", he writes, "that 'the immortal essence presiding like a king over man's appetites', is transcendent, set above 'nature', not only in Rousseau's sense, but also in the sense which is given to the term by the man of science" (p. 131). S. V.

The Flood: New Light On An Old Story, by Professor Harold Peake; London, Kegan Paul; 6*s*.

This book is a sign of the times in three respects: 1) it was called forth by wide-spread popular interest in archæological discoveries and their relation to Bible stories; 2) it rests upon a series of so-called "scientific" assumptions, the fallacies of which Theosophy has consistently exposed, but to which science as consistently clings; and 3) it reveals anew how far the traditional Biblical dating regarding the eras before Christ still "cramps, cabins, and confines" the modern historical writer. To students of *The Secret Doctrine* the book is full of interest, partly because it gives a succinct summary of the most notable Flood legends and surviving written accounts, together with modern interpretations of them in the light of the very latest facts revealed by the spade; and also because it demonstrates (quite unconsciously, of course) the imperative need for Theosophy and a theosophical understanding in order correctly to write either true history or true science. Madame Blavatsky tells us in *The Glossary* (s. v. Samvartta Kalpa) that the Fifth Root Race (ours) has in all "sixty-four" cataclysms periodically, "fifty-six by fire, seven by water, and one small Kalpa by winds, or cyclones." Our Fifth Race began about one million years ago. The Fourth Root Race, the Atlanteans, overlapped the Fifth; for the *S. D.* tells us that the great series of cataclysms which submerged Atlantis began "several million years ago" (II. 314n.); but that "the famous island of *Ruta* and the smaller one Daitya" were destroyed similarly "850,000 years ago in the later Pliocene times" (ibid.),—the latter island, however, not being completely submerged until "about 270,000 years ago" (I. 651); while the last remnant, the small island known as Poseidonis, went under "just 11,446" years ago (*The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, new and revised edition, p. 155), or B. C. 9,564. Lemuria was blown up by submarine volcano some 700,000 years before Atlantis began to go down (*Mah. Let.*, p. 151; *S. D.*, II. 433n.). Moreover, our "Fifth Race (the non-initiated portions), hearing of many deluges, confused them, and now know of but one. This one altered the whole aspect of the globe in its interchange and shifting of land and sea" (*S. D.*, II. 139, 40, 41).

In the light of this array of Floods, extending back over thousands, running into millions, of years, the newly found evidences for a local deluge in Mesopotamia have only relative interest. Throughout Professor Peake's discussion, it is almost comic to discover that such phrases as "of a great antiquity" or "at a very early age", still relate to "about 4000 B. C." (p. 43), though a daring English writer, "Mr. Campbell Thompson, has suggested 5000 B. C." (p. 44); while a French savant, M. de Morgan, once suggested 18,000 B. C. for the pre-Flood settlement of Susa, but before his death retreated to 5000-4500 B. C. owing to the united pressure of his colleagues (p. 71). Chapter V, however, is of great interest, and deals with "The Royal Lists", two more having very recently been found corresponding with the famous one of Berosus, quoted by Eusebius. Berosus' figures total 432,000 years, almost proving that he was an Initiate, and indeed, he tells us that he derived his knowledge from Ea, the "male-female deity of Wisdom" (*S. D.*, II. 115). The new lists, which do not agree, and unite only in recording certain names in common, total 251,200 and 455,800 years respectively; while the "Weld-Blundell prism" mentions the Deluge specifically, records dynasties lasting 241,200 years before the Flood, and, "like the tablets from Nippur, enumerates all the kings that had ruled Mesopotamia from that time until the date at which the tablets were written" (p. 55). Since anthropologists to-day constantly talk of man's terrestrial existence in terms of a million years, it is a pity that a sister science still exercises all its ingenuity to foreshorten such priceless records within the compass of 5000 years. Fortunately, the difficulties this has presented are becoming so manifest that signs of a welcome reaction are at hand, because even by call-

ing years, months, and devising the most complicated overlapping, all the known facts—successive cities built and destroyed upon one another, etc.—cannot be crowded into so short a time. Professor Peake writes: "Those who advocate the greatest amount of such overlap, thereby reducing the date of the First Dynasty of Ur [the first after the Flood, and said by the tablets to have lasted 24,510 years, 3 months, and 3 days], have implied that the shorter the chronology the more scientific and critical is its exponent, and have thus affected the minds of the students to such a degree that competition is arising as to who can put forward the shortest possible scheme. The really scientific ideal, however, is neither to aim at the shortest or longest chronological scheme possible, but to advance an hypothesis that will most nearly fit all the facts that are at the moment available. Until, however, some general agreement on this point has been achieved, it will be impossible to fix, even with approximation, the date of the Flood with any degree of finality" (pp. 60-61). This recognition at once of bias and incompleteness, is itself promising, as is also the fact that the actual inscriptions have verified at least the names appearing in these ancient lists to such an extent that "most writers now agree that, except for the number of years that the kings are said to have reigned, they may be considered substantially as history" (p. 77). Perhaps the day is not so far off when historians will re-examine such statements as those of Martianus Capella (*c.* A. D. 500), who wrote that the Egyptians had secretly studied astronomy for over 40,000 years, and of Diogenes Laertius (IIIrd cent.) that they had kept astronomical calculations for 48,863 years before Alexander the Great (Proem, 2), and of Simplicius (VIth cent.) that he had always heard that they kept astronomical records for the last 630,000 years.

This little book is very clearly and simply written by an expert who is an enthusiast, and whose zest is, therefore, catching. It is full of fascinating information, highly significant to students of Theosophy; and no one could quarrel with its closing sentence: "There are, however, still problems to be solved regarding The Flood." B. A.

Mount Zion, by Gwendolen Greene; J. M. Dent and Sons, 1929; price, 7*s.* 6*d.*

This book will appeal to those who love Beauty,—its title taken from a verse of the Psalms, "Out of Zion hath God appeared, in perfect beauty". The author is a niece of the late Baron Friedrich von Hügel, whose work as philosopher and thinker has been noticed more than once in the QUARTERLY. In 1928, Mrs. Greene published, under the title of *Letters to a Niece*, a collection of her uncle's letters, which form a very interesting record of spiritual direction, with a direct influence on the book under review. The Baron had a wide and deep understanding of the needs of human nature; to this niece who came to him for advice on the spiritual life, and whose own inclination was towards the devotional aspect of religion, he advised a thorough course of serious reading,—classical literature and philosophy, ancient history, early Christian writings.

The writer is possessed by a sense of the beauty of the Presence of God and expresses this in her book: "I believe we can see beauty in everything but sin,—in poverty, in austerity, in sacrifice and renunciation". Students of Theosophy, who are inclined to be reticent in their use of the term "God", will find in these pages frequent and almost familiar allusions to the Deity. Possibly they would choose to express it as the Self, the Eternal, as in the *Gîta* when Krishna speaks: "I am taste in the waters, light in moon and sun, sound in the ether and manhood in men". The thought is the same, and its practical application is in the realization of the Presence in daily life,—"truly prayer becomes our life."

In more than one passage the author shows her debt to Greek thought, as she approached it through the philosophy of Plato and of Plotinus, and studied it in the writings of St. Paul, teacher of the Greeks. Something of their liberty of spirit is reflected in her work; she sees a "continual necessity for a new conversion in every soul, for we are ever making ourselves chains". That necessity is especially urgent in these days of material cares and worldly comforts: "our souls are more and more imprisoned in our mechanical inventions". In the beauty of countryside and open spaces, she finds deep joy and serenity, yet her devotional spirit is ever virile and positive; for her, religion is "no comfortable sitting-place; it is a sword". Christ is to be found in "austerity of life". In him the soul finds her rest: "we fly to Him as a

bird flies to the silent hills". Through all her writing there breathes a rhythm and harmony which is full of repose.

The book will be a delight to those who, loving God's countryside, yet have to live in the cities of men; it might be recommended as an invigorating tonic to any who have moments of gloom or despondency; to many it will bring refreshment and joy. Truly, a beautiful book. S. C.

The Magic and Mysteries of Mexico, by Lewis Spence; David McKay Co., Philadelphia, 1931; price, $6.00.

Mr. Spence has written not only a monumental work on the *Gods of Mexico*, but also *The Mysteries of Egypt* and *The Mysteries of Britain*. One would think him well fitted to explain something of the symbols and allegories of Mexico and Central America.

From the archæological standpoint he is no doubt competent to do so. Unfortunately, learned and conscientious as he is, Mr. Spence has no idea of the deeper significance of the Mysteries of any country. The gigantic shadow of Sir James Frazer lies over him like a fog, and the hopeful student of Theosophy finds himself confronted with such a statement as: "Probably after a long career as a fetish, obsidian at last became personalized or deified, just as grain achieved a personality as Osiris or 'John Barleycorn'". Just as dry as a bale of hay, and food for jackasses.

However, he has gathered together a wealth of material from scattered sources inaccessible to the average reader, and his book will be of value to any one interested in the Mystery Religions, or in the great civilizations of Pre-Columbian America. When he has read it, the inquirer will be well informed as to the facts so far discovered, but the inner meaning of the Mysteries of Mexico will remain just as mysterious. ST. C. L. D.

Philosophical Poems of Henry More, edited with an Introduction and Notes by Geoffrey Bullough, M. A.; Manchester University Press, 1931; edition limited to 450 copies; price, 25*s*.

In her list of representative Kabalists given in the *Glossary*, H. P. Blavatsky includes Henry More, while she quotes him several times approvingly in *Isis* as "neither an alchemist, magician, nor astrologer, but simply a great philosopher, . . . shrewd logician, scientist, and metaphysician" (I. 205). The editor of this new and attractive edition of selections of his poems, feels "that something less than justice had been done to Henry More's poetry", and therefore he undertakes to edit and elucidate the philosophy and theology of the "Psychozoia" (Life of the Soul), a long and early poem, and of all the minor and occasional pieces. In his Introduction he traces sympathetically and skilfully More's intellectual development; his love for, and debt to, Spenser; his break with Calvinistic theology and whole-hearted delight in Plato, Plotinus and the neo-Platonists; and his conversion after reading the *Theologica Germanica*, until, in 1647 (More was born in 1614), a definitive collection of his poems was published, and More confined himself to writing prose. From then on, Mr. Bullough has no use for Henry More. Because "his belief in divine inspiration grew", therefore: "From this time, he became increasingly hostile to Cartesianism, engrossed in spiritualism and irrational theosophy, and controversial in his attitude to Catholicism" (p. lxxviii). The editor characterizes F. M. Van Helmont, with whom More corresponded, as "an erudite charlatan, son of the great chemist" (p. lxxix); and consistent with this view-point, he omits to publish More's mystical poems on "The Immortality of the Soul", "The Præ-existency of the Soul", and others, as, for practical purposes, intellectual by-products and worthless. It is a sign of the times that a modern defender of More should resort to such exclusion. For the student of Theosophy, therefore, this volume stops at just the point where the greatest interest begins. It is unfortunate that almost the whole of modern scholarship is bound by such limitations—its vision held by a real lack of understanding, sometimes due to confounding the counterfeit with the real, and strangely convinced that the elect of a wise old world must resolutely and at long last outgrow childish superstitions.

Within the limits set, however, this volume is of genuine interest and helpfulness in tracing More's literary background, and in demonstrating that his poems should be read as More

intended that they should be read—as matter for "Deep searching thoughts often renewed" —that is, for the beauty of their philosophy rather than for any courtly polish in their diction.

G. A.

The Book of the Damned, by Charles Fort; Boni and Liveright, New York, 1919.

New Lands, by Charles Fort; Boni and Liveright, New York, 1923.

Lo! by Charles Fort; Claude Kendall, New York, 1931; price, $2.50.

Mr. Fort has recorded some extraordinary events which are said to have occurred during the past hundred years,—falls of organic matter from the sky, "poltergeist" phenomena, instances of bleeding images, strange lights on the moon, etc., etc. In every case, he has given his "sources"; and it is astonishing how often he found the choicest morsels buried among the pages of the most respectable scientific journals.

However, these three books are not merely collections of mystery stories. Mr. Fort uses his material to point a moral. It is not the moral which a conventional mind might expect. Mr. Fort does not tell us how credulous a person must be to believe in poltergeists. On the contrary, he calls attention to the mental inertia of the scientists who classify his data as "old wives' tales", because they cannot explain them in terms of their preconceptions.

Scientists do not even try to explain such things as bleeding images. They assume some trickery or sleight-of-hand, or they deny the evidence, or they ignore it. They act as if science were a vested interest entrusted to their protection. Like all dogmatists, they instinctively reject every record of a fact which does not accord with their hard and fast standards as to what a fact ought to be. Mr. Fort dislikes intellectual hypocrisy, and, finding this quality prevalent in the scientific world, he attacks the Brahmins of science with every resource of logic and wit which he can muster. Incidentally, his books provide some of the best literary recreation that one can expect to find in a century which has almost forgotten the art of real satire. His sense of humour is altogether *sui generis*, but it belongs to the grand tradition of Aristophanes and Rabelais.

It may be argued that his work is primarily destructive, but there is a place in nature for destructive agents. As a matter of fact, he is not wholly bent on destruction. He doubts, or appears to doubt, the heliocentric theory, but he offers an alternative cosmology. It is true that this cosmology is admirably devised to horrify orthodox astronomers. Nevertheless, its central idea is serious enough in its essence, even though it is expressed in figures of speech which are often the reverse of serious. Mr. Fort suggests, as a working hypothesis for astronomers, the concept that the system, of which our planet is the centre, is a developing organism, corresponding in its development to the embryo chick within its protecting shell.

It is, however, scarcely likely that the astronomers will condescend to borrow a working hypothesis from Charles Fort. It is more convenient for them to treat him as they treat the phenomena he records,—that is, either to deny his existence or to ignore him. S. V. L.

Mère Marie of the Ursulines, by Agnes Repplier; published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York; price, $2.50.

The sub-title of this book, "A Study in Adventure", tells us before we open it, what we may expect, and having begun to read, we soon become victims of its contagious spirit—the spirit of frontier life. The picture which Miss Repplier draws with that clever, facile pen of hers—the picture of life in "New France" in the seventeenth century—is vivid and absorbingly interesting; at times most diverting, since there is a lightness of touch and a flashing sense of humour which relieves what, of necessity, is often dark and forbidding, as one side of frontier life is almost sure to be. Quebec was little more than a settlement in those days, and a very primitive settlement at that; the surrounding country infested by Indians, even the Hurons being none too friendly or reliable; the Iroquois "not men" but "wolves". Into this rude land, where the Jesuit missionaries had preceded them in their ardent desire to tame the untamable "red man", came Mère Marie from the quiet of her Ursuline convent at Tours; only two nuns in her charge, and the "sanguine, devoted, wilful *fondatrice*", Madame de la Peltrie, in tow. Here, under the most primitive conditions, they began their civilizing work of teaching such little French girls as the settlement could boast, and of "Christianizing" as

many little Indian girls as they could muster. From first to last it was a hard, in many respects a cruel life; disasters (though they never called them by that name) overtook them; but "the noteworthy characteristic of Ursula's daughters is their valorous spirit", we are told, and this mere handful of resolute women kept faith with the traditions of their order. The same must also be said with all emphasis, of the Jesuit Fathers, who, almost unremittingly exposed to and frequently suffering the most abominable tortures, lived hard and half savage lives among the Indians for pure love of their ideal.

In the pioneer life, certain basic qualities would appear to be indispensable, and Mère Marie possessed them to an uncommon degree, for, "toiling in her humble field", she "arrived at wisdom through the exercise of that unflawed common sense which studied circumstances, measured possibilities, took chances, and achieved results." Yet this grave, capable, superficially unemotional woman must have had, buried deep within her, the unquenchable flame of romance (as indispensable an element in pioneer life, as warfare is inevitable)—a love of romance which only her well-balanced nature kept within bounds, for had she not glimpsed what to her was a future "wilder than any dream", she could hardly have accomplished a task so formidable, with so much success. Indomitable courage was, of course, hers, as must surely be the case with all those who live a frontier life; but what really made her work possible and lasting was that she had imagination; she had vision; there was more than a touch of the mystic in her, and *that* must be the quality of all others necessary in pioneer work, if it is to bear fruit.

Adventure, pioneer work, blazing a trail, even of a modest kind, must always be matters not only of interesting study, but of deep concern to those who are connected with the Theosophical Movement, for what was Madame Blavatsky if not adventurous in the Cause to which she gave her life; could any pioneer work ever done be more splendid than hers, and after her, Mr. Judge's? And what is the Movement doing to-day if not blazing a trail into unexplored territory? But these are great matters, the full significance of which is clear only to those of great vision. There is also a simpler lesson to be found in this book; a simpler though not a less important lesson for some of us who are of smaller calibre than our great pioneers, and it is this: those men and women *knew what they wanted*, and being by nature full of the spirit of divine adventure, they went hot foot after the desired object, and they never so much as glanced to right or to left *until they got it*. And when they got it, they discovered that they wanted still more of it—so they *got that*. By their burning fervour they created a demand which brought its own supply. There was no end to their desire for service of their cause, so there was, of course, no end to the opportunities given them both for preparation and for service itself. Theirs was "the enduring quality of French courage, which failure makes persistent, and disaster quickens into flame." We are greatly indebted to Miss Repplier who has given us a book not only of great charm and full of most interesting information, but also one which is full of suggestions pointing to life's deepest lessons, for anyone who wishes to read them there. T. D.

Atlantis in Andalucia, A Study of Folk Memory, by E. M. Whishaw; London, Rider & Co., 1930; 15*s*.

This interesting volume will almost certainly mark a turning point in the modern scientific discussions as to the existence of Atlantis, and of a so-called pre-historic Atlantean civilization. The evidence and theories presented deserve, and demand, thorough investigation. What Max Nordau called "the eternal enigma of the origin of the Iberian civilization" now finds a key in the amazing remains in Niebla, a forgotten mining town on the Rio Tinto, thirty miles from the sea-coast of southern Spain. The mines there were used successively by the Arabs, by the Romans, by the Carthaginians back to 560 B. C., by the Greeks, and then by the earlier Bronze Age inhabitants; while beyond even that time are the remains of a series of well-defined civilizations, each in turn mining, in receding order, copper, then silver, then gold—and "the silver is more perfectly extracted than the copper, . . . and the gold is more skilfully worked than either" (pp. 12, 24). Accumulative evidence both archæological and ethnological, invariably points to the fact that, in this neighbourhood, the further one

penetrates into so-called Neolithic and Stone Age times, the higher is the civilization revealed, the more refined the culture, and the greater the engineering skill—rivalling in almost every sense that of to-day. Cyclopean walls closely related to those in North Africa in workmanship, Dolmens, Menhirs and Sun-Temples of perfect construction, water-works that, cleared of rubbish, are doing service to-day and have proved a blessing to the indigent natives, all point to an extraordinary development, quite inexplicable except in terms of a lost civilization. Folk memory has preserved vivid accounts of a Flood, followed by a terrible drought; and the detail of these folk memories actually provided Mrs. Whishaw with the necessary clues to work out the engineering accomplishment of these Atlantean craftsmen, who lived, she firmly believes, "any time from 12,000 to 30,000 or 40,000 years ago" (p. 6).

The book reads at times like a romance. Mrs. Whishaw describes herself as a widow of seventy-two, who, as an amateur, has devoted her whole time for twenty-six years to the solution of this problem. She tells with skill and delightful enthusiasm the story of her successive discoveries. Stranded at the outbreak of the War, she lived in a "hovel built against the Gate of the Ox on the town wall . . . literally alone", and her food bill was perforce limited "to a peseta a day" (p. 8). This Gate of the Ox, going straight back to the primitive Iberians of Tartessus, being offered at a later date for sale, Mrs. Whishaw bought it for the bargain price of £30., and it now forms part of the museum which her zeal and industry have created. Slowly she won the respect and confidence of the natives; and when, during a drought, her clear-sighted application of the legends related to her, enabled her to trace the Neolithic underground water conduit, which came from the mountains miles away, crossed under the tainted river of Tinto (which "no bird or fish or reptile" could drink, and live, p. 103), and delivered, when cleared, an enormous stream of the purest water to the very centre of the hill-top town, the Alcalde and "the whole town rose *en masse*", and, "amid the shouts of men and women", Mrs. Whishaw was made an adopted daughter of Niebla, and the freedom of the city was given her (p. 106). Gradually the scientific world became aware of these discoveries; learned visitors came, and small contributions were made to broaden the area of investigation. Mrs. Whishaw's work finally received recognition, for in 1929 she was extended full membership in the Spanish Society of Anthropology, Ethnography, and Prehistory (p. 280). But the learned world is slow to part from cherished prejudices, and even those who are sympathetic, seek first for any plausible explanation, however ingenious, rather than admit "that Plato's story is corroborated from first to last by what we find here, even the Atlantean name of his son Gadir, who inherited that part of Poseidon's kingdom which lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules and ruled at Gades, having its echo in the traditional Gadea on the Rio Tinto in the jurisdiction of Niebla, an ancient mill under the shadow of a Stone Age fortress, relics of which still stand" (p. 7). Students of *The Secret Doctrine* will find material of the highest interest throughout this fascinating volume; and one cannot but hope that the labours of so valiant a pioneer will reap the harvest of wide-spread recognition and acceptance.

M. H.

The Weary Road, by Charles Douie; John Murray, London, 1929; price 6*s*.

In the July, 1928, issue of the QUARTERLY, there was an appreciative comment in "The Screen of Time" on Mr. Douie's articles ("Memories of 1914–1918") which were then appearing in *The Nineteenth Century and After* magazine. These articles, "written at odd hours", have now appeared as a book, with a fine Introduction by Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. In the Preface, the author tells us that "hasty judgments" have been revised, and new material added. We are indeed glad that in *The Weary Road* Mr. Douie's splendid articles are now available under one cover, for we should not wish to lose any part of what he has to tell us of his War experiences. Absorbingly interesting as these are, however, it is not the experiences themselves which tell us most; it is his reflections upon them and his observations in regard to them; in regard to the effects of the War on the men who took part in it; in regard, also, to the ideals of "the soldier". These reflections are full of a penetrating discernment, and much that he says is of the deepest interest to students of Theosophy, because it is one more bit of evidence to prove the resemblance which exists between the mili-

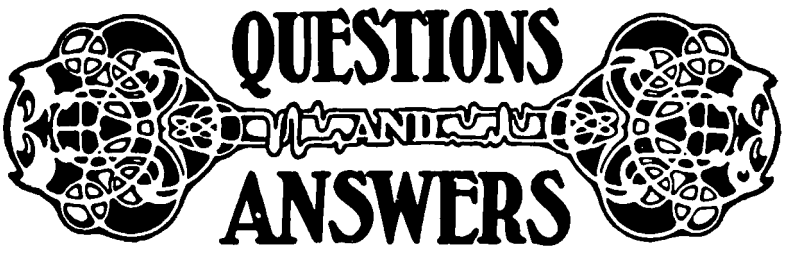
tary and the theosophical life. Mr. Douie, who served on the Western Front with the famous "Dorsets", was hardly out of school when he took up soldiering, but he comes of a family of professional soldiers, and has, therefore, an inherited comprehension of military standards. Thus, in interpretation of these ideals: "The soldier is accused of bartering away his right to determine his own conduct, of having no creed, no will of his own. . . . The soldier has not bartered away his right to his private judgment; he has renounced it—a very different thing. Renunciation is a quality much in disrepute, since modern education set out to teach the virtues of self-expression. But the need for it is no less great; indeed, the more one part of the community achieves self-expression, the more must the other part of the community renounce. Fortunately, renunciation has its rewards: in time of peace the soldier learns that in putting the interests of his regiment ever before his own interests, he obtains a greater freedom, not a less." In these words we find a striking similarity to the ideal of most members of The Theosophical Society, for it is the code of the *Bhagavad Gîta:* "He should be known as ever renouncing who hates not nor desires"—renunciation of all that is opposed to Spirit, leads to an acceptance of the Will of the Supreme. The chêla has not bartered away his right to his private judgment, he has renounced it; he has given it to his Higher Self, or his Master; and many a student of Theosophy has long since realized that "in putting the interests of his regiment [the T.S.] ever before his own interests, he [also] obtains a greater freedom, not a less": he finds himself. How often at T.S. meetings has this ideal been set before us,—while the mania for self-expression in the world to-day has been the subject of discussion more than once—a discussion by no means flattering to the exponents of self-expression.

The Weary Road is a book of high and noble memories, and the survivors of the War, "the remnant of a great fellowship", are deeply conscious that they owe a debt "which cannot ever be fully paid, to the dead." It was because of the desire to repay some part of the debt, that the book was written, and while Mr. Douie would have no one forget the "disaster and death" which the War brought, "the triumph of the spirit of man" over these, is what he would stress. On this ground, therefore, he protests against much that is lurid in the War literature of to-day: "While it is well that we should remember the material horror and carnage of the Somme, it is not well that we should forget that many men there found their manhood, there first knew the triumph of spirit over fear and fatigue." Mr. Douie refers also to what some others have noticed as a phenomenon of the War—the growth of a kind of mystical consciousness in many men of all ranks; a consciousness "of a mystery in the heart of things, some identity of man with that which gave him birth"; the "sense of forming part of the Whole, and the contentment which that sense could bring in the presence of death."

It is, however, with the poignant memory of "the best-loved, the gallant, the single-hearted," that we come upon those passages which will, perhaps, remain with us the longest. "Here above the Ancre lie many of the most gallant of my regiment, men who were my friends, men whose memory I shall revere to the end of time. . . . They have passed into the silence. We hear their voices no more. Yet it must be that somewhere the music of those voices lingers, and that in time to come it will inspire and strengthen men who in pursuit of an ideal may be called upon to make a like sacrifice. . . . If we have any consolation, it is that they held their heads high in life, and that when the darkness closed round them, they did not flinch."

Mr. Douie has given us a book of rare beauty and understanding, with a pervading sense that Life is a unity. "Though I knew that the blood of men who were my friends must soon incarnadine these fields, I had in my heart a sense that through their sacrifice life would become more noble in due time." Few War books of to-day penetrate so deeply into the real meaning of the War as does *The Weary Road.* Never deceived by the glamour of mere action, Mr. Douie looks always deeper, seeing behind the transitory, physical conflict, the everlasting conflict of the soul of man in his long, upward ascent, and that those loved companions at whose side he fought—the men whose lives were gladly given, "unfaltering and unrepining"—were never more splendid than in the hour of their passing "to that high fellowship beyond our ken."

T. D.



QUESTION NO. 362.—*As a beginner I am much struck with the emphasis laid on love of a Master as a means of progress, both at the meetings of the Society and in the pages of the* QUARTERLY. *If one is not conscious of this intense and special love, what can be done about it? Is it not a gift?*

ANSWER.—What happens in every-day life when we come in contact with a person who arouses in us admiration, respect, reverence for his qualities of mind and heart and spirit? What do we do about it? We study this individual, and the more we do so, the closer we feel drawn to him, the better we understand something of the motives which lie behind his acts and words. We glimpse unsuspected reaches, we realize more fully his quality. We begin to try to imitate him, to act "as if" we, too, were actuated and inspired by the same motives. We desire greatly to be with him often, to know him better. Finally, we begin to love him. We begin to long to do something for him, to help him in any way that we can. We begin, at last, to love with intensity, because of what we did about it when we only loved a little.

We can do the same thing in the world of Reality, following, obeying our Master,—acting "as if",—until we become conscious of an intensity of love within us, which *then* is his gift to us, after we have done our part, after we have reached out to take by violence the Kingdom which he has offered. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Everything can be done about it. "God is love." The end, the consummation, of human evolution may be described in terms of love of one's Master. The first thing to do about it, even before any special course of action be undertaken, is not to rest content with an interesting and appealing theory, but to take home to oneself that "this means me". My Master, whoever he may be,—and each one of us has his Master—loves *me*, loves me *now*, just as I am, stupid and foolish, crooked and smirched; but if I respond to his love by the smallest interior acts of recognition, and appreciation, and gratitude, a new relationship can be established which has literally no limits to its future possibilities of intimacy and collaboration. The earlier stages resolve themselves into loyalty on our part to this relationship—we may trust his loyalty; and loyalty will mean obedience. Obedience, it has been said, first to conscience, to the finest shades and refinements of conscience, to conscience interpreted as the will or behest of one's Master, even in little things. It is not so very long before obedience and love become indistinguishable. The difficulties will depend largely on how far our attention is concentrated on him, and our centre of interest from day to day is transferred to him, or on how far we are still chiefly concerned with, and about, ourselves. One thing is certain: love—passionate, consuming love—of one's Master can be realized by anyone bent on attaining it. But it is doubtful if we shall hasten the finish by delaying the start. R.

ANSWER.—Love of one's Master is both the means and the goal of all true progress. How to gain it is, and has been through the ages, the theme of every Scripture and spiritual book worthy of the name. It is a gift, but a gift that every one born into the world will, sooner or later, be given an opportunity to acquire. Every power that we have is a gift from on high, but for the most part these gifts are not given directly. Instead, they are put where we can

reach them, provided we make the necessary effort What we regard as "our" desire to love our Master—whoever that Master may be—is in reality the reflection of his love for us. The realization of this love is the "pearl of great price", and to gain it one must "sell all that one has", of self-will and self-love. The road to it is obedience,—obedience to the highest that we can see. The "Screen of Time", in the April, 1920, THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, will be found very illuminating in this connection. B.

ANSWER.—A gift—yes: but what is a gift? To my mind, a "gift" falls into one of two categories: either a reply to my demand, or a development, by my own effort, of a quality embedded in me as an inherent part of my existence on that plane of nature to which the quality pertains. In the last analysis, we are part of the All, we exist only in the Absolute; so that all powers and all qualities are present in us, awaiting our development of them. A man has a field: he cultivates it, and grows potatoes there, with which he feeds himself and his family. They are poor, but they do not starve. Thus it goes on for several years. Then he discovers rich deposits in his field; he sacrifices everything so as to develop these deposits; he extracts his gold, his radium: he is no longer poor. It is the same in the spiritual world. I can work the surface of my life and produce *for* that surface: or I can believe in its hidden riches, and prove their existence and develop them. One is of the earth, earthy, the other, eternal in the heavens. If we want love, we must begin by faith in our latent possession of it; then we must labour for it, and we must sacrifice for it. It may take time; it is sure to take courage and endurance and self-mastery: for love is a great "gift"—the greatest—and the price to be paid for it is high. But my point is that I do not have to go out *for* it; I already have it,—only I must bring it to the surface by my toil. When in addition I "demand", when my will can reach that hidden sanctuary where the Great Ones sit, and by its power my cry can pass that threshold where no sound which has the discord of self in it can be heard,—then indeed there is help and to spare. As *Light on the Path* tells us,—"for those who are strong enough to conquer the vices of the personal human nature. . . . He (the Adept) is consciously at hand, easily recognized, ready to answer." M.

QUESTION No. 363.—*Long ago it was said "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." In what respect does the doctrine of Karma tell us more than this?*

ANSWER.—In one sense these words are the complete expression of the law of Karma. In ordinary Christian terms the emphasis is usually laid on the implied threat contained in them, the warning that evil and sin will inevitably bring sorrow and unhappiness. Why not emphasize instead the extraordinary promise that is implied, a promise without finality and without limit? *Nothing* is impossible. Reach upon reach of the spiritual world is open to us, height upon height can be attained, wisdom and love and power can be ours beyond all that we can ask or think. Depending upon what? Upon the purity and selflessness of our motive and desire; upon our growth in wisdom and understanding; upon the victories which we win in the ways of inner self-conquest; upon what we *do* about it, upon *how* we sow.
C. R. A.

ANSWER.—St. Paul, an Initiate, was stating the doctrine of Karma when he said, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." He might have added that whatsoever a man reapeth, that he has also sown at some time in his past. St. Paul's statement contains the whole doctrine of Karma for those who have eyes to see, just as all of Euclidian geometry is contained in the few axioms of Euclid; but most of us need to have the meanings and implications of such pregnant statements unfolded for us. As they are studied, they are found to contain meaning within meaning of ever-deepening richness. Mr. Judge's chapter on Karma in the *Ocean of Theosophy*, and Prof. Mitchell's article on "Karma" in the April, 1914, QUARTERLY, will both repay study. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—This doctrine of the Christian Master as expressed by St. Paul, is a finely accurate statement of the law of Karma. But usually it is interpreted, in the West, without taking

Reincarnation into account. A man who has overeaten and suffers from indigestion, knows he pays the penalty for his own act of gluttony. But a man who is born with a deformity usually cannot see the justice of his suffering, and may resent it bitterly. That cause lay in a past life. His present condition is "bad" Karma only if he fail to use the opportunity which his deformity provides. G. M. W. K.

QUESTION No. 364.—*Am I right in supposing that Karma means the reward of good deeds, and that evil deeds will be punished?*

ANSWER.—Yes—and No! Like all the great Truths of the Theosophia, Karma may be approached from several points of view. We may see it as punishment and reward; or as an interplay of forces; or perhaps as the manifestation of "the qualities of the unseen Rulers of the universe, working through all the hierarchies of beings beneath them," down to and including those entities known as Elementals.

By the lay-student, Karma is usually interpreted to mean the "reward of good deeds, and that evil deeds will be punished"; but, so far as human Karma is concerned, the Eternal Triad —Atma, Buddhi, Manas—is the only part of Man, in the true sense, that carries or can carry the effects of past lives into the future life or lives. If this be true, then, since the consciousness of most people is not centred in that Eternal Triad, the idea of suffering and reward has no direct relation to Karma, i.e., it is a by-product, an effect, and not a cause of payment of debt. Karma is really, from one aspect at least, *a matter of the perpetual maintenance of a balance of forces.* In *The Path*, Vol. VII, p. 366, we find the following among a series of aphorisms on Karma given Mr. Judge by his teachers: "Karma is the adjustment of effects flowing from causes during which the being upon whom and through whom that adjustment is effected experiences pain or pleasure."

To interpret Karma solely as punishment and reward is, therefore, not exactly wrong; but it is viewing Karma from the lowest plane of manifestation—from the worldly standpoint. To see Karma as the perpetual maintenance of a balance of forces is to go up a step, as it were, provided one does not become mired in the pit of materialistic interpretation incident to such a view of forces when held separately and without regard to the "universality of consciousness, and to the divine purpose and guidance of manifested life". W. S. F.

ANSWER.—You are partly right in so far as the material plane is concerned. There, our personality, due to time and the polarizing quality of the mind, sees Karma manifesting in the sequential aspects of cause and effect, action and reaction; but the division of effect or reaction into reward and punishment has nothing to do with Karma. This division occurs when our personality, looking at effects from its own point of view, calls effects which further its desires, reward; and effects which hinder its desires, punishment.

A clearer conception of Karma comes when we view this law as a unity of cause and effect. An analogy of the moon, a unity, with its light and dark halves corresponding to action and reaction, serves to aid our understanding. However, for a true understanding of Karma, we must view it, so far as is possible, in the light of the Ego. From this point of view, this law would seem to be the great and beneficent servant of the Ego. By its very kindliness, it drives the protesting individuality through personal incarnations; there to teach it, by effects, what causes it must not set in motion. When at length the personality realizes that in obedience lies liberty, then only is it on the way to union with Karma and its own Ego. H. S.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY:

Thank you for the opportunity to reply to the questions, growing out of an article entitled "Things Prophetical" in the January, 1931, QUARTERLY, which were sent to you by a student of Theosophy in Germany.

In substance, these questions are: 1) Is the sentence quoted on page 263 from *The Mahatma Letters:* "The *latter end* of a very important cycle"—meant to be a commentary on, and therefore applied to, "the 5th western subrace of the 5th Rootrace," which is "running to its *apex*". 2) In the quotations from H.P.B.'s article, page 265, based on E. Zasse, referring to the wave of Empires which pass from Eastern, Central and Western Asia, to "Eastern and Western Europe, and Egypt", the wave does not seem, as stated, to bring "*to each* in its turn the events which it has brought to *the one next preceding*," but to skip from Central Asia to Europe, i.e., to Egypt or the Ottoman Empire. How explain this?

I. In the passage quoted from *The Mahatma Letters* on page 263 of the January, 1930, QUARTERLY, on which the first question is based, the phrase "The latter end of a very important cycle" was *not* meant to be applied to "the cycle of the 5th western subrace of the 5th Rootrace." The reference to the "break-up of our civilization" in the preceding sentence, foot of page 262, might suggest this inference, since the passage was unfortunately not written with sufficient clearness. In the paragraph following, however, this "very important cycle" is specifically identified with "our Fourth Round as a whole." The epicycle of the Fifth Root Race is not referred to; the still smaller cycle of the Fifth sub-race of the Fifth Root Race, is said in the *Mahatma Letters* to be "running on to its apex." This would carry with it in succession, seven Family Races, with their seven respective "off-shoots and branchlets", which would seem to be represented by the main groups of Western peoples, distributed amongst the several Western nations,—each and all of which either have had, or will have, their successive and respective "brilliant noons". The Fifth Race, which began "a million years ago", is on the verge of reaching, a) the apex of its Fifth sub-race; and, b) the beginning of its Sixth sub-race. Its First sub-race still lives in India. Its second (said to be the Egyptians) has ceased to exist; the Third and Fourth do not seem to be precisely defined. The "curious rush" of the past 2000 years is due to a double action: 1) the "acceleration" due to the fact that the Fourth Round *as a whole* has passed its mid-point, and is beginning "its downward course"; and 2) the further acceleration due to the heightened activity of the "western subrace" approaching its "brilliant noon." A very large cycle, rushing downwards, which overshadows and carries a smaller cycle within itself, actually accelerates the speed of the smaller cycle, as a tail wind accelerates the mechanical speed of an airplane.

II. In the article by H.P.B., quoting E. Zasse, no effort was made to correct or amplify what he wrote. There is no hard and fast line between Asia and Europe, in the sense of Empires. Ancient Egypt is said to have embraced what later came to be called Asia Minor,

parts of Turkestan and Persia, the borders of Mongolia in certain periods of *its* history, the Ægean, etc., and lay as a connecting link between what is now known as Asia and Europe. Its place was taken geographically by Persia in 500 B.C., and the Ottoman Empire 1000 years later in 1500 A.D. The 250 year cycles cited, fall into groups of four, composing single larger cycles of 1000 years each. The wave, as H.P.B. (not Zasse) points out, "ceaselessly moves further on to the West" (p. 265), and it is very interesting and suggestive to see how the centre of gravity of successive Empires shifted further and further westward. China, mentioned first by Zasse, is the last of a preceding cycle, and as an Atlantean remnant, apparently gave its impulse to the West and does not seem to have renewed this cycle since. A diagram makes this clearer.

EUROPE		ASIA		
4.	3.	2.	1.	
Troy (?) 1000 B.C.	Greece 1250 B.C.	Egypt 1500 B.C.	Mongolia 1750 B.C.	(China 2000 B.C.)
Roman Empire 1 A.D.	Greece 250 B.C.	Persia 500 B.C.	Scythians 750 B.C.	————
Papal Empire 1000 A.D.	Byzantine Emp. 750 A.D.	Persia 500 A.D.	Huns (Mongols) 250 A.D.	————
? 2000 A.D.	Russian Emp. 1750 A.D.	Ottoman Emp. 1500 A.D.	Mongolian Emp. 1250 A.D.	————

The Ottoman Empire at its apex under Sulieman the Magnificent, 1512 to 1538 and later, held all of Transylvania, Kurdistan, Syria, and Egypt,—much of which was formerly held by Egypt—as well as the more westward territories of Greece and most of the Ægean Islands, Hungary and part of Austria, Albania, and even Otranto in Italy, etc., etc. Any Encyclopædia will give the information. Similarly, Russia in 1750 conquered most of the earlier Byzantine Empire, which in its turn was essentially Greek. The parallels are striking and instructive.

QUÆSITOR.

NOTICE

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.

parts of Turkestan and Persia, the borders of Mongolia in certain periods of *its* history, the Ægean, etc., and lay as a connecting link between what is now known as Asia and Europe. Its place was taken geographically by Persia in 500 B.C., and the Ottoman Empire 1000 years later in 1500 A.D. The 250 year cycles cited, fall into groups of four, composing single larger cycles of 1000 years each. The wave, as H.P.B. (not Zasse) points out, "ceaselessly moves further on to the West" (p. 265), and it is very interesting and suggestive to see how the centre of gravity of successive Empires shifted further and further westward. China, mentioned first by Zasse, is the last of a preceding cycle, and as an Atlantean remnant, apparently gave its impulse to the West and does not seem to have renewed this cycle since. A diagram makes this clearer.

EUROPE		ASIA		
4.	3.	2.	1.	
Troy (?) 1000 B.C.	Greece 1250 B.C.	Egypt 1500 B.C.	Mongolia 1750 B.C.	(China 2000 B.C.)
Roman Empire 1 A.D.	Greece 250 B.C.	Persia 500 B.C.	Scythians 750 B.C.	———
Papal Empire 1000 A.D.	Byzantine Emp. 750 A.D.	Persia 500 A.D.	Huns (Mongols) 250 A.D.	———
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VOL. XXIX, No. 3 JANUARY, 1932 No. 115

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.

AUM

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

Published by The Theosophical Society
at 64 Washington Mews, New York, N.Y.

July; October; January; April

Address all communications to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York

In Europe, single copies may be obtained from and subscriptions may be sent to John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England; or to Mr. E. H. Lincoln, 9 Beaconsfield Road, Low Fell, Gateshead-on-Tyne, England, from whom all back numbers may be obtained. Annual subscription price, 6s., postpaid.

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Entered as second-class matter September 5, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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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 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, 1932

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.

Science and Theosophy

MODERN scientific theories are becoming very like a once famous brand of candies, "fresh every hour". Each meeting of our learned societies brings forth a new baking; and the discovery or hypothesis that was acclaimed last year is made to seem quite old-fashioned and untenable to-day. Perhaps we need not take too seriously doctrines which are so patently transitional and destined for so short a life; but the fact that so many scientific concepts are having to be revised, and that so much, which popular thought had considered permanently fixed, is now in flux, is a distinctly interesting sign of the times,—the more so, to students of Theosophy, in that both the direction of the changes and what appears to be their underlying cause, seem so often to point to theosophic doctrines. It reminds us that "nothing is settled until it is settled right".

To look first to the realm of physics—where the most sensational theories have held favour—Dr. Einstein has changed his mind about the "unified field theory", which he promulgated a year or so ago as explaining the laws of electricity, magnetism and gravitation through the mathematical formulæ of a four-dimensional geometry, such as serves for the basis of his general relativity theory. He now thinks this unified theory unsatisfactory, and proposes in its place a geometry of five dimensions, though he holds that the fifth dimension is "fictional", necessary for the development of the theory, but not involved in the actual phenomena. It may well seem to students of Theosophy, who have learned to think in terms of the septenary division of Being, that Dr. Einstein is here moving toward a sounder philosophic position than he has occupied in the past, though he has not yet gone far enough. For if natural phenomena are to be explained on a purely geometric basis, either seven or ten dimensions should be necessary for any complete theory, though three of them would be constant,

and so not directly active, in the equations governing the material forces of the lower quaternary. This postulating of additional dimensions for the theory, only to hold them inoperative in the practical application, seems to Dr. Einstein a blemish upon the procedure to which he has now been forced, so that he accepted it only with reluctance and after he had become convinced that a purely four dimensional scheme, such as he had at first conceived, could not meet all the requirements. That which most commends his newest theory to us, seems therefore to him its chief objection, though he has other grounds, also, for dissatisfaction. As he puts it: "Electro-magnetism has just been dragged in, and it has not been made to feel at home. It is hard to regard that as unified". It is clear that he has not yet found what is sought, and that the chief significance of his latest hypotheses lies in the broadening of the field of search.

Quantum Mechanics and the Astral Light

When we begin to deal with the constitution of the atom, and the forces acting within it, it is hard to know whether the phenomena are astral or physical, and there is a whole region of modern physics which seems actually to be dealing with a state of emergence from one plane to the other. In the light of Theosophy this explains much that is otherwise difficult of comprehension in the relation of the new "quantum mechanics", developed from the investigation of atomic phenomena, to the previously accepted laws of theoretical physics, formulated from experiments with larger masses. Dr. Dirac, one of the foremost exponents of the quantum theory, sets forth the difference in a very suggestive way. "The classical tradition", he writes, "has been to consider the world to be an association of observable objects (particles, fluids, fields, etc.) moving about according to definite laws of force, so that one could form a mental picture in space and time of the whole scheme. This led to a physics whose aim was to make assumptions about the mechanism and forces connecting these observable objects, to account for their behaviour in the simplest possible way. It has become increasingly evident in recent times, however, that nature works on a different plan. *Her fundamental laws do not govern the world as it appears in our mental picture in any very direct way, but instead they control a substratum* of which we cannot form a mental picture without introducing irrelevancies".

The italics are ours, for we wish to emphasize that Dr. Dirac is saying in his own way, and without knowing that he is saying it, exactly what Madame Blavatsky said some fifty years ago, and which theosophical teaching has constantly repeated. The visible physical world is a world of effects, not of causes. It rests upon the astral light, which underlies it at every point, and its apparent forces are no more than the resultants of the astral forces, nature working always outward from within. Science, pushing its investigations into finer and finer forms of matter, into the nature of light, the constitution of the atom, radio-activity and photo-electric phenomena, has reached a borderland where it has been forced to recognize that the physical laws, valid for grosser matter, are no longer valid and cannot explain the experimentally established facts, which can be reconciled only as the effect, or intrusion into the physical, of some-

thing lying beneath the physical,—the uncharted "substratum" of which Dr. Dirac writes, the "astral" of Theosophy.

When we look at it from this point of view, it is little wonder that modern physics is in a state of flux, and that theory succeeds theory in the effort to deal with the mass of newly discovered and highly paradoxical material. H. P. B.'s prophecy may be closer to fulfilment than has been supposed; and science may to-day be drawing near to the rediscovery and interpretation of the subtiler forces of the astral plane at which it so scoffed a generation ago. Quantum mechanics bears, in fact, much the same relation to theoretical physics and chemistry that the doctrine of the sub- and super-conscious bears to psychology, physiology and therapeutics. Each is concerned with causes operating on a different plane from that which manifests their effects.

This is, however, scarcely the simile that the ordinary physicist would use. A better illustration from his point of view might be drawn by likening the laws of classical physics to the laws which we deduce from life-insurance tables or medical statistics. They are true enough so long as we are dealing only with men in the mass; and applied to the population of a whole country they may have such significance as to cause alarm or rejoicing. But they are never causal in themselves, and if we attempt to apply them to a single individual or family, they become utterly meaningless or definitely misleading. The quantum is the single individual; his health is in his own hands, dependent upon the realities of his habit and hygiene; and he is a most disturbing person to an intellect that has dealt only with averages and has come to think of statistics as causing the conditions they record.

A Pulsating versus a Dying Universe

Perhaps, while we are on the subject of physics, it may be interesting to note that on the same day, November 18th, that Dr. Einstein was explaining his new hypotheses to an audience in Berlin, a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held at Yale, before which Dr. Tolman, of the California Institute of Technology, made a very effective answer to the arguments of those who, like Jeans and Eddington, would persuade us that the universe is inevitably running down to a dead, frozen level. Dr. Tolman presented mathematical models of a universe that would behave much better—indeed quite theosophically—for it would expand and contract endlessly in cycles, corresponding to the outbreathing and inbreathing, the manvantara and pralaya of Theosophy. Dr. Tolman points out that if relativity theory is to be adopted, the second law of thermodynamics can fare no better than the rest of physics, and is by no means as sacred and immutable as has been supposed. It will be remembered that Professor Millikan insists that so far from the universe running down, there is excellent evidence that it is being constantly created anew—that being the only satisfactory explanation of the behaviour of the "cosmic rays" which he discovered some years ago and has since studied with much care. When the experts so differ, we can make our own choice; even Theosophy has here become orthodox.

A Conference on Biological Cycles

That all life and all things—since all that is has life—are subject to the law of cycles, was one of H. P. B.'s most insistent points and lies close to the foundations of theosophic thought. It is interesting to learn, therefore, of a scientific conference, held last summer, for the purpose of studying biological cycles. Some thirty scientists and Canadian officials were invited by Mr. Copley Amory, of Boston, to meet at his summer home on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to see if light could be gained as to the reasons which made fish and game plentiful in one year and scarce in another, and whether there was trustworthy evidence that the lean and full years recurred in definite cycles. Actually the discussions were broadened to include any evidence of cyclic law in wild life, and it was apparent that there was a great mass of such evidence, bearing upon the growth of trees and the life of "insects, fish of the sea, fish of the rivers, game-birds, birds of prey, mice, rabbits . . . They also occur in the bacteria and other parasites which cause epidemics among animals and sweep them away by the millions. Reproduction, diseases and deaths among human beings also came in for discussion. Agricultural fluctuations and even financial panics were not neglected. A number of solar, lunar and meteorological cycles were suggested as causes of the cycles in plants, animals and man. Somewhat to the surprise of the conference the main discussion did not centre around the well-known sunspot cycle of eleven years, but around shorter cycles of four years and especially nine or ten." We quote from the report of the conference by Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, published in *Science*, for September 4, 1931. It is suggestive, but disappointing in the vagueness of its generalities,—though this might have been expected in a first meeting of such a kind. With regard to the ten year cycle, it was noted not only "that many different animals show the same periodicity, but that the same period occurs in the far northwest of Canada, and all the way south into the United States. The increase or decrease appears to begin in the far north and to work its way southward and eastward, reaching southern Canada after about three years. In spite of this, the period of ten years or a little less is constant in each region." Dr. Huntington himself supplied evidence that a similar cycle was recorded in the measurements of the annual rings of growth in trees, particularly the giant sequoias of California. "Thus once in ten years or less something seems to happen which causes an increase and then a decrease in the vital activities of both plants and animals." The most accurate figure for this cycle appeared to be 9.7 years; and it was pointed out that a cycle of 9.5 years can be detected in meteorological records, but has not been much studied there. It is close to half of a recognized lunar cycle of 18.6 years, which can also be distinctly traced in the recurring droughts recorded in the United States during the last century.

A Timber Calendar

What is noted above of the rings of growth of trees, brings to mind a remarkable application of their variation which was made some years ago to the com-

parative dating of ancient Indian ruins in our southwest. The timbers of which the different buildings had been made were carefully examined for the sequence of their ring growths, and the successive variations of these were accurately measured. Where the same sequence of variations was found in two timbers, it was conclusive evidence that they had grown during the same sequence of years; and where the variations of the outer rings of one timber corresponded to those of the inner rings of another, it was clear that the former was of earlier origin than the latter. In this way, linking one timber with another in a continuous chain, a long record or calendar of the years was obtained, and by means of it, the relative dates of the different timbers, and so of the buildings containing them, was determined.

Since writing the above, and as we are about to go to press, we notice a paragraph in the *Science News Letter* of December 12th, stating that Dr. A. E. Douglas, the originator of these tree-ring studies, has recently completed a collection of 275 timbers taken from the little Indian town of Oraibi in northeastern Arizona, which together constitute an unbroken record going back 561 years, showing that the town has been continuously inhabited from 1370 A. D. The earliest written records of Oraibi date from 1770; so the tree-ring calendar has extended its history 400 years. Doctor Douglas is convinced that no other settlement in the United States can give proof of having been continuously inhabited for so long a period, and that Oraibi deserves to be known and marked as our oldest town.

Thomas Edison, One Time F.T.S.

The recent death of Thomas Edison recalls the fact that he was an early member of the Theosophical Society. It was in 1875, when he was twenty-eight and the Society had just been founded, that he made his first commercially successful invention, and in 1877, the year *Isis Unveiled* was published, that he invented the phonograph. In *Isis*, H. P. B. makes the first of several allusions to his work and theories, which, dealing with the new forces of electricity and magnetism, infinitely subtiler than any science had previously explored, tended to undermine the crass materialism of scientific thought, and thus furnished a welcome weapon to her hand. On page 126 of the first volume, we read:

> Since we began to write this part of our book, an announcement has been made in a number of papers of the supposed discovery of a new force by Mr. Edison, the electrician, of Newark, New Jersey, which force seems to have little in common with electricity, or galvanism, except the principle of conductivity. If demonstrated, it may remain for a long time under some pseudonymous scientific name; but, nevertheless, it will be but one of the numerous family of children brought forth from the commencement of time by our kabalistic mother, the *Astral Virgin*. In fact, the discoverer says that, "it is as distinct, and has as regular laws as heat, magnetism or electricity". The journal which contains the first account of the discovery adds that, "Mr. Edison thinks that it exists in connection with heat, and that it can be generated by independent and *as yet undiscovered means*."

The new force turned out to be electricity after all, though in such a different form from those previously known, that it might well have been given a new name. The then "undiscovered means" for its production are now familiar to all of us in the dynamo. But, as we have suggested above, it is only now that we are drawing near to the point where science may be willing to admit that H. P. B. was right in seeing it as one of the progeny of the "Astral Virgin".

Thirteen years later, in an editorial in *Lucifer* (March, 1890), entitled "The Cycle Moveth", H. P. B. comments upon the fact that though the critics had ridiculed the statement in *The Secret Doctrine* that atoms were endowed with intelligence, they now quoted with approval and sympathy Edison's assertion of his belief in the same truth: "I do not believe that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence: look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements. . . . Do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence?" Madame Blavatsky adds: "Mr. Edison is a Theosophist, though not a very active one. Still, the very fact of his holding a diploma seems to inspire him with Theosophical truths." In her next editorial, H. P. B. reverts to the controversy over Edison's statement, which, welcomed by some, had been criticized by others. She picks up the cudgels in his defence.

> For this flight of fancy the February *Review of Reviews* takes the inventor of the phonograph to task and critically remarks that "Edison is much given to dreaming", his "scientific imagination" being constantly at work. Would to goodness that men of science exercised their "scientific imagination" a little more and their dogmatic and cold negations a little less. Dreams differ. . . . The greatest discoveries of modern science are due to the imaginative faculty of the discoverers. . . . Is it then, because consciousness in every universal atom and the possibility of a complete control over the cells and atoms of his body by man, have not been honoured so far with the imprimatur of the Popes of exact science, that the idea is to be dismissed as a dream? Occultism gives the same teaching. Occultism tells us that every atom, like the monad of Leibnitz, is a little universe in itself; and that every organ and cell in the human body is endowed with a brain of its own, with memory, therefore, experience and discriminative powers. The idea of Universal Life composed of individual atomic lives is one of the oldest teachings of esoteric philosophy. . . . Modern science, owing to physiology, is itself on the eve of discovering that consciousness is universal—thus justifying Edison's "dreams."

This was written more than forty years ago. Since then the world has heard more and more of Edison's practical adaptations and inventions, and perhaps less and less of his "dreams". His membership in the Society was not continued. He was a good man; and he will undoubtedly go down to history as a very great man. The President of the United States credited him with "revolutionizing civilization"; Mr. Harvey S. Firestone called him "the greatest mind of our generation"; and Mr. Henry Ford said that "everything he achieved was beneficial to mankind". The *New York Times* spoke of him, editorially, as having

"added immeasurably to the comfort, enjoyment and productivity of mankind"; and when the Congressional Gold Medal was presented to him in 1928, it was said (so as not to let the "immeasurable" remain unmeasured) that "his contributions to the welfare of mankind" amounted to more than "fifteen and one-half billions of dollars". And yet ——. What does it mean that a whole nation should unite in such tribute of praise and gratitude to one who was once a member of the Theosophical Society? Was any other member ever so acclaimed, from the least to the greatest? And is it altogether well with a people whose most spontaneous gratitude and highest admiration go out to those who minister best to their comfort and enjoyment?

There is a pertinent passage in Mr. Judge's *Echoes from the Orient*, which may well make us pause and reflect:

> The cycles in their movement are bringing up to the surface now, in the United States and America generally, not only a great glory of civilization which was forgotten eleven thousand or more years ago, but also the very men, the monads—the egos, as they call them—who were concerned so many ages since in developing and bringing it to its final lustre. In fact, we of the nineteenth century, hearing of new discoveries and inventions every day, and dreaming of great advances in all arts and sciences, are the same individuals who inhabited bodies among the powerful and brilliant as well as wicked, Atlanteans. . . . Of course, in order to be able to accept in any degree this theory, it is essential that one should believe in the twin theosophical doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. To me it seems quite plain. I can almost see the Atlanteans in these citizens of America, sleepy, and not well aware who they are, but yet full of the Atlantean ideas, which are only prevented from full and clear expression by the inherited bodily and mental environment which cramps and binds the mighty man within. This again is Nemesis-Karma that punishes us by means of these galling limitations, penning up our power, and for the time frustrating our ambition. It is because, when we were in Atlantean bodies, we did wickedly, not the mere sordid wicked things of this day, but high deeds of evil such as by St. Paul were attributed to unknown spiritual beings in high places. We degraded spiritual things, and turned mighty powers over nature to base uses; we did *in excelsis* that which is hinted at now in the glorification of wealth, of material goods, of the individual over the spiritual and above the great Man—Humanity. This has now its compensation in our present inability to attain what we want or to remove from among us the grinding-stones of poverty. We are, as yet, only preparers, much as we may exalt our plainly crude American development. Herein lies the very gist of the cycle's meaning. It is a preparatory cycle.

Edison's contact with the Theosophical Society was apparently sufficient, as Madame Blavatsky suggested, partly to free his genius from the "galling limitations" of our present inherited environment, and to restore the use of some of the memory and powers of "the mighty man within". Perhaps his gifts to our age only repeated gifts he made to one long past. Perhaps there is repetition, too, in

the way in which we have received them,—in our avid hunger for personal comfort, our "glorification of wealth and material goods". If this last should be true, then indeed have we need, as a people, to strive earnestly with ourselves in this cycle of preparation, that, when the time comes, we shall not fall again, as we fell before, and do "*in excelsis*" the evil which is hinted at in our present attitude.

Mohenjo-daro, the Mound of the Dead

Sir Arthur Keith, in the *New York Times* of November 22nd, 1931, has given us a noteworthy account of the "amazing discoveries" made at Mohenjo-daro, in northwestern India, some two hundred miles up the river from the delta of the Indus. Ten years ago, an officer of the Indian Archæological Survey, R. D. Banerji, became interested in a Buddhist monastery situated on the largest of a number of mounds, which rose above the plain on the western bank of the river. Digging beneath the foundations of the monastery, in an effort to determine its date, he encountered solidly built brick structures, the bricks being almost identical with those used in the monastery, but obviously of very ancient date,—this being confirmed by the character of the objects unearthed, among which were seals which Mr. Banerji recognized as being similar to those found in the oldest cities of Mesopotamia, in the delta lands of the Tigris and Euphrates, though between the two sites fourteen hundred miles of mountains and high plateaus intervene. The excavations were pressed, and by 1925 soundings had proved that a succession of very ancient cities lay buried at Mohenjo-daro, the "Mound of the Dead". The work was put in charge of Sir John Marshall, the director general of the survey, and "by the end of the second winter (1926-27) thirteen acres of buildings had been exposed [out of an area of some 240 acres, covered by the mounds], enough to reveal the kind of cities which had been built on the banks of the Indus five thousand years ago". They were remarkably like our own. The houses were built close together, in blocks, but separated by narrow alleys, or lanes,—like modern service alleys. There were covered sewers in the streets. The houses had many rooms, including porter's lodges and bath rooms; and there were upper stories reached by stairs. It is estimated that the population must have been in the neighbourhood of 50,000. Sir Arthur Keith considers the city the first example known of "deliberate town planning". He says:

> The oldest cities known to us grew gradually and irregularly without plan, but in the Indus valley, some five thousand years ago, there were men who had mastered the art of city building, and a government which was strong enough to put their plans into execution. The main streets were laid out according to the compass, north and south, east and west. . . . We have to think of the supplies of food and the tide of trade which are needed to sustain the life of such a community. And when we have meditated on the matter, we shall be convinced that civilization on the banks of the Indus some five thousand years ago was much of the same kind as that which now exists on the banks of the Mississippi.

To Sir Arthur Keith all of this is much more surprising than it will be to students of Theosophy, who have never accepted the foreshortening of all human history—and particularly eastern history—which is characteristic of western thought, both in science and theology (it is really extraordinary that differing on almost all matters of truth, they should agree upon this one matter of error). Sir Arthur Keith speaks for his own science, but not for Theosophy, when he says:

> The importance of any discovery can always be measured by the extent to which it causes us to alter our former beliefs. This discovery made in India causes all of us, who are seeking to trace the beginnings of our modern civilization, to re-orientate our attitude to man's past. When we sought to trace human history into the fourth millennium B. C., there were, until this discovery was made, only two spots of light in the darkness of the ancient world—Egypt and Mesopotamia. Now come the discoveries on the banks of the Indus; they have added at one swoop two thousand years to the history of India. That, in reality, is a side-issue. What really matters is the light which Mohenjo-daro throws on the state of human civilization five thousand years ago; it was not confined, as we have hitherto thought, to two small areas of the Old World. It extended from India to Egypt—across a tract measuring at least eighteen hundred miles in width, and its extent from north to south was probably not much less. Human civilization—city civilization—is much older than we have hitherto thought. If human civilization was so widely spread in the fourth millennium, it is most improbable that we shall reach its beginning when we search the rubbish heaps of the fifth millennium. Most likely we shall have to go well into the sixth millennium B. C. to find man taking his first steps cityward. One thing is certain—the archæologist will not lay aside his spade until he has solved this mystery—the origin of our modern civilization.

It is typical of the genuine scientist that when confronted with new evidence that makes his former theories untenable, he does not hesitate to say that he has been forced to change his views. There is such winning frankness in this, that it almost disarms our recollection of the positive way in which the error was first asserted, and the ridicule to which those are subjected who dare to differ from the scientific fashions of their time. But even now we cannot wholly follow Sir Arthur Keith, or share the certainty he expressed in the last sentence we have quoted. Let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that it is established that modern civilization must have had an "origin", and that we know how to distinguish between a "primitive" and a "degenerate" man, still we can see no reason to assume from this that the records of that origin must be buried in the lands now above the ocean bed, accessible to the archæologist's spade. Why sweep so carelessly aside the traditions of civilizations engulfed by floods, the memories of Atlantis and Lemuria?

FRAGMENTS

THE passing of a soul that is close to us rends the heavens wide open, and brings what is called the two worlds—the inner and the outer—together, in our consciousness. It is possible then, if only briefly, to realize that these two worlds are one, that there exists no barrier between them whatever, save the barrier of our wrong conception, and the self-imposed limitation of our powers of vision. It is fundamentally true that we choose what we can see; that, granting an undeveloped capacity, it remains with us to decide whether we be near-sighted or far-sighted, alert to the things of material life, or to those of the spiritual.

Each death which really touches us, startles us from the grooves along which our days are gliding, from the accepted and the unconsidered; and in that moment we have a supreme opportunity to make a great step forward, to transcend ourselves, and to awake to a higher and truer consciousness.

Death is not only a deliverer to the soul released from its bondage in matter, but, like all divine presences, scatters gifts upon those around, filling the hour of his visitation with the perfume and harmony of what he represents; and, as upon a flood-tide, we also may be swept on, to pass beyond the veil of sense into the regions of reality—a veil that need never again shut us away, if we so will. Or we may remain behind in the shadow of our desolation.

Again I say, it is for us to choose.

With death, come all the celestial agencies that wait upon the soul. It is a time of abundant freedom; and our ability to share in its privileges and indulgences is measured by the vitality of our love for the one who is summoned; for a real love knits us fibre to fibre. We might say, in other terms, that it is our friend's parting gift to us, this chance to pass on with him. True it is that we cannot go all the way; but a curtain is drawn aside, and life is transfigured by it.

Those who, steadfastly seeking the path of discipleship, lead a life which increasingly dies to material things that it may be filled with spiritual things, will comprehend my meaning. Until a man understands death he cannot understand life, for the two are one, and are only to be understood in relation each to the other. Of the two, death is the easier to understand, because closer to the nature of our ordinary existence—we who live in shadows and mists and unrealities.

That which is mortal, being mortal, sloughs away,—a casing only; all that has meaning consolidates in Eternity.

Death is a change of consciousness; to some it must mean a blank, because a negation of recognized experience. Yet the disciple who is learning, like St. Paul, to die daily, shall surely discover for himself that it is in Adam all die, and in the things of Adam, but that in Christ all are made alive.

So in smaller measure, when a presence that has beautified our days is drawn from physical perception into the invisible light, we may follow after through the opening his passing has made, and, sharing in that death, may also die ourselves, to the evanescent, the trivial, the commonplace, and enter deeper into all that has value or significance.

For to die in terms of immortal life *out* of the body, we must first learn to die *in* the body, since here is our field of exercise and school of learning.

CAVÉ.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

CHARLES JOHNSTON died on Friday, October 16th, at about twenty minutes past three in the afternoon. His death was due to heart disease, from which he had been ill for nearly a year. He seemed much better in April, at the time of the T. S. Convention, but not long afterwards became seriously worse. To the end he retained his high courage, keen sense of humour, perfect cheerfulness, and steadfast aspiration; there was never a word or sign of complaint or self-pity. In conversation with one close to him, he spoke of his desire not only to accept his Karma, but to welcome whatever the Master might have in store for him, that he might learn its lesson as thoroughly as possible, since he wished only the Master's will; and toward the end he spoke of the months of his illness as the most fruitful of his life.

He has left us very little in the way of autobiography,—if biography still mean to us, as it had ceased to mean to him, a record of the personal outer life. It was not there his real interests lay. *Who's Who in America* gives the usual skeleton outline of parentage and birth, dates and places, positions held and books published,—the whole sketch being very incomplete, because he would never take the time properly to revise it. He was born at Ballykilbeg, Co. Down, Ireland, on February 17th, 1867, the son of "Johnston of Ballykilbeg", Member of Parliament for Belfast, a famous Orangeman and leader of the Temperance movement. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Hay, a Scotch Baronet. He was educated at Derby, England, and later at Dublin University. In the last article he wrote, contributed to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for July, 1931, marking the centenary of H. P. B.'s birth, he recounts his first meeting with her, in 1887, and in order to give it its proper setting, he tells us very briefly how he first heard of her, and of Theosophy. "I had been first introduced to her", he writes, "by reading A. P. Sinnett's *Occult World* in November, 1884, and *Esoteric Buddhism* in the following spring; and had been completely convinced of the truth of her message, of the reality of Masters, and of her position as Messenger of the Great Lodge. This conviction was tested by the attack made on her by the Society for Psychical Research in London, in June, 1885, when I made a vigorous protest in H. P. B.'s defence, and by further study of *Isis Unveiled, Five Years of Theosophy*, and *Light on the Path* in the months that followed."

In August, 1888, he took, and passed brilliantly, his final examinations, notoriously "stiff", for the Bengal Civil Service. Then he married Vera Jelihovsky, H. P. B.'s niece, whom he had met while she was staying with her aunt in London; and, shortly afterwards, he and his wife left for India, where they arrived in November of the same year. Stationed in an unhealthy district, he

contracted jungle fever, and, after visiting other parts of India, became so ill that he was officially invalided home some two years after his arrival. In talking to a friend about his experiences at this time, when still living in or near the jungle, Mr. Johnston told of a yogî who used to emerge from its depths whenever a particularly bad attack of fever had him in its grip. He said that the yogî would squat on the veranda, near him, and smile sympathetically, occasionally discussing philosophy, but more often saying nothing; and that the effect of this man's presence was extraordinarily soothing and helpful, seeming always to quiet the fever, or in any case to make it more endurable.

On his return to Europe—his Civil Service career at an end—his first effort had to be to recover his health while somehow making a living, which must have been a matter of extreme difficulty for a young man who had been educated exclusively for a position now denied him, and who necessarily lacked either mercantile or professional training. There was nothing for it but to use a talent already helpfully employed on behalf of the Theosophical Society, and to become a professional writer. He succeeded in connecting himself with some English journals, to which he sent letters on foreign news, and he contributed, to the more serious reviews, articles on ethnological, political and economic questions. Thus employed, for the next six years he and his wife travelled extensively in Europe, visiting her relatives—Madame Blavatsky's nearest kin—in Russia, and staying in different places in England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and France. They lived for some time in Salzburg, where Dr. Franz Hartmann then resided, and where Mr. Johnston finally threw off his jungle malaria.

Through all this time, both in India and after he left it, he pursued unremittingly his studies in the Wisdom Religion, to which Theosophy had given him the keys. By the use of these keys, the ancient scriptures of the East—which, to Max Müller and his school of orientalists were little more than a mass of meaningless ritual—had revealed to him the underlying outline of the Mystery Teaching, the same basic teaching to which Madame Blavatsky had introduced him and which she was attempting to rephrase for the comprehension of the modern, western world. At Mr. Judge's request, Mr. Johnston undertook a series of translations from the Sanskrit, which were made a regular feature of the Theosophical Society's literary activity, being published by Mr. Judge as the "Oriental Department Papers". It was from the work done in this connection that his first separate volume on the Indian scriptures, *From the Upanishads*, was culled.

While a student in Dublin he had for friends a notable group of young Irishmen, including the Irish poets, W. B. Yeats and G. W. Russell, who shared his interest in Theosophy,—though of all of them he alone remained faithful. It was to G. W. Russell that he dedicated, in 1895, this volume of translations from the Sanskrit; and the dedicatory letter, written, after ten years of separation, to the companion of his first adventures in Theosophy, gives us a revealing picture of this early period of his life. For Mr. Johnston the ten year interval had been, as we have seen, a very crowded one, yet he says very little of his

outer journeyings and doings, offering, instead, the fruit of his inner search for that "small old path the seers know", where, "whether one would set out to the bloom of the East or come to the chambers of the West, without moving is the travelling in this road. . . . In this path, to whatever place one would go, that place one's own self becomes". We reproduce the dedicatory letter,—telling us of the teaching of Death, teaching which we now have double need to know.

The brown and yellow of autumn are touching the chestnut-leaves again for the tenth time since those early days when we first began to seek the small old path the seers know.

On such a day as this, rejoicing in the sunlight, we lay on our backs in the grass, and looking up into the blue, tried to think ourselves into that new world which we had suddenly discovered ourselves to inhabit. For we had caught the word, handed down with silent laughter through the ages, that we ourselves are the inventors of the game of life, the kings of this most excellent universe: that there is no sorrow, but fancy weaves it; that we need not even knock to be admitted, for we already are, and always were, though we had forgotten it, within the doors of life.

That young enthusiasm and hourly joy of living was one of old destiny's gracious presents, a brightness to remember when storms gathered round us, as they did many times in the years since: there was a gaiety and lightness in the air then, a delight of new discovery, that I do not think we shall find again; yet I know, and you also know, what excellent strength we have gained instead. For, carrying our high hopes with us, all these years, as one side of life after another was turned to us, as we had to pass through rough ways as well as smooth, to wrestle with the stubborn tendency of things, full-breasted and strenuous, we have fought and worked into ourselves an intimate knowledge of what we then only divined, we have realized much that then loomed dim and ghostly before us, we have learned to abide confidently by spiritual law.

To gain our experience side by side would have been very pleasant, had fate so willed it; but fate willed quite otherwise. Almost at the outset, destiny carried me, vagrant, to the distant rivers of the East, whose waters mirror old towered shrines among the palm-trees, while the boatman's song floats echo-like across; or where the breakers of the lonely, limitless ocean cast forth strange shells upon the sand; or through the grey alder-forests stretching away desolate to the frozen seas; or again, among rugged mountains, shaggy with pine-forests, where rainbow-sparkles carpet the snow.

And you, whom outward fate has held stationary, travelled perhaps further after all; finding your way homeward to the strange world the seers tell of, the world at the back of the heavens; and sending to us your "Songs by the Way".

It was an ambition of mine, in those old days, to translate, from the Indian books of Wisdom, the story of the Sacrificer's son who was sent by his father to the house of Death. This story has always seemed to me a teaching of admirable worth, carrying with it the most precious gift of all, a sense of the high mysteriousness and vast hidden treasure of life, which makes us seekers for ever, always finding, yet always knowing that there is still more to find;

so that every day becomes a thing of limitless promise and wonder, only revealing itself as containing a new wonder within. For what teaching could bring a more wonderful sense of the largeness and hidden riches of being than this: that our sincerest friend is the once dreaded king of terrors; that death teaches us what no other can—the lesson of the full and present eternity of life? We need not wait till our years are closed for his teaching: that teaching of his, like every other treasure of life, is all-present in every moment, in full abundance, here and now. It is the teaching of Death that, to gain the better, we must lose the dearer; to gain the greater, we must lose the less; to win the abundant world of reality, we must give up the world of fancy and folly and fear which we have so long held dear: we have been learning it all these years since we began; learning also Death's grim jest, that there is no sacrifice possible for us at all, for while we were painfully renouncing the dearer, his splendid generosity had already given us the better—new worlds instead of old.

Well, the ten years are passed, and my ambition is fulfilled; I hand you my rendering of Death's lesson, and two more teachings from the same old wise books.

I have found them wise, beyond all others; and, beyond all others, filled with that very light that makes all things new; the light discovered first within, in the secret place of the heart, and which, brimming over there, fills the whole of life, lightening every dark and clouded way. That glowing heart within us, we are beginning to guess, is the heart of all things, the everlasting foundation of the world; and because speech is given therein to that teaching of oneness, of our hearts and the heart eternal as eternally one, I have translated the last of these three passages from the books of Wisdom.

You will find in them, besides high intuition, a quaint and delightful flavour, a charm of childlike simplicity; yet of a child who is older than all age, a child of the eternal and infinite, whose simplicity is better than the wisdom of the wise.

There is no answer in words to the question: What is in the great Beyond? nor can there be; yet I think we know already that, in the nameless mystery of the real, it will be altogether well with us—now and after. This strong reconciliation with the real is, very likely, the best fruit of our ten years' learning.

Mr. Johnston was only twenty-eight when he wrote this letter, marking, as he says, the attainment of one of the ambitions of his student days, but, of infinitely greater moment, marking also the discovery of the inner light, "in the secret place of the heart", and the recognition that it "is the heart of all things, the everlasting foundation of the world", so that, in desire for it, all other desires must be consumed. He had found the pathway to the real; it remained to set himself steadily to gaining freedom from the bondage to the unreal. In the next year he and Mrs. Johnston moved permanently to America, reaching New York in October, 1896. Here, as in Europe, he made his living by contributing to the secular magazines, but, as always, continued his theosophic studies; and into the silent work of reconstruction which followed Mrs. Ting-

ley's regime and the crisis that terminated it, he put all the best of himself. Thereafter we shall look in vain for any personal note in his theosophic writings, for the life they deal with is the life of the spirit, not of the separate personality; it is the age-old way of discipleship, of devotion to the Masters, and of the will to serve them,—the life that is open to all souls, and the same for all souls,—the life that has been the theme of all the world's scriptures, the teaching of all the saints and seers and prophets, and of their followers; but which, though the way to it be cried from the house-tops, must be *lived* before it can be really known. Little by little, the clamorous self-assertion of the personality must be put away, until in its place there comes that serene, detached stillness which so many who met him felt.

But perhaps few were privileged to look deeper, and to see the valour on which this serenity rested,—the steady crescendo of self-conquest which won him this prize of the warrior: and the warrior Mr. Johnston was. Let us quote again—this time from his Introduction to *The Song of Life*.

> In the radiance we are all one, wrapped in the terrible flame of Life. Yet we forget. We come back again shivering across the threshold, and hasten to wrap our pure divinity in a mist of dreams. The saint once more takes his white garment; the sinner, his red vesture of desire. The weak is weak again, and the strong exults. Their dreams are once more real to them; and these dreams are our mortal world.
>
> We return to the world of daylight to live for a few more hours in the strength brought back from the immortal world. Our earthen lamps are replenished for another watch. We strain and stagger under the burden of our dreams, driven by hope and fear, by desire and hate. Fear is the keenest scourge of all; making us cowards, it makes us also cruel. Thus we fall away from our divinity, robbed of every shred of memory by the army of shadows that meet us on the threshold, with their captain, fear. Yet in all our phantom-world, there is no illusion so absolute a lie as fear. We are the gods, the immortals; yet we cower and cringe. We are children of the will, yet slaves of fear. Therefore our ideal of valour brings us near the threshold, for it bids us kill the captain of the shadows who bar our way. But for a long time yet, the shadow of fear will lurk in the haunted darkness of our human hearts. . . .
>
> The highest valour is needed, to make our vision real. We must battle with the whole army of shadows, the princes and powers of the air. We must fight to the death, if we would inherit life.

No member of The Theosophical Society, no reader of the QUARTERLY, needs to be told of Mr. Johnston's services to the Movement through the forty-six years of his association with it. The hundred and fifteen numbers of this magazine, which stand as a lasting memorial to Mr. Griscom, its founder and first editor, are only less of a memorial to Mr. Johnston, who, from its inception, has been its most generous contributor. Dependent always upon his earnings as a writer, he contributed his articles to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, not only without financial recompense (no contributions to the QUARTERLY are

ever paid for), but lavishly and with punctilious regularity: he was never late, or too busy or too tired. Not content with this, for many years past he had returned all the royalties due him from the sale of his books published by the Quarterly Book Department, insisting that the money be used for the benefit of the work. He was one of the few who made possible the continuance of the Society when it was all but disrupted after the turn of the cycle, and for more than a quarter of a century he was Chairman of its Executive Committee. He travelled from New York to the Pacific coast, and went again to Europe, in order to visit the Branches and isolated members of the Society, and it was upon him that the chief burden of public lecturing devolved. The list of our standard theosophical books owes more to him than to any save H. P. B.; and he has interpreted for us the great scriptures of India as has no other writer. One of his last expressions of satisfaction was that he had completed the material for the second volume of his translations of the Upanishads. In every department of the work, our debt to him is deep and lasting. But greater than his gifts, to some of us, was the man himself, and our deepest gratitude is for his comradeship.

Let us remember, too, as we look back over this record of his services to us and to our Cause, that while rendering them he had the common duties and responsibilities of outer life, which claimed his strength and time, so that his work for Theosophy was done in the hours which most men deem necessary for recreation and for rest. He lectured at Cooper Union, and for the New York Board of Education. In 1908, he was Special Lecturer in Political Science at the University of Wisconsin—where he was presented with a loving cup by the members of the faculty—and he also delivered a number of addresses at Columbia University in New York. At one time he taught at the Russian Seminary. A great lover of nature and science, he was especially interested in ornithology, and was a valued member of the Linnaean Society. In 1918–19, he served as Captain in the Military Intelligence Division at Washington. But no matter where he was, or what his occupations, he permitted nothing to interfere with his contributions to the QUARTERLY.

He would tell us, and it would be true, that all that was of worth in him, all that he valued in life, he owed to Theosophy. It was Theosophy that brought him to himself; it was Theosophy that brought him to Christianity,—the most deeply hidden of all the world's religions, the most travestied, and most misunderstood, but to those who have heard aright its Master's call, none more superbly valorous. As few have been able to give to the Movement what he gave, so few have been able to take from it as he took. Which of these two is cause and which effect, no one can say, for in essence they are one and the same. We give by taking, and take as we give. For all he gave, for all he took, our gratitude is his,—but most for what he made himself.

The sorrow of his going is something of which those who were closest to him cannot speak,—but that is of the mortal: in the Immortal there is neither change nor separation.

H. B. M.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

I and mine do not convince by arguments, similes, rhymes,
We convince by our presence.—WALT WHITMAN.

MANY times they mentioned his name, those old friends, members long ago of the T. S. They said he would answer my questions convincingly, as they, for all their kindness, never succeeded in doing. They offered many opportunities to talk with him, which were never accepted because I had plans of my own to follow. Friends, I said mentally, even the kindest, always have something they want a young man to do, a book to read or a meeting to attend. A young man with a purpose, my mind thus chattered, must not let himself be diverted; must often listen, of necessity, to friends' counsel, but need not give heed. So I followed my own path and did not cross Mr. Johnston's, until ten years later when mine proved to be a blind alley.

Meanwhile Oxford and Cambridge and Göttingen gave diverse answers that sufficed for a space. Yet always the reiterant question would make itself heard: "What is this thing called 'living'? and is it worth what it costs?" In a multitude of negative replies, one sounded affirmative, Tolstoi's. To go to Tolstoi, seemed therefore the sensible thing to do,—to ascertain the reason for his affirmation. So, because Mr. Johnston had travelled in Russia, I condescended, at this point, to see him, for the purpose of planning a pilgrimage to Tolstoi.

Mr. Johnston was most kind in arranging for a call. It was to be one evening. At noon of that day, I made a call upon X-Y-Z-, editor of the —— *Review*, a literary man with a reputation in the field of Sanskrit literature. He was friendly and yet repellent. He talked well, but for all his culture, had nothing to say. Acquainted with ancient and modern European classics, as well as with Eastern, in his scale of values he put Greek thinkers in the first place. Greek philosophy, he alleged, makes no extraordinary promises; it shows a man how to live his life here and now, and find satisfaction in so doing; any "beyond", it does not consider; *humanism* is its foundation and spire. Eastern philosophy, on the other hand, he maintained, appears to offer more than do the Greeks, but it requires a man to jump from the brink into nothingness; though if that jump be made, life, the Eastern sages declare, will for the first time be found. But who knows? For himself, X-Y-Z- had never felt impelled to investigate the landing place after the jump.

A sinister drizzle environed that lunch hour, and when lunch was over, I never saw X-Y-Z- again.

That evening, after ten years of hearsay, I called upon Mr. Johnston. There was conversation, of course, but I remember no word of it. For there was Mr. Johnston himself, convincing "by his presence", by the authority with which he spoke. Arguments, plans, questions, Tolstoi,—all such futile things vanished

in that "convincing presence". Oxford, Cambridge, Göttingen, the Sorbonne, with their charm and their learning, had enrolled no such presence. He let me return the following day, and again and again, but the conversations I do not remember—only himself. For here was one who had done what X-Y-Z- feared to do; he had left the quicksand of earthly life to find himself, not in nothingness, but on his feet upon a Rock. Previous to those happy weeks with him, what I had treasured was a morning at Emerson's grave, and an afternoon at Wordsworth's, when those two had been found,—friends. But here *incarnate* was a friend, "a friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit", encouraging and inspiring not only by words on paper but by his presence and example. Of those momentous days when he so generously permitted me to be with him, one thing only that he said has stayed in memory—a quotation from Whitman:

> Allons! to that which is endless as it was beginningless,
> To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,
> To know the universe itself as a road, as many roads, as
> roads for travelling souls.

Later he led me to understand that Whitman's words are only a variant of Krishna's in the *Gîta*. Krishna's words! Divine Wisdom, overlaid and forgotten in East and West alike! To share that treasure with any who would take it, to arouse deaf ears from their sleep of death, was not that the chief motive of Mr. Johnston's living?

C. C. CLARK.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—CARLYLE.

Vouchsafe me the gift of perseverance, on which my eternal happiness depends.
—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MR. JOHNSTON AND THE UPANISHADS

TO students who might be described as the second and third generations of the Theosophical Society, the Upanishads mean Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Johnston has come to mean, in more senses than one, the Upanishads. His translations and commentaries, begun in 1888, have continued without a break every year until the present—42 years in all. We have grown to expect them with the same regularity that we look to-day for the familiar cover of the QUARTERLY. But Mr. Johnston did not merely translate the Upanishads: those who knew him found in him a living commentary on his own commentaries on the Upanishads. Our debt to him is incalculable,—a debt which it is at once our privilege and our opportunity more than ever to set about repaying.

Others, qualified to do so, will write of the personal aspects of Mr. Johnston's contributions to the Theosophical Movement. Here we shall survey, as best we may, the nature of his major literary contributions, made directly to the several magazines published by the Society itself, some of which have been republished in book form. With his manifold writings outside the publications of the Society, there will be no attempt to deal. With all of them, no matter how secular, went, in a special sense, something of Mr. Johnston's spirit, something of his hold on the inner realities of life, so that the outside world is his debtor far more than can be estimated, because of what he put consciously into every paragraph he wrote, because of what, as an integral part of the Theosophical Movement, he was able to transmit.

Mr. Johnston joined the Theosophical Society in 1885,—as he wrote himself, "before that vital body had completed its tenth year". His first article took the leading place in the December, 1886, issue of *The Theosophist*, when he was nineteen years old. A succession of articles followed, totalling 16 in all. He contributed 27 articles to *Lucifer*, beginning with the first volume, December, 1887, and continuing until the Society ceased to concern itself with that publication, which passed into alien hands. Five of these comprised his first translations from the Upanishads, while in addition there were eight half-pages of translated aphorisms. He contributed 15 articles to *The Irish Theosophist;* 20 to the *Path;* 8 to *Theosophy* in the less than two years of its brief existence; 53 translations in the series of *Oriental Department Papers*, all from the Sanskrit; 53 that have been identified in the *Forum* (where in the later volumes all articles were unsigned), of which 26 were translations; and 242 articles to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, from its first to the current volume, not including reviews, answers to questions, or his addresses reported during the sessions of

Convention. This is an average of 8½ articles a year for the QUARTERLY, or more than two for each issue. The total number of articles is, therefore, about 434, of which 170 were translations, or an average of almost 10 articles a year for the 44 years he was writing for the Movement.

The leaven of Mr. Johnston's work—his particular genius and gifts—is an everlasting portion of the Movement, an integral part of that "corner stone, the foundation of the future religions of humanity" which we have been told it has been the avowed plan of the Masters to lay since 1875. Such labours gave Mr. Johnston an undoubted right, among other things, to interpret "That Sanskrit Term Laziness", and suggest the embodiment of a phrase from his own commentary on the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*—the "larger might to toil"—which, as he pointed out, is a part of the attainment and privilege of Masters themselves. Translations, moreover, take at least twice as long to produce as an ordinary article, since the labour of translation comes first, and only then the shaping of this material into a proper form and unity.

In order to appreciate in some measure not merely the quantity, but the quality of this achievement, and the nature of the difficulties that Mr. Johnston had to overcome, especially in translating and interpreting the Upanishads, it might be well to glance for a moment, by way of contrast, at what is usually available outside our literature for the student of Theosophy, if he should wish to study these ancient scriptures.

The Upanishads are not dignified by a separate article in either the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or *Chambers' Encyclopædia*. In the *Britannica* article on "Sanskrit", by H. Julius Eggeling, Ph.D., Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Edinburgh University, and former secretary and librarian of the Royal Asiatic Society, there are three scattered paragraphs, and one sentence, on the Upanishads—about as much in all as on "X-Ray Treatment" or "Vulture", and considerably less than on "Werwolf" or "Voting-Machines". The isolated, introductory sentence reads: "The Upanishads, however, are of a purely speculative nature, and must be looked upon as the first attempts at a systematic treatment of metaphysical questions" (Vol. xxiv, p. 160). With this might be compared one out of many of Mr. Johnston's characterizations:—

> The Upanishads consist rather of a series of vivid intuitions of life than of a system of thought woven into philosophic completeness and continuity; and each of these intuitions of life, these perceptions of our high and divine relation to the endless universe, has a lasting and enduring truth that no completed system could have; has the lasting and enduring truth of high poetic inspiration, and not the conditional and limited truth of philosophic systems, which, though based on high inspiration, are yet elaborated and finished by the mind in a mood far below inspiration.[1]

The first paragraph in the *Britannica*, after estimating the age of the primitive Rig Veda hymns as having very probably extended "over the earlier half of the second millenary, or from about 2000 to 1500 B. C.", with the later hymns

[1] *The Theosophy of the Upanishads*, pp. 24–5; published in 1896.

to be dated since 1000 B. C., continues: "The Arthawana-upanishads, mostly composed in slokas, may be roughly divided into two classes, viz., those of a purely speculative or general pantheistic character, treating chiefly of the nature of the supreme spirit, and the means of attaining to union therewith, and those of a sectarian tendency. Of the former category, a limited number —such as the Prasna, Mundaka, and Mandukya-upanishads—have probably to be assigned to the later period of Vedic literature, while the others . . . belong to post-Vedic times" (p. 167a). In other words, we are asked to believe that the earliest Upanishads were composed after 1000 B. C., and the later ones since Buddha's time. With this might be compared an article by Mr. Johnston entitled "Indian Chronology" in the *Forum* (Vol. viii of the new series, May, 1902), where he discusses the current European misconceptions regarding Indian chronology:—

> Many of the epochs of Indian History stretch back for thousands of years, the central point of all Indian Epic and tradition, the Mahabharata, or Great War, being dated almost exactly 5,000 years ago; while behind the Mahabharata War stretches a vast perspective; the ages of the Vedas, their Brahmanas, and the Upanishads; and even behind the Vedas, beyond the Rig-Veda's earliest hymns, lie untold ages of India's past, till that distant day, hidden in the mists of time, when the Aryan first descended from the Himalayan snows. Besides these traditional dates, we have a vast system of greater and lesser ages, of cycles within cycles, stretching back for hundreds of thousands, and even millions of years, which form a distinctive feature in the Puranic epoch, and which, more than anything else, have proved unpalatable to European students of Sanskrit thought.

This is still evident in the recent *Cambridge History of India*, where in Volume I, chapter V, which is by Professor A. Berriedale Keith, we read the positive statement that there is no evidence to determine an earlier date for the Upanishads than 1200 B. C.; and that the Brihadaranyaka and Chhandogya "are in all probability the oldest of the Upanishads", so that these two, with the Kena and "with the possible exception of the Kathaka", are the only ones that "can claim to be older than Buddhism" (p. 116). A sound historical sense seems as necessary here, as elsewhere, in modern scientific research.

Turning to the final characterization in the *Britannica*, we read (p. 177b): "In these treatises only the leading features of the pantheistic theory find utterance, generally in vague and mystic, though often in singularly powerful and poetical language, from which it is not always *possible* [italics ours] to extract the author's real idea on fundamental points, such as the relation between the Supreme Spirit and the phenomenal world—whether the latter was actually evolved from the former by a power inherent in him, or whether the process is altogether a fiction, an illusion of the individual self"—and the writer illustrates by a quotation from the Chhandogya Upanishad (vi. 2. 1): "How could the existent be born from the non-existent?" to prove the uncertainty of the Upanishads themselves. Leaving aside the question as to how

a treatise can be at once "vague and mystic" and at the same time "singularly powerful"—whether "generally" one, and then "often" the other, or not—which can probably only be solved by a strictly Western metaphysic, there is one obvious reason why "it is not always possible to extract the real idea on fundamental points", and that is, that the Upanishad cited is misquoted. The text, in fine, states the exact opposite of the thesis the very words quoted are made to support. Max Müller translates this and the next sloka as follows (*S. B. E.*, Vol. I, p. 93): "1. 'In the beginning', my dear, 'there was that only which is (τὸ ὄν), one only, without a second. Others say, in the beginning there was that only which is not (τὸ μὴ ὄν), one only, without a second; and from that which is not, that which is was born.' 2. 'But how could it be thus, my dear?' the father continued. 'How could that which is, be born of that which is not? No, my dear, only that which is, was in the beginning, one only, without a second'." To take the question of the second verse: "How could that which is, be born of that which is not?"—which is put into the mouth of "others", and which is only quoted to show how wrong is the idea of those "others" to the mind of the teacher in this Upanishad—and to use this question as evidence that the Upanishads taught confusedly what (certainly in this instance) is refuted, is astonishing exegesis. Moreover, the question of the second verse, which but repeats and paraphrases a statement of the first verse, and which is rendered in the *Britannica*, "How could the existent be born of the non-existent?"—this question is substituted in the *Britannica* for the direct statement of the first verse, though the reference given is to the first verse. But the question form was essential to support the thesis put forward in the *Britannica*. Mr. Johnston's rendering of the two verses contrasts strikingly in ease of expression and clarity of thought: "Being, dear, was in the beginning, one, without a second. But there are some who say that non-Being was in the beginning, one, without a second, so that from non-Being, Being would be born. But how, indeed, dear, could this be so? How from non-Being could Being be born? said he; but in truth Being was in the beginning, dear, one, without a second" (QUARTERLY, xxiii, p. 352; the first translation appeared in Vol. II of the *O. D. Papers*, July and September, 1894). Moreover, Mr. Johnston's commentary on these verses and those that follow meets precisely the philosophic difficulty raised in the *Britannica*. But that difficulty would seem to be a stock-in-trade criticism of the Upanishads by modern Sanskritists, for we find the *Cambridge History of India* (pp. 142-3) saying: "The Upanishads agree in regarding the absolute to be unknowable, and though they ascribe to it intelligence they deprive that term of meaning by emptying it of all thought. If the real is the absolute alone, the existence of the appearance of this world must be explained; but naturally enough the Upanishads do not successfully attempt this task. . . . The Upanishads were groping after truth and did not attempt to deduce all the consequences of their guesses at the nature of reality."

We meet the same difficulties, the same limited outlook and negative attitude, in Max Müller's and Professor Deussen's works. It is as if the majority of

European Sanskritists had deliberately closed certain doors in their own faces by refusing to believe tradition, or to credit Theosophy, the Wisdom Religion, not only with any rational basis, but for that matter, with any substantial existence at all; and then either prided themselves on their ingenuity in solving problems, or blandly announced that these were inexplicable. As a last resort there is an invariable appeal to "corrupt passages", "interpolations", and "primitive mentality"—the latter, we are to believe, flourishing about 800 to 600 B. C. In his Preface to the *Sacred Books of the East*, the first and fifteenth volumes of which contained his own translation and commentaries on the twelve Great Upanishads, Max Müller wrote: "Readers who have been led to believe that the Vedas of the Ancient Brahmans, the Avesta of the Zoroastrians, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the King of Confucius, or the Koran of Mohammed are books full of primeval wisdom and religious enthusiasm, or at least of sound and simple moral teaching, will be disappointed on consulting these volumes. Looking at many of the books that have lately been published on the religions of the ancient world, I do not wonder that such belief should have been raised; but I have long felt that it was high time to dispel such illusions, and to place the study of the ancient religions of the world on a more real and sound, on a more truly historical basis." Let us compare this discouraging and typically modern approach with that of Mr. Johnston, in *The Theosophist* for March, 1889, ten years after Max Müller's first volume on the Upanishads had appeared, and five years after his second:—

> No event in the intellectual history of the nineteenth century is, perhaps, of so great importance, and likely to produce such fruitful results, as the arrival in the West of the sacred monuments of Indian thought, and the birth in Europe of that knowledge of Oriental thought and language which will ultimately render accessible to all who think and read the venerable philosophies of India, teeming with lofty conceptions of spiritual things, and unfailingly presenting to man the highest ideals of his nature and of his latent divinity. Coming as it did, at a critical period in Europe's intellectual history, when the ecclesiastical fabric which had been laboriously constructed during centuries was already beginning to crumble and break to pieces, and when the tide of thought was inevitably driven to make a new advance, the lofty transcendental literature of India has already had, and will continue to have on the thought of Europe, a beneficent, sanative, and elevating influence.[2]

Comparing these two points of view, there are those who still prefer to accept the guidance of "a student of the Upanishads, steeped in the golden air of Eastern Wisdom", in the phrase of *The Parables of the Kingdom*, rather than that of one who does not even find in them "sound and simple moral teaching", let alone "primeval wisdom and religious enthusiasm". To modern scholarship there was, and could have been, no Ancient Wisdom, accumulated and handed down throughout the "prehistoric" ages, and this assumption (for there is no

[2] "Sanskrit Study in the West", p. 337.

proof against it) strikes at the root of the matter. Without this key, which Theosophy, and Indian tradition, supply, the difficulties are such that it is true, and will continue to be true, that "it is not always possible to extract the real idea on fundamental points". This is the case even with the clearest, and most generally sympathetic treatment of the Upanishads which the writer has seen, that of the Rev. Dr. A. S. Geden in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* (Vol. xii, s. v., several pages; 1921).

Mr. Johnston was fully aware of the difficulties enumerated above, and he had already met and answered them some twenty-seven years before in *The Path* (Vol. viii, January, 1894):—

> Students of Oriental Theosophy, which finds its highest expression in the Ten Upanishads, are met at the outset by a serious difficulty which has proved a real stumbling-block in the way of many earnest disciples, and has almost completely veiled the true meaning of these most ancient mystical books for all who have approached them in a purely literary or philological spirit.
>
> This serious difficulty, which is caused by the symbolism of the Upanishads, requires two qualifications for its solution: first, some knowledge at first hand of the interior truths and realities represented by these symbols; and secondly, a certain acquaintance with the symbology of the great religions of antiquity. This ancient symbology is marked by such a uniformity in countries and times as widely separated as those which gave birth to the Vedas and the Book of Job, the Mysteries of Osiris and the Apocalypse, that, in view of these resemblances, not only is one led to infer an identity of inspiration underlying all ancient symbolism, but also that an acquaintance with the method of expression of one ancient faith will often give clear insight into the darkest passages of another.
>
> The source of this original identity of inspiration is not far to seek: for all of the ancient religions treat of the same subject, the mysteries of the interior development of man, and the understanding of the universe that is reached in the course of that interior development. It is evident that a complete and exhaustive understanding of the ancient scriptures and the mysteries of inner life which are hidden beneath their symbols can be attained only by those whose inner unfoldment has gone so far as to identify them with the spirit in which these ancient scriptures were written, the universal spirit of wisdom and goodness. But though a complete understanding of the whole meaning of books like the Upanishads is thus impossible for all but the highest and holiest Sages, one cannot follow the path of interior development, of the inner light, with earnestness and integrity, without gaining some insight into the hidden meaning of the symbols; and this, added to an acquaintance with other scriptures, may make clear much that seemed hopelessly obscure.

In such a light, the criteria of manuscript authority and philology fade into relative insignificance,—as Mr. Johnston wrote elsewhere, his purpose in translating was "to seize rather the spirit than the mould, the crystallized limitation

of spirit; to deal with ideas and ideals rather than with systems and words". These pregnant sentences show how fully Mr. Johnston, then twenty-six years old, had entered into the teaching and instruction of Madame Blavatsky and of Mr. Judge.

In the *Secret Doctrine* (1st ed., I, 269ff.), H. P. B. had written:—

> The Books of the *Vedanta* (the last word of human knowledge) give out but the metaphysical aspect of this world-Cosmogony; and their priceless thesaurus, the *Upanishads—Upa-ni-shad* being a compound word meaning "the conquest of ignorance by the revelation of *secret, spiritual* knowledge"—require now the additional possession of a Master-key to enable the student to get at their full meaning. The reason for this I venture to state here as I learned it from a Master. [Mr. Judge called special attention to this direct statement, and to the paragraphs that followed it.]
>
> The name, "Upanishads", is usually translated "esoteric doctrine". These treatises form part of the *Sruti* or "revealed knowledge", *Revelation*, in short, and are generally attached to the Brahmana portion of the Vedas, as their third division. There are over 150 *Upanishads* enumerated by, and known to, Orientalists, who credit the oldest with being written *probably* about 600 years B. C.; but of *genuine* texts there does not exist a fifth of the number. The Upanishads are to the Vedas what the Kabala is to the Jewish Bible. They treat of and expound the secret and mystical meaning of the Vedic texts. They speak of the origin of the Universe, the nature of Deity, and of Spirit and Soul, as also of the metaphysical connection of mind and matter. In a few words: They *contain the beginning and the end of all human knowledge, but they have now ceased to reveal it*, since the day of Buddha. If it were otherwise, the Upanishads could not be called *esoteric*, since they are now openly attached to the Sacred Brahmanical books, which have, in our present age, become accessible even to the *Mlechchhas* (out-castes) and the European Orientalists. . . . They were complete in those days, and were used for the instruction of the chêlas who were preparing for their initiation.
>
> This lasted so long as the Vedas and the Brahmanas remained in the sole and exclusive keeping of the temple-Brahmins—while no one else had the right to study or even read them outside the *sacred* caste. Then came Gautama, the Prince of Kapilavastu. After *learning* the whole of the Brahmanical wisdom in the *Rahasya* or the *Upanishads*, and finding that the teachings differed little, if at all, from those of the "Teachers of Life" inhabiting the snowy ranges of the Himalaya, the Disciple of the Brahmins, feeling indignant because the sacred wisdom was thus withheld from all but the Brahmins, determined to save the whole world by popularizing it. Then it was that the Brahmins, seeing that their sacred knowledge and Occult wisdom was falling into the hands of the "*Mlechchhas*", abridged the texts of the Upanishads, originally containing thrice the matter of the Vedas and the Brahmanas together, without altering, however, one word of the texts. They simply detached from the MSS. the most important portions containing the last word of the Mystery of Being. The key to the Brahmanical secret code remained henceforth with the initiates

> alone, and the Brahmins were thus in a position to publicly deny the correctness of Buddha's teaching by appealing to their *Upanishads*, silenced forever on the chief questions. Such is the esoteric tradition beyond the Himalayas.

This was written in 1888, the year Mr. Johnston began his translations. It is worthy of note that powerful opposition came again, and almost at once, from the Brahmins, when the Masters, through H. P. B., began anew to reveal "the esoteric lining of that which is contained in almost all the exoteric Scriptures of the world-religions—pre-eminently in the Brahmanas, and the Upanishads of the Vedas and even in the Puranas" (*S. D.*, I, 165; cf. QUARTERLY, xxvii, p. 1 ff., "The Ideal Brahman" by Mr. Johnston; and xxviii, p. 314 ff., "Letters From W. Q. Judge").

It was in November, 1893, that Mr. Judge enlisted Mr. Johnston for the task of translating systematically, and commenting upon, the Upanishads, and Shankara Acharya, for the benefit of the American *Oriental Department Papers*, which Mr. Judge published. In his notice of this to members of the American Section, T. S., and to subscribers, Mr. Judge concluded by saying: "The Oriental ideal is that the student should know the book by heart; the western is, 'Oh I read that before'. The readers should know the ideas by heart, not the words; this is the medium course."

In the last sentence lies a message to-day for us. We have the matured fruit of Mr. Johnston's life-long toil. The pages of the QUARTERLY, and his published volumes, provide the western student with the choicest selections from that great Eastern store-house, cast in finished literary form, and interpreted by one whose work will endure because it has about it intimations of immortality. It is a poignant thought to those who have read many times his recurring commentaries on "King Death and Nachiketas"—in the *Path*, in *The Song of Life*, in the QUARTERLY—that he has himself once again gone to face that "Great Initiator". But what he wrote in *The Irish Theosophist* when Mr. Judge died—instinct as it is with the spirit of the Upanishads—reveals how far that initiation can only mean for him a new step forward, as it also shows us how we may follow after him along the Path:—

> It is part of the strange, deceptive quality of things, that nothing should teach us so much of life, nothing should so much open our eyes to the grandeur and limitless possibility of life, as death, which is called the cessation of life. . . .
>
> There is—in a few souls vividly manifest, in many souls dimly felt, and in all souls at least dimly suspected—a quality of high reality which, when we meet and touch it, brings with it a keen sense of eternalness, of something that really is, and therefore cannot cease to be. This profoundly real light is the best gift the highest souls have to offer us; and the moment of testing the value of the gift, is the moment of their death.
>
> When that death has come, and we know quite certainly that we shall not by any possibility see them again in life, there comes to us—if we have fitly received their gift of light—a keen and lucid

sense of the closeness to us of that eternal part in them which we had felt during life; and, with it, a knowledge that this is the reality of our friend, not the outward form, faded by the waste of mortality. And that new reality—new, because not known before in its pure and isolated nature—has won a new world for us. For what we feel, close to us, is not in this world, as men speak of this world; nor does it approach us from the side of this world, or in the manner of this world, but in a new and hitherto inexperienced way, which we know to be not of this world, but of the mysteriously shining, mysteriously hidden world of death. In that newly gained world we have now a certain possession, a possession not of the dead, but of the living. More than that, as we cannot perceive the things of the real world in any way but by becoming them, by recognizing our real oneness with them; so, in thus gaining a possession in the kingdom of death, we really become, in a sense, at one with the kingdom of death, and, thus becoming death, we find that death is—life. . . .

For this very reason, perhaps, it is necessary that just those souls in whom we have felt most of reality, most of eternalness, should disappear from us into the darkness, in order that we may learn that our friend is there; in order that we may learn that the vanishing and dissipation of the outward, visible part, is no impairing or detriment to the real part, which is invisible.

This knowledge, and the realization of it in our wills, are gained with the utmost difficulty, at a cost not less than the loss of the best of our friends; yet, if the cost be great, the gain is great and beyond estimating, for it is nothing less than a first victory over the whole universe, wherein we come to know that there is that in us which can face and conquer and outlast anything in the universe, and come forth radiant and triumphant from the contest. Yet neither the universe nor death are real antagonists, for they are both only Life everywhere, and we are Life.

Q.

I died from the mineral and became a plant;
I died from the plant and re-appeared as an animal;
I died from the animal and became a man;
Wherefore then should I fear? When did I grow less by dying?

—JALALU'D-DIN RUMI.

WAR MEMORIES

XIV

Paris in 1918

WITH the death of those two English boys as a warm and glowing memory, my last days in that great military hospital of London came to an end; so too did my last days in England until long after the Armistice, for very shortly the way opened for me to go again to France where, in fact, my heart had been calling me all through the dark winter months. Great events were at hand, as all the world knew, and suddenly we realized that the old conditions of trench warfare which, on the western front at least, had been practically continuous since the autumn of 1914, had become a thing of the past; what we had grown to call "stationary warfare", now blazed into the most acute activity; a new era had opened.

The German High Command, partly, no doubt, in desperation, partly also because of the old habit of undervaluing the moral power of their opponents (France in particular), felt that the moment had arrived to put an end to the deadlock. On one hand, those nations that were in league with the Central Powers were greatly in need of having their confidence in the "All Highest" and his Armies restored; on the other hand, one of the most pressing difficulties was the German public itself, for there had been, and still was, a marked dissatisfaction that none of the grandiloquent promises of 1914 had materialized; that the War, instead of having been terminated in six weeks, with Paris a second-rate German capital, and England in a panic, suing for peace, was still, at the end of three and a half years, an undecided question; and perhaps most disconcerting of all, it could no longer be denied that the gigantic submarine effort to strangle Great Britain and so to intimidate France, had not accomplished its purpose. This internal unrest had become a serious menace, and something had to be done about it.

In the spring of 1918, Ludendorff, even more than Hindenburg, was the man of the hour. We now know what his plan for the great spring offensive was. Since Russia and the Near East could practically be discounted, and since Austria could look after Italy,—Germany, concentrating all her now liberated armies on the western front, would strike in rapid succession blow after staggering blow on the exhausted Franco-British forces, sending them, it was hoped, reeling backwards. But everything depended on time, and although the Germans made no secret of the fact that a gigantic offensive was to be launched, it was, of course, of the utmost importance to keep the Allies in uncertainty until the last moment, as to just where the first attack would be, thus giving them no opportunity to concentrate their own men and guns at that spot. The Germans had an immense advantage, not only numerically, but also be-

cause, inside their lines on the west, there was an involved but well-regulated and invaluable maze of railways, causeways, highroads, canals and waterways, these enabling the Germans rapidly and secretly to rush enormous masses of troops and artillery to any given locality, before the Allies were aware of what was taking place. The plan was that the first great blow should be dealt at a point on the Somme where the British line joined the French; it was to be such an onslaught that no resistance could possibly be strong enough to prevent the driving in of a great wedge here, and, by pressing the vantage until the two Allies were separated, the British right wing, which was to receive the sharpest initial attack, would be pushed back toward the sea, while the French, now without their support, would be easy to deal with when the time came. But there was another reason why Ludendorff felt that much of the success of his plan depended on the rapidity with which it was carried out: both French and British must be systematically and finally destroyed before the fresh American troops could be got into the field.

Even in a superficial study of history, it is always interesting to note the manner in which events (even the shadow of events), are repeated cyclically; and thus we find, in the German military plans of 1918, much the same dire need of haste which figured so largely in their plans at the beginning of the War in 1914. For to reach and seize Paris (thus presumably giving France her death blow), the sudden and terrific onslaughts must again be delivered in the west; the German Armies must again hack their way across the still sunny, if now scarred face of France—only this time there would be no mistake about securing once and for all the Channel Ports; the same ground would be traversed; the old battle-fields would again thunder with the great guns of the advancing and now wholly victorious German Armies, carrying everything before them—for how could they fail? Belgium was already dead, so it was thought; the British would have been penned into a narrow space between the Somme and the sea coast, and could be annihilated at any convenient moment; while France, already moribund, would be on her knees, where Germany had longed so ardently to see her.

Any history of the War will tell the details of what followed that first great German offensive in Picardy, in the earliest morning light of March 21st, 1918, when forty-two fresh German divisions, with picked shock-troops incorporated, hurled themselves on nineteen British divisions of half-exhausted men; of how, owing to a dense and soaking fog which completely hid the silently-advancing enemy, creeping up to their very lines, the British were taken by surprise, and there were great and terrible initial losses—though the breach in the line which the Germans made was patched up, and they did not succeed in separating the British from the French; then, of how the Germans, true to schedule, next turned upon the French in a monster attack on the heights of the Aisne; of the heroic and stubborn resistance, even in a temporarily forced retreat; of the *Second* Battle of the Marne—the cyclic recurrence of that first great event in September, 1914—when, though they launched their offensive on a front of fifty miles, and got eight divisions south of that river barrier—as on the former

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occasion, the Germans could not get an inch farther. An historian of the Great War has written: "By a fateful coincidence, the Germans had been drawn imprudently into a position closely resembling their situation on the eve of the First Battle of the Marne, and in almost the same localities",—but it was not a coincidence, it was a cyclic recurrence, and although at the moment, the French were spending themselves in an unyielding resistance in the sector east of Rheims, where General Gouraud was more than holding his own, the violence of their counter-attack between Belleau and a point west of Soissons (an attack made by General Mangin and General Degoutte), was so terrific, that in less than four days the final turning point of the War had been reached; the great and final German retreat had begun, and even Ludendorff and Hindenburg must have realized that once more they had miscalculated.

It was the supernatural serenity of the French in the very face of the overwhelming disaster which threatened them, the living splendour of their faith, their almost legendary spiritual valour which were the real, though unseen barrier before which the very pick of the German Armies proved impotent. How singular it is that the Germans have never been able to grasp the simple fact that moral and spiritual power have always been, and will for ever be more potent in any *real* and *lasting* sense than brute force! In their lack of appreciation of this obvious truth (something which has been proved over and over again throughout the ages), is to be found the source of their truly mystifying blindness. This peculiar kind of blindness or stupidity was so patent in Occupied Belgium and in "*le Nord dévasté*" that anyone who was there can neither wish nor expect ever to forget it. There is a story told of a common French soldier, a humble *poilu*, severely wounded in the First Battle of the Marne, who was met hobbling along the Avenue de la Grande Armée on his crutches, in November, 1914. Asked what he thought about that great conflict, he answered simply: "They thought they could get Paris. They will *never* get it, our beautiful Paris. They would have to walk over bodies, not only of soldiers, but of women and children, before they could get in."

It must have been toward the end of April that I again started for France, this time not in a nurse's uniform, but in Khaki. I had joined a unit which undertook many different kinds of work other than nursing, but whatever the work might be which its members would be called upon to do, *all* the work, of whatever nature, was guaranteed to be consecrated to the French. I had not the least idea what was ahead of me when I left London; I only knew that Paris was my immediate objective; the rest would take care of itself. Once more there was all the red tape to be gone through in getting expeditiously out of one country, and arriving successfully in the other—and no matter how many times you went through this performance, you always found that a few yards (or miles) of official red tape had been added in the interim, so that no departure or arrival was likely to grow stale through much handling on your part. A pleasant sense of novelty kept your interest sharpened, no matter how many times you came and went. Besides which, the news from France was,

at that moment, so appalling that, even after you had got your permission to leave on a fixed date, you had to face the fact that, at the eleventh hour, your departure might be cancelled, perhaps because all Channel crossings were temporarily suspended, or, worse yet, because your presence in France was not so absorbingly necessary that the French Government cared to take the responsibility of having you on French soil—a delicate but conclusive way of imparting the crude fact that, when all was said and done, you were not of very much importance anyway! It took not a little luck to get across at certain of the blackest moments. However, I *was* in luck, and the day (or rather night) I had chosen, proved auspicious.

The boat train from London to Southampton, after a pleasantly familiar little squeak on the part of the engine (a shrill squeak which really represented a whistle), puffed smoothly and demurely out of Waterloo Station, as though it had never even heard of the War. Why get into a flutter because of a War? "Business as usual" asserted that cheery little squeak—and off we rolled. I remember how damp and chilly it was that night, and how dark it looked (or perhaps my own vitality was not at its best, in view of the recent news from the front), and although I had on my great coat, I wrapped myself up in my steamer rug as well, settled back in my corner of the, naturally, unheated compartment, and fell to thinking. I had relatively few travelling companions—travelling was not encouraged for many obvious reasons—and this first part of the journey passed uneventfully.

At Southampton we all tumbled out, and passed like sheep for their shearing, through a wicket gate, and so into the hands of Scotland Yard and the French *Sûreté*. Again penetrating eyes were levelled on me, eyes which looked me through and through and up and down; experienced eyes which (even though I was not at that moment embarrassed by a specially guilty conscience), made me feel that there was sure to be *something* wrong with me—you always felt like a gold fish in a glass bowl when Scotland Yard was persuading you to tell it your whole history, from beginning to end. However, I got through without anything more than the usual and necessary formalities, though it was a good two hours I should think, before we were allowed on board. As we walked down the wharf and approached the Channel boat, silently rocking in the dark, it looked at first like a lonely black hulk—not a light visible. Once inside it was cheerful enough, however; the heavily covered gangways and port-holes making a moderate interior illumination possible, while not infringing on the "Defense of the Realm Act". After our cold journey from London, and our rather dismal passport delays, the dining saloon looked inviting, and we all streamed in there, taking whatever places we could find, the stewards, having expected us long since, being on the alert to serve us, and then get rid of us for the night. Just opposite me at a corner table where I found a place, sat a nice, friendly, bourgeois French couple—a large, heavily-built man with a rather delicate-looking wife, to whom he began talking volubly about "*Londres*" and "*ces bateaux*" and "*images sur la Tamise*" and so on. I had not the least idea what it was all related to, but for some reason, this French

name for the good old river always makes me smile, and for some reason that Frenchman and his wife noticed me smiling, and smiled back—the best kind of introduction. The steward now came bustling up to us, skilfully balancing several plates of beef and ham on his arm, inviting us to make our "choice", and we, being by this time quite accustomed to taking without protest whatever we were given to eat (rationing being all in the day's work), meekly accepted this cold and arbitrary provision against the pangs of hunger. The little French woman opposite, and I, began to peck at ours, but my large Frenchman, who looked as though his appetite were at its very best, tucked his table-napkin comfortably into his collar, spread it neatly across his chest, and, after cutting off a piece of bread for himself, fell to, that diminutive slice of beef disappearing in no time. He must have been momentarily unmindful that the rationing laws in Great Britain were, at this period at least, far more strict and limited than they were in France, for, politely but imprudently, he beckoned to the steward and asked, in broken but quite good English, if he might now have a plate of ham. The incredulous look, the look of scandalized astonishment which came into the face of that waiter, was well worth seeing. If his country had been openly attacked he could not have been more instantly on the defensive, and his rebuke could be heard all over the dining saloon.

"'am sir? Suttingly not, sir! If yer're still 'ungry I'll give yer a little bit o' cheese, if yer wants it, but yer can't 'ave nothink more to eat to-night."

My good French couple looked in some surprise, but with the never-failing French courtesy, across the table at me, thinking, perhaps, that they had not understood, but by this time everyone around us (themselves eventually included), had gone into gales of laughter, and the steward, retiring behind his wounded official dignity, disappeared. Then we all trooped off to our various cabins, and at some hour of the night, I felt the boat slip her moorings and move silently out into the deeper waters of the Channel, where death might well be lurking; but we knew that the Admiralty had its fatherly eye on us; that we had the usual destroyer escort, even though we could not see it, so what did *we* care for a periscope more or less, as we glided noiselessly on toward the coast of France!

Again an early morning arrival at Havre; the wearisome cross-questioning about your reasons for coming in the first place, and what you were really going to do in the second place—and, of course, there was always a third and a fourth place, and so on and on. But at last, the minute inspection over, I was allowed through, and after several hours spent with friends who lived just out of town, I took the afternoon train for Paris, arriving as on the former occasion two years earlier, quite late at night, and in a city blacker, if possible, than ever. Again I passed submissively through the customs of the Gare St. Lazare; again I secured a bent and shuffling old porter to carry my suit-cases up the Rue d'Amsterdam, across the Place de l'Europe, and so on up the Rue de St. Pétersbourg to the same small hotel at which I had stopped on the former occasion. Once more the heavy door was swung open by the old concierge who had first assured me cheerfully: "*On ne dort plus à Paris*"; once more Madame

came wheezily out of the shadows of her office to welcome me; to remind me again that I must thank *le bon Dieu* who had preserved me thus far from the bomb-dropping German *avions;* once more I climbed the stairs of this erst-while convent, to a tiny cell at the top of the house, and, after carefully closing the shutters of my window, so that no least beam could escape through them from the inside, nor one least breath of air penetrate from the cool convent garden outside, down into which my window looked, I turned on the electric light and began to unpack my bags. It must have been about eleven o'clock when, just as I was excavating their contents for the various things I needed, that miserable little electric light (about two candle-power, I should think), gave a weary sigh, as it were, and went out, I being left in a pitch dark and perfectly strange room, without a single match—for, of course, even if you were fortunate enough to possess any of these strictly rationed commodities, you could neither get them out of England nor into France. No one had told me that in Paris, at eleven o'clock, martial law dictated that all electric light should be shut off—so how was *I* to know? Then I remembered a treasure which had been given me as a parting gift—a new invention at that time, I believe, though common enough now—a cigarette lighter. With your thumb you turned a little metal wheel, which struck against a piece of flint, and behold, a spark which ignited the petrol with which you had filled the tiny tank. The miniature flame was quite as good as a candle, and although the petrol itself was at this time worth its weight in gold to the humble civilian (by no means easily procurable at *any* price), I trusted to my usual luck for getting more when I needed it, and by the light of this Aladdin's lamp I was able to "carry on" quite successfully. As a matter of fact, that small lighter of mine served me well on many another such occasion in later days.

The next morning I was awakened by a strange sound; not very loud, so it must have been the strangeness itself which roused me; a sound, moreover, for which I felt an instant and unaccountable aversion. In fifteen minutes it came again—a kind of muffled, thudding, convulsive shock like something immeasurably heavy falling and crushing the world. Just then the maid came in with my *café au lait* (only a teaspoonful of milk at that), and a bare hunk of brownish bread which made me laugh, remembering the pre-War days of *croissants* and paper-thin pats of sweet butter, afloat in a white, oblong dish of clear, cool water.

"What *is* that horrid sound?" I asked her, rather irritably.

"*Mais madame! C'est la Grosse Bertha*", she exclaimed, looking at me in surprise, as though I were a kind of freak not to have recognized at once what all Paris was now so well accustomed to.

For some reason I did not like that sound one bit; and for some reason which I cannot explain, it was several days before I could get used to it. Air raids had become almost commonplace, besides which you always had a warning; you knew pretty well what to expect, and more or less how to act. But there was something peculiarly sinister (or so it seemed to me) about that long-range gun on Paris. It left a furtive, treacherous impression, hard to describe; the feeling

that someone was trying to stab you in the back. However, this was eventually shaken out of me when I saw the effect (or lack of effect!), which this new mode of warfare had on the Parisians, for (even though, on one or two occasions, I was quite near when a shell found its mark, doing considerable damage, and resulting in some loss of life), I had daily opportunities to observe their complete unconcern or, as perhaps one might call it at times, their amused interest. When "Big Bertha" sounded, on its fifteen minute schedule, you would see people, walking near you in the street, pull out their watches, and say jocularly, one to the other: "They're two minutes over time—wonder if they've gone to sleep by chance", or: "Perhaps they're running out of ammunition—they skipped that last '*mauvais quart d'heure*' ". You cannot demoralize, you cannot intimidate the Parisians.

It had been arranged that I was not to begin my work (whatever that work might be when the moment came), for a couple of days, so later in the morning I took a tram to the Madeleine, and walked slowly through the Rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde. What a blow I had! Paris seemed to have become an American city. That great, splendid, open space literally swarmed with American officers and "doughboys", who, I saw at a glance, made themselves not only very much at home, but both heard and felt in every direction. I had been almost oblivious of the American Army until then, though I had listened to many tales of the new arrivals while I was still in England—tales (sometimes rather astonishing tales), from Salisbury Plain where many Americans were under training in camp. But I had come little into contact with them, and for some reason, I had not expected to do so. What was my surprise when I now found myself suddenly plunged into an ocean of khaki-clad men from "the States", all talking at once; all with that indescribable air of owning the whole place; that indefinable air of saying: "We've come over here to win the War for you!" I believe that to a very great extent they were quite unconscious of this—for the American heart is a most generous one; I believe they did honestly feel that theirs *was* "God's own country"; that "God" was justly more mindful of the U. S. A. than of France or England or any of the other Allies—and in a sense this was natural, perhaps it was even as it should have been, for, after all, America was *their* country, for which they were fully prepared to die; but, while I was thankful to the very depths of me that they had joined us at long last, I could not forgive these late-comers for seeming to ignore, or, worse yet, to belittle the splendour of the Allied struggle of three and a half years—a forgetfulness prompted by that youthful love of boasting which has become so habitual with us that we no longer think of it as such. But to the on-looker there could be no mistake, and I felt thoroughly ashamed. In front of the *Cercle de la Rue Royale* the crowd was thickest, and it was with something akin to surprise that I caught a glimpse, now and then, of a French officer, threading his way inconspicuously through it, his heart bent wholly on his work—he looked almost out of place, as if he did not belong there in Paris at all! Then I noticed two *poilus*, *permissionnaires*, stroll up, and stand modestly on the outskirts of that restless, rather spectacular khaki crowd, looking on as though at a mag-

nificent show. They appeared rough and uncombed; their uniforms were faded, soiled with the filth of the trenches, and did not fit them; their boots were huge and ugly and worn—*those men had seen service!* And there they stood, this rather shabby-looking pair, evidently a trifle abashed, a bit awed by the smartly-equipped, garrulous new army which had come over to their country,—but completely lost in an ungrudging admiration. Two more *poilus*, equally unkempt, joined them; and this little group of battle-begrimed men, men who had been tried in the fiercest fire through all those agonizing years of bitter struggle, these French soldiers were yet so unassuming that, in simple, child-like wonder, a kind of silent deference, they stood there humbly before this still-untried self-confident crowd of American soldiers. I could not bear it, and I moved away.

I walked across the Place, over to the embankment, and stood there looking at the dear Seine, so beautifully green, so cool, so silent, so full of memories; so unlike that chattering crowd which I had just left.

"That is the trouble with us", I thought, mindful that, after all, I too was an American; "we have so few memories. How can we be silent? I believe most people talk either because they want to forget, or because they have nothing to remember. What have *we* to dream about, to brood upon? The things of to-day only—we have almost no yesterdays."

A few young American soldiers sauntered slowly past, as usual all talking at once, till the huskiest of them succeeded in talking down the others.

"Gee! they're queer fish, these old froggies! Why it takes them a week to do what we'd do in an hour, back home in little old New York, and think nothing of it, neither. Say, the other day. . . ."

"Oh shut up!" broke in another, who felt it was his turn to speak, " . . . but say, won't they be surprised when we've kicked the Boches out of France for them? Gosh! It's taken them long enough to do it for themselves!" And they moved out of earshot.

I spent my two days of exemption wandering about Paris, visiting old, familiar places; noting the changes. And everywhere I went I met the Americans—good-natured, impulsive, warm-hearted Americans—but somehow they did not yet seem to fit into their surroundings. The British came and went as a matter of course; an Italian now and again was a wholly natural sight, but America was not yet an integral part of the picture, and I could not seem to make it so.

At the end of those two days, I reported at the headquarters of the organization I had joined, and was given at first all kinds of odds and ends of things to do—office work connected with hospital records (entries into the Val-de-Grâce, or dressings delivered to some "Hôpital Chir", an abbreviation we adopted for *chirurgie*—I hardly remember what), and a good deal of running about town doing commissions. But the news from the front was getting worse each day; terrified refugees were pouring into Paris from the north and from the east; all the highroads were choked with them; thousands trudged along the *route du canal* leading through Meaux; some of the railway stations were being literally inundated with them; the incoming crowds so dense that they threatened to

interfere with the outgoing troops, and the authorities came to us and begged our help. So it happened that a nice French woman (who was also working for my organization) and I, were appointed to open a *vestiaire* in the Gare de l'Est (there was another opened at the same time in the Gare du Nord), this work being to a certain extent connected with the American Red Cross, though really quite independent of it. In fact Madame V—— and I were given perfect liberty to go ahead on any lines we chose to map out, providing we carried the work through, the special committee back of us promising to supply all the clothes we needed for our refugees. Both of us had done refugee work before—she at the time of the First Battle of the Marne, I at Ghent, in the early days of 1914—so each supplemented the other very well. But I believe there is hardly anything more difficult in the sense of being unsatisfying, than refugee work, and those poor creatures, hounded from their homes for the second time, needed far more than just clothes. There never was time, however, to give them anything but the bare necessities of life, before the French authorities (naturally averse, at a moment like this, to having the city flooded with thousands of civilians who did not belong there, and who could not possibly be housed)—before the French authorities, represented by the American Red Cross, packing them into huge *camions*, hurried them across town, mostly to the Gare de Lyon, where they were again packed into trains which took them to the south, far removed from the sound of guns, and where they could wait for better days. The average French peasant is both hardy and resourceful, and he does not easily lose heart; but most of those who passed through our hands were either little speechless children, speechless with fright and with fatigue, or very old people who had hoped to die by their own firesides (and how the French peasant loves his hearth!); yet here they were, fleeing again for their very lives, with ruin and death behind them, and an uncertain fate, perhaps to them far worse than death, ahead of them. You hardly ever heard a complaint (the French do not complain), but most of them were so dazed that you felt you were trying to help people who were walking in their sleep. I must confess I have little recollection of individual cases, for they came in enormous numbers, pitiful, dumb crowds, and once they had been given the necessary outfit of shoes or underwear or shawls or aprons, there was a silent look of gratitude which told a far more tragic story than their halting words could possibly have done, after which they were swept away from us like chaff before the wind, and we never saw them again; we never even *thought* of them again! How could we? For almost before we had time to rearrange our tumbled stores of clothes, so as to be ready for the next rush, another trainload would arrive, and there would be a repetition of the pitiless haste; there would be the same desire to snatch one moment (oh, just one moment!) to show a touch of human sympathy—something beside that clock-work giving out of those horrible shoes and shawls and aprons. My memory of those rigorous weeks is blurred; I seem only to recall a torrent of white, tragic faces carried rapidly past—faces all much alike, as refugee faces somehow grow to be; a swift-coursing river of white faces, whirled out of sight in a moment of time, faces which passed and passed and passed,

with now and again an instant when you could really look into the eyes of one of those shadowy, dream people whom you were never to see again; an instant when, perhaps, you could call hopefully (though it sounded like mockery): "*Courage! vous allez bientôt vous remettre!*" and hear a low voice, across a widening space, as the speaker was hurried away: "*Que Dieu vous bénisse, madame!*"—and that river of human lives would flow on, out and away. My co-worker and I used to be at our post at half past seven every morning, and it was often toward midnight before we turned homeward, and sometimes it was very hard to get home at all, for the air raids were really frightful at this time, and there were nights when they seemed almost continuous—you might have to bury yourself in some wretched *abri* till nearly dawn, impatiently listening for the sound of the bugles which was the "all clear" signal,—and this merely in order to preserve your life for your refugees only two or three hours hence; while getting to work again when the appointed morning hour arrived, was often accompanied by the thudding of the long-range gun. I do not now remember how long we kept this up, or just when that *vestiaire* changed hands, but in looking back on those crowded weeks it seems like an eternity—a monotonous, dull grey, rather passive, stupefying eternity of little whimpering children whom you could not help, and dry-eyed old people, too dulled by misery for tears, stripped of a decent place in which to die; old, old people, wandering in their sleep.

There was a part of the Gare de l'Est which drew me like a magnet, however, and once in a while, when the opportunity came (I used to steal my lunch half hour if I could do so unobserved), I would escape there for a few refreshing moments. It was a part of the station where the *poilus* passed—those who were returning home for their well-earned rest (eight days in every four months, I think it was), and those who were going back to the front, the eight days being over; and strange as it may seem, almost invariably I found those returning to their regiments the liveliest and the happiest. This is not imaginary on my part; others noted it too. It was not, as one man told me, that he felt indifferent to the short time at home with his wife and his children; *of course* he liked it; but the trouble was, they did not always understand that life did not look the same to him now; the things that, in the old days, seemed so important, so necessary, he could now brush aside without regret, he was no longer eager for them in the way he used to be—and that sometimes hurt the good home folk. How could you expect them to understand this, when (he had to confess) he sometimes wondered at it himself; wondered why he felt so strongly about it; but what did a man care now, *ma foi*, for all those little pleasures, those little comforts! So these two tides of *poilus*—the home-coming and the outgoing—held me captive. I loved these dear, weather-stained, trench-stained, often grotesquely rough and shabby men, with those steadfast eyes of theirs, so responsive, so whole-hearted, and many a chat did I have with them, mostly with the returning-to-the-front ones, as they waited, *sac au dos*, for the summons: "*En route!*" Then off they would clump, cheerfully climb into the rude trucks used by the railways for the transportation of troops, and so, back to the firing line which had now become their real home. Many a man has told me, under his breath as

it were, that he has actually suffered from acute homesickness when on leave. He has come out gaily to his allotted time *en repos*, but after a few days he began to miss his comrades, to miss them passionately, to miss his routine work, to miss the danger and even the overwhelming fatigue.

"So you see, madame", said one, in answer to my question, "*that* is why we go singing back to the trenches".

"Do you wish sometimes that the War would end?" I asked him.

"*Peut-être*", he answered, reflectively, then, with conviction, "*enfin oui, mais pas encore: 'faut aller jusqu'au bout, madame.*"

All this time we in Paris had been perfectly conscious that the Germans were creeping nearer, though few of us knew what was really happening at the front. We *sensed* what was going on, but the public in general was naturally "spoon fed" with news—inevitable at a time like the one through which we were living—and the details which we now know, we only guessed then. There had been terrible fighting in the north, and over to the east. The Germans, bearing their full weight on the French, had carried the Chemin-des-Dames, and had crossed the Aisne; they had attacked at many points between the Oise and the Marne, and on the first of June were at Villers-Cotterets, only a little over forty miles from Paris. All through June there were attacks and counter-attacks; some progress, more loss. The British gained ground south of Meteren, and there was desperate fighting near Vieux Berquin; the American troops distinguished themselves at Château-Thierry, where they received their baptism of fire, and there was no question of their gallantry once they got in the field—but the Germans crept nearer, despite it all. So June passed.

Toward the end of June we began to hear the pounding of the approaching guns more distinctly than hitherto, and there were rumours that the French Government was politely but emphatically requesting all strangers to leave not only Paris itself, but the war zone altogether—how thankful I was to be among the irrevocably employed! There was no suggestion that the Germans would or could enter the city, but it might well be bombarded (at *close* range this time), and the fewer people there were to get themselves damaged, the easier for the French Government. My organization called a meeting, at which we were told that it was not at all unlikely we should be obliged to withdraw in order to carry on our work. It was not yet decided just where we should find it best to go, but the situation was considered so serious that means for transportation (in case evacuation became necessary), had already been arranged in detail, and we must all be prepared to start at a moment's notice. I cannot say that this news pleased me. Why should not our work be made even more valuable in a menaced Paris, than in a Paris reasonably safe? And I began to wonder how I could persuade those in charge of our unit to allow me to stay behind, and "carry on" in some other way suggested by them. Leave Paris at a moment like this? *Jamais de la vie!* The question of removal remained undecided for the immediate present, however, and, as things turned out, it never took place at all.

The Fourth of July was approaching—Independence Day—and my organiza-

tion was to give an entertainment for five hundred Americans. Myself an American, I was commandeered for the occasion, Madame V—— being given a substitute during my absence. That is how I chanced to see the march of the American troops, escorted by the French, as they defiled down the Champs-Elysées to the Place de la Concorde, where there was to be a finishing ceremony in front of the Statue de Strasbourg. It was a perfect morning, and all the houses, the shops, even the taxi cabs were flying the Stars and Stripes; wounded soldiers were selling them at all the corners, pinning them on the coats of the passers-by; the streets were thronged with vivacious crowds—crowds moving slowly about; expectant crowds, stationary along the curb, but enthusiastic crowds wherever you turned your eyes, and this, even though we had been warned that the Germans might well choose the moment to drop a bomb or two among us. I think everybody in Paris (French, English, Americans—such quantities of Americans!), must have turned out for that occasion, for you could hardly get about the streets, and every window looking on the Place de la Concorde was full; people were on all the surrounding roofs, and many young people had climbed into the branches of the chestnut trees on the Champs-Elysées, which looked its radiant best in the golden sunshine. As I had taken up my position not far from the Ambassadeurs, I did not see the opening ceremony of that Fourth of July parade, when the Avenue du Trocadéro had its name changed in honour of America, but while we were waiting at our end of the line of march, I heard a sudden roaring sound, and saw that from the direction of the Tuileries, just over the tops of the trees, came rushing a huge aeroplane. It passed right over our heads, flying so low that I had an imperative instinct to "duck"; it actually rustled the leaves of the *marronniers* (and what the small boys who were clinging precariously to the tree-tops must have felt like, I cannot think!); it raced like a hurricane up the great Avenue, rising higher and higher as it approached the Arc de Triomphe, when, with a marvellous, wide-sweeping turn that made me think of some very beautiful skating I had seen years before at the Palais de Glace, back it came winging its irresistible flight and, just as it disappeared (to reappear a little later), over the roofs of the Louvre, we began to hear the sound of martial music off in the distance, and the column of troops swung into the Rond Point, and started down the Champs-Elysées, accompanied by the wildest cheering on the part of the thousands of spectators gathered to see it pass—cheering which seemed to reach us in advancing waves as the column moved nearer. It was headed by a double line of *cuirassiers* (nothing in the world like them for looks and bearing!), mounted on superb horses, and, with their bared sabres held erect, the sun blazing on their burnished breastplates and their helmets with the long black horsehair, they drew off on either side of the entrance to the Champs-Elysées, and there sat, erect and motionless. There followed a French military band; a line of officers, French and American; and after these, a long line of the American Marines who had so lately won their spurs. Battle-stained (and how thankful I was to see this with my own eyes at last!), they wore their battered trench helmets, carried their rather battered knapsacks, and looked as though they had come straight from their fierce fight in "Belleau

Wood". They marched magnificently, and were as fine a looking set of men as you could wish to see, and they seemed to carry with them a new kind of dignity, which first-hand experience almost always gives. Then after the Marines came a long column of the French, and *they* were straight from the trenches and battle-stained, of course, but they were taking an inconspicuous second place on this National Holiday of their new comrades-in-arms. Then more Americans; more military music; more *poilus*, and the last of this long column (with Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and all the rest, bringing up the rear), swept like an ocean tide out into the Place de la Concorde, between those stationary double lines of *cuirassiers*, whose only movement throughout the whole ceremony had been to salute, with their bared sabres, whenever the colours passed.

The watching crowds around me had been at the highest pitch of large-hearted enthusiasm; America could not have received a more princely, a more chivalrous ovation; and one of the most moving things I have ever seen was a small group of blind French soldiers who had been guided through the crowds to a spot not far from me. I watched them with deep interest, for they were crippled as well as blind (they had been as badly knocked about as any men could be); yet when they were told that the American Marines from the Bois de Belleau were passing, I saw them tear their *képis* from their heads, so that their poor sightless eyes were the more exposed, while in the complete self-forgetfulness of their admiration, they waved those frayed old caps of theirs in the air, cheering, shouting: "*Vivent les Américains! Vivent nos Alliés!*" I had been feeling a rising tide of remorse, an increasing sense of culpability, and now my very soul was in revolt. *Why* had we not come sooner; *why* had we waited all through those years of inexpressible suffering, of heroic fortitude, content to be, for the most part, hardly more than onlookers—"too proud to fight"! The French were so generous to us, who had been such laggards, and they thought we were being generous to them because we had come at all! They could not seem to do enough for us; how humbly grateful they were, how eager to show their gratitude—and we seemed to be accepting all this adulation as a matter of course! I felt the shame of it as I remembered Verdun and what I had seen there; as I thought of Douaumont and the dying men who had been brought to us through those dark, cold nights, the very stretchers on which they lay so patiently, literally soaked with their blood. It seemed incredible that we could have been so insensible to what the French were enduring, and now this triumphal march had been arranged for us, almost before we had begun to show what sacrifices we were really prepared to make. I could not look at it any longer; I had seen more than enough, and I turned away with a bitterness which I could not shake off.

An interval of a little over a week followed; the air of Paris was electric, yet everyone was calm. So far as I could see there was absolutely no evidence either of excitement or of apprehension. The most perfect restraint reigned, mixed with the keenest expectancy—it was this live-wire expectancy which made the air electric. There had been an ominous silence for several days; the Germans seemed suddenly to have fallen into a strange inactivity, but this did not deceive any of us; we knew that they were almost at our gates, that we were

on the eve of another great enemy offensive, and almost hourly we awaited the attack.

The Fourteenth of July, the *Fête Nationale* of the French, was at hand, and we heard that preparations were being made to celebrate it by an unprecedented march of troops—detachments from all the Allied Armies were to pass from the Porte Dauphine down the Avenue du Bois. It would be a splendid sight, and the day before, there was much discussion among the workers at the Gare de l'Est as to who would be able to go. Madame V—— and I, of course, could not consider taking a holiday from our refugees, since there was no one to replace us, but she told me that she was intending to celebrate the *Fête Nationale* on her own account, by going in the evening, after we had finished our work, to a midnight mass (I think it was that) at the *Sacré-Cœur*, and she asked me if I would go with her. The day was spent as usual, and it was late before we had finished tidying up, preparatory to the next day's rush, but we finally started, getting up there at about half-past eleven, I suppose. Agreeing that it would be best to pass our time independently of each other (as we had done on similar occasions), we arranged our place for meeting later on, so that we could return home together, and, after watching her disappear into the interior of the great basilica, I walked slowly along the wide terrace, alone in the summer darkness.

Anyone who has stood on the Butte Montmartre at night, will remember the mysterious, haunting beauty of that view; the strange, soaring exaltation you feel, as though all the sorrows of the world had been left far, far below in the shadows, down into which you now look. It is an experience which is not confined to the first visit only; it may be repeated each time you climb that steep ascent. On this night, Paris lay under a grey veil, sombre and still. Not a light could be seen; hardly so much as a faint glow; and it was so late that no sound rose to where I stood at the edge of the terrace—which in the darkness makes you feel as though you were standing on the margin of the world; there was only the sound of the night breeze which always blows up there. It is easy to lose all sense of time at a height like that—you are only conscious of great space—so I paid no attention to the minutes as they flew; I did not know how much time had gone by. But suddenly the perfect stillness of that summer night was violently shaken; shattered in an instant; and from the serene aloofness of that wonderful elevation I felt myself plunged headlong, as it were, into the very thick of battle, for the thunder of a cataclysmic bombardment seemed actually to leap out of the silence and the dark. I was completely bewildered at first, the shock had been so rude, the transition so acute, and I could not seem to get back to my surroundings; but looking in the direction from which the roar of the guns had burst, I saw that off to the east the horizon was lit by an angry glare, and that a wild, flaming, pulsating light streamed to the very zenith of the heavens—the darkness of the night had vanished at a stroke. Then, with almost equal precipitation, there came another sound—the sound of thronging feet; feet coming in hot haste; countless feet surging up the long flight of stone steps leading from the foot of the hill. Literally hundreds of Parisians climbed the Heights of Montmartre that night, and soon every inch

of space seemed filled; filled with crowds which for the most part were silent—the silence of a great suspense. For it was a stupendous drama that we were watching, off there to the east; the titanic explosions which we heard so plainly, alone told of the magnitude of this last enraged but hopeless attempt to wrest Paris from the hands of the French; we knew that the die was being cast; I believe we all knew in our hearts that this was the final turning-point of the War—the turning-point for which we had all been waiting. We had an absolute, an unshakable faith that there could be but one end, yet, as the night slipped away, and that living flame in the east deepened and grew in intensity, the lightning flashes from the monster guns never ceasing for a moment, we thought, with aching hearts, of our men out there; of what they were facing; of what was ahead of them in the days to come. I heard a woman's voice beside me, and turning, I saw that she was in deepest mourning, and that her hands were tightly clapsed: "*Seigneur, miséricorde!*" she prayed, with a passion of yearning. How many women of Paris must also be praying for the men they loved who were out there in that carnage!

It was toward morning before that dense crowd, gathered on the peak of Montmartre, under the sheltering walls of the *Sacré-Cœur*, began to break up. The guns were still roaring, but we each had our own scrap of work to do that day (how painfully insignificant that work was!), and we knew that this supreme struggle (which we now call the Second Battle of the Marne), had but begun; and as I started down that steep descent, reaching again the lower levels of the hillside, where the earth trembled under our very feet, I recalled with a pang of gratitude—because I knew it was what the whole of France was echoing —the words of the dear, rough *poilu* at the Gare de l'Est; words spoken with such simple, blunt conviction: "*'faut aller jusqu'au bout*".

VOLUNTEER.

(*To be continued*)

We live in deeds, not years: in thoughts, not breaths:
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—P. J. BAILEY.

The truly great of heart are those who have learned to forget themselves.—DIDON.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

IV

IT must be difficult for present-day members of The Theosophical Society, who have joined our ranks since Judge's death, but who have grown up, theosophically, in "the Judge tradition", to realize that leading members and officers of a Society calling itself Theosophical, could have conspired against a fellow-member and brother-officer whom they had called their friend; could secretly have collected "evidence" against him, and then—to make such conduct worse—could have lacked the common decency, the honesty, the courage, to go with their "evidence" personally to the man they were accusing, to ask him for his explanation, before pronouncing him, even in their own minds, guilty. Yet that is exactly what Mrs. Besant, Olcott and others did and failed to do. Not one of them even claimed to have asked Judge for an explanation *before* condemning him. It was and is manifest that to treat any friend like that, was not only a violation of every theosophical principle, but proof that those who did it lacked—honour. His accusers *hid* their suspicions and their "evidence" until they imagined that their "case", as they called it, was sufficiently convincing, and then, suddenly, out of a clear sky, Mrs. Besant, as spokesman, wrote from a great distance (from India) and demanded that Judge resign! Not content with this, Mrs. Besant went so far as to claim that H.P.B.'s great Master approved her action,— Master M., the embodiment of chivalry, who, through H.P.B., as recently as 1889, had inscribed his own picture: "To my dear and loyal colleague, W. Q. Judge."

It is, as I have said, almost incredible; but it is true,—and those who did it were pledged to serve the cause of brotherhood![1]

"By their fruits ye shall know them." It is not surprising that the organization of which Mrs. Besant made herself the President, is and always has been rent by dissension: envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, its one lasting product; internecine strife, its perpetual condition.

Following the Judge "trial" in London, Mrs. Besant hurried to Australia, there to work up a new "Section" of the Society so as to insure a majority vote against Judge on the General Council whenever she might deem it safe to renew her frustrated attack. Judge, meanwhile, after a brief rest at the home of the Griscoms near New York, did as he was urging others to do, and started a vigorous "campaign for Theosophy" by lecturing for Branches in Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island, Maryland and elsewhere.

The next public event of outstanding importance was the publication, in

[1] See the reprint in this issue of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, of a pamphlet entitled *A Forgotten Pledge*, which deals directly with this subject, and which also gives particulars covering the foregoing statements.

the London *Westminster Gazette*, of the so-called evidence against Judge. Mrs. Besant had allowed Walter R. Old to retain copies of all the letters and papers which she, Olcott, Bertram Keightley, and Old himself, had collected. No one would have paid any attention to Old if Mrs. Besant had not adopted his "evidence" and merged it with her own. Old had been a clerk in Birmingham, England, where he had dabbled in "magic" of a shady and childish sort, to be finally rescued, not long before her death, by H.P.B., who gave him room and board at Avenue Road in an effort to set him on his feet. Old was a vain little man who, having studied "parlour conjuring", was prepared to explain theoretically how all occult phenomena might be produced without the employment of any occult power whatsoever,—just by trickery. It is an explanation which has always appealed to the half-educated, popular mind. Applying it, to his own complete satisfaction, to the phenomena connected with Judge—incidentally attributing to Judge the training and skill of a professional conjurer, none of which, it should be needless to say, did Judge possess—Old carried his "evidence" and his "explanations" to a rather brilliant young journalist named Edmund Garrett, who at once saw his opportunity: Theosophy, since the death of H. P. B., had been much in the public eye; he, Garrett, would expose it, once and for ever, as a gigantic fraud.

Reading Garrett's articles again to-day, it is not easy to see why they produced so shattering an effect in England. They are cleverly written, it is true, but are based entirely upon two big assumptions: first "everybody knows" that H.P.B. was a fraud; second, her pupil, Judge, necessarily was a fraud also. There were no such occurrences as "occult phenomena"; no such people as Adepts and Masters. Conjuring tricks, or quite ordinary tricks, without any conjuring, explained everything. But his chief weapon was ridicule, which he poured unstintedly upon everyone concerned,—including Mrs. Besant. This filled her with amazement and indignation, and especially with fury against Judge,—as if Judge were responsible!

"I propose to show", wrote Garrett, "that Mrs. Besant has been bamboozled for years by bogus 'communications' of the most childish kind, and in so ludicrous a fashion as to deprive of all value any future evidence of hers on any question calling for the smallest exercise of observation and common sense."

Mrs. Besant was stung, not by the attack on H.P.B. or on Theosophy, but by the ridicule of her own personality; and a proof of this stands out in the nature of her reply to Garrett's attacks. This reply, which she entitled "The Theosophical Society and 'The Westminster Gazette' ", was published in the London *Daily Chronicle*, and then in her own magazine, *Lucifer*, where it covered ten and a half pages. It did not contain one word in defence of H.P.B., not one word in defence of Theosophy or the Society: it gave half a page to the defence and praise of Chakravarti, and the remaining ten pages to the defence and vindication of herself.

So far as the general membership in Europe was concerned, the effect of the *Gazette's* attack was to make them run like rabbits. There were honourable exceptions, but a large majority of the Branches (Lodges) passed resolutions

calling upon Judge to reply at once to the accusations against him, and meanwhile to resign his office as Vice-President of the Society. The English members of that day could not bear being ridiculed,—and the *Westminster Gazette* was very widely read. The friends of members were inclined to say to them, "Well, *now* are your eyes open!" and as the members did not like this, they shielded themselves by repudiating Judge.[2] It is only fair to add, however, that many more might have stood their ground unfalteringly if their leaders in England had set them that example. "Avenue Road", with Mrs. Besant as its centre, represented "authority", and European members, having accepted that "authority", were unable to look beyond the person and position to the Principle and the Truth. They were tested, and most of them failed,—exactly as members in America were tested a few years later. In 1894, members in America, who had grown into the unfortunate habit, always condemned by him, of accepting Judge as their "authority", followed him. In 1898, most of them did as European members had done four years earlier: unable to recognize and follow a Principle, they followed Mrs. Tingley after she had failed.

Nearly all members, on both continents, believed in Masters, or said they did; nearly all of them wished, more or less, to draw nearer to Masters. They had been told from the beginning that the only right of the aspirant for chêlaship is to be tried; they had heard it stated a thousand times, on every kind of "authority", that a genuine desire for the Truth, regardless of personalities, preferences and prejudices, is essential in discipleship; they believed, theoretically, that it is the inner Light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world", and that we should prove all things and hold fast that which is good; they believed, or thought they did, that "discrimination between the Real and the unreal" is one of the necessary qualifications,—yet, when the test came, they shut their eyes and clung to "authority" for fear of making a mistake. Neither in Europe nor in America was the test difficult. The treatment of Judge by Mrs. Besant spoke for itself; Mrs. Tingley's attempt to make the Society a department of her "Universal Brotherhood", with herself as supreme "Leader and Official Head", spoke just as loudly. No one is ever tested beyond what may rightly and fairly be expected of him. Even Mrs. Besant, in 1893, after she had surrendered herself to the highly magnetic influence of Chakravarti, and, in that condition, "heard" the Master's voice telling her to take action against Judge and "to wash away the stains on the T. S.", with the tell-tale addition: "Your strength was given you for this",—even Mrs. Besant *might* have laughed. Strong! It was Judge's effort to get her to stand on her own feet, which, as much as anything, threw her into the arms of Chakravarti. Strong! Of course she would have laughed,—if she had not believed it true. Yet, as a test, it was very simple: Masters do not flatter; Chakravartis do.

Well,—the majority of members failed, and it certainly is not for us to cast stones at them, for we, in other ways, doubtless have failed too, and perhaps as badly,—except, let us hope, for one vital difference: that we have seen our sins as sins, and have done our utmost to atone for them. "For this, O friend

[2] See again the reprint in this issue of *A Forgotten Pledge*.

Vaddha, is the advantage of the discipline of the Noble One, that he who looks upon his sin as sin, and makes amends for it as is meet, he becomes able in future to restrain himself therefrom."

There is this, also, to be said on behalf of the rank and file of those who went under in 1894 and 1898: the greatest emphasis had always been laid, and rightly laid, on loyalty to friends and leaders. The unfortunate "Che-Yew-Tsăng's" remarks on the subject in *Some Modern Failings*, almost inevitably, perhaps, had been interpreted in Europe as an appeal for loyalty to Mrs. Besant rather than to Judge. Many are slow to learn the difference between loyalty, and stupid, superstitious, blind acceptance of all that some older student may utter. They know, sometimes, the evils of self-opinionatedness, of intellectual conceit, and of what Judge called "the teaching perch", and their dread of those hideous weaknesses makes it difficult to find that hair-line, that razor's edge, which, we have always been told, are similes for the Path,—with a precipice on either side as further discouragement for the timid.

Even those who survived the test in Europe in 1894, and who realized that Judge stood for Theosophy, for H.P.B. and the Lodge, needed constant readjustment and moral support. Incapable of doubting Judge, some of us were inclined to take far too seriously the effect of the Garrett attacks on the membership-at-large, and were wondering, at times, if the cause of Theosophy in England were not irretrievably ruined. This was no mood in which to fight *constructively*, and Judge—who knew directly, as Foch saw by reflection, that no one is beaten until he thinks he is—relied chiefly upon Archibald Keightley, Mrs. Keightley and myself to begin at once to rebuild what Mrs. Besant was destroying. Ill with what proved to be his death-illness; keenly sensitive as every great Occultist must be; intensely human; full of the deepest solicitude and sense of responsibility for the very people who were attacking him; realizing to the quick that he had tried to give them his real heart and that they had flung it back at him with bitterness and contempt,—Judge suffered intensely, as everyone who loved him knew. Yet, for our sakes, and, above all, because he knew that the result of H. P. B.'s mission and her reputation as Lodge Messenger depended, on this plane, solely upon *his will*, he dominated his personality and its feelings, and created time and strength for the writing of letters which ring with power, cheerfulness, and the determination to wrest victory from every appearance of defeat. The valour of that man's heart is almost beyond belief. What he endured, still remains to be written. He who, "of all Chêlas, suffers most and demands, or even expects, the least"—as H.P.B.'s Master had written of him—having been tried as by fire through years of loneliness, of inner "desolation" (as mystical books speak of it), and every kind of outer obstacle and incubus, had forged for the service of Masters a will of flame and steel which he now used, not only to keep the Movement in being, but to project it forward to to-day and to our unknown to-morrows.

Let no one think, then, because he wrote with so light a touch of things in themselves tragic (the failure and degradation of souls), that he felt as lightly. He wrote to reinforce a young man upon whom he relied somewhat to pass on

to others the spirit of these letters; and he knew his "subject", knew how to inspire and stimulate and yet steady a youthful but inexperienced enthusiasm. He was an artist in that, as in so much else. Polished phrases and pious sentiments would have left me cold; Judge made me think and feel and act, made me meditate and reach up to heaven for whatever of fire I could seize there, that I might add that little to his consuming zeal for the Work,—the great Work of Masters in the world. Judge dashed off these letters like lightning; for a score of reasons, I loved them, and love them now; they are the letters of *a man;* and if anyone should think that they fall short of "the ideal"—considering the conditions and the need which evoked them—all I can say is: Think again.

The "old material", to which Judge refers in the following letter, was the "evidence" collected by Olcott, Walter Old, Bertram Keightley, and Annie Besant, which she had intended to produce and publish at the time of the "trial" in London (see the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1931; pp. 107-122), in the expectation that this would put an end to Judge as a power in the Theosophical Society.

The "centre" to be formed was at 62, Queen Anne Street, London,—a house rented by Dr. Archibald Keightley, where he and Mrs. Keightley lived, and where, on the ground floor, he had his consulting rooms and medical laboratory.

The American Asiatic and Sanskrit Revival Society was organized by Judge "for historical and scientific research in the ancient literature of India and other Asiatic countries", for "the collection, preservation, and translation" of Indian and other Asiatic manuscripts, and "to promote the revival of Sanskrit learning in India."

NEW YORK, November 19th, 1894.

My dear Son Keed:

Right you are. It is all a tempest in a tea pot from which we shall come all right, and the others who are not worthy will be burned below and above. My dear fellow take the ideas which you get from me underground and which you feel. In this case quiet work and steady confidence are all that Master wants for the present. Do not splurge too soon. Be strong as you are and go on with the work among the members, as you are, as much as you can, and while you may explain facts do not let anyone see bitterness or partizanship. Do not get hurried. Let Master alone now until I give the word, as I have here and there. All will come right. It is a big fight. The present attack is due to the dark side using the old material, and when it is done, then we can come in and do the other. At the present time Master could not come out with anything directly, for if he did, things would only be worse. The tiger will have a "smaile" on his face all the time as he has now. It will be no use to bring a suit at all. It is well for you to write me all the time so as to work off the force, and it will go to its effect, but be careful what you say to others by the pen. Re-read your letters after a day or so, and then condense and smooth out, or else they will get you to say something that will be no good.

The present row as you can see has dished up several persons, and matters are gradually coming to a head, so that, which King, Bensonian, will be very plain, and we shall all in the end be better off.

Of course what I said to Julius [Mrs. Keightley] to form a centre is right, and has been going on. This is not to be made a public thing, but no one can tell what will be the result. I can imagine a few possibilities. If at that centre all hurry and all partizanship are entirely laid aside, the forces for the Lodge will gather and circulate from there to all parts. Remember that partizanship is not good, and is different from steady and strong loyalty. Infuse all with that idea. God knows I should like to be there, but I must not stir long from this point, so, though I lecture, I come at once back here. It is expensive but necessary.

Perseverantia O puer! You are right. You can see some light where it is. Follow it and stay by it. Do you understand me? Do you see how confirmatory it is that Master made me do the circular and order just when these devils were at the *Gazette*, and lo Chakky [Chakravarti] is named, as he deserved, by both. Minds must work, and all we have to do is to let them. The American Asiatic Society was begun November 17th, '94, and you will have a prospectus soon . . ten dollars to come in . . and perhaps you will see a connection between it and the western seat of learning that Master told me of, and which all those high and mighty intimates of H.P.B. never suspected as being in her mind. Let us laugh a bit, my son, and proceed with the making up of the design on the board.

Well, I can say no more. Help at lists, and get names and addresses as you can, so we may have a list as complete as possible in case the blessed council will not come down.

Love to all, and to you my best as usual.

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. J.

NEW YORK, November 23rd, 1894.

Dear Ernest,

I only scribble this so as to send you some good steady forces for yourself. Hold it to your forehead a while. All is well. Armies are on the march for us. The rot and rubbish must be cleared out by the weight of that hand [Master M.'s], and then some work can be done.

Adios,

WILLIAM Q.

NEW YORK, November 26th, 1894.

Say Keed,

This is the most amusing scrape we ever were in. What an immense "advert." this is. Why, man, we couldn't buy such a thing. Proofs. Proofs

be d—d. What proof did they ever get from H.P.B.? None. The *Sun* gave me five columns of respectful editorial mention. Dished me up in fine style. Will try to send it for an evening over the carpet in the hall of magic at 62 [Queen Anne Street]. There are "buzzrs" in the air there. They are "moine". Let all those who enter there be inoculated.

Now see here, my boy. Just laugh and forget all the little details of persecution, prosecution, perversion, prevarication and all that, and set your grey matter steadily to work at the question, "How can we in any way, small or large, everywhere make use of this thing for the benefit of propaganda?" That is the question. It must be done. Don't let the leprosy of the Park [Regents Park, the district in which Avenue Road was situated] make you think that propaganda is dead in England. Devise, devise, devise, and have someone or yourself execute all sorts of things for propaganda: letters, articles, speeches, what not.

Also throw out now all over the land, and through Europe wherever is a little chance, some line in a letter. Not a personal letter, but some letter that will carry the idea. Urge that this row shows, and my attitude shows, that the T. S. does not call for belief in Masters, and that the doctrine of their existence is in evolution, and that it kills original sin invented by theology. I have written to the rest to go to work on the idea of propaganda, and to stop as far as possible dwelling on the row and the persons in it. Try by all means, and get others to do so also, to make 62 and its successor the real centre there, that is, not by way of opposition, but a centre where the real thing goes from. The old lady's line [H.P.B.'s] is hooked on there, and at 19 [Avenue Road] the blackies have their paw on everything little and big. Hence there is a stream of dirty light or colour going out from there that spreads disintegration all over the [European] Section. Something must be done to offset that, and I see no other place for it to go from, as it is now, than 62. 6 and 2 make 8, and 8 is my own number. Queer but true and not mere accident. Work it up my boy. I'd come and help, but they are trying to smash this centre, for if they could the whole edifice goes down. Would go over now but for that.

Have regular theosophical meetings at the place on some night in the week. Take Tuesday, my own night, for Mars, for this is war. That will synchronize with here [the meetings of the Aryan T. S.]. Have good meetings. Get good solid heart things out. If this is given out by no name in particular, it will soon be crowded. Better begin by invitation so as to control it. Capacity is not large, and besides I don't want a raft there. How is it down stairs? Have the meeting not by syllabus but as if impromptu, but all the same well arranged. Begin with A.K., then Julius, then you, then Alice [Mrs. Cleather, who had not yet turned against Judge] and James [J. M. Pryse, of whom the same was true], and I tell you, my dear, by the next month or so you will have just what we need. It can get notice in the papers if the right social reporter be obtained. Now all details I leave to you and Julius and dear old boy Archie, but get the thing done. That's all. As everly thine,

WILLIAM Q. J.

The letter of December 3rd was written by Judge in pencil, evidently in great haste and at great speed (he could write with amazing rapidity). Following the "Keed", he wrote the Sanskrit (Devanagari) equivalent for "Jr.", signifying "Junior", and instead of a Roman "J." as signature, he wrote that in Sanskrit. Charles Johnston told me that the Sanskrit lettering was perfectly formed, in spite of the speed and boldness of the writing, and that he had known other cases of Judge's fluent use, not only of Sanskrit, but of various Indian scripts.

NEW YORK, December 3rd, 1894.

Dear Keed [Jr.],

All right. Laugh, why I laugh forever. Keep in mind rebuilding and constructive works, for we shall need all we can do.

Letter to H.S.O. all right, only be very careful.

Wire all right. Write as good and perhaps better.

Sun of to-day prints me in full. Enclosed. Read and laugh. WORK, WORK, WORK. Cast no one out of your heart.

As ever,

[J.]

The first part of the following letter refers to the efforts of Mrs. Besant's supporters at Avenue Road to extricate themselves from an embarrassing position: they had practically certified articles I had written under the *nom de plume* of "Che-Yew-Tsăng", as the work of a Chêla, if not of an Adept; they were then confronted with the fact that I, an ardent supporter and follower of Judge, had written those articles. Unable to undo what they had previously said and written, they invented the explanation that I must in some way have "stolen" those articles. They were mistaken!

Judge's reference to the cover of *Lucifer* is explained by the fact that it had recently been changed from that approved and used by H.P.B., to a plain cover without any drawing of "The Light Bringer".

The postscript refers to H.P.B.'s letters to her relatives in Russia, which were appearing in *The Path*. They were being translated from the Russian by Mrs. Charles Johnston (Vera Jelihovsky), but I was supposed to correct the resulting English, and to be responsible generally for their preparation for the press.

NEW YORK, December 9th, 1894.

Dear Keedji,

Received yours in which you tell me of the wondrous lie they got up *re* your "steal" of Chew. Well, my boy, all right. As we have the proof, we can wait. But be careful to remember that when Mead asked me about the first articles, I then did *not* know who was the writer, and so told him. Next they will lie me. But there is a fine rope that stretches through the universe which now and then knots itself into hard kinks, and sometimes a knot gets caught about

a person's (K)neck, and thereupon he is hung. So don't worry. Those who are to be caught in a kink of this rope will be all the sooner if we let them alone. Then we can cut them down and save their lives. Ha! ha! in order to prove you a thief, they must trot out the real Chew. Funny, too, if you play on the name it will sound like Chew-your-blood, or tsang. But yet remember I told you I saw trouble in that thing.

Your remarks upon the poems are all right. The real explanation is that an effort was made to dictate the real thing to the amanuensis, who really does hear now and then, but prejudice, education etc. came in, and also other things. But it is fair. You show good judgment and discrimination in your analysis, which was sent me.

Now Sir, about the "beast" story and J.C.K. It is rot, and best treated with contempt, because if dwelt on it gets too important. The opinion of A.B. is not worth a d—n, and everybody will someday hold the view of the *Westminster Gazette* on that head. Really good, nice people are not affected by such rotten lies. Its just like A.B.'s story that W.Q.J. is a black magician, etc. It will kill itself by its fatness. Further, Mead, C.O. [Mrs. Cooper-Oakley] and Co. are very rapidly showing their total actual incompetency as experts on such questions. They don't know the colour of a thought. Were it blue they would guess it to be green.

Of course it hurt J.C.K. to hear the lie, but such lies react on the liars. They will also be a background for her splendid work at 62, Queen Anne Street.

And that leads to this. I tell you very plainly that J.C.K. ought not to let herself be too well known to all. She is too sensitive, and it injures her. Reserve is a good thing, for one like her may go too far with such a multitude as is now beginning to flock. That's one reason why I made Arch my agent. J.C.K. does better work as my little Cossack who plants things while others don't look. Don't misunderstand. If J.C.K. got to be personally and urgently sought after, she would be killed. I will try to explain this to her.

As to using sentences from my letters: use anything that's not personal matter. J.C.K. knows that. Her decision was right.

Keep your eye on the *Irish Theosophist.* Write for it now and then, and ask J.M.P. to do so also. I have a scheme. Guess it? Perhaps it will only be a dream. But, the new cover of *Lucifer* is too "respectable".

Well, adios dear boy,

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Try to get H.P.B.'s Letters a month ahead. Not on hand yet for January, and they ought to be. Should be here by the 5th of each month at latest, as they head the issue.

NEW YORK, December 18th, 1894.

Dear Keedji,

Item: A.F. [Alexander Fullerton] has in next *Path* an article, "Real Reason",

in which he says the reason persons object to any F.T.S. having actually heard from .·. [the Master] is jealousy. Its great, and from him! I took it. Am not writing much this mail.

"The loyalty of which you have had evidence is a vast underlying bubbling force; the others will overdo somewhere, and then many who honestly decided against you, will turn completely to your side." △

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. J.

This letter was addressed to Dr. Keightley, and was then handed by him to me, as it was two letters in one.

"There" refers to the upstairs sitting-room at 62, Queen Anne Street.

Fred J. Dick was Secretary of the Dublin Lodge,—devoted to Judge, and a most faithful member.

NEW YORK, December 28th, 1894.

Dear Arch,

I reply to you soon. Dear Boy, I'm so banked with letters I don't know what to do. You all seem to be doing right all the time. Hold fast. Let all hold tight. Dick's plan has been seething in my mind for two weeks, and is a good one.

Dear Ernest,

Thanks my son. Yes, I was there. I go each 5 p. m.—seen or seen not—the wires buzz. All is well. The future is good though the present seems rocky. Rotten ships founder on rocky bottoms.

Read that little vision on first page of a recent *Path* signed "Amaran". It applies to this and the coming months.

Good for the Propaganda Committee!

Say, make a note of this: I approve, encourage and endorse all and every work for spread of Theosophy.

Make a try for the common people. It's feasible perhaps; it is necessary.

As ever,

W. Q. J.

(*To be continued*)

For God's sake and that of your fellow-men, learn to smile.—M. J. WATSON.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The whole essence of truth cannot be described by any pen, not even that of the recording angel, unless man finds its response in the sanctuary of his own heart, in the innermost depths of his divine intuition.—THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

I HAVE always believed in re-incarnation. As a very small child, I was quite convinced of it, without being able to express it. I remember the first time I ever heard the word. A friend of my mother was discussing it, somewhat scandalized, over the tea cups. I hid behind a door and whispered to myself "I believe in that."

I was brought up in a very moral home, but not in one of orthodox religion. My mother was converted from Quakerism to Christian Science.

Neither was I of any religious disposition, in the sectarian sense of the word. I believed that to mention God was impious, He being too sacred to mention, and no one else got much attention in our house. Angels, Saints, Catholics and Heathen were all anathema, and so were all Protestant theologians. Nothing gives one a better basis for a Theosophical interest in all creeds than having a family in complete and equal prejudice against all of them!

Nevertheless, it was impressed on me that I must never tell a lie and that I must always give others the largest piece of cake, and these impressions were frequently made with the old-fashioned hair brush. This was what all students of Theosophy will recognize as Theosophical Training and Karma.

I was brought up, however, on fairies, elves, goblins, djinns, witches and magicians. The whole of Nature was alive with them, and I often tried to see them, with faith but without success. I learned to read in a Greek Mythology. From these tales I came to recognize Karma, for, as the sparks fly upward, good or evil deeds are rewarded promptly in all fairy stories. I was far more influenced by them than by anything I ever learned in Sunday School, such as the Ten Commandments or the "Scientific Statement of Being".

In one such story, I read about an Alchemist who was seeking the Philosopher's Stone. It was small, square and white. It aroused some sort of enthusiasm in me, and I used to walk on the beach searching for it, myself.

My first real encounter with Philosophy was when I was thirteen. I read a long and ponderous German novel by Auerbach, entitled *On the Heights*. This novel has much to say about the philosophy of Spinoza. The magnificent detachment of Spinoza, his purity, the grandeur of his ideas, were like a great music to my soul. The story treats, also, of the expiation of sin in the world and in solitude. I made up my mind that detachment in the world was more difficult, and, therefore, preferable.

I also read everything else I could lay my hands on, and as we had a large and unexpurgated library, I learned much about the world.

My next great discoveries were Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. Surely, nothing is more noble than their indifference to all personal concerns, their profound respect for the laws of Nature, their sublime faith in them; nothing more refreshing than their absolute independence of all forms and rituals.

After this, I read Oldenberg's book on Buddha, and *The Light of Asia*. I remember, when I was quite small, irritating a new governess into fits because I said I was a Buddhist. I didn't know what one was, but I was sure I was one. Now I am certain I am one, just as I am certain I am everything else—or nothing—because in Theosophy we find the root and basis of all religions.

I read *The Imitation of Christ*, and Plato. When we lived in Italy, I went every day to the Catholic churches, because of their beauty. Art is like Theosophy. It contains all that is beautiful without distinction of race, caste or creed, and the love of beauty is, indeed, the love of the Divine World. When one has loved the *Scribe Accroupi* of the Louvre, the Charioteer of Delphi, the frescoes at Ajanta or those of Giotto, one has no prejudices against the creeds of those who made them. One feels the underlying unity of real Humanity.

I used to sit for hours under a cypress on a hill overlooking Florence, moving as the thin finger of shadow moved, adoring Nature, absorbing Nature. Feeling that all outward and visible forms are the expression of those in a causal world, I was inarticulately aware of the Doctrine of Correspondences. I was sure that if I could really see Nature, I would penetrate the meaning of life and all its secrets, but, alas, I never could stay long enough!

In 1914, just before the War, I was alone in London for a week. One day I amused myself by going down Baker Street to see the house where Sherlock Holmes is supposed to have lived. Passing a book-shop, I saw a copy of Alan Leo's *Esoteric Astrology*. I had never read a book on Astrology and I bought this one with great glee.

In the same shop, I saw a notice that the headquarters of a society calling itself Theosophical was just around the corner from my hotel, and that Mrs. Annie Besant was lecturing. I had a certain desire to go, but I did not.

I read Leo's book. I do not remember making much out of it, but I was struck by quotations from *The Secret Doctrine* at the heads of several chapters. I resolved to read that book although I had not the slightest idea what it was about. I had heard of Madame Blavatsky. Some one had told me that she created toys out of nothing for some children, a proceeding which at once made her sympathetic.

Some time later, when I returned to America, I got *The Secret Doctrine* from a library. I well remember staggering home with the two huge volumes, gloating on the way over those gorgeous sub-titles, "Cosmogenesis" and "Anthropogenesis".

I plunged in, over my head, indeed, but in the waters of immortality.

I had the absolute, inner conviction that here was Truth. Here was the

key to the Mysterium Magnum, to the Universe. Here was something I had once known, but had lost or forgotten. Here was the country of my soul.

I do not say that I understood most of what I read. My brains were all scrambled up with Oi-Ha-Hou and Paranishpanna and the Ah-Hi who were Anupâdaka. Crores of deities danced together in confusion of rounds and races. Flying Camels, Bathybius Hæckelii and Agnishwâtta Pitris raced by like telegraph poles. But how grand it was. How stupendous. I was like a blind man suddenly seeing the earth and heavens.

Here, for the first time, I found the Splendour of Evolution, the Lodge. All the universe, above and below is peopled and sustained by conscious beings, no longer by blind forces. By Gods, indeed, our Elder Brothers. No discovery of new worlds, of stars, planets or suns could equal that.

When one first hears a Brahms symphony, one does not understand it all, but one knows it is beautiful. One would have to be very dull not to be impressed by Chartres cathedral, whether one knew the first principles of Gothic architecture or not. I am told that most tourists find the Great Pyramid "imposing".

The Secret Doctrine is like Chartres, or Rheims, or Angkor Wat; carved with innumerable figures, human, vegetal, animal, Divine, grotesque or lovely, all signifying something, all living. Sometimes, looking at these details, one may forget the great, basic plan of the structure, but it is there, and upholds and maintains all in order and reason.

What a stupendous picture one gets of H. P. B. herself! I do not believe that any one who calls her a charlatan has ever read even the Proem of *The Secret Doctrine*, that Proem which is like the music of the Spheres. A charlatan doing all that work for nothing? A charlatan throwing such floods of light upon the obscurities of symbolism, sciences and religions? A charlatan whose consciousness dwells upon such a plane? A charlatan with such detachment, and, above all, such colossal humour?

No. The "Old Lady", of whom I knew nothing, absolutely nothing except that she precipitated toys, emerged from that work as someone Titanic, magnificent, enchanting and beloved. I felt that I knew her. She may have been wild, loud, Rabelaisian, but her human qualities made her more loveable than some figure of glacial perfection. She was truly human and truly great and *True*. If ever anyone were sincere, were convinced, were incapable of falsehood, she was, and she knew whereof she spoke. I accepted everything she said, whether I understood it or not, because I felt that tremendous, overwhelming quality in it.

Not only did *The Secret Doctrine* provide the logical, scientific and intellectual key to the nature of the world, but it gave the ethical and mystical basis for conduct and evolution. It was a science and a life, the ever-living, ever-expanding progress towards wisdom and immortality. It made the Cosmos infinite, but it gave one a place in it.

Shortly after reading *The Secret Doctrine*, I happened to speak about it to a friend. He said that he knew some members of The Theosophical Society who had known Madame Blavatsky. As I was anxious to know more about her,

he took me to a lecture on Theosophy. I thought it a very dull lecture. The speaker referred to Tolstoy as a cantankerous old curmudgeon; that stuck in my mind.

After the lecture, we went to a tea in the studio of the Society. I thought it a very dull party. Some extremely respectable ladies handed me tea and murmured that they didn't suppose I had understood any thing I had heard. The general feeling seemed to be that Theosophy was not for the likes of me, and that they were very smug about it.

I heard no more of Theosophy or Madame Blavatsky, but, not discouraged, I kept on reading.

Two or three years later, my husband—for I married the man who knew the people who knew Madame Blavatsky—suddenly astonished me by saying that he thought it would be a good idea to join The Theosophical Society. He had read *The Secret Doctrine* and had criticized it; and here he was actually proposing that we join the Society!

I did not think much of joining any "Little Group of Serious Thinkers". Nevertheless, as he seemed so anxious to join, I agreed, and found myself a member before I had ever been to a meeting. I do not remember anything that was said at the first meeting I did attend, but, by the end of it, I knew in all my bones that I was a member of that Society.

It has been my privilege to be a member for a number of years, and each day the Theosophical Movement becomes more marvellous to me as I perceive more of its significance.

Those same people whom I found so dull and annoying at that tea, have become dearer to me than any other people in the world. I see in them shining examples of devotion, self-discipline and effort, and I am proud to be associated with them.

Also, I have heard a great deal more about Madame Blavatsky, and as I know more about her and penetrate even a little into her vast consciousness, I feel for her ever more gratitude and love.

My great ambition is to become so truly a member of the Theosophical Movement that nothing may be able to pry me loose from it in this world or in any other.

M. C. B.

When truth is revealed, let custom give place; let no man prefer custom before reason and truth.—AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

THE "GREAT SPEECH" OF THE ZUÑI INDIANS

IN that section of *The Secret Doctrine* entitled "The Mysteries of the Hebdomad", where Madame Blavatsky gives us a bird's-eye view of the great religions governed by the septenary principle, one page is devoted to the Zuñi Indians of New Mexico. She affirms that their traditions and records from time immemorial, as well as their present-day political, social and religious institutions, are shaped about the number seven, and she cites Frank Hamilton Cushing as the source of her information; so it is with a quite special sanction that the following article has been made possible by his paper on the Zuñi Creation Myths, published by the Smithsonian Institution in the Thirteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.

I have often wished I might know more about the innumerable people whose names Madame Blavatsky tosses to us so convincingly, and then leaves behind for ever in the wake of her impetuous onward rush; and it has given me much satisfaction to have an immediate reason for pausing to learn about Cushing's life and special endowments for his work.

As one would expect from the intuitive and sympathetic quality of his writings, he was born an archæologist before he was made one by training and experience. While still a solitary, delicate little boy on his father's New York farm, he not only dreamed dreams about the ancient Indian life, traces of which were everywhere to be found, but diligently sought and gathered and classified a collection of arrow-points so comprehensive that it was afterwards acquired by the National Museum; and these he housed and arranged in a "Wigwam Museum" of his own construction. A veritable manual genius, he taught himself to fashion stone by the difficult aboriginal method known as "chipping", and to build baskets, dress skins and produce pottery by processes akin to those of the old native artisans. Alone all day, and day after day, in constant communion with nature and the relics of a vanished race, he acquired peculiar insight into the primitive needs and motives which led to many of their inventions and devices; so that long before he knew the living Indians, he had developed an innate understanding of their arts and their environmental attitude; moreover, and more important, he had acquired that power of direct insight, of interpreting events by the light of natural law without undue deference to current axioms, which became the dominating principle of his thought.

He was only seventeen years old when his *Account of the Antiquities of Orleans County, New York*, was published by the government, and directly after his college graduation he was sent by Major Powell, Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology, to collect artifacts (examples of Indian handicrafts) from the pueblos.

Inevitably his understanding and love of primitive life brought him into close relations with the natives, and the bond quickly became so strong that he decided to stay on indefinitely at Zuñi. It seemed rather an externalization of his childhood's imaginative dreams than a new experience; with amazing ease he became inured to the strangeness and deprivations of the living conditions, finding the arts and industries an instinctive form of self-expression; and with a still more amazing facility he mastered the language, till every turn and cadence of its expression became fused with his own habitual modes of thought.

For five years he lived uninterruptedly as one of their number, an integral unit in the social organization, and by a wholly natural evolution he was gradually inducted into the mysteries of the religious ceremonials, and was step by step initiated into fraternities whose history, laws and customs he learned from the old people and the priests, as did all other obedient sons of the tribe. Long before his first temporary absence in the east, he had risen to the rank of Head Priest of the Bow, of Second Chief, had been made a member of the all-powerful Macaw Clan, and had been given the sacred name of Medicine Flower, which is borne by but one man in a generation.

At the time of his residence, Zuñi life was still remarkably free from white influence. The Atlantic-Pacific railroad had not yet been built, and access to Zuñi-land entailed a fatiguing journey by wagon across the sandy desert, with nothing at the journey's end to lure the canny frontiersman; and though a ruined adobe church, surrounded by an overfilled campo-santo, bore witness to the efforts of devoted padres to establish here an out-post of the Faith; though tradition gave surprising and vivid pictures of the advent and summary execution of the negro scout who strutted into their midst away back in the year 1539; and though scars made on the low ceilings by the scraping of the conquistadores' helmets could be plainly descried by the curious, it was nevertheless true that, in spite of the church and in spite of the soldiers, the current of aboriginal culture flowed practically free and undefiled; quite certainly the "Long Talk" or "Great Speech" which embodied their history, their religion, and their myths, was untouched by any Christian or outside influence. This remarkable conservation was of course largely due to the tenacity of a race whose chief virtue was constancy rather than growth, but it was also partly owing to the fact that until recent times Zuñi had been a federation of towns rather than a single pueblo, as were all other Rio Grande tribes. It had therefore never been possible for any of the established missions to dominate all the people at any one time, and always the native doctrine was being taught and the ceremonial rites practised without let or hindrance in one or another of the "Seven Cities", even if partially suppressed in others by the straggling succession of zealous churchmen.

Although in 1879 the group had already shrunk to the dimensions of the present solitary rambling pueblo, the religio-governmental structure of the original federation was rigorously preserved, epitomized in an aggregation of six wards, so to speak, grouped about a central seventh, which dominated and

synthesized them all; and although the geographical locations and boundaries could scarcely be differentiated or defined by a casual observer, every inhabitant was perfectly aware of the division and subdivision in which he dwelt with his family and clan.

The Middle, the Here of the Seven World Quarters, was the home of the Sacred Macaw Clan, which was the priesthood of the House of Houses, and was supreme both in temporal and religious authority. In it were unified the other Six Directions: the yellow North, which was the region of the Great Breath, and within whose boundaries dwelt the three winter-defying clans; the blue-green West, region of the World-Waters, which contained the three clans pertaining to the spring months; the red South, region of Fire, and home of the Summer Clans; the white East, region of the Dawn, the home of the Deer and kindred clans of the autumn; the many-hued Above, where, in the full light of the Sun-Father, were gathered the peoples of the Turquoise Sky; and lastly the sooty-black Below, which is the abode of the Snake Clan and other totems of wisdom. In a further subdivision, each of the six clan trinities is again separated into seven minor parts, typified, if an animal totem, as the body, the four limbs, the head and the tail.

In this closely compacted hierarchal world every man, woman or child had his prescribed status, and every act of his day, every word of his speech, affirmed or implied the position which he held; for instance, since kinship and relative age were the warp and woof of governmental relations, his tongue was incapable of any such generalized term as "brother" when addressing a kinsman; it was imperative to further specify the designation as "brother-elder" or "brother-younger", and in so doing he announced either his own rightful authority or acknowledged that obedience was due. The Zuñis might thus be said to affirm their laws in every utterance, and to establish them continually in every daily act. Such explicit and constant statements, carried out in a multiplicity of ramifications, naturally insured not only the stability of the government, but of the religious ritual, and made it possible to pass on the intricate oral scripture from generation to generation, retaining intact the essential spirit of the primal revelation.

It is Cushing's signal contribution, over and above the volume he wrote on Indian customs, folklore and the artifacts, that he embodied and preserved this "Great Speech" in an adequate English rendering; and that he wrote with an intuitive grasp of its basic conception of a stable "Middle" which must be searched for and preserved at all costs, and of the relation to this "Middle" of all the separate parts which cluster about and are held together by the synthesizing centre. With all possible emphasis he asserts that the beauty of language and the faultless metrical form of the recitation were beyond his power of translation, and that though he had done his utmost to preserve the nobility of the thought, his version falls very far short of the original. That he did not live long enough to transcribe all that he had garnered is an irreparable loss, both to the student of our native religions and to our national heritage of poetry and imaginative literature. As I have read and re-read them, the Crea-

tion Myths have seemed to me quite wonderful theosophic documents; there are passages which with a slight change of form might have been taken bodily from the Stanzas of Dzyan; there are glimpses of a cosmogonical history which correspond to the most abstruse accounts in *The Secret Doctrine;* and there is a profound beauty which could well hold its own in the most august company of the great poetic literatures.

The first section of the Speech is entitled "The Genesis of the Worlds, or the Beginning of Newness", and I quote it entire:

"Before the Beginning of the New-Making, Awonawílona alone, the Maker and Container of All, the All-Father-Father, solely had being. There was nothing else whatsoever throughout the great spaces of the ages, save everywhere black darkness, and everywhere void desolation.

"In the Beginning of the New Made, Awonawílona conceived within himself and thought outward in space, whereby mists of increase, steams potent of growth, were evolved and uplifted. Thus by means of his innate knowledge, the All-Container made himself in person and form of the Sun, whom we hold to be our Father, and who thus came to exist and appear. With his appearance came the brightening of the spaces, the great mist clouds were thickened together and fell, whereby was evolved water in water, yea, and the world-holding sea.

"With his substance of flesh outdrawn from the surface of his person, the Sun-Father formed the seed-stuff of twain worlds, impregnating therewith the great waters, and lo! in the heat of his light these waters of the sea grew green, and scums rose upon them, waxing wide and weighty, until, behold! they became the Four-fold-containing Mother-Earth, and the All-covering Father-Sky."

Following these noble opening stanzas, with their breadth of philosophic statement, comes a passage called "The Genesis of Men and the Creatures", in which the account of the beginning of life is carried a step further, with the emphasis rather upon duality and differentiation of the powers into male and female potencies:

"From the lying together of these twain upon the great world-waters, vitalizing, terrestrial life was conceived; whence began all beings of earth, men and the creatures, in the Four-fold Womb of the World.

"Now like all the surpassing beings, the Earth-Mother and the Sky-Father were *'hlimna* (changeable), even as smoke in the wind; transmutable at thought, manifesting themselves in any form at will, like as dancers may by mask-making.

"Thus, as a man and woman spake they one to the other: 'Behold!' said the Earth-Mother, as a great terraced bowl appeared at hand and within it water, 'this is as upon me the homes of my tiny children shall be'; and 'Behold, again!' said she, as she spat on the water, and rapidly smote it with her fingers. Foam formed, gathering about the terraced rim. 'Yea', said she, 'and from my bosom shall they draw nourishment, and find the substance of life, whence we were ourselves sustained. For see!' Then with her warm breath she blew across the terraces of the bowl's rim, which were even as mountains whereby country is known from country; white flecks of the foam broke away, and, floating above

the water, were shattered by the cold breath of the Sky-Father, and forthwith shed downward abundantly fine mist and spray. 'Even so shall white clouds float up from the great waters at the borders of the world, and clustering about the mountain terraces be borne aloft by the breaths of the surpassing of soul-beings; and, broken by thy cold, shed downward in rain-spray the water of life, even into the hollow places of my lap, wherein nestle our children, mankind and creature-kind, for warmth in thy coldness.'

"Lo! even the trees on high mountains near the clouds and the Sky-Father crouch low toward the Earth-Mother for warmth and protection! Warm is the Earth-Mother, Cold the Sky-Father, even as woman is the warm, man the cold, being!

"'Even so!' said the Sun-Father, 'yet not alone shalt thou helpful be to our children, for behold!', and he spread his hand abroad with the palm downward, and into all the wrinkles thereof he set the semblance of shining yellow corn-grains; in the darkness of the early world-dawn they gleamed like sparks of fire, shining up from the depths of the water therein. 'See!' said he, pointing to the seven grains clasped by his thumb and four fingers, 'by such shall our children be guided; for behold when the Sun-Father is not nigh, and thy terraces are as the dark itself, then shall our children be guided by lights, like to these lights of all the six regions turning around the mid-most one.'

"Thus and in other ways devised they for their offspring."

The next sections, headed "The Gestation of Men and the Creatures," are much more specific and deal with the manifold evolution of terrestrial life. I have tried to shorten it, but it seemed impossible to make many cuts without greatly destroying the value.

"Anon in the nethermost of the four cave-wombs of the world, the seed of men and the creatures took form and grew manifoldly, and multiplied in many kinds. Thus the lowermost womb-cave (the womb of sooty depths, or of growth-generation, because it was the place of first formation) became overfilled with being. Everywhere were unfinished creatures, crawling like reptiles over one another in filth and black darkness; crowding thickly together and treading each other insomuch that loud became their lamentations, until many among them sought to escape, growing wiser and more man-like.

"*The Forthcoming from Earth of the Foremost Men:*

"There came among men and the beings, it is said, the wisest of wise men and the foremost, the all-sacred Master Póshaiyank'ya, he who appeared in the waters below, even as did the Sun-Father in the waters above; and who arose from the nethermost sea, and pitying men still, won upward, gaining by virtue of his innate wisdom-knowledge issuance from that first world-womb, through ways so dark and narrow that those, who, seeing somewhat, crowded after, could not follow, so eager were they and so mightily did they strive with one another.

"Alone then he fared upward from one cave-womb to another, out into the great breadth of daylight. There the earth lay, like a vast island in the midst of the great waters, wet and unstable. Alone fared he forth dayward, seeking

the Sun-Father and supplicating him to deliver mankind and the creatures there below.

"The Birth from the Sea of the Twain Deliverers of Men:

"Then did the Sun-Father take counsel within himself, and casting his glance downward espied, on the great waters, a Foam-cap near to the Earth-Mother. With his beam he impregnated and with his heat incubated the Foam-cap, whereupon she gave birth to the Beloved Twain Who Descended: Twin brothers of Light, yet Elder and Younger, the Right and the Left, like to question and answer in deciding and doing.

"To these the Sun-Father imparted, still retaining, control-thought and his own knowledge-wisdom, even as to the offspring of wise parents their knowingness is imparted. . . .

"Then back along the trail of the sun-seeking Póshaiyank'ya they sped swiftly on their floating fog-shields, westward to the Mountain of Generation. With their magic knives of the thunder-bolt they spread open the uncleft depths of the mountain and descended unerringly into the dark of the underworld.

"There they abode with men and the creatures, coming to know them, and becoming known of them as Masters and Fathers, thus seeking the ways for leading them forth.

"The Birth and Delivery of Men and the Creatures:

"In the depths were growing things, like grasses and crawling vines; so now the Beloved Twain breathed on the stems of these grasses, causing them to increase vastly and rapidly; and by grasping and walking round and round them, they twisted them upward until lo! they reached forth even into the light; and where they grasped the stems, ridges were formed, whence sprang branching leaf-stems. Therewith the Two formed a great ladder, and up it, into the second cave-world, men and the beings crowded, following closely the Two-Little-but-Mighty-Ones.

"Yet many fell back, and lost in the darkness peopled the under-world, whence they were delivered in after-time amid terrible earth-shakings, becoming the monsters and fearfully strange beings of olden times.

"Lo! in the second womb it was dark as is the night of a stormy season, but larger of space and higher than had been the first, because it was nearer the navel of the Earth-Mother, hence named the Place of Gestation. Here again men and the beings increased, and the clamour of their complainings grew loud and beseeching. Again the Two guided them upward, this time not all at once, but in successive bands, to become in time the fathers of the six kinds of men (the yellow, the tawny gray, the red, the white, the mingled, and the black races), and with them the gods and creatures of them all. Yet this time, as before, multitudes were lost or left behind.

"The third great cave-world, whereunto men and the creatures had now ascended, was lighter, like a valley in starlight, and named the Place of Sex Generation; for here the various peoples and beings began to multiply apart in kind one from another. And as the tribes of men and the creatures thus waxed numerous as before, here too it became overfilled.

"As before, generations of men were led out successively (yet many lost as hitherto) into the next and last cave-world, the Ultimate-Uncoverable, or the Womb of Parturition. Here it was light like the dawning, and men began to perceive and learn according to their natures, whereupon the Twain taught them to seek first of all our Sun-Father, who would, they said, reveal to them wisdom and knowledge of the ways of life—wherein also they were instructing them as we do little children.

"Yet like all the cave-worlds this too became, after a long time, filled with progeny; and finally, at periods, the Two led forth the nations of men and the kinds of beings into the great upper world, the World of Disseminated Light and Knowledge, or Seeing.

"*The Condition of Men when First into the World of Daylight Born:*

"Eight years made the span of four days and four nights when the world was new. It was while such days and nights continued that men were led forth, first in the night, that it might be well.

"Men and the creatures were nearer alike then than now; black were our fathers, the late-born of creation, like the caves from which they came forth; cold and scaly their skins, like those of mud-creatures; goggled their eyes, like those of an owl; membraneous their ears, like those of cave-bats; webbed their feet, like those of walkers in wet places; and, according as they were elder or younger, they had tails longer or shorter. They crouched when they walked, often indeed crawling along the ground like toads, lizards and newts; like infants who still fear to walk straight, they crouched as before-time they had in their cave-worlds; and when the Morning Star rose they blinked excessively as they beheld its brightness, and cried out with many mouth-motionings that surely now the Sun-Father was coming; but it was only the Elder of the Bright Ones, gone before with the elder nations, and with his shield of flame heralding from afar the approach of the Sun-Father!

"And when low down in the east the Sun-Father himself appeared, what though shrouded in the midst of the great world-waters, they were so blinded and heated by his light and glory, that they cried out to one another in anguish, and fell down wallowing and covering their eyes with their bare hands and arms.

"Yet ever again they looked afresh to the light, and anew struggled toward the sun, as moths and other night-creatures seek the light of a camp-fire; yea, and what though burned, seek ever anew that light!

"Thus ere long they became used to the light, and to this high world they had entered. Wherefore, they arose and no longer walked bended, and lo! it was then that they first looked full upon one another and in horror clothed themselves with girdles of bark and rushes.

"*The Origin of Priests and of Knowledge:*

"It was thus, by much devising of ways, that men began to grow knowing in many things, and were instructed by what they saw, and so became wiser and better able to receive the words and gifts of their Fathers and Elder Brothers, the Gods, the Twain and others, and priests. For already Masters-to-be were amongst them. Even in the dark of the under-worlds such had come

to be; as had, indeed, the various creatures-to-be, so these. According to their natures they had found and cherished things, and had been granted gifts by the Gods; but as yet they knew not the meaning of their own powers and possessions, even as children know not the meanings and right uses of the precious or needful things given them; nay, nor yet the functions of their very parts!

"Now in the light of the Sun-Father, persons became known from persons, and these things from other things; and thus the people came to know their many Fathers among men, to know them by themselves or by the possessions they had.

"Now the first and most perfect of all these Fathers among men after Póshaiyank'ya was Yanáuluha, who brought up from the under-world water of the inner ocean, and seeds of life-production and growing things. In gourds he brought these up, and also things containing the 'of-doing-powers'. Wise was he with self-magic-knowing, through teaching by the Masters of Life (God-beings). And being thus wise he saw readily the light and ways of the Sun-Father; and being partaker of his breath, thus became among men as the Sun-Father is among the little moons of the sky; speaker was he to and of the Sun-Father himself, keeper and dispenser of precious things and commandments. By him, and his seed, were established and made good the Priest-Keepers of Things."

This appears to close the account of the early races. The Talk passes straightway into a description of the establishment of totem-clans; the naming of creature-kinds and the spaces; and the origin of the Sacred Brotherhoods or Councils of Secrecy, together with the legends pertaining to each. I hope to tell in a later article of the wanderings of the Zuñis in their age-long search for the Middle, with the Two-Little-but-Mighty-Ones ever urging them onward from tarrying place to tarrying place amidst the convulsions of various world-cataclysms; and I want specifically to recount some of the myths which are at the root of the great religious dramaturgies. Throughout all of Cushing's translation there are pregnant statements which help to clarify the whole concept, together, alas! with baffling references to fuller explanations which are "told in other places of our Ancient Speech". These are probably lost to us for ever through his untimely death.

The complete carrying out of the series which was projected and prefaced in this first volume would, according to this statement of his own, have been much more than a mere contribution to American Ethnological records: "The significance of such studies as these of a little tribe like the Zuñis, and especially of such fuller studies as will, I hope, follow in due course, is not restricted to their bearing on the tribe itself. I have become convinced that they bear on the history of mankind the world over, and especially on human culture-growth very directly; for the Zuñis, especially, with all their strange apparently local customs and institutions and the lore thereof, are representative, in more than a general way, of a phase through which all desert peoples, in the Old World as well as in the New, must sometime have passed."

As theosophists, we may well believe that it was of even wider import than he realized. We know that in the most momentous sense, cyclic time was ripe

for a garnering of the world's religions; in every direction walls of dogmatism were being broken down by Madame Blavatsky, and well-springs of the original teachings were being cleared and purified; certainly it was by no blind chance that in these same years certain equipped scholars, sometimes called the "Giants of American Archæology", were unearthing and rescuing from oblivion the fragments of ancient American faith which were still guarded and kept alive in the undisturbed backwaters of Indian reserve.

Only in these years could the effort have succeeded; a little earlier and there had been the barrier of bitter frontier warfare; a little later and the Red Man had developed an impenetrable armour of secrecy to protect his inner verities against the ardent attacks of missions and schools. But at this especially appointed hour, Alice Fletcher was among the Pawnees and the Omahas, interpreting them with a sympathy born of unswerving devotion to their interests; Washington Mathews was immersed in his great translation of the Navajo Mountain Chant; and Frank Cushing was in Zuñi-land. Perhaps of them all, Cushing most fully knew the doctrine, for he had most fully entered into and lived the life of his people. He had danced with the youths till he felt himself one with Sun and Earth and Creative Fruitfulness; he had invoked with song the Gods of the Hunt that meat and raiment might be vouchsafed; he had renewed and repaired, and so kept magically potent, the ceremonial insignia; he had painted symbols on the altars and constructed prayer-sticks for the shrines; and thus and in countless other ways he had absorbed through every sense the deep consciousness of primitive man of the unseen powers. It is the theosophic method, *par excellence*. Small wonder that when he finally came to inscribe the history or the folk-lore or the myths, he spoke from the very core of a people's belief. And Madame Blavatsky, gathering and correlating material for her stupendous work, immediately caught the heart of his researches in the far-flung net of her occult mind. *The Secret Doctrine* was finished in 1888, at the time when Cushing was barely emerging from his isolation and obscurity, three full years before the publication of the Creation Myths, and though earlier articles were already in print, they had received little notice outside the immediate circle of fellow archæologists. It is said of Madame Blavatsky that she was able to grasp the entire contents of a book without stopping to peruse it, and was even able definitely to quote such passages as she chose; surely any one who has delved into the prolific and varied mine of reference and quotation with which *The Secret Doctrine* is supported, must needs surmise that she was also gifted with a prehensile sense of the intellectual output of mankind, any part of which, when summoned by a need, was at her immediate disposal.

That she felt Cushing's work was thus needed as contributory to and corroborative of her thesis, is proved by the use she made of it; and for us this is its highest import,—that it should in some degree be a part of "the rich literature of theosophic studies, ready-waiting as an instrument to lighten the labour of the next Lodge Messenger", the accumulation and preparation of which has been laid upon The Theosophical Society as one of its major objectives.

E. A.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THIS was our first meeting since the death of Charles Johnston. We came to it with our minds and hearts full of memories. Some of us had known him for nearly forty years, though it was of more recent times that most of us were thinking.

Of how few who die can it be said that the last ten years of life were their happiest and best! And that can be said of him. So many, in middle life, stop growing. Aware of this, it was then that he set to work "to begin all over again", —an example to all of us, at any age.

Perhaps one of the hardest and best tests of a man's Theosophy is the way he affects someone who is not a fellow-member, and whom he meets in the ordinary course of business or professional life. One who knew him in that way, wrote after Mr. Johnston's death:

"My whole relationship with him was astonishing. I first met him in 1923. He accepted me among his friends when I was new to this city and had only a few acquaintances. He taught me more things than I can think of, and stimulated me enormously by valuing me for qualities I never dreamed of. He gave me the wisest sort of counsel when I was in trouble, and consistently held me up to an idealism beyond my strength. He was, besides, the only person I ever knew who was, in the true sense, a companion in the field. The last time I saw him, when he was frail and wasted, I blurted out all my misgivings about life as impulsively as I used to when he was in robust health, and he was just as alert and full of warm understanding as ever."

Surely that is a remarkable tribute from a younger to an older man,—evidence of just the sort of helpfulness which can spring only from honest and intelligent effort to *be* as Theosophy *says*,—a tribute more significant in some ways than we can offer, whose closeness of relation to him makes it difficult to speak.

No one can fill, or could wish to fill, the gap his death leaves, either in the hearts of his friends or in the Society for which he had done so much. He had his own place, and it will remain his own place, living or "dead".

It seemed to all of us, as we met, that his departure had followed so closely the death of Archibald Keightley. Inevitably we had much to say of both of them, too intimate for publication, and not only of them, but of Clement Griscom also, who in some ways had stood as their older brother. They had been such close friends—of ours too; they had been devoted to each other, as only brothers in the Masters' Work can be; and now they would be consciously together in "the land of the leal", of the real, where tears are wiped away, and there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain. That blessèd country! Miss them, we must ("At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we shall remember them"); but to wish them back here would be unutterably selfish and impossible. Even for the Work's sake, No; for where

they are, liberated from the bonds of the flesh and of all that lives with it, they can do what they could not do while here, can see and understand as they could not do while here. Such great friends they were, now united more closely than ever in love of their Master and in desire to serve him,—united with others, some still here, and some who went years before they did, who must have met them, rejoicing: General Ludlow, Jasper Niemand, and "all the family", as one of them would have expressed it; with H. P. B. and Judge not *too* far off, as almost final delight and recompense: yet not final, for more would remain.

So, now to carry on,—plunging right in as men do on a field of battle, not even pausing though friends drop to the right and to the left of them: for is it not a battle, a perpetual battle, with Forward as perpetual command! If we look for peace in this world, we shall totally miss its purpose; if, as we grow older, and perhaps "old", we begin to think ourselves entitled to some rest, we shall have lived as the world lives, learning nothing.

The last remark, or something like it, was made aloud, whereupon the Philosopher quoted:

" 'If, therefore, the Saints of God are to be at peace, it is to be that peace which passes all understanding,'—as St. Augustine concluded, doubtless as the result of considerable experience; and doubtless, also, with keen relish of the humour his words conveyed. It is a pity that most people habitually regard the saints as solemn and ponderous.

"One of the outstanding traits of the Master Christ, as revealed in the New Testament, is his irony. The difference between this, and sarcasm, is not always understood, though the latter is the opposite pole of irony. Sarcasm is personal: it sneers. Irony is impossible without detachment from personalities; it springs from humour, while sarcasm springs from bitterness. And because nearly everyone brings to the reading of the New Testament, either a complete lack of humour, or a fixed idea that humour would be out of place in such a book, and cannot possibly exist there,—much of its significance is lost. The classical instance of this is: 'Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.' People read this with set faces and set minds, and infer that a certain amount of sin might be a benefit rather than otherwise, seeing that you would then have something about which to repent!"

"There are all sorts of ways of being irreverent", the Student commented, "and the orthodox do not realize that to minimize the humanity of Christ belittles him just as much as to repudiate his 'miracles'. He was a 'wonder-worker', just as Gautama Buddha, Apollonius, and a score of others were 'wonder-workers', each in his own degree; but, like them also, he was divinely, superbly human, stamping human nature with a beauty which redeems it for ever from its acquired, and what must otherwise have remained its incurable, ugliness."

"There are certainly many ways of being irreverent", said the Historian. "Perhaps you too have read of the M. de Bautru of the XVIIth century, a sceptic, who was seen one day by a friend to salute the 'Host' as it was carried past in

procession, and who, to some ironical comment on his relations with God, replied: 'We bow, but we don't speak to one another!' He at least knew what he was doing and why, while many present-day 'believers', who also 'bow' but do not 'speak', would lack the wit either to perceive or to utter the truth about themselves as he did."

"Yet, even in those days", someone said, "there were not many who could laugh at themselves!"

"True", the Historian answered; "but *we* have cultivated the habit of fooling ourselves, of believing what it is pleasant to believe. We, as a race, are so anxious to think of ourselves as superior to our forebears, that to question the reality or value of progress in any direction, has become a sort of disloyalty. We are hypnotized by the glamour of material inventions; yet people are not hypnotized unless they want to be, and they *want* to believe that automobiles, for instance, are a genuine gain, that they are educative, that they signify progress and even an increase in the sum total of human happiness. Half the economic axioms of the day are based on that kind of superstition. Protesting against some of the remarks in the last 'Screen of Time', a friend wrote: 'Why ridicule "Labor" for wanting Ford cars? Twenty years ago I had not seen "poor folk" out in the country of a Sunday eating their lunch by the roadside, the children playing in the grass and sunshine. Better wages, and Ford cars, have made this possible.' And that came from a constant reader of the QUARTERLY,—which proves once more, of course, that we get from our reading that which we bring to it, and no more, as Emerson said. No one in the 'Screen' has ridiculed Labour for wanting Ford cars, though I, personally, am prepared to ridicule anyone for wanting any kind of a car, that is, if he wants it for his *pleasure*. I own a car, and if I knew how to get rid of the thing without making myself a burden to my friends, I should be thankful. Nothing but a stern sense of duty could ever make me get into it. Others of course feel differently, and have an unquestioned right to do so. They immensely enjoy 'going for a drive', just as others enjoy golf, or dancing, or something of that sort. But in so far as any of these things are done, whether consciously or not, to escape from the boredom of self (which, I think, often is the motive), people clearly are attempting the impossible, for wherever they go and whatever they do, they can find only what they *are*. A friend confided to me that he longs, at times, for the atmosphere of France; but what he longs for really is to go home, to his own atmosphere. That is not true of the workman and his family who go to the country in a Ford to eat their lunch by the roadside, for if it were, they would 'go back to the land', instead of clinging to the noise and glare of a city. The workman and his family are actuated by exactly the same motive that prompts another man to drive to some country club in his Rolls-Royce. There is no difference. At their stage of evolution it is natural and of course in no sense wicked; but to imagine that the occupants of either the Ford or Rolls-Royce are in the long run any the happier for their 'change', would be as absurd as to imagine that the way to make children in a nursery happy is to give them a new toy as soon as they grow tired of the old one. If you wanted to make it im-

possible for children ever to be happy, that would be the best way to set about it. On the other hand, if you want to see children who are wholly care-free and delightful, go to the negro quarter in Harlem, and watch a group of them extracting infinite delight from an old rag and a bit of string,—dramatizing the most extraordinary adventures, completely forgetful of themselves, as happy as the day is long. The life of a 'store toy' in that part of the world, can be counted by seconds; consequently the children have none, except for a few minutes at Christmas when they quarrel. For the rest of the year, they are happy, because they draw happiness from within themselves. I have seen three little coloured boys, aged about five, playing they were 'traffic cops', stop all the traffic on 125th Street. I can rejoice in that scene at any time of the day or night, for they were as indifferent to danger, as oblivious of onlookers, and as gorgeously happy as the proverbial Kings.

"What is the use of studying Theosophy unless we try to get at the heart of things by studying first principles? The basic trouble with the human race is that it will persist in thinking of life in terms of pleasure and pain, and of these as dependent upon possessions and circumstances. That attitude is materialistic, and any man who is its victim is a Materialist, no matter whether he calls himself a Christian, a Mohammedan, an Idealist, a Brahmin, a Theosophist, or anything else.

"In a world of duality—and we cannot escape the fact that no one can think of light without pre-supposing darkness, or of pain, without implying the existence of its opposite—in a world of duality, pain and pleasure, like substance and shadow, are about equally divided, that is, if we consider a man's life, not in some one hour only, to the exclusion of all other hours, but as covering the whole term of his years. This is true of rich and poor, of educated and uneducated, alike. The more sensitive we are, the greater our capacity for enjoyment, and also for suffering; the more phlegmatic we are, the less we suffer and the less we enjoy. That is the only difference; and certainly money, or the lack of it, has no effect, one way or the other, on sensitiveness.

"I am speaking now of pain and pleasure,—not of happiness, which is totally different, and which flows, not from external things or causes, but from a source above the duality of manifested life. For happiness, we are dependent solely upon the nature of our own heart, mind, and spirit. We can modify that nature, and control it. We can cultivate happiness (if we wish to), just as we can cultivate misery. It is just as easy—or just as difficult—for a man too poor to own any kind of car, to be happy, as for a man who owns a dozen of the best. I believe that the average of happiness is considerably higher among a hard-working group of European peasants (there are no peasants in America), who have no electric light, no telephone, no automobile, no moving-pictures, and who work from about four a. m. until it is dark, with little but the produce of their own labour to eat and drink,—than among any group of highly-paid American mechanics. I am positive that the peasant is wiser than the artisan, because the peasant reflects, meditates, on his own experience as he works, while the mechanic, who reads newspapers and magazines, or spends his evenings at

the 'movies',—thinks, if at all, about the unrealities with which his head is stuffed. I base my conviction upon long acquaintance with both types.

"Naturally there are degrees of happiness. Contentment gives happiness; and there are many poor, and a few rich, who are content with their lives and circumstances. They have contented hearts, and therefore are happy. They accept the ills of life, perhaps stoically, but perhaps with faith and love and trust,—the degree of their happiness depending upon their motive and manner of acceptance. But *real* happiness is attained only by those who sacrifice self for love's sake; who forget gladly, thankfully, the interests and desires of the personal self because they love someone or something infinitely more than they love themselves. And because there is no limit to self-forgetfulness, or to its gladness, there is no limit to the joy which flows from that source, or to the happiness of a life lived from that centre.

"What have possessions to do with that one and only source of joy! In what way can a Ford car or any other 'modern improvement' affect a soul that has discovered in the positive (not negative) conquest of the personal self, and in identification with a deeper, truer self, a river of living water!

"But that, it may be argued, is beyond us, and is certainly beyond the labouring man whose blissful (?) Sunday afternoon was pleaded by my critic. Yes; and whose fault is that! If happiness is several feet beyond my reach, I can blame God, or the world, or the constitution of society, or the perversity of my acquaintances and friends, and live in discontent for ever; or I can recognize my limitation as of my own making, and then, if I have real instead of fictitious desire, I can set to work to build a ladder that will enable me to reach to, and grasp, that which otherwise I could not touch. Clearly, if the labouring man, either with or without his Ford, is unselfishly trying to make his wife and children happy rather than himself, he has already begun to construct that ladder,—a second Jacob's ladder, to be built within his own heart, between earth and heaven; for I am not talking of the unobtainable, or of the high altitudes of chêlaship; I am talking of the secret of happiness as Theosophy in all ages has revealed it. I am speaking of the condition which Carlyle called 'blessedness', and which, he said, was attainable by 'every man who wears breeches'. I am repeating the dictum of Emerson: 'Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all.'

"The very simplicity of the conception, and the obviousness of its truth, blinds people perhaps. In any case, though some believe in it theoretically, comparatively few believe in it to the point of action, while the vast majority do not believe in it at all. No one believes in it who thinks that if only his friends would change their attitude, or if only circumstances were different, or if only he were understood (and appreciated), or if only he had more money,—*then* he would never murmur again. Yet it is one of the basic truths of life, and until a man has learned it through and through, what he calls 'living' is mere beating of the air. How I wish it might be understood!"

"Not so easy,—for the unaided mind", the Ancient commented. "See where your logic leads: *real* happiness, you said, is attained only by those who sacrifice

self for love's sake. Heaven knows I agree with you. Few truths are more fundamental. But experience proves conclusively that the more you love, the more you suffer; so you arrive at a paradox, which can be lifted above the plane of contradiction only by lifting yourself above the plane of the mind, there to perceive that suffering for love's sake is one of the most passionate joys of love. Women understand this, sometimes, better than men; yet, in a different way, men have experienced it at least as often and as deeply as women. It was this, and no less, that Rupert Brooke proved that he knew when he wrote amidst the horrors of Gallipoli:

'Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a King, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.'

"Yes: at all stages, the more we love, the more we suffer. Yet love is the light of life, and, without it, we live in darkness; without it, we are dead: and love must give itself, spend itself, pour out the last drop of its heart's blood, and can never rest content till it has done so. It is not only on the field of battle that man has his opportunity. It is perhaps easiest there; but the most commonplace environment provides the golden and never-returning chance, which man accepts or rejects according to his will,—which means, in fact, according to the measure of his love. To accept means freedom; to reject means slavery. How few understand! Yet every religion worthy of the name, teaches this truth, and has proclaimed it, sometimes by example, more often by precept, to unreceptive ears and unresponsive eyes since the beginning of time. '*Take* the yoke, and at once you realize that you have not really taken a yoke at all, but have rather fitted your nature with wings!' Thus wrote Henry W. Clark, a Congregational minister, in his *Laws of the Inner Kingdom*—an invaluable book; but, because he wrote from experience, and not merely from his head, the same statement, in almost the same words, might have been made by a follower of any of the world's Saviours, on the sole condition that his creed had wholeheartedly been practised, inwardly as well as outwardly,—just as the soldier's creed must be practised and not merely talked about, if it is to lead to the same result."

"I do not wish to drag the question down from the plane of first principles to that of superficialities", the Student now said; "but it might be wholesome for those who think of automobiles, and their wide-spread ownership, as a source of happiness, to be reminded of a prosaic but practical aspect of the matter which possibly they have overlooked. A recent advertizement of The Travelers Insurance Company states:

> "50,510 members of the A. E. F. were killed in action or died of wounds during the eighteen months that we were engaged in the World War.

"51,400 persons were killed in automobile accidents during the eighteen months ended December 31, 1930. The number of automobile deaths may exceed 35,000 in 1931. Truly, the situation is worse than war!

"There is no panacea which will quickly reduce the number of automobile accidents. No law, no great achievement in highway construction, no basic improvement in automotive design can stop people from maiming themselves and their neighbours on our streets and highways, even though better laws, better highways and better cars all help. The automobile accident problem is primarily a per-

"I am quoting from a newspaper clipping, and, to my regret, I cut the thing off just at that point,—too soon; but it went on to say that the problem is primarily a personal matter, depending far more upon human nature than upon circumstances: which was the Historian's thesis, though approached differently. And in case it may be supposed that children, in this respect, suffer less than adults, it may be as well to add that 'a nation-wide survey by the Federal Public Health Service reveals' (according to a *New York Times* headline): 'Auto Largest Cause of Children's Deaths'. I do not of course pretend to know the average, but perhaps it would be safe to assume that out of every hundred children taken into the country by their parents in a Ford or any other kind of a car, to eat their lunch by the roadside on a Sunday,—one returns minus at least a finger and some hair, while out of a still larger number, one poor child never returns at all! However, it is best to stick to facts, and the figures given by The Travelers are undoubtedly correct."

"Why not let the son of a peasant, and a poor man, speak for the poor?" the Engineer suggested. "Charles Péguy was articulate as his father had not been; and he loved his people, and had studied life deeply. So often it is the men who have something to sell who declare that human happiness depends upon man's ability to buy. 'Make Everybody Rich—Industry's New Goal', was the title of a Radio talk not long ago—or so the morning paper informed us—with the names of Henry Ford, Owen D. Young, and other prominent industrialists, freely quoted as authority. Péguy did not see things that way. On the contrary, comparing our present century with the XIVth or XVth, and apostrophizing the individual who clings to the fetishism of material progress, he asked whether the sum total of human suffering and distress had in any way been diminished. Has the heart of man changed? Does a father suffer less now, than then, when his child is ill and miserable? Does the lover suffer less from unrequited love? Does the man who dies now, die any less than he did then, or the man who grows old, grow old any less? Is humanity less—or more—subject to that inner torment which we have learned to call neurasthenia? Is there less temptation, now than then?

"Péguy was looking facts in the face, and was dealing with realities,—not with mere appearances.

"I once knew quite well a New York clergyman, now dead, who said he could not visit the poor in their homes because the sight of their poverty distressed him too greatly. He was in many ways a kindly soul, and he loved luxury. From

his point of view, poverty was the greatest evil in life. He called himself a Socialist. Dreading poverty, loving luxury, he wanted every one to live in luxury. He attributed to the poor, whom he did *not* visit, the desires and feelings of which he was full to overflowing. Envious of the very rich, he could not believe that some poor old woman could be happy in, and even proud of, what he regarded as her drab Sunday bonnet. It is so with most people,—assuming that they have a kindly disposition. They judge others by themselves, and then wish for others the things and conditions which they themselves chiefly desire. Another friend of mine once visited the poorest Italian quarter in one of our big cities, and was grieved and indignant to find two and sometimes three families living together in one room. It was discovered later that they refused to be separated. They preferred to live that way. It was more 'sociable', and it made possible certain strange peculiarities of conduct. In other words, if material success and prosperity be a man's chief aim in life—whether he recognizes that as his aim or not—he is almost certain to translate his desire as the paramount need of the world at large. It is the way the Missionaries used to feel: they very rightly preferred to wear clothes, so the naked South Sea Islander, if once you could push him into them, would also, naturally and inevitably, prefer to wear similar clothes. It is only the man who has learned that the secret of happiness lies within his own heart and soul, and that its attainment depends upon his obedience to divine law, who *can* see in that discovery—which is open to everyone—the one real cure of this world's ills."

"In other words", said the Orientalist, "the secret of happiness lies in right self-identification, or, as followers of the Mi-tsung, or Chên-yen Tsung (Branch) of Buddhism would say: Nirvana is to be found in *what is*,—in this world, in this body, in this present moment, seeing that we are, in our real selves, at one with the Eternal, and seeing that the chief purpose of life is to teach us to find the Eternal in the transitory".

"A queer kind of Buddhism!" the Student exclaimed.

"No," the Orientalist replied. "Not in the least queer, though very different as doctrine from that of the Hinayana, or Little Vehicle, School, with which Europe and America are so familiar,—the Buddhism of Ceylon, Siam and Burma. The Hinayanist seeks Nirvana, or in any case 'places' it, as it were, outside of, and beyond this world, rather as the orthodox Christian thinks of Heaven. But the Chên-yen School, which is, in my opinion, the culmination of Mahayana teaching—the Buddhism of North and East—regards the Hinayana doctrine as food for babes, and as only one stage removed from the materialism which imagines that happiness can be found in the things and activities of physical existence. Chên-yen, or, rather, its followers, would point out that to turn from the world because it is a world of suffering, is merely the opposite pole, on the same plane, of plunging into the world because it is a world of pleasure,—something which is perfectly obvious, once you stop to think about it, but which at first sight may be found bewildering. Yet the Chên-yen Tsung insists that all these untruths and half truths are stages on the Way, and that all of them serve the purposes of the Eternal. There are many Branches or

Schools of Buddhism, and every one of them, it is said, is intended to meet the needs of different individuals at different rounds of the evolutionary ladder."

"How did the Chên-yen School originate?"

"Its followers claim that Buddha taught this doctrine while incarnated, but taught it in his spiritual body to those only who could hear him in their spiritual bodies,—and much of Chên-yen teaching is still esoteric. It was Nâgârjuna who finally put *some* of the Buddha's esoteric doctrine into words, and who brought that much of it within the reach of the many."

"Theoretically", said the Philosopher, "it is easy enough to believe that philosophical untruths and half truths serve the purposes of the Eternal, but I really do not see how the worshipper of this world's goods and honours can be benefited by his worship."

"Doubtless we have to allow for negative as well as for positive benefits", the Orientalist replied. "The worshipper of Mammon will learn in time, perhaps, that his worldly success fails utterly to give him what he really wants, which is happiness. So he may turn to some form of 'other worldliness', such as Hinayana Buddhism,—a doctrine, by the way, in which most of us need total submersion for a considerable period of time."

"Why?"

"Because it attacks and undermines the idea of a permanent selfhood, and because it insists that personal existence, on any terms and in any circumstances, is dust and ashes. It is a half truth, but invaluable as a purge. Most orthodox Christians think of themselves as permanent realities. John Smith sees himself stepping forward on the Day of Judgment and answering 'Here, Sir!' as his name is called among the saved. He may be hazy as to what comes next, but he takes it for granted that, even if a better man, he will be the same man; and while there is an element of truth in this conviction, the predominating elements of illusion tend to build up in him a colossal egotism, with a general sense that his own feelings are matters of vital importance in the economy of the universe. If he could once become saturated with the belief that his personality is a myth, and that, as his Bible tells him, life 'is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away',—he might in any case empty himself sufficiently to be able to assimilate the deeper truths of Theosophy without turning them into active poisons. The longer I live, the more certain I become that Theosophy is for the very, very few, and that 'the danger is great, if we receive the same unworthily'—the warning repeated to all, in all ages and in all religions, who have sought to partake of the 'holy mysteries'. It is not new truths that are needed, either by us or by the world; it is absolute fidelity to the truths already known. At best, being formulations, they are but stepping-stones toward the one changeless and eternal Truth; but unless we obey, with simplicity and loyalty of heart, such reflections of Truth as we see, our hearts themselves, and then our minds, must become corrupt and perverted. . . . As to happiness, I agree: there is no such thing, either in this world or in the next, except as we learn to love the divine Will; and we can never learn to love it except as the result of humble, faithful, whole-souled obedience to its behests."

T.



A FORGOTTEN PLEDGE

(By the Author of *Some Modern Failings, Our Overwhelming Virtues*, etc.)

SHALL I be pardoned if once again I speak to you, the European members? It will be for the last time I fear. It is for the third time. Since that which I ventured to express before has been interpreted by some in a manner foreign to my meaning, I would now endeavour to indicate my line of thought more clearly. If I am asked with what authority I speak, I answer: with absolutely none. "I have not so received it; I shall not so impart it." There is no authority of which I know beyond that touchstone in the soul which gives back an answering light when truth is uttered. That touchstone is not possessed by all men. It is also easy to confound emotion with that quiet, unmoving voice of soul. It is often thus confounded. The soul does not appeal to sentiment: it appeals to Itself in others. Therefore I think that all things should be taken or rejected on their merits, apart from persons; but as some are fond of names, and prize that name more than this, I may now say that in the February number of *The Path* there will be found my other name and further details—uninteresting I should hope. The name, without the details, will be given in the next issue of *The Irish Theosophist*.

I have discovered in an early volume of *Lucifer* (vol. iii., p. 63), then conducted by the Adept H.P.B., an article of melancholy interest. It is entitled "The Meaning of a Pledge." In it is given a form of pledge, three clauses of which I will quote:

"(1) I pledge myself to endeavour to make Theosophy a living factor in my life.

"(3) I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken of a brother Theosophist, and to abstain from condemning others.

"(4) I pledge myself to maintain a constant struggle against my lower nature, and to be charitable to the weaknesses of others.

"So Help Me, My Higher Self."

Those three clauses are purely ethical; yet practically occult. Greatly is it to be regretted that this pledge has not been more widely taken. Some appear to have given it no second thought after once it had been read, though it con-

tains within it the ideal of theosophic action. It has lain forgotten in an old number of a magazine: printed words; a body, crying out to the gods to be given a soul. And if the gods had answered to that cry, if this pledge had been taken —and kept—from how much trouble would this Section of the Society have been saved! Certainly the trouble mostly consists of clatter, of dust, and a little heat; for I think there is no real crisis just at present. I think that the crisis was over before the turning inward of H.P.B.; before she left that body. Having conquered, she left. People see the physical expression, the dregs and fumes of a great contest, and take it to be the reality. It is only the shadow.

H.P.B. knew who would make safe her conquests. She knew who would forsake her. Is anyone sure "she" is not active in the midst of all to-day, unseen though present? But apart from that, consider with me this pledge. Observe how all disturbance could have been avoided by following its simple rules. "I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken of a brother Theosophist." This would, no doubt, also mean that "a derogatory or slanderous statement made against a fellow Theosophist, in the presence of a member, shall not be permitted by him to pass without protest, unless he knows it is true, *in which case he should remain silent*". One can also understand that "repetition of statements or gossip derogatory of others must be avoided". Those are elementary rules of brotherhood; progress is barred by their violation. So also would it be a violation of such a pledge to "bring any charge of whatever nature against another member", for the Law of the Lodge does not permit that the Companions should usurp the office of Police. How easy, again, is it to see that "suspicions as to the character of members are prejudicial to advancement". Suspicion is a force; it creates a form, which lives and festers and creates other kindred forms. The sphere of the mind coagulates, crystallizes, and rots if the evil growth be not expelled. Sometimes it may be destroyed as by fire. But leaving occult effects, and they are many, is it not clear that to the suspicious mind all things are proof of guilt? If I tell you a man is insane, and you believe it, is not each act of his a proof to you of his insanity? He treads by chance on a fly, and you think he is having a mild attack of homicidal mania. Suspicion blinds and warps the mind: in time it may destroy the soul. And if this pledge had been given a life, suspicions would have been abandoned, slanderous statements would not have been repeated, charges would not have been brought, and Theosophy would have become a power in the life as well as on the platform and on paper. Do any still think that eating little or eating much—raw beef or grass—makes of man a Theosophist? "Neither do thou think at all highly of thyself, nor account thyself to be specially beloved, if thou be in a state of great devotion and sweetness," as Thomas à Kempis wrote. Many emotions can no more make a man theosophical than the mere possession of much intellect.

Who was the centre of the attacks levelled some years ago? That centre was H.P.B. And as that great conductor of the Society's Karma is no longer visibly here—shielding with her mighty arm this child of the ages and our hopes —another has to fill the office of scapegoat. That scapegoat is William Q.

Judge.[1] If befoulment is necessary from without, let it not come from within! The wise bird does not soil its own nest. Yet it seems that the "Theosophical" bird is not always wise. Compare the pledge I have quoted, which, as I say, may be taken to represent the ideal of theosophic action as concerns those points upon which it touches—compare that pledge with such statements as these, which were recently made by prominent members:

"I [Mrs. Besant] went to America, and there at the end of September [1893] learned that the rumours of fraud were well founded [after many previous 'suspicions']; this determined me to collect what evidence was available and to see what there was in India, whither I started in October. The evidence I found in India, with the connecting links I was able to supply, made a—to my mind—convincing case against Mr. Judge; the case was imperfect as Col. Olcott and Mr. [Bertram] Keightley had it, and it was not possible for them to proceed in such a matter on insufficient evidence [did they wish to?]; the facts I knew were insufficient by themselves; but the two sets dovetailed into each other and made a case strong enough to justify public action" (*The Theosophical Society and the Westminster Gazette*, pp. 10, 11). And another statement, by Mr. Bertram Keightley: "In January, 1893, largely thanks (*sic*) to additional facts supplied by Mr. W. R. Old, I felt that sufficient evidence was available upon which to take public action . . . but [later] found that several of the most material links in our chain of evidence broke down utterly" (pp. 15, 16). And whilst this scheming and plotting was going on, and the future man-hunt was being skilfully planned, was the accused informed by his fellow-worker and closely-bound associate, Mrs. Besant, that doubts or suspicions were entertained against him? Not a word was said—not a sign was given! But in "January, 1894," he was threatened with the publication of the charges, although *not informed as to their nature*, unless he promptly resigned all the offices he held. If he had been guilty, no chance was given him to reform, no word of warning was uttered, no efforts were made to help a brother who was presumed to have sinned; but in secret and in the darkness, under promises of secrecy, the "evidence" was stealthily compared, patched together and made to "dovetail". And kindly letters were being written meanwhile to one who was being privately condemned as a forger. My Brothers, it is a frightful thing to look upon, but uncharitable would he be who would try to show that this was the result of anything worse than delusion. As defence is necessary, it is not possible to avoid a statement of facts, but, having noted those facts, let us quickly turn away the mind from things that concern us only in so far as defence of the innocent is concerned.[2]

[1] I should say that this is written without Mr. Judge's knowledge or consent. Not a word has been said or written to him on the matter. It is only right to add that he highly deprecates any defence of himself at present, writing instead to his friends—"Work, work, work, and cast no one out of your heart." But I am more concerned with principles than persons.—C. W. T.

[2] To-day, these things concern us for the Work's sake and for the future. At that time there was still a ray of hope that those people would turn and repent. Every effort was made to hold the door wide open for them. They did not repent, but went from bad to worse, feeding their delusion, from that day to this, with an increasing sense of their own righteousness, confirming themselves in all their evil. Now, therefore, it is our duty, not to forget, but to remember,—just as, for the same reason, we must remember and never forget the ways of Germany. History repeats itself. Mrs. Besant, for one, will appear in the Movement again and again,—probably in the guise

No wonder then, that with these suspicions in the mind, and with this hideous injustice of silent condemnation and stealthy plotting going on—no wonder that everything was taken as confirmatory evidence, and that dire confusion arose as to fact. Compare such contradictory statements as the following, made [by Mrs. Besant] with only a few months between them:

"I managed by myself to direct a copy of this inquiry, with my statement that I believed that these forgeries had been made. . ." (*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* p. 6).

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not charge and have not charged Mr. Judge with forgery in the ordinary sense of the term, but with giving a misleading material form to messages *received psychically from the Master* in various ways. . ." (*Neutrality of the T. S.* pamphlet, p. 13).

"I made a statement in which I declared my own firm belief that these letters were not genuine . . ." (*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* p. 5); and "I agreed to make the statement that has been printed, affirming my belief that Mr. Judge had simulated the handwritings ascribed to the Masters, and that the messages received by myself from him were not genuine" (*The Theosophical Society and the Westminster Gazette*, p. 12).

Besides comparing this with the above quotation in regard to "messages received psychically from the Master in various ways," I find it further said in the *Neutrality of the T. S.* pamphlet (p. 13):

"I believe that he has often received direct messages from the Masters and from their chêlas, guiding and helping him in his work. I believe that he has sometimes received messages for other people in one or other of the ways that I will mention in a moment . . ." In regard "to letters given to me by Mr. Judge" —"not genuine," as stated now: "I also believe that the gist of these messages was psychically received, and that *Mr. Judge's error* lay in giving them to me in a script written by himself and not saying that he had done so" (p. 14).

Such confusion of mind is appalling, and it should be further remembered that, according to all accounts, it is not customary for a chêla to explain the exact method of his reception and transmission of messages. Mrs. Besant has been accused of deception, because in her Hall of Science statement she led many to believe that she herself had directly received some written messages from Masters, whereas in fact she had only done so through Mr. Judge. But it is not necessary, in my opinion, to explain such matters to those whose concern it is not—at least it certainly should not have been necessary in Mr. Judge's case, for, as he has said, "It was not thought by me necessary to insult a woman of her intellectual ability, who had read all about those things, by explaining all she was supposed to know" (*Isis and the Mahatmas*, pp. 6, 7).

It should further be remembered that whilst Mrs. Besant asserts that these messages were written down by Mr. Judge, she at the same time admits she does

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of a powerful helper: almost certainly to make wrack and ruin of whatever she is allowed to touch. With the Karma of this life heavy upon her, rigid with self-approval, she will do as she has done. Therefore, for the Work's sake, remember,—and beware; and may the reprinting of this pamphlet be of service to that end.—E.T.H.

not know under what conditions: "consciously or automatically I do not know" (*Neutrality of the T. S.*, p. 13). Mrs. Besant asserts, but she does not "know" anything about the matter. Mr. Judge very properly refuses to say "how or by what means they were produced" (those that actually came through him amongst the alleged messages). If I might suggest a question: How were messages produced through H.P.B.?

Further sad confusion of mind is shown on other points; amongst them this is of special gravity. Speaking of the Committee of Honour for which Mr. Judge asked: "But there is another way, which I now take, and which, if you approve it, will put an end to this matter" (*Neutrality of T. S.*, p. 12). That "way" was approved, as the resolution moved by Mr. Bertram Keightley shows: it was taken to be a "final settlement of matters". Mrs. Besant had promised that her statement would stop the affair, so far as she at least was concerned, and the members who voted in favour of Mr. B. Keightley's resolution fully agreed to the settlement. What, then, was Mrs. Besant's next step, immediately after she had publicly given that assurance? The circular entitled *Occultism and Truth*, in regard to which Mrs. Besant *now* states as follows: "I drew up that statement and took weighty names to sign it, because I considered the protest was necessary *against the policy adopted by Mr. Judge;*" and then come phrases as to "paltering with truth" and "fraud of any kind" (*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* p. 6).

If it were not for delusion such action could only be called hypocritical. It was unworthy of Mrs. Besant in every single respect.

Further statements of hers show the same confusion. It is not true to say that Mrs. Besant has been "challenged also by Mr. Judge with the practice of black magic, and with working under black magicians". Many members know that statement to be false, and that Mr. Judge has always said that Mrs. Besant had "no conscious evil intention." Nor is it true to say that "The Vice-President of our Society attacks the whole of the Indian section, and all its Brahman members." Such an assertion is simply grotesque, and well exemplifies Mrs. Besant's present method of reckless accusation. Few people have worked harder for the East than Mr. Judge has worked. But saddest of all are these sentences: ". . . I am bound to tell you that on every platform on which I shall stand I shall be met with this difficulty as to dishonour. I will bear it. I will face it, and stand by the Society despite the difficulty" (*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* pp. 8, 9). The now angry defamer protesting readiness to bear the dishonour put upon her by the defamed! The creator of the "difficulty" taking up the attitude of a martyr, when the man who has been accused, defamed, and betrayed, goes quietly on with the work of Theosophy without a word of complaint or reproach! "*I* will bear it. *I* will face it," the *accuser* says.

But Mrs. Besant further says, "When I return there will be a very strong, if not an overwhelming party in favour of the policy of truth, of absolute honour and uprightness." I trust that may be so; I trust that hypocrisy will be laid down, that this "forgotten pledge" will no longer be allowed to slumber in the land of ideality. For the root of the present trouble lies in its abandonment. Once before have I reminded you of those words in the Shî King: "If my friends

would reverently watch over themselves, would slanderous speeches be made?" In the name of truth you are asked to condemn a man. You are reminded of your motto, "There is no religion higher than Truth," and you are told to support it "in the world's face". An evil day, indeed, when, in order to produce a smile of sweet approval on that world's face, you have to belie your own souls and degrade the name of Truth into a cry to hounds. Since when has the opinion of the world become a worthy motive for any action? Since when has Theosophy interpreted a search for Truth as involving full investigation of other people's characters—of "a Brother's" character? Your detective, Sherlock Holmes, must be very near Mahâtma-ship; though I shall be told I am exaggerating the method now pursued. I am only showing its logical conclusion. In the name of Truth men have cut each others' throats, and now in the name of Truth you are asked to pillory an occultist. A favourite pastime it would seem. But would that Truth were seen to in our words, and thoughts, and promises, and were less talked about and preached upon. We should then see less hypocrisy, less self-righteousness, and perchance a little charity. For one thing I am glad: the name of Brotherhood has not yet been made to serve its time as an incentive to this "righteous" persecution.

Though I seem to digress, I would ask you to give one thought to motive. A member is publicly attacked, and in the world's opinion he thereupon becomes a fraud. This, in the minds of some, becomes a slur upon themselves. They are annoyed that a Brother should cause them a moment's inconvenience. What have they done that they should suffer the laughter and jibes of the world? Why should they endure it? They will not; they angrily disown him. He is not theirs—they have always thought him a cheat, and *now* he must go. The Occultism in which they pretend to believe must not be made the cause of laughter at their own expense, must not encroach upon their comfort. They make a scapegoat of their Brother. He must go, for they must be cleansed of such a plague-spot. Brothers and some Companions! is that the teaching of the Master? Is that the teaching of the heart? Did not a Knower of these things once write that "he who would lift up high the banner of mysticism and proclaim its reign near at hand must give the example to others. . . . regarding the study of the occult mysteries as the upper step in the ladder of knowledge, he must loudly proclaim it such, despite exact science and the opposition of society" (Master K.H., in the *Occult World*). Would you reap the benefits and not pay the cost; would you take *The Letters* and reject the phenomena? *You cannot.* And I say that fear is the hidden cause of half the protests which have been made. Over a year ago I made bold to suggest a certain line of thought (*Lucifer*, Dec. 1893): "Then a worse storm brews, and some foul charge is brought against one or another leader by an enemy, who, perhaps, *makes use of a tool* for his hidden purpose. At the first dark accusation such loyalty flies with unblushing haste. Doubts come. Some stray, thoughtless word dropped by another before the trouble was even dreamt of, springs into life again, revivified by the currents of suspicion. Then the 'soldier' quavers, pauses, looks behind him for some safe escape, and his battle is recorded where soulless deeds are written.

Such forget that charges brought can hardly ever be disproved, and also that a soul of honour is very slow in self-defence. But that they would not understand." They have not understood.

But if on honest search you find that motive in your mind, however subtly hidden, I would ask you, for your own sake, to tear it out by the roots.

Another motive that has led a few to join in this persecution is a form of curiosity. They think that secrets are being kept from them. Perhaps by forcing matters they may discover something of Practical Occultism in the process, more about "Masters", more about phenomena. And they think at the price such knowledge would be useful?

Yet another motive is a mixture of pride and jealousy. Irritation arises when some other is said to know a little more than they do. To be an agent of the Masters is quite preposterous presumption, intolerable impertinence. And they sneer in their silly way at those who believe that nature is continuous, and that there are human reservoirs and ganglionic centres in the world of mind and spirit as well as in the world of matter. I have seen a child fall into a violent rage with a little one younger in years than himself, because the youngest said he had been to the seaside, and described the sands by the sea. The elder had not had that privilege. I have known a man who would rather starve to death in the streets, and so deprive his family of even his moral support, than take a crust of bread from a wealthy friend.[3] Those are not admirable qualities.

And now to the issue before the members of this Society. They have nothing to forgive, but they have much to forget. I would ask them again to forget what it has been necessary to say above in regard to Mrs. Besant.[4] It would never have been said at all by me, had not many members openly affirmed that they cared not in the least for newspaper attacks, and only thought the charges serious because such a woman as Mrs. Besant endorsed them—even acted as the prosecutor. But honesty does not confer sound judgment; high moral tendency does not in itself imply a knowledge of occultism, or render delusion of mind impossible.[5] Suspicion and secretly circulated slander debase the judgment, and, as I have tried to show, such things warp the vision so that every word and act affords fresh proof of guilt. Therefore I claim that the endorsement of charges by a mind in that condition is worthless, and must count for nothing. Therefore I claim that this infamous man-hunt should be abandoned, stopped, forgotten.

Is H.P.B. so soon a thing of the past that her Child, the Theosophical Society,

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[3] This is badly expressed, because open to misunderstanding. It is a matter difficult to make clear briefly. The only man who could act rightly in such circumstances would be one who regarded the maintenance of a code of honour as more important than physical sustenance, whether for himself or his family.—E.T.H.

[4] See my earlier footnote on this subject.—E.T.H.

[5] It should be understood that, in line with Judge's wish and direction, every effort was made at that time to give the most charitable interpretation to Mrs. Besant and her behaviour. In the hope that she might still be able to see the light and react, she was left this path for her return. The intervening years, alas, have proved the futility of that effort.

"Honesty" and "high moral tendency" were used in the ordinary sense, for honesty in the spiritual and occult sense, *does* confer sound judgment and much more. There are plenty of men who would not steal who are incapable of the higher honesty.—E.T.H.

is anxious to hand itself over to a representative of *modern* India, to a Brahman who is *not* on the line of H.P.B.? I say that if Mr. Judge resigns you will at once have one put in his place who is bound to this Brahman of a different line, to whom, if Mrs. Besant speaks correctly, "some of the noblest of our people in England look at the present time . . . as one of the best representatives of Eastern thought in the movement", and on whose behalf both Mrs. Besant and Mr. Bertram Keightley so eloquently appeal for public sympathy. I further say that if this should happen your President will shortly afterwards be removed, and another will be forced into his place, who will also be a servile follower of thought and work which is alien to that of H.P.B. There is no sneer implied in speaking of "modern India". But modern Hindûism is not synonymous with the ancient Wisdom Religion, whose chief inheritors now live without its borders—beyond the Himâlayas, as H.P.B. so often said and wrote. Yet the true "Budhism" of the Heart is found in East and West and North and South, though cycles carry it here and there as century follows century.

But choose now: choose consciously, and not with eyes fast closed to fact. Choose if you will have the Child of H.P.B. pass to the hands of others, or be led as she wished it to be led. And if you doubt that Mr. Judge does really represent that great Initiate H.P.B., and if you care at all for her opinion—and you may be a good Theosophist and yet not care—then I would remind you that she wrote of him, "He has been a part of myself for æons past"; that a Master wrote of him many years ago as one "who, of all Chêlas, suffers most, and demands, or even expects, the least." Further, that H.P.B. prophesied a long while since that attacks would be made upon him and then called upon Theosophists to defend him "*when the time comes*", saying that "Brother Judge refuses to defend himself, even more than I have refused to defend myself after the Coulomb conspiracy. No man who knows himself innocent ever will. But is that a reason why *we* should let him go undefended? It is our bounden duty to support him, in every way, with our sympathy and influence, energetically, not in a half-hearted, timid way". Do you know that H.P.B. wrote that, in regard to her teaching, she feared a Section of the Society under Mr. Judge's direction "will be the only one to profit by it, for verily, many are the called, but few the chosen"? Do you think she was quite blind in regard to the future? Again, have you forgotten that Mr. Judge was one of the "two Europeans" whom H.P.B. said she taught even before the writing of *Isis Unveiled* (see *Secret Doctrine*, vol. I., p. xix). Then I would remind you that a Master wrote of him to H.P.B. as "the Resuscitator of Theosophy in the United States", and said, concerning the attitude of members towards Mr. Judge, that "Ingratitude *is a crime in occultism*". It was in the same letter that the Master said if any member wished to know how *they* would feel towards Mr. Judge, let him refer to one of the letters in the *Occult World*, showing how Mahâtma K.H. flatly refused to replace either H.P.B. or Col. Olcott in spite of the boons which were promised if that were done. More than this, and although the remark will create much scorn in the minds (and mouths) of some, I venture to suggest as possible that at this day H.P.B., the Lion-Hearted, flatly refuses

to allow her "Friend, Brother and Son, W. Q. Judge," to resign the office of Vice-President.

Knowing what you do, is it not easy to see that all his enemies desire is that he shall resign? They do not want him to defend himself—to explain. They hope he will never explain. They want him to resign, and then appoint one of their own number to fill his office. Resignation now would mean a refusal later on to hear his explanation. Now choose if you will turn him out of office; if you will deprive yourselves of his services; if you will make of him a scapegoat for your belief in the occult; if you will cut off from yourselves this link between the Western world and the "trans-Himâlayan esoteric knowledge". The time has come for choice, and Nature spews out of her mouth all those who are neither hot nor cold. Delay is no longer possible, for he who abstains from right action is as much to blame as he who acts in error. Yet if even now you are in doubt, keep still—though it is late indeed. Better to stand still, though at your peril, than take a fatal step. But listen for the voice of soul. It does not doubt, because *it knows*. In the silence that follows the tumult of the mind, the soul will speak—and then listen and quickly obey. For this trouble is a test, both of the intuition and good sense of one and all. It was intended as a test; it has been effective as a test. And it is a sign of health and fitness that such a test is given. "To form the nucleus of a universal Brotherhood" was this Society founded, and therefore is it each one's conception of brotherhood which is really under trial. If it were merely a person's honour and place—unenviable place—which has to be protected, the matter would have long since ceased to trouble you. Mr. Judge's resignation would have been tendered many months ago. Unfortunately for Mr. Judge the question is far graver. The welfare of the Society is at stake—the Society of which he was one of the founders. More important than the Society are its principles, and these, as I have tried to show, stand in sore need of strong upholding.

Are the reason and result of tests like this not understood by all? See how the Chêla who aims to progress ahead of his race that he may the better serve it—how he develops by means of the shocks and trials drawn down by his aspirations. It is the same with the Theosophical Society as an organism: it progresses more rapidly than ordinary bodies by reason of the ganglionic shocks it undergoes. *Existing* causes are used, if I am not mistaken, as means by which such shocks can be provided. The trouble is not made by those behind the scenes, but once it exists it is directed to a useful end. Thus with suspicion. Once present in the mind as seed, and in the minds of many, it is necessary to let it come to its natural death, or life and growth, in the mind of each. It would be folly to prevent its physical expression; to smooth appearances at the expense of the seat of the disease. If left to fester in the mind the result is far more fatal than when vent is given to the thought. So the occultist who sees these suspicions, allows them to run their course, *unless* his fellows come to him in truth and trust for an explanation. Then he gives it, but only then. Otherwise he does not oppose the workings of Karma. It would be useless. Therefore he lets it go on, until the seed has fully flowered; do you not see that

each one is following out his own nature in the test? Do you not see that if all had been disproved some months ago, those who believe now would have believed still, and those who now condemn would only have smothered the seed of doubt for a time? Now that seed is flowering luxuriously, verdantly—green against the sky. But it is working out; it is working *off*.

So I say STAND. The past is up in arms against the future; legions are on the march. WATCH, and you will see the slough cast off by the serpent. Look within for thine own light and thou shalt see where the light shines without thee. WORK, and thou shalt pierce the shadows round the heart, shalt make a pathway to the sunlight through the gloom.

May it go well with thee!

CHE-YEW-TSĂNG.

February 3rd, 1895.

And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.—TENNYSON.

What is it I can trust?
Christ's love—
God's law—
Nature's obedience—
The intentions of a few—a
very few—friends.—CAVÉ.



In Memory of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, by Some of her Pupils; John M. Watkins, London, reprinted 1931; price, 6*s.* 6*d.*

This is an invaluable book, though full of tragic significance. It consists of articles about H. P. B. by those who had known her personally, written by them very soon after her death. They were then at their best,—full of gratitude, affection, respect and admiration, which gave them, momentarily, some glimmer of understanding. The tragedy lies in the fact that most of them soon came to think themselves wiser and better than she was, and therefore fit to sit in judgment upon her; with the result that they became, though in different ways, enemies of the Cause to which she had given her life. The exceptions include W. Q. Judge, Jasper Niemand, Archibald Keightley, Charles Johnston, Franz Hartmann, and perhaps some others,—for we do not know what death-bed repentance may have accomplished, or may still accomplish, on behalf of the remainder. We are glad that the book has been reprinted.

T.

A Comparative Study of the Literatures of Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia, by T. Eric Peet; Oxford University Press, New York; price, $2.50.

Here is a book which anyone even moderately interested in ancient literature will read with great interest. Professor Peet has long been a very distinguished man in his own field, and he tells us frankly that, despite the comprehensive sound of the title, he has (being an Egyptologist) given more consideration to Egypt than to Babylonia; while he almost completely avoids any literary analysis of the Hebrew writings, assuming a working knowledge of these on the part of his readers. In past years there was much discussion regarding the extent to which the Hebrews were indebted in their own literature, to that of Egypt and Babylonia, but it is now a well-established fact that when the earliest books of the Bible were being written, the Pyramid Texts were already thousands of years old, and that these had their source in records far, far antedating them, but which are now lost in the night of time. That the Old Testament owes much in actual content and inspiration both to Sumeria and to Egypt, has long been evident; one has but to compare certain passages in the Psalms with Akhnaton's great Hymn to the Sun, or the Babylonian account of Creation or of the Flood, with the Pentateuch. Professor Peet is, however, primarily concerned with the three ancient literatures from the point of view of their purely literary value, and at the very outset we are in immediate and sympathetic accord when he reminds us of the difficulties which the translator has to meet. The study of ancient Egyptian is still in its infancy, for it is little more than a hundred years since Champollion's time. The actual phonetics of the language is still very much unknown to us, for vowels were almost completely absent in hieroglyphic writing, and even the pronunciation of many of the consonants is still a matter of open dispute, our present relatively limited knowledge having been reached through the Coptic, and occasionally by means of cuneiform equivalents of Egyptian words. This being the case, it is wellnigh impossible to form any idea of the actual sound, or to get the rhythm of Egyptian prose or poetry. But, to the layman, an imperfect knowledge of the vocalization of words is not the real ground of complaint; it is the *quality* of many of the translations as they are given

to him, to which he takes exception. In regretting that Egyptian literature has not received more attention from students of the Old Testament, Professor Peet writes: "Let me at once confess, however, that the fault lies partly with the Egyptologists themselves. The Old Testament, like the New, has been singularly fortunate in its translators. Their rendering is not always accurate—how could it be?—but from a literary point of view it is of the first order." The case is, unfortunately, very different with Egyptologists, who do not always "combine literary gifts with philological", the result being that, "anxious to justify the accuracy of their renderings by showing precisely how they were obtained, they have produced bald, literal, stilted translations which may have their value for the philologist, but which for the layman are often nearly unintelligible". The tyro in Egyptology will indeed be grateful for this generous admission, and may perhaps be willing to forget his oft-repeated sighs over some dry-as-dust interpretation of an obviously glorious ancient text. "What is true of Egyptian is also true in a slightly smaller degree of Babylonian, and . . . there can be no doubt that the aridity of our renderings has largely deprived both of their due measure of consideration." So, in any attempt to compare Egyptian literature with that of the Hebrews, "the inestimable superiority of the biblical translation must be taken into account."

The student of Theosophy, however, will feel that the real difficulty which the student and translator of ancient literatures has to meet, is not philological; it is not even his possible lack of a "literary gift"; it is the almost total lack of appreciation that there is occult meaning—one might say actual occult information—hidden within every line of these archaic texts, and that the *validity* of this information is as overwhelming to-day as it was thousands upon thousands of years ago; and one of the things which every student of Theosophy must sincerely regret, is the kind of indulgent tolerance with which archæologists, in common with the modern world, look upon magic in all its forms. Even to one who has no more than a superficial knowledge of the Ancient Wisdom, the Pyramid Texts are veritable gold mines of esoteric hints. Maspero, who was the first to attempt a translation, was more than conscious of the difficulty, one might almost say the impossibility of bringing his task to a successful conclusion (though this was not wholly because of recognized linguistic perplexities); others have since declared that these texts will *never* be translated correctly, because the key to the archaic language is lost. Egyptologists as a whole do not realize, however, that what they lack is not the key to the language as such, but the key to the *inner meaning* of the language. The famous so-called "Cannibal Hymn" is an example—though in a short review it is impossible to do more than touch on these matters. The "Cannibal Hymn" has received its sinister name from the fact that, in crude, exoteric language, the dead Pharaoh, the representative when on earth of The One Ineffable, is described not only as feeding upon his ancestors, almost bone for bone, but as devouring the gods, whole or in part, into the bargain; and as the various translations stand, the picture, drawn with great physiological detail, is certainly most unpleasant if taken literally. Viewed cosmically, and in the light of the immemorial doctrine of correspondences, the entire content of these texts is illuminated. Looked upon as records (even if fragmentary records) of incredibly ancient Mystery Rites, veiled to the uninitiated but an open book to those who had passed behind the veil, we have, as we read, a sense of reverence, and we do not feel that the subject is "ghoulish and unsympathetic". Esoteric truths are not graven on stone where those who run may read, and if the "religious outlook" of the Egyptian appears "deplorable" as Professor Peet declares, the student of Theosophy would maintain that we must distinguish between the Great Initiates who tried to impart, in a necessarily veiled form, the Ancient Wisdom of which they were the custodians, to the people at large,—and those people themselves. Ritual of all kinds hides that which is far deeper than the mere words; it is often couched in language which no one would dream of taking literally. Professor Sayce, in referring to the "Cannibal Hymn", speaks forcibly on this point, and although he is an Assyriologist, he takes sharp issue with most of the Egyptologists in their interpretation of it, reminding us that the verb "to eat" is, in some languages, actually synonymous with the verb "to exist". In the XLIInd Chapter of *The Book of the Dead* (other instances may be found elsewhere), there is much the same detailed list of parts of the human

body as there is in the "Cannibal Hymn" of the Pyramid Texts, but whereas in the latter these separate organs would seem to be identified with special and individual powers, in the former, the human members are identified with the gods themselves. This primitive "cannibalism" represents, therefore, "the transmutation of one form into another, or the correlation of forces," as *The Secret Doctrine* informs us; it is a record of supernormal experience; it is part of the Mystery Teaching which has come down to us through the ages. It must, however, be admitted that Egyptologists *have*, to a certain extent, recognized that, by "devouring the gods", the ancient Egyptian believed himself to be absorbing their force (indeed it could hardly be otherwise, since in the "Cannibal Hymn" itself we are told as much; for of Unas—the particular Pharaoh in question—it is written, regarding his heavenly feast: "He has swallowed the intelligence of every god"); but, unfortunately, the general *interpretation*, the interpretation of such phrases for instance as: "Unas feeds on the lungs of the Wise Ones", seems to be so amazingly literal, not to say materialistic, and the whole subject appears to convey to its students so little of reality other than the mere words (a kind of unrestrained orgy on the part of primitive man), that the inner significance of such a text as the "Cannibal Hymn", is not only almost completely lost, but, what is most to be regretted, the Hymn itself is falsified.

While we are immensely indebted to Professor Peet for a book which is not only delightful reading, but which is also an admirable guide for comparing and estimating the value of the three literatures under discussion, the question must nevertheless remain in the mind of any student of Theosophy: Is it possible to translate these ancient texts, particularly those that are obviously esoteric, with the degree of accuracy at which scholarship justly aims, unless the translator be, at least to some extent, an occultist as well as an archæologist? One would think not. T. D.

El Libro de Chilam Balam de Chumayel, version de Maya por Antonio Mediz Bolio; Imprenta y Libreria Lehmann, San José, Costa Rica, 1930; price, $2.50.

Of all the books of Central America before the Conquest, only three codices in glyphs remain. There are, however, a few works written by natives shortly after the arrival of the Spaniards, in the Maya and Quiche tongues, but in Spanish script. Of these, the Popul Vuh in Quiche, and the Books of Chilam Balam in Maya, are the most important.

There are several collections called books of Chilam Balam or books of the Tiger Priest, but that of Chumayel is the largest and most interesting. The original manuscript has vanished from the library where it was kept but, fortunately, a complete photograph was made of it before its disappearance and has been published by the University of Pennsylvania. Hitherto only a short part of it had been translated. The present Spanish is entire, and should prove of great value to students of the Maya. Señor Mediz Bolio is a native of Merida in Yucatan, and by his knowledge of the Maya language, as well as by his distinguished scholarship, is eminently fitted to make this most difficult translation.

The Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel is a collection of the traditions and prophecies of the ancient priests of the country. Some of these writings deal with the Series of Katuns, the system of recording dates, and are chronicles of historical events; others contain mysterious riddles and their answers in figurative language, which Señor Bolio considers to be rituals of Initiation. There are also "Creation myths", prophecies and laments over the fallen state of the people and the domination of the Spanish.

We may gather from these texts something of the long occult tradition and the mystery teaching of Central America. Señor Mediz Bolio's comments are illuminating. Indeed, of modern scholars, he shows most comprehension of the deeper significance of the metaphysics and religion of the Mayas. No one interested in them can afford to be without his book.

ST. C. LA D.

Meister Eckhart, Vol. II, translated by C. de B. Evans; John M. Watkins, 1931; 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

This companion volume to that published by Mr. Watkins in 1924, completes the first English translation of the known works of one of the greatest of Christian mystics. Eckhart

(d. 1327) was condemned by the Inquisition, and his writings put on the Index, so that their survival was due to their surreptitious incorporation, by devoted followers, with the works of others—notably with the sermons of Eckhart's great pupil, Tauler. The effort to distinguish genuine works from those of close followers has taxed scholarship for seventy-five years; and this volume presents several hitherto lost works, recovered in newly analysed manuscript collections.

Eckhart had not only an extraordinary piety and living flame of devotion, but seems to have had an Oriental mind, and Oriental brilliance of exposition. He is perhaps the most quotable of mystics; and his utterances sparkle with profound and memorable sayings. He was steeped in Dionysius the Areopagite and the neo-Platonists, and did more than anyone to reintroduce neo-Platonism into the thought of his day. It was a Pope (Boniface VIII) who gave him the title of *Magister*, or *Meister*, while he was teaching at the University of Paris; and as Provincial of the Dominican Order, he proved himself an able administrator and zealous reformer. He inspired the Beguines and Beghards, as well as that extraordinary group known as "The Friends of God"—Tauler, Nicholas of Basle, and others. Because he preached to the laity in the vernacular (Eckhart was an Alsatian, not a German; he wrote in Alsatian, and his works have to be translated into German), a thing unheard of at that time, and which aroused the greatest popular enthusiasm, the "authorities" became alarmed and he was condemned.

Twenty-three of his "Discourses", or intimate talks to religious or "Friends of God"; fifty-one of his sermons, or sermon notes; and a little "Book of Benedictus", or meditations, comprise this second volume. They are translated with admirable finish, and a quaint charm which must have been caught from the original. Together they serve as a commentary on the Path of Discipleship, by one who was well along on that Path. Quotation from such a man is perhaps the best way to recommend him to QUARTERLY readers. "True spiritual life leads to perfect freedom from self and from all things" (p. 105). "There are many souls who spend a long time fencing with themselves before they gain the upper hand and leave themselves for God" (p. 99). "Alas, alas, if only ye could realize how ye are hindering yourselves and how much of eternal truth ye might understand by dint of application and guarding well the inner man!" (p. 145). "Those who live this life, they verily attain to unity, and to know the truth one has to dwell in unity and be in unity" (p. 105). "Only when the saints are saints and not till then, do they do meritorious works" (p. 97). "The impossibles of the lower nature are the commonplaces of the higher" (p. 65). "Attacks of restlessness are due solely to the personal will" (p. 33). "O Eternal Light of Divine Glory, since thou art in my innermost depths, since thou transcendest all things, be to me *that thou art*, a turning away from all things into the ineffable Good that thou art in thy naked self" (p. 143).

All students owe a debt of gratitude to translator and publisher for making so great a mystic available at long last. Y.

God in Greek Philosophy to the Time of Socrates, by Roy Kenneth Hack, Professor of Classics, University of Cincinnati; Princeton University Press; price, $3.00.

An inordinate amount of nonsense has been written about the Pre-Socratic philosophers. Most historians have merely repeated what Aristotle said about them, although Aristotle misunderstood them as completely as he misunderstood Plato, and at the same time added a full measure of misrepresentation and abuse. Some have tried to rehabilitate these early cosmologists by presenting them as the forerunners of modern science. In any event, they have been lavishly praised and blamed for ideas which almost certainly never entered their heads.

It is fair to say that Professor Hack has written one of the very few sensible books upon his subject. He has approached the study of the Pre-Socratics with the intent of discovering what their ideas meant to them and not to Aristotle or to anybody else. Fortunately his mind is singularly free from the prejudices and preconceptions that determine the intellectual activity of so many modern scholars. "When we discuss the ideas of a man or of a people whose intellectual heirs we are, we naturally and inevitably apply modern labels to

old ways of thinking, and under cover of those labels modern notions steal in and produce an appearance of complication and of irrationality in beliefs which were really as simple and perhaps as reasonable as our own" (pp. 7-8).

He has concluded that the central subject of early Greek thought was the nature of divinity He bases this judgment upon the recorded evidence. Many of the cosmologists, like Pythagoras and Thales, have their place in the history of mathematics and astronomy, but their real interests were metaphysical. They all set forth in various ways to answer one all-embracing question: what is the nature of the "eternal substance" which underlies the ever-changing world of phenomena, thereby harmonizing and unifying the manifold processes of Nature? If one may use the term with caution, Thales and his successors were theologians, in purpose and in spirit. As Professor Hack shows, this is true even of Democritus, who has been misnamed "the father of materialism". Democritus was not a materialist, in any accepted sense of the word. With greater appropriateness, he might be called a Platonist who happened to be born before Plato.

It would seem that Professor Hack has underestimated the importance of the Mysteries as an influence upon Pre-Socratic philosophy. The Mysteries appear to have been more ancient and more widespread than he suggests, and many dark sayings of the cosmologists become luminous when they are interpreted in terms of the Mystery doctrines. It is improbable that, among all these philosophers, only Pythagoras was actually an Initiate of the Mysteries.

Additional light may be cast upon the obscurities of Greek cosmology by comparing its themes with the root-ideas of the older cosmogonies of Egypt and Chaldæa. There is evidence that, in Mycenæan times at least, the connection between Egypt, and the civilizations of Asia Minor and the Ægean, was much closer than has been imagined.

However, Professor Hack's book, just as it stands, is excellent and unique. Every lover of the ancient Hellenic wisdom will acknowledge a debt of gratitude for what he has accomplished. V. S.

The Taproot of Religion and Its Fruitage, by Charles F. Sanders, Professor of Philosophy, Gettysburg College; The Macmillan Company, 1931; price, $2.00.

Practical in tone, with no devotional element, this book is nevertheless written with a ring of conviction which, in many passages, seems obviously the outgrowth of firsthand religious experience, and it ought to answer a need among beginners in the search for truth. Its first claim will meet with the concurrence of QUARTERLY readers: Man has almost forgotten that his major interest is in realizing manhood; intoxicated with respect for material things, absorbed in the question of "What shall I do or what shall I get?" he has lost sight of the more important question, "What shall I become?" The author regards aspiration as just as fundamental in the human being as gravitation is in the physical realm; and religion—not formulæ or ceremonies, but "a life consciously growing toward God"—as the most profound expression of man's real nature.

His long discussion of the relation between religion and science, lacks life and becomes wearisome. One wishes it might have been omitted (together with several laudatory references to the League of Nations and to Gandhi), and the space given to his views on education. That they might be worth while is suggested by various passages. "Several years ago," he writes, "I asked my class in philosophy of religion to answer the question, What does the idea of God mean to me? in the same way they would if the question were about electricity. They were good students, from good homes, and well brought up, but their answers presented a sorry account of our effort to give the rising generation a vital God. I think this must be done if we are to hope for deepening the grip of religion." The study of metaphysics he advocates as an aid in bringing the various elements of modern life and thought into their proper relationship, urging it as a primary requisite for all theological students; and to mysticism he accords, throughout, high value: "If we give the same kind of confidence to mystic apprehension that we give to our sensory apprehension, we will find the same kind of security in the realm of spirit that we have in the realm of physical things."

The concluding chapter is devoted to "the glorious fact that *faith is the master of civilization*," faith being "the most exalted experience of the human soul, the one discipline for which all others exist." Faith, he asserts, is the reaching out of the real man after his destiny; we project ourselves forward and achieve our projections, by our faith making them not only our own but our very selves. With all our boasted knowledge, we live by faith, and the real master of any civilization is the faith which has been made a living reality (presumably the aggregate of the faith, in any given period, which has been put into action). While not always complete or satisfying, the author's thought represents an intuitional turning toward deep underlying truths. The book should afford help to anyone who is trying to "get oriented",—though in reading it one is constantly reminded of the urgent need in the thought of the day for the theosophical distinction between higher and lower manas, and a clear recognition of the vast difference between what man is in his present stage of development and what man is potentially.

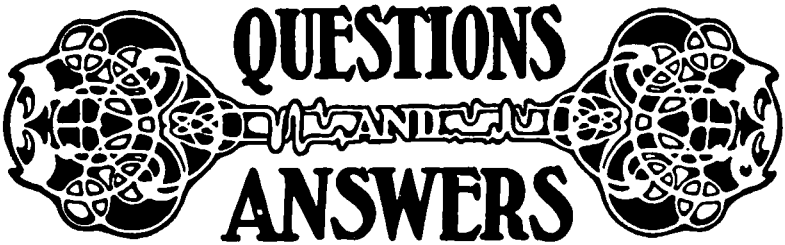
J. C.

Sutra Spoken by the Sixth Patriarch, Wei Lang, on the High Seat of the Gem of Law, translated by Mr. Wong, annotated by Dih Ping Tsze; published by Yu Ching Press, Shanghai; price, $1.00.

This translation makes a very valuable addition to our knowledge of Mahayana Buddhism, and of Zen interpretation of the teaching of Bodhidharma, the First Patriarch in China. The Sutra deals with the attainment of Buddhahood, different chapters explaining the nature of Prajna (Wisdom), Samadhi (Contemplation), Dhyana (Meditation), and related subjects. The doctrine set forth is not quite as extreme in some respects—or, in any case, not quite as rarefied—as current presentations of Japanese Zen. Great emphasis is laid on the basic unity of existence—that "there" is never more real than "here". Thus: "The Kingdom of Buddhism is in this world, within which enlightenment is to be sought; to seek enlightenment by separating from this world, is as absurd as to search for rabbit's horn" (an exact quotation, the English, at times, being somewhat quaint). It is made clear, however, that this reversal of Hinayana Doctrine is "for the few".

We regret that the translator, throughout, has used the term "essence of mind" for the Chinese word which he says can be rendered literally, "self nature", and which, in another place, he identifies with Tathata, "Suchness". Granting that "self nature" is the true meaning (the Higher Self, in Theosophical terminology), it is obvious that "essence of mind" conveys a different and misleading idea.

The reviewer wishes that some autocrat would collect all the leading Sinologues, and would keep them on bread and water until they had agreed upon a uniform method of reproducing Chinese sounds in English lettering. For instance, the translator of this Sutra, following "the best authorities", gives the name of the Fifth Chinese Patriarch as Hwang Yan and of the Sixth as Wei Lang. It would not occur to most people that equally good authorities could be so heartless as to prefer Hui to Wei as an English spelling, with the result that the student, hunting for further information about Wei, and unless familiar with the rival methods of these experts, wastes hours of time chasing the non-existent,—finally to discover that Wei is not Wei, but Hui; that Hwang Yan is concealed as Hung-jên, and that Wei Lang, if you really want to know who he was, must be recognized under the disguise of Hui-nêng,—different ways of spelling the same names! And doubtless these scholars would argue to the end of time to prove the other man wrong. . . . It is difficult to discover a department of life in which an autocrat is *not* needed. If he knew his business, he would listen to the experts, watch in hand, and then would silence them for ever. T.



QUESTION NO. 365.—*Could some simple directions be given for the pronunciation of Sanskrit words? When reading aloud from theosophical books one needs a system of pronunciation that can be followed consistently. Please illustrate, by re-spelling with phonetic marks, the pronunciation of Gîta, chêla, Devachan, Bhagavad, Dhyan.*

ANSWER.—The pronunciation of Sanskrit words written in Roman characters is not difficult if one follows a few simple rules. The vowels a, i, and u are long or short. Long a (ā) has the sound of *a* in far; short a that of final *a* in America or of *u* in cut. Long i (ī) sounds like *i* in police; short i like *i* in hit. Long u (ū) is pronounced like *u* in rude or *oo* in boot; short u like *u* in full. The other vowels and diphthongs have but one sound; e like *a* in cake, o like *o* in so, ai like *ai* in aisle or *i* in hide, au like *ou* in house. The consonants are pronounced for the most part as in English, except that g is always hard as in get; ñ (often incorrectly written as plain n without the diacritical mark) has the palatal sound of *ny* in canyon; v, when immediately following another consonant, is pronounced like *w*. When a consonant is followed by h, it keeps its own sound followed by the aspirate. Thus ph is never sounded like ph in sulphur, but like p + h in top-hat; th is not heard as th in thing, but as t + h in hot-house; b + h as in abhor; ch + h as in catch hold; g + h as in log house; j + h like hedgehog; k + h as in black hat; d + h as in woodhouse. Ch and sh are exceptions to this rule, being sounded as ch in church and sh in shop respectively. Karma and kāma should be carefully distinguished. The Sanskrit pronunciation of karma is kurma (*u* as in cur, *a* as final *a* in America); in kāma the first a sounds as *a* in far, the second as final *a* in America. Karma is, however, usually pronounced in English with the first a like *a* in far. When this is done care should be taken to trill the *r*. If the above rules are observed the words mentioned by the querent will be correctly pronounced. Devachan is not a Sanskrit word. It is pronounced as if spelled day-vah-kahn'. The word gnana, or gnyana, is sometimes met in Theosophical writings; it is usually written jñana and always pronounced jnyah'na.

Following is the pronunciation of the words mentioned by the querent, and some others in common use. Remember that *a* when unmarked is short and has the indefinite sound of final *a* in America. Dhyān (d-hyahn). Chêla (chay'la). Bhagavad (bhag'-a-vad—the three vowels are short and have the sound of *u* in cut). Gîta (gee'ta). Upanishad (oo-punish-ud'). Manas (mun'us). Samādhi (sum-ahd'hi—short *i* as in fill). Rājas (rah'jus). Sattva (sut'twa). Tamas (tum'us). Shiva (shiv'a). Jîva (jee'va). Ātma (aht'mah). Dharma (dhur'ma). Bodhi (bo'dhi—short *i*). Sambhoga (sum-bho'ga). Several of these and other Sanskrit words occur so often in Theosophical literature that they have become anglicized in pronunciation. Thus manas is usually and allowably pronounced as if it were a native English word; and so is Upanishad, except that the initial *u* should be sounded as *oo* in boot and not as *yu*.

The accent falls on the last syllable which contains a long vowel, whether this be final, penultimate, antepenultimate, or fourth from the end. The long vowels should be indicated by the sign - or ^, for if the transliterator neglects to mark them, the reader is left in the dark as regards both pronunciation and accent.

S.

QUESTION NO. 366.—*Where can one find English equivalents for the Eastern terms commonly used, similar to the short list on page 118 of the Key to Theosophy?*

ANSWER.—In *The Theosophical Glossary* we get many English equivalents of Eastern terms, and where the actual English equivalent is lacking, a description of what the Eastern term means, is given. There are short lists of some of the terms in such books as *The Ocean of Theosophy, Esoteric Buddhism* and others, but the most satisfactory way to increase our understanding is to create, as it were, our own vocabulary by *reading*. There is, for instance, no exact English equivalent for the word Karma, but if we read Chapter XI of *The Ocean of Theosophy*, we shall have much more than a synonym in another language; we shall have acquired a very good idea of what Karma itself actually represents. Or, to take another case, we may discover that chêla means "child", and that the word disciple is often used in the place of the word chêla, but this bare fact will not help us to grasp the deeper meaning of discipleship itself. Were we, for instance, really to study *Letters That Have Helped Me*, Volume I, page 64, *seq.*, we should have some idea of what chêlaship involves. Any student of Theosophy will find his studies greatly enhanced if he follow this method of forming his own vocabulary by serious study, and he will be more than repaid for the time and effort which he gives.

T. A.

ANSWER.—*The Theosophical Glossary* defines most of the words from the Sanskrit, Tibetan, and other Eastern languages that one is likely to encounter in reading books on Theosophical subjects. Other sources are the glossary at the end of *Five Years of Theosophy* and the many explanatory notes in *The Voice of the Silence*. S.

QUESTION NO. 367.—*The quality of Rajas is said to cause action: is this only such action as arises from desire, or does Rajas also cause growth, circulation, assimilation, and so forth?*

ANSWER.—Turn in whatever direction we will, we find that universal progress presupposes the use of Rajas, the quality of activity "representing form and change", overpowering the inertia of Tamas, the lowest of the three Gunas or powers of nature. The germ of life in the flower seed, if it is to achieve its place in the scheme of evolution, must push rootlets down, against the resistance of the earth, to find moisture and to draw the moisture, with its content of minerals and other food substances, up into the plant: likewise the plant must push itself up if it is to develop stem, and after that, leaves in which the mysterious chlorophyll bodies, under the influence of the sun, may turn the food substances, obtained from the root-sources and from the atmosphere, into nourishment assimilable by the plant, and thus promote growth and ultimately develop to the stage at which it unfolds into the splendour of perfected plant and flower. Likewise, psychically, it is desire, Rajas, the quality of activity and ambition, that causes man to push against his own sloth, inertia, laziness, Tamas, to find a place for himself in the sun. Since man is a fully developed Lower Quaternary, and the seat of his consciousness is therefore largely psychic or Kama-Manasic, it is in this connection that we usually think of Rajas, and so think of it primarily as desire. But Rajas is essential, too, for spiritual growth; for spiritual circulation and assimilation. It is the quality which has driven man's roots down into material life. It is also the quality which, in turn, when the Rajas of ambition becomes the Rajas of aspiration, will push him upward to the Light; so that he, drawing up the Kamic waters of desire, may derive from them, as well as from the atmosphere of heavenly sources, substance which the Eternal Sunlight of the Masters' consciousness can alchemize into spiritual substance to build the temple of his inner God.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—Rajas is one of the three "Gunas", or divisions of Nature, or "inherent qualities of differentiated matter" (*Theosophical Glossary*). Rajas is the attribute or quality of activity, as distinguished from Tamas (darkness, indifference, stagnation, decay).

The Ocean of Theosophy states that the fourth or middle principle—Kama—is "the basis

of action and the mover of the will", and that "we cannot rise unless self first asserts itself in the desire to do better. In this aspect it is called Rajas, or the active quality". G. H. M.

ANSWER.—The wording of the question seems to imply that "growth, circulation, assimilation, and so forth", are *not* the result of desire, while, in fact, they are.

"Desire first arose in That which was the primal germ of mind." Manifestation itself was the result of desire. Spiritual desire is an aspect of Buddhi; personal desire is an aspect of Kama; Kama is a reflection of Buddhi. Rajas is a manifestation of Buddhi,—on the four lower planes of existence. Kama is "focussed" Rajas, that is to say, Kama is Rajas, expressing itself as one of the "principles" of animal life. But all motion on any plane is the result of desire. What are attraction and repulsion if not two modes of desire? H.

NOTICE

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.

During the present Quarter, there will be meetings on,—

January 9th and 23rd
February 6th and 20th
March 5th and 19th

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.

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VOL. XXIX, No. 4 APRIL, 1932 No. 116

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VOL. XXIX, No. 4 APRIL, 1932 No. 116

The Theosophical Society

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

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

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"The 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.

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Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

Published by The Theosophical Society
at 64 Washington Mews, New York, N.Y.

July; October; January; April

Address all communications to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York

In Europe, single copies may be obtained from and subscriptions may be sent to John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England; or to Mr. E. H. Lincoln, 9 Beaconsfield Road, Low Fell, Gateshead-on-Tyne, England, from whom all back numbers may be obtained. Annual subscription price, 6s., postpaid.

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Entered as second-class matter September 5, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

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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.*

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Editors, The Theosophical Quarterly.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1932

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Space, the Eternal Parent

IF we know what space and time are, it is not because anyone has been able to tell us,—least of all the philosophers and dictionaries, though their failure is not from lack of trying. At the foundation of every logical system of thought, there must be "undefinables", in terms of which other things may be defined, but which themselves escape definition. The earth may rest upon the turtle, and the turtle may rest on the void, and perhaps someone may tell us on what the void rests; but go back in this way as far as we will, there is still something left without specified support; and so it is with definitions and all mental processes. Ultimately all rest upon something beyond definition and untouched by analysis,—something which the mind must take on faith, or not at all; and both the virtue of the mind and the validity of its logic depend upon its complete submission and undeviating obedience to the alien authority of its accepted premises. There is nothing more determinative of a man's thinking, therefore —and few things to which he gives less thought—than the nature of his "undefinables" and tacit assumptions; for they are the loyalties to which his mental life adheres. The fact that our notions of time and space are instinctive and unformulated, rather than reasoned and defined, may thus make them the more, rather than the less, far-reaching in their effects, so that their colouring spreads to our whole view of life and being.

But also it works the other way. Our mental concepts are more the creatures of our desires, and more utilitarian in their origin, than we usually care to recognize, for as the will is pointed, so is the mind turned; and whatever be our approach to life as a whole will be reflected in our view of space and time. To the natural mystic, they are but illusions, part of that Maya, "the one Sakti of Atma", which is the cause of all manifestation, and which, like a veil, must be put aside before the real can be faced. To the materialist, on the other hand, they are indissolubly involved in his very concept of reality. In the "Proem" of *The Secret Doctrine* it is space and motion, rather than space and time, that

are taken as basic; but basic only for manifestation, as twin symbols of two aspects of "the one absolute Reality which antecedes all manifested, conditioned being", the one representing bare subjectivity, the other unconditioned consciousness. The opening Stanza sets forth the same intuition: "The Eternal Parent (Space), wrapped in her ever invisible robes, had slumbered once again for seven eternities. Time was not, for it lay asleep in the infinite bosom of duration."

To call Space "the Eternal Parent", certainly does not define it; but it does offer a graphic image to help us to understand how, from what is both "limitless void" and "conditioned fulness", the manifested universe is brought forth; so that Space becomes for us the symbol of "the eternal, ever present cause of all—the incomprehensible Deity, whose 'invisible robes' are the mystic root of all matter." Space, we are told, "is the *one eternal thing* that we can most easily imagine, immovable in its abstraction and uninfluenced by either the presence or absence in it of an objective Universe. It is without dimension, in every sense, and self-existent. Spirit is the first differentiation from THAT, the causeless cause of both Spirit and Matter."

THE SPACE OF PHYSICS

It is interesting to consider, against such a background of theosophic teaching, the ideas that have been gaining favour and currency in modern physics. The dematerialization of matter, which has increasingly marked physical science since the beginning of the present century, and has now become all but complete, has had, as its unexpected obverse, the curious effect of steadily materializing the physicist's concept of space. Matter has been resolved into immaterial quanta, or localized energy, but the familiar properties of matter nevertheless persist. These properties could scarcely be left, loose and orphaned, with no one and nothing responsible for their support and behaviour. The nearest precedent for such a situation is recorded in the adventures of Alice,—that storehouse of precedents for recent physics,—for it will be remembered that when the Cheshire cat faded away, it left its grin behind. To whom or to what did the grin then attach? The physicists answer the question with admirable logic. If the grin is there in space and nothing else, then the grin pertains to space and nothing else; it is space itself which grins. The properties of matter, which do not seem susceptible to interpretation as mere statistical averages, have been thus bodily transferred and listed as properties of space. Heretofore, for example, gravitational attraction has been universally attributed to matter; the most modern modernists would now have us regard it as a quality of space; and this is typical of what is taking place in the reinterpretation of a whole range of physical phenomena. Rejecting, as the vast majority of physicists have persisted in doing, any consideration of spirit, or any attribution of consciousness to the objects of their study, when matter fails them, only space is left, to carry the full burden of reality and at the same time to manifest its transient aspects. The "Eternal Parent" has not escaped the general lot of parents: it is being considerablv imposed upon by its progeny.

From the theosophic point of view there is clearly something amiss with this procedure. To Theosophy, as we have just seen, space stands as the symbol of one of the twin aspects of "the eternal, ever present cause of all", from which differentiation and manifestation arise. Over against it, "the mystic root of matter", stands the opposite pole from matter, consciousness or spirit; but space itself, like that of which it is one of the two first derivatives and symbols, is, by reflection, infinite and eternal, and, *on its own side of being*, in the same manner, must include all its own derivatives and aspects. There can be no substance outside of space, nor can there be any property pertaining to substance whose potentiality is not present in space. For this reason no individual property of matter can be predicated of space itself as a whole. As Lao-Tze observes in *The Book of the Path of Virtue*, "When the world speaks of Beauty as being beautiful, ugliness is at once defined. When Goodness is seen to be good, evil is at once apparent." There cannot be ascribed to the whole, one only of the opposites that the whole alike contains. If space be a true symbol of the subjective side of being, it must be because it is capable of manifesting, from within itself, true symbols of the subjective side of all that is or can be, revealing their properties by the very absence of kindred properties of its own, which it contains as potentialities, not possessing as actualities. There was no difficulty for physics in attributing definite characteristics to matter, for their opposites could characterize non-matter, and there was ample room in space for both. But if attributes be attributed to space itself, and a realm of non-space be thereby at once defined through the opposites of these attributes, physics is logically forced either to disclaim all interest in these opposites (regarding them as outside its field, as it now regards goodness, and purpose and consciousness), or else it must take account of this non-spatial realm, and realize that it has so broadened its field as to transcend space. To attribute a definite spatial property to the whole realm of space is like attributing a definite colour to the whole realm of colour. If colour itself be green, what is one to do with red?

The fact seems to be that whereas the older physics explicitly limited its field to the phenomena of space and time, the newer physics has found it necessary, in seeking to explain these phenomena, to transcend both space and time. Were this all, we should be in whole-hearted accord with the newer procedure; for Theosophy has ever held that the outer world of space and time and matter was passive rather than active, and so not causal in itself nor capable of explaining itself, but doing no more than reflect the inner realities of spirit and consciousness, where alone true causality is reached. Our quarrel is not with the transcendence of space, had it indeed been achieved, but with the blind and fallacious expedients by which it has been at the same time attempted and dissembled. The physicist will not tell you that he is calling upon spaceless things to explain the things of space; nor does he think this is what he is trying to do. That is what we see as the purpose of his procedure, but not how he sees it himself. He will tell you only that he has enlarged his ideas of space, so that now, instead of three, it may have four or five or any number of dimensions, and that what he had thought of as space in the past was but a cross section, or

level, of the larger space with which he now deals. He has substituted the space of mathematics for the space of classical physics, without pausing to reflect that though they be called by the same name, they may derive from opposite poles of being. It seems important that the doubt which is here raised should be faced, even if it cannot be resolved. The space of the older physics, the space of which *The Secret Doctrine* speaks as the "Eternal Parent", whose "invisible robes are the mystic root of matter", is presented to us as symbolizing, with spirit, the first derivative from Unity. The space of mathematics, particularly the space of its hyper-geometries of many dimensions, may be no more than a schematic device for exhibiting our perceptions of the variations in the properties of things,—an abstraction from multiplicity rather than a derivative from unity. And if such a difference in origin were substantiated, the hypothetical possibility of which we have at least to grant, would it not, beneath the same surface appearance, compel an opposite movement of the understanding in its search for explanations? In the one case the current would flow from space to things; in the other, from things to space. When we speak of "the fourth dimension of space", are we speaking of something which can rightly be regarded as pertaining to the "Eternal Parent" and "mystic root" of matter, to the space of philosophy and physics; or are we actually speaking of some non-spatial property of things, of which we form an abstraction and then project back upon our concept of space?

The Fourth Dimension

There are very interesting passages in one of Madame Blavatsky's letters to Mr. Sinnett which bear upon this question. In Letter No. CXIX, Madame Blavatsky is concerned to correct certain misunderstandings regarding the fourteen *lokas* and *talas*, which interpenetrate one another without intermingling, because they are of different natures—as sound and colour and fragrance could interpenetrate one another, and be present together, without intermingling—and is thus led to discuss worlds of different dimensionalities.

> These are worlds—to their respective inhabitants as much *solid* and *real* as our own is to us. Each of these, nevertheless, has *its own nature*, laws, senses—which are not *our* nature, laws or senses. They are not in space and time *for us*, as we are not in space or time for them, as the 3-dimensional world suspects the four dimensional, so the latter suspects the existence of our *lower* world. But this 3 and 4 dimensional calculation must not lead you into the belief that Zollner's theory applies to *Mahar*, that "world" which is next to ours, higher than ours, *in* ours (for of a different nature). . . . It made Master always laugh when he heard the "knots" made on a sealed rope or the *passage of matter through matter* referred to as the result of the action of a "4 dimensional space", when "dimension" has nothing to do with it, and that such dimension is a faculty of *our* matter—as the physicists and chemists know it, and not anything pertaining to one of the "Worlds".

A foot note here adds:

> The 4th dimension is developing now because we are in the 4th

Round, and by correspondence the 5th, 6th, and 7th are to a degree latent in our Round.

We may profitably compare with this a paragraph from *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. 1, pp. 250-252, Ed. 1888), which deals with the same theme:

> This means that every new Round develops one of the Compound Elements. . . . Thus the First Round, we are taught, developed but one Element, and a nature and humanity in what may be called one aspect of Nature—called by some, very unscientifically, though it may be so *de facto*, "One-dimensional Space". The Second Round brought forth and developed two Elements—Fire and Earth—and *its* humanity, adapted to this condition of Nature, if we can give the name Humanity to beings living under conditions unknown to men, was—to use again a familiar phrase in a strictly figurative sense (the only way in which it can be used correctly)—"a two-dimensional species". The processes of natural development which we are now considering will at once elucidate and discredit the fashion of speculating on the attributes of the *two, three* and *four* or more "dimensional Space"; but in passing, it is worth while to point out the real significance of the sound but incomplete intuition that has prompted—among Spiritualists and Theosophists, and several great men of Science, for the matter of that—the use of the modern expression, "the fourth dimension of Space". To begin with, of course, the superficial absurdity of assuming that Space itself is measurable in any direction is of little consequence. The familiar phrase can only be an abbreviation of the fuller form—the "*Fourth dimension of Matter in Space.*"[1] But it is an unhappy phrase even thus expanded, because while it is perfectly true that the progress of evolution may be destined to introduce us to new characteristics of matter, those with which we are already familiar are really more numerous than the three dimensions. The faculties, or what is perhaps the best available term, the characteristics of matter, must clearly bear a direct relation always to the senses of man. Matter has extension, colour, motion (molecular motion), taste and smell, corresponding to the existing senses of man, and by the time that it fully develops the next characteristic—let us call it for the moment Permeability—this will correspond to the next sense of man—let us call it "Normal Clairvoyance"; thus when some bold thinkers have been thirsting for a fourth dimension to explain the passage of matter through matter, and the production of knots upon an endless cord, what they were really in want of, was a *sixth characteristic of matter.* The three dimensions belong really but to one attribute or characteristic of matter—extension; and popular common sense justly rebels against the idea that under any condition of things there can be more than three of such dimensions as length, breadth, and thickness. These terms, and the term "dimension" itself, all belong to one plane of thought, to one stage of evolution, to one characteristic of matter. So long as there are foot-rules within the resources of Kosmos, to apply to matter, so long will they be able to measure it three ways and no

[1] A note quotes from Bin's *Logic:* "The giving reality to abstractions is the error of Realism. Space and Time are frequently viewed as separated from all the concrete experiences of the mind, instead of being generalizations of these in certain aspects."

more; and from the time the idea of measurement first occupied a place in the human understanding, it has been possible to apply measurement in three directions and no more. But these considerations do not militate in any way against the certainty that in the progress of time—as the faculties of humanity are multiplied —so will the characteristics of matter be multiplied also. Meanwhile, the expression is far more incorrect than even the familiar one of the "Sun rising or setting".

Outer Symbols of Inner States

Let us see if we can find some simple illustrations that may make these ideas clearer to us. Suppose that some elementary being were so constituted, or so fixed in contemplation of the divine, that the only variation in consciousness it could experience was the variation in the fervour of its own aspiration. This variation of its inner state, as its ardour flamed or grew cold, might well appear to it as due to changes in external temperature—its own inner condition being first projected out and then reflected back—as though a rudimentary organism had sensitiveness to cold and heat as its only faculty. The changing states of such a consciousness could be quite adequately represented "spatially", or geometrically, by a point moving up and down in a vertical straight line,— which is, in fact, the way in which we do represent and measure temperature, by the position of the end of the column of mercury in a thermometer. As we need only to know or measure one thing in order completely to determine the consciousness, we can speak of it as "one-dimensional"; and similarly the straight line, each of whose points symbolizes some possible inner condition of the consciousness, we can speak of as its "one-dimensional world", or "space".

Suppose, next, that the organism (it may make it more concrete to use that term) so develops as to gain perception of weight as well as of temperature. Weight and temperature are of different nature, in that each can vary without affecting the other, and therefore they can "interpenetrate without intermingling",—that is, the same consciousness can experience, or the same body possess them both, without their cancelling or in any way interfering with each other. We would now call the being "two-dimensional", since its inner state depends upon two factors; and to represent this outwardly would require a space of two-dimensions,—such as a plane, which we could illustrate by the page containing these words. Distances up and down the page would represent temperature, as before, and distances right and left would represent weight. Any point or position on the page, then, would correspond to some possible inner state of the organism, the two distances determining this point corresponding to the two sense-factors determining the consciousness.

In like manner we can take the third step, and assume, let us say, that to fervour of spirit and labour of will there is added the dew of grace, our rudimentary organism becoming sensitive to degrees of moisture as well as to temperature and weight. This gives it a third dimension, which again can be symbolized spatially by the motion of a point along a line (or distances measured upon it), provided we can find a direction in which to draw this third line so as

not to interfere with the other two. Looking into the corner of a room, where the two walls and the floor come together, we see how to do this. The three independent factors or "dimensions" of the consciousness (or, if we prefer, "faculties of perception", or "characteristics" of things perceived), may be represented by three independent distances measured (a) up from the floor, (b) out from the left-hand wall, and (c) out from the right-hand wall. These distances are independent because the directions in which they are measured are at right angles to one another. A point moving vertically up and down, for example, varies only its distance from the floor, without in any way altering its distances from the two walls. If the line were not perfectly vertical, but slanted somewhat, as the point moved up it would also move in or out from one of the walls; and this would vitiate the symbolism, as it would imply that temperature could not change without a simultaneous change in weight or moisture.

Having thus reached three "dimensions", it is generally assumed that the resources of space, as we know it, are exhausted. Try as we may, there is no finding a fourth direction that will be at right angles to the three we already have. Our space is definitely "three-dimensional" in the sense that any point or position in it definitely determines—and is determined by—three independent distances. The totality of positions, therefore, corresponds to the totality of possible states of a three-fold consciousness, or all possible conditions of bodies having three distinct characteristics.

To those who are used to thinking in terms of correspondences, imagination easily suggests a reason for this limitation. Unity becomes manifest by becoming a trinity; there must be the thing itself, and its inner and its outer aspects; there must be substance and consciousness and what lies behind both; and when this is achieved, there is individual, independent existence, corresponding to a definite position in manifested being, or in "space".

Nevertheless, as H.P.B. reminds us and as we know very well for ourselves, consciousness has more than three faculties, and external bodies, or "matter", more than three characteristics; and therefore when we wish to symbolize a fourth, as we have already symbolized three, we are embarrassed by the fact that all possible points or positions in our space are already engaged. The mathematician ordinarily overcomes this difficulty by calmly inventing a "higher" space of his own, with which he deals through the correspondence between number and form, algebra and geometry. To the mathematician, the line, or "space of one dimension", is nothing but a geometrical way of expressing the totality of values that can be assumed by one variable (x); the "spaces" of two and three dimensions are similarly the totality of values that can be assumed respectively by the pair of variables (x, y) and the triad (x, y, z), —any definite assignment of values corresponding to some definite "point" or position. There is no least difficulty to him, therefore, in the addition of a fourth variable, defining a "point" in "four-dimensional space" as any set of four definite values given to these four variables. The geometry of such four dimensional spaces can be deduced from the algebraic relations of sets of fours,

just as ordinary solid and plane geometries can be deduced from the algebra of sets of three and two, and in each case it is obvious that the higher space transcends and includes all those of lower dimensions.

Hyper-Space: Detachment and Transcendence

It is this transcendence and inclusion of the lower worlds by those of higher dimensionality which has appealed to popular and scientific imagination as offering a geometric explanation of phenomena which otherwise seem paradoxical or miraculous. In essence the explanation is always the same, and is very simple. It is that a consciousness, or being, or thing, of higher dimensionality may continue to exist while wholly withdrawn from the characteristics or "spaces" of lower dimensionality, which may be entered or left at will. The actual basis of all these phenomena is the power of *detachment.*

Two of the classic illustrations will serve to make this clear. Suppose a continuous line drawn around the print on this page (between the print and the margin)—and lay a penny on the page inside this line. If the penny remains on the page—in the "two-dimensional world" of the plane of the paper—it cannot get off the print and onto the margin, outside the line, without crossing the line; so if the line were impenetrable the penny would be imprisoned. But you, capable of moving your hand in the "higher" world of three dimensions, can pick up the penny, taking it quite out of its space, and lay it down again on the margin of the page, free of its "prison". For the other example, draw a spear head, in the shape of two equal triangles with their longest sides together, running up and down the page; their next longest sides sloping down to right and left from the point; and their shortest sides coming together again at the bottom. Now despite the fact that these two triangles are equal, having their corresponding sides equal, there is no shifting them around in the plane of the paper so as to make them fit one upon the other. They are oppositely polarized. In order to make them fit you have to fold the paper over; that is, you have to lift one of them outside its own space, turn it over, and bring it back again reversed. There is no reversing it while keeping it in its own plane,—and this, if we reflect upon it, has profound practical and spiritual significance. The same powers, to enter or leave a closed room, to free from confinement, and to reverse polarity, must be possessed by any higher order of being in relation to those of lower order,—as Christ came to Thomas, "the doors being shut"; as Peter was released from prison by the angel; as Saul was "lifted up" and brought back converted.

These powers are often spoken of as though they pertained peculiarly to "four-dimensional space". As H.P.B. points out, and as we should now be able to see, that is not at all the case. "Dimensions" enter in only as a rather clumsy way of expressing a power of detachment and transcendence—a power of the spirit; and so, since matter reflects spirit, a potential characteristic of matter, even of "our matter—as the physicists and chemists know it."

Let us return to our own space, which we abandoned for the hyper-space of the mathematicians because it appeared that its resources had failed. As a

matter of fact they had not failed at all. The "Eternal Parent" has other progeny than "points"; and the limitation of which we had become conscious (and which so discouraged us) was no more than the limitation upon the number of independent characteristics that can be symbolized simultaneously by the mere position of a point. We observed that there might be good reason for this limitation,—that with the triad there could be definite individuality, giving definite position in the manifested world. But bare individuality may be taken as the beginning, rather than the end, of development and enrichment of consciousness; and, similarly, mere position in space may be regarded as the very commencement of spatial representation, which may thence be elaborated in endless ways. To choose one obvious and simple extension, suppose we surround each point with a sphere, which has the point for its centre but whose radius can vary, so that the sphere can expand or contract. The size of this sphere, or the length of its radius, could symbolize a fourth faculty of an organism, or fourth property of matter. The totality of all such spheres—their centres at all points in our space, and their radii of all lengths—would constitute a "four-dimensional" world, capable of representing outwardly a "four-dimensional" consciousness. Our own familiar space, which is so definitely three dimensional in points, is quite as definitely four-dimensional in spheres; and the equations which the mathematician establishes between his sets of four variables, can apply indifferently to the "points", in which a purely mathematical space is made "four-dimensional", or to the "spheres", in which our own space is four dimensional.

Moreover, these spheres, of movable centres and varying radii, can be interpreted so as to symbolize the same phenomena of transcendence and inclusion of lower "spaces" as we have already considered. If we reduce all the radii to zero, the spheres all shrink to points,—so the world of spheres includes the world of points. But it also transcends it; for between spheres of different radii can exist relations of greater or less, inclusion and exclusion, in whole or in part, which have no correspondence in the relations between what are merely points or positions. In the varying radii of the spheres, therefore, we find the basis for the transcendence, and by use of this power of variation we should be able to parallel the passage of matter through matter, or the escape from confining walls.

To furnish an illustration, suppose that we have blown, by the trick of a double pipe, two soap bubbles of different size, the one within the other; and let us suppose, further, that by some other trick, we can vary at will the radius of the inner bubble, even reducing it to zero. Picture this inner bubble moving up to the larger one which surrounds it, until it just touches it at a single point,—the spheres being "interiorly tangent" to each other at that point. Then let the inner sphere shrink, by bringing its centre nearer and nearer to this point of contact (the radius steadily diminishing). When the centre reaches the point of contact, the sphere itself will have disappeared, having been reduced to a point, its radius zero; but if the motion of the centre continues along the same line, the sphere will reappear, steadily growing larger, but now outside the

second sphere where before it was inside. Whenever it chooses, it now floats away.

By becoming first little, and then nothing, it has become free.

The Space-Time of Relativity

We can scarcely leave our theme with no reference to the "space-time" of modern relativity theory,—though it really concerns us little here. It is, of course, a "four-dimensional" manifold, treated mathematically as a four-dimensional geometry; so that "here-now", or "there-then", is each given or determined by the values assigned to four variables,—three determining position in space, and one in time. There is nothing new in this, so far. To fix an event, for instance, we have always had to locate it both in time and space; but the older physics made these locations separately, and considered them as independent of each other, whereas now the newer physics ties them together in interdependence,—so that as one varies, the other varies also. One way of approaching the newer point of view, is to press home the question of just what can be meant physically by "now" in some distant place. One looks out over a valley and sees the flash of a sportsman's gun. A few seconds later one hears the sound of the shot. Later still, perhaps, comes the faint odour of powder smoke. Our different senses report at different times, these different aspects of what must be supposed to be one and the same event. Each of the reports, even the swift report of light, has taken time to reach us. Can the *present* ever be experienced in a distant place? It was once thought that gravitation acted independently of time, connecting "here" and "there" in one now; but to-day this is not the theory, and it is believed that gravitation acts with the same speed as light. Thus there is no longer the assumption of any instantaneous *physical* connection between distant points in space, and so the modern physicist says that he does not know what "now" is at a distance, but only what it is "here"; and in consequence that his actual physical picture of time and space admits of no level "now" plane, giving the same time all through space; but rather that the representation must be such that, as one moves from point to point in space, time changes also. Instead of level planes, like the plane of the floor, one must have something akin to bowl-shaped surfaces,—where, as one moves out (in space), one must also move up (in time). But let us note that though the mathematical equation of such a warped space requires that time should appear explicitly, so that four variables are in evidence, the equation itself imposes a restriction upon their variation. In consequence this space is still of only three dimensions, and gives no greater freedom than the "flat" space of the older physics, from which time is eliminated by being made zero in a simultaneous "now".

It is a fallacy to suppose that freedom can be gained by the mere acquisition of new faculties which are bound up and conditioned by the old. Freedom comes only from the detachment that gives independence to each.

Before the Veil

What have we to gain by looking thus at our notions of space and time,

trying to become more clearly conscious of the nature of the "undefinables" lying at the foundation of manifested being? Perhaps there is no answering this question, until we have looked again and again, and each time more deeply, —as one who sets out upon an unknown sea cannot know what he will find beyond its retreating horizons. But if it be true that "God geometrizes", it may be that we shall find in space the figures God has traced,—figures which have been there all the time, but upon which our eyes have not focussed. Implicit in the whole cosmogenesis of *The Secret Doctrine*, is the view of the outer world of space and time and matter as but the outer projection or reflection of the inner world of spirit and consciousness and will; and therefore what a man receives back from his environment originates within himself. The "faculties" and qualities of the spirit appear as the "sense-perceptions" of the organism reflecting the "characteristics" of matter; and the "mystic root" of all matter is in the "invisible robes" of space. Surely then, if we could but read its symbols rightly, looking into the depths of space, we should find reflected the face of spirit; and from the things of space gain knowledge of the soul. Perhaps, as Plato would have banished all poets from his Republic, since they but imitated imitations of Reality, so we, for the same reason, may need to be chary of accepting too readily the spaces of the mathematicians; but at the knees of the "Eternal Parent", we may safely take whatever she may give. Even in the little time that we have spent there, she has shown us lessons that we sorely need to learn: the power of detachment and the magic of humility and the way of freedom and transcendence; the realization that however compassed about we may be, however beset and imprisoned in self or its moods, we are still open to all above us, and that there is the means of escape; the perception that if our will or life be wrongly polarized, we have but to be "lifted up" to have its polarity reversed; and the recognition that if our lot, our "space", seem to us of lower order than that of others, or than we think we need, it can only be because we have not yet seized upon the true elements of its richness. Everywhere and in everything is the Eternal and the Infinite.

There are vast worlds all placed away within the hollows of each atom, multifarious as the motes in a sunbeam.—YOGA VÂSISHTHA.

FRAGMENTS

O THOU transcendent Beauty, effulgent glory of the Infinite, we kneel dazzled, breathless, in the Presence we desire.

Stricken by our love of thee, it is that love which still sustains our life, as thy nearness overpowers us.

Unquenchable is the flame within our hearts because it is a spark from thee.

The more we die of desire of thy perfections the greater grows our desire, consuming us in a fire where our passion answers thine own.

O Beauty beyond our thought, O sweetness so sweet that beside thee all else is bitterness, make us eternally to die of thee, yet in that dying make us also live, that we may know the ecstasy of which we die.

We wrap thy flames about us as a garment; we are drawn closer, closer into the white heat of thy radiance.

Cold as ice thou art, a cold that burns as never heat could burn, burns with white heat of glittering ice and snow.

Yet tender as the rose of sunset sky, or whispering breath of summer's softest air.

O Beauty, beyond our thought, unspeakable, beyond expression, eclipsing consciousness, give us more consciousness with which to know thee, give us more life with which to die in thee.

CAVÉ.

CHUANG-TZE

I

The Way of Heaven

Behold! The Immortal borne aloft by his spirituality,
A lotus-flower in his hand,
Goes forth to the Eternal,
By the invisible paths of all the regions of Space.—Ssu K'ung T'u.

THERE is a tradition that Confucius visited the aged Lao-Tze and made obeisance to him, calling him "the Dragon whose power I cannot measure". Even if the story be the invention of a later generation, its symbolic value remains. Confucius did not abdicate his dignity, if he bowed before one whose mission he recognized as superior though cognate to his own. His gesture suggests that, as the Taoists taught, there is a way of man and a Way of Heaven, and that the way of man may bring strength and purity, but liberation and enlightenment are only to be reached by the Way of Heaven.

Both Confucius and Lao-Tze regarded themselves as transmitters of the wisdom of the ancient Kings. The ancient Kings were venerated as beings of mysterious and exalted origin who had imparted the knowledge of truth to the dawning intelligence of mankind. Every great race has cherished some tradition of Adept-Kings, of Gods and Heroes and Patriarchs who guided its early destinies.

In the beginning, said Lao-Tze and his followers, there was no need for a moral code to regulate behaviour, for moral codes pertain to the "way of man", and the men of the Golden Age followed no way of their own devising but the "Way of Heaven". Their activities were spontaneous, free, devoid of self-reference, irresistible but effortless like the interplay of the forces of cosmic Nature. Then, by some obscure necessity, the Golden Age passed away, and the spiritual understanding of humanity became clouded. Men began to think of themselves as isolated personalities, as entities separated from Nature and from one another. They lost their sense of inner union with the Sages who ruled over them, and the Sages resigned their Kingship, granting men the freedom of their choice to undertake the dubious experiment of governing themselves. The ancient Kings were too wise to try by artificial means to hold back all the ills and sorrows which were about to descend like a hurricane upon the human race. They bore no resemblance to modern politicians and economists who believe that it is possible to improve upon Nature. The Kings deemed it more prudent to allow Nature to take its course with a minimum of interference.

Nevertheless, the Sages did not leave mankind wholly without guides and protectors. From time to time, according to the Taoist belief, men of the stature of the Sages continued to appear in the world. For example, there was

Lao-Tze himself, who was said to have revealed once more the pure truth which had been known by all during the Golden Age, the Way of Heaven as this had existed before the way of man had taken its place.

However, the Way or Tao of Heaven was no longer for the many, but only for the very few. For the many, it could mean nothing but anarchism and nihilism. For the many, whose consciousness was immersed in personal concerns, some measure of equilibrium had to be established between the contending elements of personal life, before any invitation to mystical adventure became practicable. One may believe that if the Sages sent Lao-Tze into the world to help the few, they also sent Confucius to help the many, to illumine the way of man, so that those who were forced to follow it might at least be saved from annihilation.

What is the greatness of Confucius? He was an incomparable ethical teacher. It has been said that he could speak with authority to the Chinese because he himself incarnated so completely the moderation, the common-sense, the reasonableness and the conservatism of the average Chinaman. Certainly, in one sense, he never demanded more of the Chinese than they might be expected to demand of themselves. With marvellous clarity, he assembled and codified the records of the moral experience of his race. But one must look deeper to find the real source of his power. In one part of his nature, Confucius may have exemplified the average Chinaman, even as Socrates, who resembles him in so many ways, may have exemplified the average Greek. But in his essential consciousness, he was far removed from the average, for he knew what he was doing and why he was doing it. Dwelling in a world where men lived heedlessly, he deliberately tested the ancestral virtues by living them, by manifesting them in every episode of daily living. He reanimated forms and ceremonies which had seemed dead. He induced men to strengthen and to purify their natures, because he had so steadfastly strengthened and purified his own. Therefore, the impression of his genius has lasted twenty-five hundred years.

One wonders what would have happened if Confucius had never lived. To-day Western ideas are acting like corrosives upon the nature of the ancient race which has lived so many centuries with so few external contacts. Some signs suggest that China is in a state of senility preceding death. However, without the stabilizing power of Confucianism, China might have dissolved in anarchy long ago, before the younger races of the West had heard of its existence. Confucianism may be said to have saved for humanity the essence of a splendid civilization. Doubtless, if it had not been for Confucianism, we should never have known of the doctrine of the Tao.

Taoism conveyed the life-principle of the Chinese genius, as Confucianism provided the conditions for its preservation. It is true that as the centuries passed, many who called themselves Taoists lost all understanding of Lao-Tze's teaching. The *Tao-Teh-King* was in course of time buried beneath an accumulation of superstitions and of magical formulæ which have the odour of the black art. But the essence of Taoism was assimilated by Buḍdhism, and by the "religion of landscape" which reached its culmination in the great artists of the Sung period.

It is fortunate that the *Tao-Teh-King* is not the only surviving memorial of classical Taoism. About two centuries after Lao-Tze's death, his work became the inspiration of one of the most remarkable minds in the history of human thought. Chuang-Tze has been called the St. Paul of Taoism, for he gave a philosophical form to the ideas which Lao-Tze had suggested and foreshadowed. He evidently considered himself as merely a commentator, but there was nothing dry or dogmatic in his commentary. Everything which he touched bore the stamp of original and individual thought.

In the best sense, Chuang-Tze was an individual, a character. The wisdom of past ages rose to expression in his intelligence, but passing through him it was given a unique and personal colouring, such as can only be transmitted by a creative genius. Thus, to read his works is actually an experience which recalls Keats' emotion when he discovered Chapman's "Homer".

We know few details of his life. The period of his activity was the latter part of the Third and the earlier part of the Fourth Centuries B.C., and he was, therefore, a contemporary of the famous Confucian apologist, Mencius. He was a native of one of the semi-feudal kingdoms into which China was then divided, and appears to have held some minor official post in a provincial town.

The renown of his wisdom passed the boundaries of his native state, for a chronicler states that "King Wei of Khu, having heard of the ability of Chuang-Tze, sent messengers with gifts to bring him to his court, promising to make him his chief minister. Chuang-Tze, however, only laughed and said to them: 'A thousand ounces of silver are a great gain to me, and to be a high noble and minister is most honourable. But have you seen the victim ox for the border sacrifice? It is carefully fed for several years, and robed with rich embroidery, that it may be fit to enter the Grand Temple. When the time comes for it to do so, it would prefer to be a little pig, but it cannot get to be so.' "

One other incident illustrates the character of the sage, his poise and detachment, his sense of the spiritual dignity of man and his veneration for Nature. It concludes with an example of his robust humour. "When Chuang-Tze was dying, his disciples signified their wish to give him a magnificent burial. He said: 'I shall have Heaven and Earth for my coffin and its shell; the Sun and Moon for my two round symbols of jade; the stars and constellations for my pearls and jewels; will not the provisions for my interment be complete? What would you add to them?' The disciples replied: 'We are afraid that the crows and kites will eat our master.' Chuang-Tze said: 'Above, the crows and kites will eat me; below, the mole-crickets and ants will eat me; to take from those and to give to these would only show partiality.' "

Chuang-Tze was not a hermit. "Those," he said, "who would benefit mankind from forests and mountains are simply unequal to the strain upon their higher natures." By choice he dwelt amid the confusion and stress of the world of men. His writings reveal an intimate acquaintance with the political and economic routine which maintained the complex existence of a brilliant material civilization. In daily contact with materialists and sophists, he testified to the divine possibilities within human nature. Those possibilities, he taught,

are released by the power of the Tao, and the Tao is not far removed from man, for it is the real Self of man and is the ultimate origin of all his powers, including the power of imagination which has been so gravely misused. By imagination we have fashioned a screen between our centre of self-consciousness and the Real, so that we now see only a procession of shadows moving across the screen. By imagination we can destroy that barrier and so consciously reunite our natures with the Great Nature, the source and end of our true being.

His message, therefore, did not differ from that of all great mystics and occultists. He had awakened in himself the desire which underlies all other desires and which consumes them all, the longing of the soul to achieve its proper destiny. He tried, by the contagion of his ardour, to induce in others the nostalgia for the Real, that homesickness of the soul for its own domain which has been figured by so many myths and allegories in all lands.

By every means at his command, Chuang-Tze tried to shake his contemporaries out of their self-absorption and self-complacency. He used allegory and anecdote, tragedy and comedy, metaphysical digressions and animal fables, the language of mystical ecstasy and the language of the most caustic satire. He was no respecter of persons, as he proved by the violence of his attacks upon the followers of Confucius. His attitude towards Confucius and Confucianism is both interesting and pertinent, for it makes clear the fundamental distinction between the Way of Heaven and the way of man. At a moment in every human history the soul is faced with the necessity of choosing between these two paths, and Chuang-Tze records, in no uncertain terms, his judgment as to the choice which should be made.

However, before the student can expect to understand Chuang-Tze's criticism of the way of man, it is necessary to understand as far as possible what he means by the Way of Heaven. The Way of Heaven is the manifestation of the Tao. What is the Tao?

This question has troubled generations of Sinologists, and there is no evidence that they have found the answer. Lao-Tze and Chuang-Tze were too wise even to attempt to find one. The Tao is the Mystery of the being of Nature, the mystery of the being of the Self, the *Mysterium Magnum*. Why do we exist? Because there is the Tao. The original meaning of the word seems to have been "the Way", and this was given a spiritual sense corresponding to what is implicit in the words of Christ: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Thus, in Taoist literature, the perfected man is described as a manifestation of the Tao. But within the manifested there is the unmanifested Tao, or rather that aspect of the Tao which appears to our limited understanding as unmanifested. In this recondite sense, the Tao is the whole assemblage of the Divine Powers within Nature. According to the context, we may regard the Tao as a synonym of Parabrahm or the Absolute, of the Creative Logos, of Theosophy or Divine Wisdom, of Karma or the Law of Nature, of the Masters, of the Higher Self. No intellectual formula, no symbol, no frame of words can tell us what the Tao is, though they may point to it or shed light upon the path which leads to it.

Chuang-Tze's whole philosophy may be regarded as an extension and interpretation of the first four lines of the *Tao-Teh-King*.

"The way that can be trodden is not the Eternal Way. The word that can be spoken is not the Eternal Word.

"Conceived of as having no name, It is the source of Heaven and Earth; conceived of as having a name, It is the Mother of all things.

"He who is ever without desire sees its deep mystery. He who is ever under desire sees only its outer fringe.

"Under these two aspects it is the same; but as development takes place, it receives the different names. They are the Mystery of mysteries. Where the Mystery is the deepest, there is the gate of all that is subtle and wonderful."

Chuang-Tze accepted these propositions, in a theosophical spirit, as working hypotheses, and devoted his life to their verification. His method of verification was that of all the sages. He sought evidence of the Tao in Nature, and he sought it in himself. He concluded that the Universe was constituted as Lao-Tze had said, that the Tao in Nature and the Tao in man are identical. Where the Tao is, there is the One. "*The Universe and I were born together.*"

"In the Great Beginning of all things, there was nothing in all the Chaos or Vacancy of Space; there was nothing that could be named. In the Great Beginning there appeared the First Existence which was still formless. The formless Existence was divided, and there was interaction between its two Elements. In this way things were produced, and distinguishing lines became visible, defining the forms of bodies. Each form pertained to a body which incarnated a spirit, and each had its peculiar mode of manifestation which we call its nature. When this nature has been manifested, it returns again to its essence as it was in the Beginning. This essence is then [at the end of a cycle of manifestation] as it was in the Beginning, in the pure Vacancy of Space. . . . This process is, therefore, in its conclusion, like the closing of a bird's beak and like the silence which follows a bird's song. That closing and that silence are like the union of Heaven and Earth, as it was in the Beginning. That union might seem to indicate a state of stupidity or darkness, but it is what we call the Mystery. It is the Great Submission to the course of Nature" (XII, 8).[1]

It is necessary to remember the doctrine that perfect union with the Tao is the fruit of perfect manifestation. This doctrine is fundamental in Taoism and explains the Taoist adoration of Nature, for Nature as the form of the Universe was conceived to be the paradigm and exemplar of all lesser manifestations.

"Behold the Great Mass of Nature. I find the support of my body in it; my life is spent in toil in it; my old age seeks rest in it; at death I find ease in it. You may hide anything, great or small, in the safest place, and yet it will disappear. But if you could hide the world in the World, so that there would be no place to which it could be removed, this would be the realization of That which endures in the Eternal" (VI, 7).

[1] Thirty-three books or "sections", attributed to Chuang-Tze, have survived. The quotations here given are based upon James Legge's translation (*Sacred Books of the East*, vols. XXXIX-XL); but since every translation from the Chinese is, in a sense, a paraphrase, I have taken the liberty of slightly paraphrasing some of the "paraphrases" of the translator.—S. V. L.

"This is the Tao. In it there is consciousness and stability, but it does nothing and has no bodily form. It can be transmitted by the Master, but cannot be received [as if it were an external object] by the disciple. It may be apprehended, but it cannot be seen. It has its root and ground in Itself. Before Heaven and Earth appeared, there was the Tao in Eternity. From it proceeded the mysterious existence of the Lives; from it the mysterious existence of the Divine. It created Heaven; it created Earth. It was before the primal Ether, and yet could not be considered high. It was below all Space, and yet could not be considered deep. It is prior to Heaven and Earth, and yet it cannot be considered to have existed long. It is older than the remotest antiquity, and yet cannot be called old. . . . No one knows its beginning. No one knows its end" (VI, 7).

Some scholars have compared Chuang-Tze to Wordsworth. Certainly they resemble each other, in so far as they both loved Nature, but there the resemblance ceases. With all due respect to the English poet, he seems never to have known the deeper appreciations of Nature which the Chinese sage recorded. It is significant that Wordsworth's poetic power waned with the years. Perhaps this was because his most vital attraction to Nature was a desire to escape from human importunities and to find repose in communion with non-human presences. Chuang-Tze sought neither separation from men nor rest for his emotions, but, above all, liberation from the illusion of self. He loved the Divine Power in Nature for its own sake, and because his love was disinterested, it was a sustaining and increasing force.

"Come and I will tell you of the perfect Tao. Its essence is the deepest obscurity; its highest reaches are in darkness and silence. There is nothing to be seen, nothing to be heard. You must be still; you must be pure; you must not agitate the life-force. When your eyes see nothing and your ears hear nothing, when your mind knows nothing, your spirit will keep your body, and the body will live long. Watch over what is within you; close the avenues of the mind to external impressions, for much knowledge is pernicious. I will proceed with you to the summit of the Great Brilliance, where is the source of the bright and expanding Element; I will enter with you the gate of the Great Darkness, where is the source of the dark and contracting Element. There dwell the Regents of Heaven and Earth; there the Yin and the Yang, the Positive and the Negative, are in repose. . . . The perfect Tao is inexhaustible, and yet men pretend that its extreme limit can be reached. He who attains to the Tao, if he be a King, will become one of the August Ones, and if he be born in a lower class, he will become a King. He who fails to reach it may see its light, even though he must descend again and be of the Earth. Now I must depart and enter the gate of the Eternal. I will enjoy myself in the fields of the Illimitable. I will blend my light with that of the Sun and Moon, and I will endure while Heaven and Earth endure" (XI, 4).

Ancient Taoism can scarcely be classified as a religion, in the sense that exoteric Christianity and exoteric Buddhism are religions. It had no dogmatic system, no ecclesiastical organization, no vested interests. But the quality of

Taoism cannot be felt, if we think of it primarily as a metaphysical doctrine. Fundamentally, it was a mode of spiritual discipline designed to liberate the aspirant from the illusion of self.

This discipline is not presented in the form of a fixed rule of life, perhaps because it can only be really applied by those who have advanced beyond the stage where their actions must be checked and stimulated by an external authority. As every man must discover the Tao within himself and by his own efforts, so it is presumed that he must, in a certain sense, create his own discipline, modifying his rule to suit the changing demands of his evolution. Such a doctrine is, doubtless, charged with dynamite, but it must have been safer to teach it publicly in China than elsewhere. The Chinese love of method and tradition has been so deep-rooted that few, indeed, seem to have ever been attracted by the idea of creating their own rules of conduct as they went along.

The Taoist neophyte was thus expected to prepare the conditions of his own advancement; but it was not supposed that he could reach the Tao without assistance of any kind. Throughout the Orient it has always been taken for granted that there are Masters of Wisdom living in the world who are ready to give help to all who have earned the right to demand it. Western scholars have not recognized the fact that Taoism is no exception to the rule. By the mediation of a Master, the disciple enters into the Tao. The Occidental mind may find it hard to believe in the concrete reality of the Taoist Masters. They seem, at first, so remote, so impersonal, almost non-human in their isolation from the concerns of men. In their outer relations with their disciples, they appear implacable, immovable, indifferent to every personal appeal, like the powers of Nature.

A student of Theosophy might suggest that the Great Lodge of Masters uses different methods with different races and at different times. In the West and even in India, the Masters have not hesitated to emphasize their humanity. Men have been drawn to Christ and to Buddha by the human charm which they have revealed. On the other hand, the Taoist Sages veil their personal qualities, at least during the first stage of the disciple's initiation. It is requisite that the disciple should begin by fixing his attention upon the divine identity of his Teacher. It is—so to speak—the condition of his service, that the disciple should recognize, in the presence of a Master, not his human appearance, however lovable this may be, but his "Heavenly Nature" which is an embodiment of the Tao.

The Taoist conception of the relationship of Master and disciple is suggested in Chuang-Tze's statement that "the Tao can be transmitted by the Master, but cannot be received by the disciple." How can it be otherwise? The disciple cannot receive the Tao, for he already possesses it in the hidden consciousness of his heart, and the Master can only help him to seize what belongs to him. If one may venture to define the Taoist method of instruction by a word, it is *magnetic*. The aspiration of the disciple is quickened by contact with the radiant energy which emanates from the Master's consciousness. Instruction

by word and precept is often dispensed with, and is always of secondary importance, as is also the case in Zen Buddhism.

The following passages illustrate the impersonality which was expected, both of the Teacher and of the disciple.

"When Lao-Tze died, Khin Shih went to offer his condolences, but after crying aloud three times, he came forth. The disciples said to him: 'Were you not a friend of the Master?' 'I was', he replied, and they asked: 'Do you consider that such an expression of grief is sufficient?' 'I do', he said. 'I thought that he was the greatest of men, but now I think so no longer. When I entered to express my sorrow, there were the old men wailing as if they had lost a son, and the young men wailing as if they had lost a mother. In order to gain the attachment of those people in this way, he must have uttered words which should not have been spoken, and shed tears which should not have been shed, thus hiding his Heavenly Nature and indulging his human feelings. Alas, he must have forgotten what he received [from Heaven] when he was born. The ancients called such emotions the trammels of mortality. [To you, I say] the Master came, because it was the proper time for him to be born; when he went away, this was the natural sequence of his coming. For those who accept the phenomena of birth and death in this sense, lamentation and sorrow have no place. The ancients described death as the loosening of a cord. . . . We see only the fagots which have been consumed; but the fire is transmitted elsewhere' " (III, 4).

"Po-hwan-Wu-Tzan went to visit Lieh-Tze and found that there were many visitors. There he stood, holding his staff upright, and leaning his chin upon it. After standing so for some time, without saying a word, he was going away when the door-keeper called Lieh-Tze. Then Lieh-Tze ran barefoot after him and overtook him. Lieh-Tze said: 'Since you have come, Sir, are you going away, without giving me any medicine?' The other replied: 'It is useless to speak to you. I told you that men would flock to you, and so they do. It is not that you cause them to flock to you, but you cannot keep them away. They are influenced and delighted by the display of your extraordinary personal qualities. Alas, in some insidious way you also must be influenced and delighted by the spectacle of yourself. You perceive it not; you understand it not;—how, then, can you separate yourself from the crowd?' " (XXXII, 1).

Chuang-Tze said of this Lieh-Tze, that he "rode upon the wind and pursued his way, with an admirable indifference to all external things." However, Lieh-Tze seems to have been unable to awaken a like indifference in his disciples, and that is evidently the point of the rebuke which he received from a superior.

Like Molinos and the Quietists, Chuang-Tze insisted that the consciousness cannot fully respond to spiritual influences unless the psychic nature abstains from all action, both voluntary and automatic. In Taoism, however, more is said of the positive powers of the spiritual man who is thus brought to birth.

"What is meant by the True Man? The True Men of old did not reject the views of others; they did not seek to be first; they laid no plans. Being such,

though they might make mistakes, they had no occasion for remorse; though they might succeed, they had no self-complacency. Therefore, they ascended the loftiest heights without fear; they passed through water without being made wet; they went through fire and were not burned. . . . The True Men of old knew neither the love of life nor the hatred of death. Without joy they entered life; without resistance they departed. Yet they accepted their life and rejoiced in it; they forgot the fear of death and so returned [by the way of death] to the state in which they had been before they were born. They had no will to resist the Tao. Above all, they never tried to assist the course of Nature with their human knowledge. Their minds were free from all thought and purpose; their foreheads beamed simplicity. Whatever coldness came from them was like the coldness of autumn; their warmth was like the warmth of spring. They did what was suitable, and no one knew what their action might be until it was accomplished. The King who was a Sage might destroy a state in war, without losing the affections of his people; his benefits might extend to a myriad generations, although he was not a philanthropist. He who tries to force others to share his pleasures is not wise; he whose affections overflow is not benevolent; he who calculates times and seasons is not prudent; he to whom profit and loss are not equal, is not a superior man; he who acts with the purpose of increasing his reputation and forgets the True Self, is not a scholar; and he who spends his force in a way which is not the true way, cannot command the services of others" (VI, 2).

"When the Perfect Man employs his mind, it is like a mirror. It conducts nothing and anticipates nothing. It responds to what is before it but does not cling to it. Thus the Perfect Man can deal successfully with all, and injures none" (VII, 6).

"When a Ruler clearly understands that he is not a separate entity himself, then he is fitted to govern all entities and to rule a kingdom. He will go in and out throughout the Universe at his pleasure, and will roam over the nine regions of Space, alone in going, alone in coming. We call him the sole Possessor and the noblest of beings. His teaching goes forth as the shadow from the substance, as the echo from the sound. When questioned, he responds, bringing to fruition all that is in the disciple's mind. . . . His resting-place gives forth no sound; his sphere of activity has no restriction of place. He conducts the disciple to his proper goal, but it is as if the disciple proceeded thither by his own movement. The activities of the Master leave no trace; his goings-forth and his re-enterings have no deviation; his course is like that of the Sun, without beginning or end. If you would praise him or discourse about his personality, remember that he is united with the great community of existences and that he has no separate self. Having no separate self, how should he have anything that can be called his own? Those who have what they call their own, are the wise men of this world. Those who have nothing are the friends of Heaven and Earth. . . . What is it that we call the Tao? There is the Way of Heaven and there is the way of man. Doing nothing and yet attracting all honour is the Way of Heaven. Doing and being embarrassed thereby is the way of man. It is the Way of Heaven which is

the Lord. It is the way of man which is the servant. The Way of Heaven and the way of man are far apart." (XI, 6, 7).

In these passages which might easily be multiplied, one may discern something of the attitude of the Taoist disciple towards the Teacher. He adores Nature as the most perfect expression of the Eternal, and he adores the Master as the most perfect expression of Nature. One is tempted to represent these three—the Eternal, Nature, and the Master—as a Trinity, corresponding to the Three Logoi of *The Secret Doctrine*.

However, it would be a grave error to imagine that, after all, the Taoist Sage ends by becoming nothing but a metaphysical abstraction. Every reference to the Sages suggests intensity of individual genius within their vesture of impersonality. It is conformable to the theory of Taoism that universal consciousness should be identical with the most complete manifestation of individual consciousness. Such an individuality, of course, must be completely purged of the sense of separateness.

"Not to be separate from his Primal Source is the genius of the Heavenly Man; not to be separate from Nature is the genius of the Spiritual Man; not to be separate from Truth is the genius of the Perfect Man.

"How complete was the operation of the Tao in the ancients! It made them the equals of spiritual beings. It made them subtle and all-embracing, like Heaven and Earth. . . . The Tao inwardly forms the Sage and outwardly forms the King" (XXXIII, 1).

Such is Chuang-Tze's version of the Way of Heaven, the Path of the Sages. He also left in writing his version of the way of man. But it is impossible to understand his view of the way of man, unless one has some comprehension of what he meant by the Way of Heaven.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

(To be continued)

This, therefore, is the life of the Gods and of divine and happy men,—a liberation from all terrene concerns, a life unaccompanied with human pleasures, and a flight of the alone to the alone.—PLOTINUS.

He who knows what God is and who knows what man is, has attained. Knowing what God is, he knows that he himself proceeded therefrom.—CHUANG TZE.

EASTERN INFLUENCES IN MEDIÆVAL CHRISTENDOM

IN looking back over the life of past centuries, one of the notable features is the economy of the Lodge, permitting nothing to be wasted, nothing lost. When the multitude are fed and the twelve basketfuls gathered, these crumbs are utilized again under some other guise,—and again, and yet again. Forces that have spent themselves in one epoch and long lain dormant, reappear later, unabated; protected with ceaseless vigilance, carried through roundabout channels, modified and adapted to fit new conditions, they are thrown into the field at just the right time and place to accomplish some great end, to meet some great need. A seed is sown in ancient India: India, Chaldea, Egypt successively profit thereby as millenniums pass. But the world comes upon a time of drought and famine,—the truth is lost, buried, totally forgotten. In another day, a Prophet is born in Arabia; a mighty tide of zeal and religious fervour is unloosed. Once more the buried truth can safely be brought to light, and with infinite care its transplanting is accomplished. Seized upon by barbaric sons of the desert, it is remoulded, perhaps distorted, and with ardour carried to far lands and strange peoples. There, in a still different soil, its life process is again tended with the same wise care, the same foresight. Always, the life of the spirit lies beneath the life of matter—the waters under the earth —and history, the life of nations and of individuals, your life, mine, is but a thing of spots and shreds and patches unless viewed in the light of the divine unity, the divine care, the divine purpose beneath and behind it.

The infiltration of the sacred and secret teachings of the far East little by little into Christendom, and their effect on western civilization, are places where the careful husbandry of the Lodge is notable. To trace the process in detail, and to see the full significance of its kaleidoscopic changes, would be a difficult undertaking for the trained historian. The present article can do no more than suggest certain of the obvious phases.

The Secret Doctrine refers to the period beginning with the Buddha and Pythagoras, and ending with the Neoplatonists and Gnostics, as a focus wherein converged "for the last time the bright rays of light streaming from the æons of time gone by, unobscured by the hand of bigotry and fanaticism." There is little reason to doubt that if the mission of the Western Avatar had met with a different response, all the accumulated spiritual force of these half dozen centuries would have poured into the new field of endeavour,—an immense reinforcement to his work, with almost inconceivable possibilities of resultant achievement. The complete misunderstanding of him and his mission, especially by those who nominally "believed" in him, was, of course, the cause of the confusion and obscurity of the centuries that followed—the earthquake, the hours

of darkness, and the rending of the temple veil could have been but an inadequate symbol of the shattered currents and the terrible repercussion in the inner world. In the centuries immediately following, the situation from a spiritual and philosophical point of view was like a bubbling cauldron, with no suggestion of what might ultimately come to the surface. The State Mysteries were still active, exoterically at least; Gnosticism, Kabalism, Neoplatonism, Christianity, all existed side by side, often struggling for supremacy,—with further complications at a somewhat later date, in the introduction from Persia of Manichæism, combining Zoroastrian, Babylonian and Buddhist elements. The Emperor Hadrian during his consulate, is said to have reported that Christian Bishops, Diviners, Theurgists, leaders of the Jews, were all worshippers of Serapis as well —the mysteries of Serapis combining Greek thought, Platonism, Egyptian Osirianism and what not beside. There might be suspected the existence of one, life-giving inner body, the initiates of which worked through whatever outer forms of worship gave promise of accomplishing the greatest good.

Christianity gradually gained strength enough to become the persecutor instead of the persecuted, and settled down to the development of its own distinctive body of thought. It was the dormant elements of the very faiths it destroyed, however, which came to life in later centuries and saved it from the bigotry and deadness which came upon it. Gnosticism, driven out, took refuge in Persia; was there exterminated by the sword, but first communicated certain of its features to the Dervish sects; these sects linked their subsequent history with that of the Sufis, and they in turn, at a much later period, from far distant Spain, profoundly influenced the West. Manichæism was more or less driven out, flourishing in Asia and reappearing in Europe in a later century. Neoplatonism was finally suppressed, but its influence penetrated the thought of the Christian Church through many channels. The writings of Plotinus strongly affected St. Augustine, that pillar of the early centuries (incidentally, he had been a Manichæan before becoming a Christian); the writings of Proclus, one of the greatest of the late Neoplatonic philosophers, exerted a noteworthy influence over the doctrines which the Church was evolving, and both Proclus and Dionysius the Areopagite greatly influenced later Christian mysticism. Here, however, it would be well to tread carefully, for mysticism is universal in character. At times, due to an enforced orthodoxy, it takes on the colour and form of its surroundings, but it is an at-onement with the Divine Source of Being, and, drawing life from one Source, it speaks a universal language. What better evidence than that a simple French child, the Little Flower, Thérèse of Lisieux, should have used the age-old symbol of the tree rooted in heaven and branching downward, as apparently her own picture of the Divine love. But while the tracing of so-called influences and origins is unsafe in the case of the great mystics, nevertheless, the later Neoplatonists did supply a certain leaven, a certain incentive to mystical contemplation, at periods when the mystics alone kept alive the real inner life and spirituality of Christendom.

John Yarker, in his book *The Arcane Schools*, regards the Guilds or Collegia which found a permanent place wherever the Roman legions and therefore the

Roman law penetrated, as perpetuators also of the secret teachings. He writes as a Mason, with the thesis that Masonry, philosophy and Theosophy are three shoots branching from a single parent stem, in a remote antiquity.

There is no need to dwell here on the history of the Church, with its formalism, its barren intellectualism, its fettering dogmatism, and the continually growing material power of the Papacy, all threatening to exterminate whatever spirituality remained. Not the evil, but the cure is our chief interest. As early as 650, Manichæism had reappeared, its adherents now calling themselves Paulicians. Numerous related sects soon sprang up—the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Patarini, the Cathari, and so on—spreading rapidly throughout the Empire. They had several grades, admission to the innermost being by initiation, with doctrines and ceremonies drawn in many instances from eastern sources. These heretical sects were the object of bitter persecution, and tens of thousands of the sectaries were hunted down and killed. To protect themselves, they had recourse to the method of using a double language, a vocabulary having one significance in the literal meaning, known to the world at large, and a totally different significance to the initiated. There was nothing new in this, of course. *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. II, p. 795) refers to the veiled sentences with a double meaning which abound in ancient classical writers, adding that the ancient initiated poets, when they spoke of the foundation of a city, meant the establishment of a doctrine. "Thus Neptune, the god of reasoning, and Apollo, the god of the hidden things, presented themselves as masons before Laomedon, Priam's father, to help him to build the city of Troy —that is to say, to establish the Trojan religion."

The idea in its mediæval form was adapted to the whim of the time. Legend played about the eastern potentate or the Tartar princess or the fabulous Prester John, possessed of a jewel of untold worth which, when placed in the mouth or held in the hand, concealed its owner from view. Such a jewel, when spoken (placed in the mouth), or written (held in the hand), was the double language. It was the special prerogative of the troubadours who, though regarded by many in later centuries as merely picturesque wanderers, gay bearers of romantic tales in an age of romance, were actually the bearers of the teachings of the heretical sects, emissaries of a secret propaganda. Dante was influenced by the troubadours, as he acknowledged; himself wrote Provençal, adopted the double language, and extended it far beyond anything that the troubadours had done. As will be remembered, he stated that the *Divine Comedy* admits of four keys of interpretation: literal, allegorical, moral and mystical. This double language, or "gentle language" as it was often called, is regarded by Eugène Aroux in several books on the subject, and by Gabriele Rossetti in his *Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit Which Produced the Reformation*, as the cloak for a powerful propaganda against the Papacy. "The century was as full of antipapal spirit as of papal persecution," writes Rossetti, and he sees in the *Divina Commedia* the sharpest weapon that ever attacked the papal power. Both writers give instances of the "gentle language" or the "Grammar of the Gay Science": to be gay or to be sad, to laugh or to weep,

signified being a sectarian or, on the contrary, a papist; "heart" meant hidden, secret; "face" the outward meaning; "sighs" were the verses in this jargon; "the new life" (the *Vita Nuova* of Dante) has reference to sects which described their proselytes as rising to the new life. Similarly, when the term *arbres morts* was used, the papists were referred to, while *arbres vifs* were the sectaries; *Dames* were the initiates of Albigensian Templarism. By "Circe" the Roman Church was designated (changing men into brutes); harpies were the Monastic Orders; the Rose signified the Albigensian Church and its doctrine, and so on. It need hardly be remarked that tales ostensibly of love and romance, interpreted in such manner, took on a wholly different character.

Yarker calls the troubadours the undoubted poets of the Albigensian heresy, and quotes Eugène Aroux and others to the effect that there were various grades or classes (the Gallant, the Historical, the Theological, the Mystical, the Hermetic). "Like the other Aspirants to the Sectarian priesthood, they went into seminaries or lodges to receive instruction; then, having become deacons or squires, having undergone tests and given required pledges, they were admitted to the rank of Perfect Knights, or Perfect Troubadours. Having thus graduated, they started in the character of Missionaries or of Pilgrims of Love, sometimes undertaking long and dangerous journeys."

In the work of the troubadours, East meets East again by an unexpected pass —this time through Spain.' In a brief discussion of the origins of Provençal poetry, H. J. Chaytor (*The Troubadours of Dante*) states that the poetry of Provence probably owes a large debt to Arab poetry, a flourishing school of which, in the tenth century, made its influence felt from the north of Spain. The first Provençal literature dates from the tenth century, and the last of the great troubadours died in 1294.

A valuable and admirably developed link is furnished at this point by Miguel Asín in his *Islam and the Divine Comedy*, showing Islamic counterparts (Asín regards them as Islamic sources) for every detail of Dante's great work. The author first noted identity between the ascension of Dante and Beatrice through the spheres of Paradise, on the one hand, and on the other, the so-called *Miraj*, or ascension of Mohammed from Jerusalem to the throne of God,—the latter ascent being preceded by a descent to the infernal regions. For both stories he sought some common source, expecting to find it among the mediæval legends of the Christian faith,—only to discover that many of the latter were of Mohammedan origin.

It is shown that in the *hadiths* or traditions of the Prophet, the general features are the same as in the *Divine Comedy*. For the most part, however, the version of the *Miraj* used for the comparison is that of Ibn Arabi, a noted Sufi of Murcia in south-eastern Spain, who lived from 1164 to 1240 (it will be remembered that Dante was born in 1265); and between this version and the *Commedia* there is no mere similarity, but complete identity, both in the topographical or architectural features and in episodic detail. For Dante's Limbo, for the *Inferno*, for the description of Lucifer, for the various features of the *Purgatorio*, there is an exact counterpart in the *Miraj*. When it comes to the *Paradiso*, the

sensual delights of Mohammed's repellently material paradise suggest an obstacle, to say the least. Ibn Arabi, however, like many another Moslem mystic, had completely spiritualized the teaching. His paradise was the typical Sufi concept. A poem of Jāmī's indicates it, and offers also his own reconciliation with the glowing and sensual picture given by Mohammed:

"Even from earthly love thy face avert not,
Since to the Real it may serve to raise thee.
Ere A, B, C are rightly apprehended,
How canst thou con the pages of thy Koran?
A sage (so heard I), unto whom a student
Came craving counsel on the course before him,
Said, 'If thy steps be strangers to love's pathways,
Depart, learn love, and then return before me!
For, shouldst thou fear to drink wine from Form's flagon,
Thou canst not drain the draught of the Ideal.
But yet beware! Be not by Form belated:
Strive rather with all speèd the bridge to traverse.
If to the bourne thou fain wouldst bear thy baggage,
Upon the bridge let not thy footsteps linger.'"

Another Sufi, Hallaj, expresses it more laconically:

"In that glory is no 'I' or 'We' or 'Thou.'
'I', 'We,' 'Thou,' and 'He' are all one thing."

The same identity, then, between the *Miraj* and the *Commedia* continues through the *Paradiso:* the nine astronomical spheres inhabited by saints, prophets and angels (there is no Christian precedent for this); the plan of the mystic rose; the same services rendered by the guides (Gabriel in the one, Beatrice in the other); the same apotheosis in both cases: God a focus of light, surrounded by nine concentric circles of angels, radiating light and chanting as they revolve. The identity is so complete even in minor details, that the "disquieted reader", it is asserted, "is forced to picture to himself the great epic of Christianity as enthroned in the world of Moslem mysticism, as if in a mosque that were closed to Islam and consecrated to Christian worship."

The same author, in showing how readily and almost certainly the *Miraj* could have come to Dante's attention, suggests many ways, other than those hitherto mentioned, in which the transplanting and intermingling of eastern elements through the life of Christendom was accomplished: trade routes, early established and much used, from Moslem countries through Russia to northern Europe, even as far as Iceland; beginning in the eleventh century, commerce in the Mediterranean among Genoese, Venetian and Moslem traders, and the settling of Italians in all the Moslem ports; the mingling of Christian and Moslem learning and literature in Sicily, which, for several brilliant centuries, under the rule of Norman kings, was more Moslem than Christian.

Spain, of course, at one time the centre of learning, culture and magnificence for the whole then known world, was the most important means of disseminating eastern teachings in the West. The Christians in Moorish Spain adopted Arabic customs and culture and delighted in Arabic poetry and philosophy. Christians, Mohammedans and Jews lived side by side for centuries. Alphonso the Wise had founded a school and a college, where pupils and instructors alike numbered adherents of all three faiths. The same monarch gathered at his court the learned men of the three religions and had translations made of the Talmud, the Kabalah, and the Koran. Travellers and traders from all over Christendom were attracted by the fame of this oriental civilization. Christian slaves, released by their Moorish masters and allowed to return home, aided in spreading its influence.

So far as the *Miraj* was concerned, Spain was the chief centre for traditions of the Prophet. Instances are given of noted men who went from Spain to Rome or the reverse, somewhere near the time of Dante's writing, who would have been likely to pass on, effectively, this and many other features of Arabic culture. Chief among them, as a probable direct influence on the great poet, was Brunetto Latini, his instructor, counsellor, guide, and friend, himself a scholar of great attainment, who went in 1260 as ambassador to the court of Alphonso the Wise, and whose principal works, written shortly thereafter, show familiarity with Arabic science, and the influence of Moorish and oriental customs and teachings. One might surmise that Dante would have been quick to welcome in the *Miraj* a satisfactorily monumental framework for the magnificent concept of his projected poem, and he may have been further attracted to it by eastern elements akin to the doctrines of the sects which were, there is little question, a part of his own inspiration. Any implication of wholesale borrowing, however, is completely discredited for most Dante-lovers by the greatness of the poet's own genius. The instinctive feeling would be that, just as this relation between the *Commedia* and the *Miraj* lay for centuries concealed from scholarly research, so some additional light on the subject, some explanation other than that of borrowing, awaits a further turn of the scholar's key. An explanation that appeals to the student of Theosophy, however, lies in the fact that Dante was undoubtedly an initiate, of whatever grade or degree, and had knowledge of the Mysteries. By Yarker he is stated to have been a lay brother of the Templars, and to have worn the sacred thread—that thread or girdle used by both Templars and Albigenses, which is supposed to have come by way of the Manichæans, and, through Persia, to have originated in the age-old custom of the Brahmins. Yarker also quotes the statement that the eighteenth canto of the *Purgatorio* is replete with the profoundest symbolism which the Freemasons claim for their own, to wit, the imperial eagle; the mystic ladder; the rose and cross; pelican; supper of the lamb; pillars of Faith, Hope, and Charity; symbolic colours; letters and geometric figures, as point, circle, triangle, square, and so on. Eugène Aroux, in his *Clef de la Comédie Anti-Catholique de Dante Alighieri*, refers to Dante as a "pasteur" of the Albigensian Church in the city of Florence, affiliated with the Order of the Temple;

while Gabriele Rossetti adds a link by his assertion that the Templars were originally of Egyptian derivation, and the Albigenses an emanation from them; also that certain sections of the second part of the *Commedia* exactly correspond with the course of the sectarian Mysteries.

On this basis, many of the parallels between the *Commedia* and the Mohammedan teachings are readily explicable. The Mysteries are the same the world over, and find expression in the same forms. It could scarcely be otherwise, they being, as they are, eternal verities, vividly alive. The uninitiated—we who live below a certain plane or level of consciousness—sense those realities but dimly, at best see their reflections. The initiate, having risen above that plane, sees, as Saint Paul expresses it, face to face, and the form is the same for East and for West, for Egyptian Pharaoh and humble slave, for Pagan, Mohammedan and Jew. Only the descriptions of the forms seen, would vary somewhat, as the initiate attempted to convey a hint of his experience to men of different race and of different religious habit. The subject is arresting, for it involves the whole matter of symbolism, and the difference between living symbols which carry with them the force of their reality, and the other type of symbol which is either man-made, or about which man has thrown the deadening influence of centuries of misconception or of lip service. Form, in our everyday world, has been confused, its significance nullified, just as everything else that man has tampered with. He has cross-bred and modified and twisted Nature's moulds to suit his own supposed need, or to satisfy his vanity, his sense of achievement,—until outer forms, instead of being truly symbolic (because truly expressive) of the reality behind them, are chiefly indicative, all too often, of the extent to which man has aligned himself with the current, or attempted to thwart it.

Yet the fact remains that, fundamentally, form *is* symbolic, that "God geometrizes", that the universe is built on number; and it must follow that on planes above our own, every reality has a form vitally expressive of the life which animates it. To take a suggestive fact from within our own experience: given a Red or Communist "demonstration"—try to represent it in line form, to depict in black and white the rigidity and strain, the jangling discord, the tense excitement, the raucous noise accompanying it, and the even more raucous silence that follows. Automatically, all smooth and flowing lines would be rejected. We should be hard pressed to find outlines sufficiently angular, harsh, jagged (cubist art might be regarded as a feeble expression of its hideousness). Going to the opposite pole, from hellish to heavenly things, is it not conceivable, by analogy, that certain lofty states, accessible to the initiate and known in Christian and Mohammedan parlance as Paradise, find their natural expression in Dante's representation of the nine astronomical spheres, the mystic rose, the nine concentric circles of angels (the more probable in view of what we have been told of the significance of the circle)? And granting this, there would be no question of "borrowing", for every initiate of a certain grade would see those things in that form. At a given stage, he would come into possession of all the signs and passwords pertinent to that stage and belonging to "all pure souls

equally". For present purposes, then, one of the most noteworthy features of Dr. Asín's really invaluable discoveries is their added testimony to the unity of truth. Mohammedan or Christian, from desert sand or flourishing city, flowering from congenial soil, or struggling against Papal persecution and oppression—basically, truth is the same. The elements of diversity, accretions gathered from its widely different contacts, merely lend added richness and often added strength.

As these lines of eastern influence, penetrating in a vast ellipse along both shores of the Mediterranean, come to a focus in the Italy of Dante's time, one marvels anew at the centuries of preparation, the patience, the foresight, the wisdom which lay behind and beneath the resultant awakening of humanity,—an awakening so profound, so far reaching, that man himself must needs see in it a rebirth: the Renaissance. The inspiration, the well-spring of it, except for the explanation afforded by Theosophy, is one of the enigmas of the ages. John Addington Symonds, trying to account for it, writes: "Not without reason are we forced to personify the Renaissance as something external to its greatest characters. There is an intellectual strength outside them in the century, a heritage of power prepared for them at birth. The atmosphere in which they breathe is so charged with mental vitality that the least stirring of their special energy brings them into relation with forces mightier than are the property of single natures." More than one of Italy's great men were aware of this swelling tide of the spirit, this life within life. To draw only from the realm of art, Michelangelo (as seen by Pater) is "always pressing forward from the outward beauty to apprehend the unseen beauty"—an enviable faculty! Leonardo, himself an enigma, embodying in his work as did no other the mystery and enchantment of the time, has been characterized as that "lover of all things double-natured and twin-souled"; while Botticelli, whether by instinct or through depth of understanding, painted men and women "saddened perpetually by the shadow upon them of the great things from which they shrink" —recognition, perhaps, of a glory too great for man to gaze upon without falling back, a prescience of the use which that most favoured nation was to make of its great gift.

The Renaissance—which has been said to contain the germ of nearly every noteworthy development (outwardly speaking) in subsequent centuries, down to our own day—is of course a still further instance of the Lodge method already outlined. Into its making went the gleanings from many a harvest of past ages. In its turn it became the storehouse, the depository from which the precious seeds, revivified and adapted, could be dispensed through ages to come. It laid down the line of a new frontier, becoming a half-way station for the sustenance of those who are pioneering toward that true Renaissance hidden as yet in the distant future.

J. C.

A STUDY IN GEOMETRY

THE body of philosophical teachings put forward by the Eastern Adepts in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, and which rises to its fullest expression in Madame H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, still remains as a stumbling block to science. Its uncanny anticipation of modern scientific discoveries provokes an uncomfortable feeling in the agnostic breast: there are too many "lucky guesses". Of course the only thing to do with an uncomfortable fact which threatens to disturb one's fatuous serenity, is to close one's eyes to it. This attitude has been so successfully adopted that a reference in University circles to *The Secret Doctrine* would be greeted at best with a smile of polite and amused tolerance. Lower Manas looks down from its high tower and says gently: "We have settled all that."

Nevertheless, the fact remains that *The Secret Doctrine* is particularly addressed to a scientific audience; a strong element of mathematics runs through it; its living touch plays over the keyboard of a dozen sciences; its scheme of evolution is cosmic in sweep, and its metaphysics is relativistic with a thoroughness which leaves the Einsteinians far in the rear.

The mathematics of the Book is peculiar and characteristic, and is regarded with contempt by the academic mathematician. How, he asks, can the simple notation of circles and triangles and squares conceivably be a key to those astronomical and physical problems which stagger the subtilest intellects of our own time? If we answer that the form of mathematics is Pythagorean, we have not advanced the cause of *The Secret Doctrine* with him. He has no interest in the "puerile fancies" of Greek philosophers.

Now a very little study would convince these very superior people that the Authors of *The Secret Doctrine* were well abreast of the most recent speculations in physics, and that they knew perfectly well that the ultimate solution of the mysteries of the cosmos and of man lies completely outside the human mind. Furthermore, they stated definitely that even a proximate solution was impossible in terms of the temporal-spatial world of Nineteenth Century thought. We are told, in terms permitting of no ambiguity, that all things in the physical world are but "sections" of the bodies of higher space—a remark which passed straight over the heads of certain members of the Society at the time, and led to interminable and futile "objections" to the philosophy because of its apparent traversal of accepted scientific doctrines. They were met with one quiet statement: *The Secret Doctrine* was written for the future, and the Twentieth Century would begin to understand what the Nineteenth Century found so difficult of comprehension.

This prophecy is being fulfilled among us, but what should have been, and was intended to be, a blessing from the *devas*, became "pierced with evil" by the *asuras*. For just as the psychologists of the time, rejecting the generous

offer of help in their specific field of research, are being forced to-day to give out a travestied and darkened testimonial to the truth of matters which they once denied dogmatically, so modern science, bewildered and groping, is driven to declare in distorted fashion the doctrine of relativity and the existence of modes of being transcending the world.

Yet there are people who still can hear, and who are not given over to arrogance and dogmatic denial; "there are a few names even in Sardis", and, blundering and unsatisfactory as this article is sure to be, it may serve to show them that a marvellous Treasure lies hidden beneath the veil of mathematical symbolism, and that sturdy effort, both moral and intellectual, devoted to the theosophic doctrines, will reveal its outline.

At the outset it should be understood that there is no least possibility of conflict between any scientific fact and the theosophical philosophy. Where there is an apparent conflict it means that we have not understood. This philosophy as laid down in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere, embodies the principles upon which the manifested cosmos rests. They are axiomatic in a far deeper sense than the axioms of Euclid, and I hold, just as certain physicists have suspected, and as Pythagoras asserted ages ago, that these principles are the expression of a Mind, one aspect of which is reflected, and may be approached, through Mathematics.

Theosophical physics, as we have said, is relativistic, and with a consistent thoroughness. It attempts no premature monism—a pit into which Western thought is always tumbling—and even its Absolute may be regarded, paradoxically, though rigorously in accord with logic, as only a "Relative Absolute". Its scheme of relativity, if I understand it rightly, holds that the antithesis of subject and object pertains to other than the purely physical world, and that consciousness and matter are likewise opposed on higher planes of space. Consequently it asserts the possibility of transcendental "objective" experience —a possibility which is, and always has been, the object and sole guarantee of the religious life. In this assertion it comes into sharp conflict with the current scientific agnosticism whose own highest notion of metaphysical existences is confined to the formulation of symbolical equations dealing with the relations of abstract quantities.

Theosophy has no place for this kind of academic dalliance which, in all but the rarest cases, is little more than a superior sort of cross-word puzzle. Its symbols are not mere paper promises-to-pay; they are backed up by solid metal, and the x and y of the mathematician are redeemable at the bank of Theosophy. So, to sum up the matter, mathematics, philosophy, literature—as games which the lurking "whisperer" loves to play—have no place in the true Theosophy. Taken as a means to a transcendent goal they offer rich rewards, since the discipline of *Jnâna*, as well as the disciplines of *Bhakti* and *Karma*, has its contribution to make to man's progress.

I propose, then, that we should consider closely some of the implications which common sense, aided by the ancient Theosophy, may reveal to us in certain simple and fundamental geometric concepts. We may come to see

before we finish that an approximate apprehension, even, of the real nature of the circles, triangles and squares of the Stanzas of Dzyan, involves every mental power we possess, and finally leaves reason and imagination staggering. These so simple-seeming Pythagorean units turn out to be most mysterious quantities.

"The Eternal Parent (Space) . . . ": so begins the first Stanza of Dzyan, thereby, at the very outset, establishing its teaching upon the basic Stuff of which the Cosmos is made, and declaring its intention to deal with that Cosmos from the objective standpoint of science. The Commentary informs us later that "Space is the one form of existence"—an Einsteinian "discovery" hailed last year with great acclaim by the daily press. What is Space—this irreducible form of Existence which "no human mind can either exclude from any conception, or even conceive of by itself", and which forms the very substratum of the world? No definition can bring us any closer to its basic nature, because uncompounded things have no attributes by which they may be described. Still I think something will be gained if we inquire into the relative forms under which space manifests itself to us. We are thereby led at once to a close consideration of the ideal magnitudes of geometry.

Human beings can deal easily with three forms or modes of space: the line, the surface, and the volume—and the relations between them have been pretty thoroughly investigated by speculative geometry. The straight line moving in any but its own direction during any time interval, generates the surface; the surface moving out of its own level and through any time interval, generates the volume. If the movement of the lower representation be at right angles to its own extension and proceed through a distance equal to that extension, then the symmetrical square or cube is the result. Always, be it noted, the genesis of the superior figure involves time and motion.

Now physics is beginning to suspect what occultism has always taught, that a fourth form of space can be derived from the third form. If the cube sets off in a direction at right angles to its three known axes, it will conceivably generate a figure which bears the same relation to the cube that the cube bears to the square. This body has been called the tessaract, and its rationale is based upon analogetical reasoning. When the square bounded by four lines leaves the plane and advances into 3-space, its initial and its final positions form, as it were, the front and back of the cube, while its four sides generate the top and bottom and the two lateral faces. So if the cube sets off into 4-space, its original and final positions will likewise provide two boundaries, "front and back", while each of its six faces will generate six "lateral" cubes. In Figure 1, the large outer cube corresponds to the "front", while the small inner one corresponds to the "back". The six tetragonal truncated pyramids which connect the faces of the small cube with those of the large one, are the "sides". The diminished size of the inner member, and the pyramidal form of the cubes which connect it with the outer one, result from the principle of perspective.

So it is apparent that the volume limits and bounds the bodies of hyperspace just as the surface limits and bounds those of 3-space. Therefore our tables

and chairs, our voluminous friends and relatives, are only volumetric superficies, or a kind of 3-dimensional film which covers the bodies of 4-space. It is this volumetric film which we generally call matter, and with which we think we are rather familiar. It comes as something of a shock to the mind to learn how exceedingly mysterious the volumetric content of bodies really is, and a brief analysis suffices to show that we know nothing about matter as a volume, because our experience is limited entirely to the exploration of the surface of things.

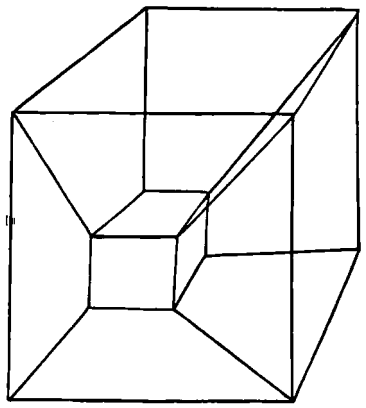


FIG. 1. THE TESSARACT

To make this proposition clearer, let us seek the acquaintance of that convenient gentleman, Mr. A_2 of Flat-land who lives upon a 2-dimensional plane. Once, so he tells us, he entered Cube-land or 3-space in a vision and saw the strange insides of the bodies he had left behind in Flat-land. Returning to his own home and striving to tell of the glories of that heavenly country, he was promptly clapped into prison by the authorities on the charge of misleading the people. There he has been languishing ever since, walled in by impenetrable *lines*. For in Flat-land, where there is neither up nor down, it is evident that all bodies are bounded by lines to which Flat-land senses must confine their explorations. Lines, therefore, constitute the matter of 2-space. That unknown and mysterious something which lies inside the lines, and which binds them into wholes, is planal space—the identical, commonplace, planal space which covers all the volumetric things around us and is wide open to our own sense organs. Matter, then, is only the limiting condition of sensuous exploration in any space-plane, and it would be much better to use the term in this sense, and to employ the word substance for the volumetric contents of bodies. But what is this unknown substance—this volumetric content which binds the matter (planal space) of our world into volumetric wholes? It cannot be seen; no instrument can penetrate it. Cut open an apple and two new *surfaces* meet the eye; thrust the hand into water and it contacts *surface*—the film of the

tension membrane which immediately forms around it. To know volumetric space as a sensuous phenomenon, we should have to do exactly what A_2 did; it would be necessary to step out of our world into a higher space-plane. Then, looking backward into the insides of things, we should *see* volumetric space as a visible volumetric homogeneity. Moreover, we should see, not only the insides of a cube, but the six faces would be visible all at once. I suspect that this is the geometrical equivalent of psychic vision. The psychic's consciousness has, indeed, entered a higher space-plane, but he is still gazing backward at the world he has quitted. He sees it in a new way, to be sure, but its old flat limits are still visible. He is quite unaware of the fact that his new transparent and visibly volumetric world is itself only a "surface"—a new "matter" bounding a hyperspatial world of substance, where four lines can meet at a point, and can all stand at right angles to each other.

But there are aspects of A_2's psychological adventure which he does not appear to have considered. In the first place he seems never to have realized that he himself is not a square at all. He is really a cube (or a tessaract or a hypertessaract or—what you will). In the second place I opine that Flat-land is not flat. Now, indeed, we begin to get into deep waters. It is highly probable that A_2 is really living all the time upon a sphere—it may be the same round earth which we 3-space mortals inhabit. All his world of 2-space is conceivably domed outward into 3-space, and his "Flat-land" is a pure *maya* resting upon the same imperfect apprehension which causes our own uncorrected vision to transform a sphere into a circle. But if A_2 is, indeed, living upon a sphere, then the radii of all the circles of his world are curved lines drawn upon the surface of a sphere, and his horses, his cats and dogs, and his grandsons (those "promising young hexagons") are all warped.

We need to consider carefully the implications of this proposition, which rather knocks Euclidean plane geometry into a cocked hat, since it is built upon the concept of the unwarped plane surface and this appears to be a misconception of a *maya*. We proceed to rewrite the geometry of Flat-land after the following manner. Its geographical boundary must be a great circle or circumference of the sphere, and Flat-land astronomy must concern itself with a flat sidereal space which radiates to infinity in the plane of the earth circle. The latter part of this proposition is known to Flat-land geographers and astronomers. If, for the sake of familiar terminology, we think of A_2 as standing at the North Pole of the earth we shall realize that he applies the term radii to the curving meridians of longitude which run outward from the point beneath his feet. To him they are straight lines drawn from the centre to the circumference of a disc, and by no possible means could he grasp the idea of their true curvilinear course. If we insist to him that the radii of a circle are curved lines, his closest approach to the concept will be that which is represented by Figure 2.

He conceives the radii as arcs of circles lying in his own plane but so immense in radius that their curvature is negligible. This, by the way, is the sort of false reasoning which underlies the generally accepted proposition that a circle of

infinite radius is bounded by a straight line. We can, however, involve the gentleman in a worse paradox by our assurance that if the "radii" of the Flat-land circle be continued outward, they approach one another and finally meet at a point. For directly beneath his feet lies another pole to which the "radii of the circle" converge and of which he has no least notion.

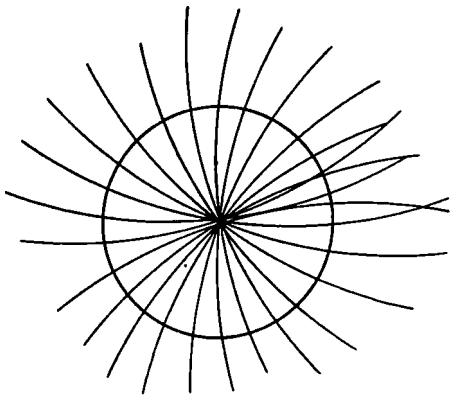


FIG. 2

Now A_2 knows two sorts of straight lines in Flat-land. One of them—the radii—or, as we know them to be, the great circles of longitude, remain straight when subjected to the most delicate instrumental tests. The other kind of line can be proved to be curved; it is really the arc of a small circle—a parallel of latitude perhaps. Its "matter", too, will appear to Flat-land vision as a straight line, but when viewed along an axis which lies at right angles to its course, it seems brighter or more definite in its middle and fades into obscurity at the ends. A large element in the education of little Flat-landers, so we are told, is instruction in the recognition by sight of the various angular degrees which separate the classes of society. To resort to touch to distinguish a triangular soldier from a circular priest, is a most distressing *gaucherie*.

It is high time, however, to come back to our own familiar demesne and to set our own house in order. The two sorts of lines found in Flat-land are matched in our world by two sorts of planes. The apparent disc of the sun or moon, and the flat ground we walk on, are admitted illusions due to the 2-dimensional nature of vision. Instrumental tests will reveal the trick played upon us, and will enable us to arrive at the concept of the sphere—a form which has never been *seen* by any ordinary mortal. The lines which run across their surfaces are arcs of circles. This we can all admit without argument. Yet all around us are "truly flat" surfaces such as table tops, floors and walls, and no suspicion has hitherto crossed our minds that they can be anything else but flat. The most delicate instruments may reveal no curvatures; lines which lie in their plane correspond to the mathematically straight rays along which light travels. Now these planes seem to be the analogues of the great circles

of Flat-land; indeed, they are the planes of these very circles. They must, therefore, represent portions of the surfaces of spheres which stand at right angles to the world of 3-space. For just as the plane circle made up of an infinite number of straight radii is really a *maya* of a spherical surface made up of an infinite number of arcs of circumference, so the sphere, apparently composed of an infinite number of circular flat planes, is the *maya* of a hypersphere made up of an infinite number of spheres which have been flattened by conceptual vision. The idea may be approached in another way. Our physical vision transforms a sphere into a plane—into an equatorial great circle through whose centre passes an infinite number of diameters. Under this condition our line of sight lies along a radius of the sphere, or is at right angles to the plane of the *mayavic* circle. Now a sphere can be *thought* as an infinite collectivity of circles. Therefore our mental line of sight must fall perpendicularly to the centre of all of them, or it must be at right angles to 3-space at all points, which is, I take it, the criterion for the existence of 4-dimensional thinking.[1] In other words, consciousness is poised "outside" and "above" the centre of the sphere in a new kind of space. Our earth sphere, or any sphere for that matter, is the "equatorial member" of the aggregation which constitutes the hypersphere, and which happens to lie in the plane of conceptual vision. This is simply saying that conceptual thinking can already penetrate the psychic world which becomes visible to the "clairvoyant". We think thoughts and the psychic sees them—that is the difference. Just as A_2, hovering over the pole of the earth, flattens or transforms the sphere into a circle and reads the planes (great circles) of the sphere as radii, so conceptual thinking transforms the hypersphere into a globe and reads the constituent spheres as constituent planes.

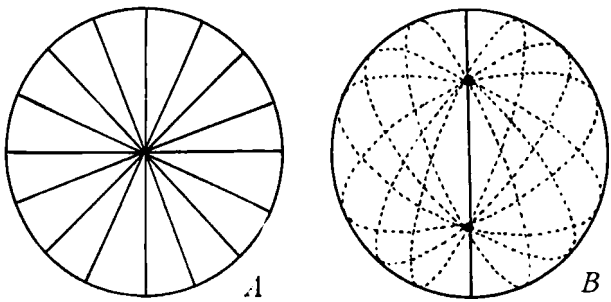


FIG. 3

In Fig. 3*A* is represented the appearance of a transparent sphere marked with circles of longitude and viewed from above the pole. Suppose we give the system a slight rotary motion beneath our feet so that the north pole moves forward and downward. Immediately a south pole appears and travels a corresponding distance upward, while the movement plays havoc with the "radii"

[1] Charlton, John; "Do We Think in Four Dimensions?" THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. X. 44-49.

of the circle and transforms the system into the exquisite design shown in Fig. 3*B*.

It may be that in this simple transformation there lies the key to the principle of dualism. Fig. 3*A* is not only the projection of the polar hemisphere of a sphere, but represents also the sphere in its totality with its central point. This is the symbol which pertains to the second Stanza of Dzyan. It is the circle (or sphere) "with centre everywhere and circumference nowhere". Figure 3*B* represents the same sphere—a higher unity—projecting its poles upon a lower space. It is, perhaps, the basis for the symbol which pertains to the third Stanza of Dzyan—the circle which is crossed by the line.[2] Taken as a circle with central or polar point, Fig. 3*A* may be the geometrical equivalent of that well-known condition in which people are incapable of seeing the other point of view. They have taken a position in which the opposite pole of the problem is hidden from sight.

The symbol which pertains to the fourth Stanza of Dzyan is a circle crossed by vertical and horizontal diameters. If we keep to the ideas outlined above, we shall see that this is the *maya* of a trinity of spheres whose axes lie respectively in the three planes of space (Fig. 4).

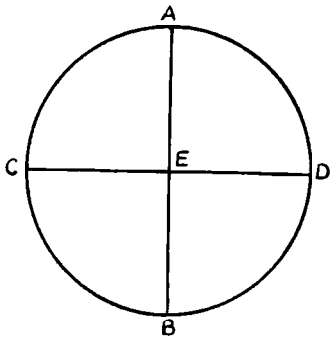


FIG. 4

That a sphere becomes a line when it is rotated completely out of 3-space, is evident from careful consideration of the analogous phenomenon which pertains to the rotating circular plane. The latter figure swings from full circle through ellipses of decreasing width till it stands edge-on to 2-space and appears as a line. But each of these plane figures is only the projection of a volumetric figure which pertains to the plane above. Consequently we can affirm that the sphere swings into 4-space as a narrowing ellipsoid till it, too, resolves into a line. If it were in rapid rotation the movement would appear as a rhythmic, pulsatory activity of contraction and expansion. From all this it follows that the diameters of a sphere are themselves an infinity of spheres whose axes lie at right angles to 3-space, and that the visible sphere itself is the single member of the

[2] Mitchell, H. B.; "The Sense of the Infinite", THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, II, 173-174.

hyperspheric aggregation which lies in full 3-space. Between the two extremes are found the ellipsoids such as those which apear in Fig. 3*B*, and which represent spheres whose axes are oblique to 3-space. In short, a circle, an ellipse, and a line are all circles, and are the respective projections of a sphere, an ellipsoid, and a line, and these, in their turn, are all spheres.

We may now return to Figure 4 and will understand that its two diameters represent two spheres seen "edge on" to 3-space, and with their poles respectively at AB and CD, while the third member of the trinity is the enclosing circle which is the projection of a sphere lying in 3-space with its north pole at E.

Let us now start the system into gyroscopic motion. It changes at once into Figure 5. The exact character of the movement will be best understood if one

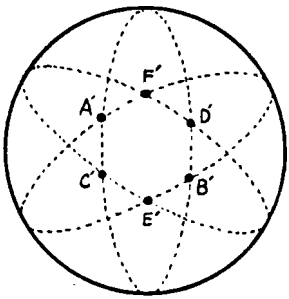


FIG. 5

experiments with three pencils held at right angles to one another and whose tips represent the poles of the constituent spheres. The six poles are carried respectively to the positions A'B', C'D', while poles E'F' arise from the north pole E and its formerly invisible south pole companion, F. Each constituent sphere has now become an ellipsoid. If smaller circles be drawn about each pole, we find that we have the familiar senary of globes which Madame Blavatsky uses so often to illustrate the activity of cyclic law in nature. It will be noted, too, that the double triangle appears in the centre of the system.

Another interesting detail is somewhat concealed by the multiplicity of lines. Let us approach it in a roundabout fashion. Suppose we take a position once more directly above the polar point of a watery globe, and drop a stone into the ocean beneath our feet. A wave spreads outward to the horizon in ever widening circles. Reaching the horizon, it appears to be reflected and to travel back again to the centre whence it emanated. If one wave follows another in rapid sequence, the effect of the combined centrifugal and centripetal movements will be that of motion in two directions at the same time. This is a very pretty *maya* which can easily be resolved into a higher reality if we consider Figure 6, which is but a detail of our previous figure re-drawn for closer study.

Two sectors of an advancing wave series are represented in Fig. 6*A* as viewed from the position just above the pole. Arcs *ab* and *cd* constitute re-

flecting surfaces. Motion is in both directions at the same time, as the arrows indicate. In Fig. 6*B*, we have the same sphere slightly rotated to show both poles, N and S, and to exhibit the true course of the wave. Obviously it does not return along its own path, and is not "reflected" back to the centre whence it emanated. After attaining the opposite pole of the globe, it reverses its sides so that the right and left hands interchange, and it returns to its place of origin in mirror image. All the Theosophical serpents have their tails in their mouths; all the reflections we observe in nature—the wave rebounding from the rock, the ripple returning to the point of disturbance, the rays of light thrown back from the mirror, the sound rebounding from the cliff to produce an echo—are but shadows of cyclic activities which proceed elsewhere and otherwise. The principle of reflection (and refraction falls into the same category) follows Euclidean plane geometry into the cocked hat.

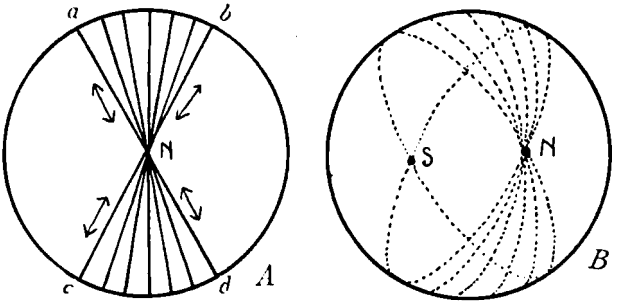


FIG. 6

Let us come to grips now with the more difficult phenomenon which is presented by a sphere of ether through which waves of light are propagated from a shining body. The etheric sphere is a curvilinear, 3-dimensional superficies which covers a hemi-hypersphere. From the centre of this sphere we must imagine the emanation of a cone of light which widens outward to the periphery of the sphere, and is then reflected back to its source. Once more we face the problem of motion in two directions at the same time, and Fig. 6*B* has supplied the key to the paradox; we are, in fact, trying to carry the whole system one plane upward. The cone of light rays must be moving in a curvilinear path through or over some inconceivable warp in 3-space. Arrived at the periphery of the globe, it begins to contract its diameter, and still keeping to its curved course, it swings downward to a south pole at the centre of the other sphere of the polarized duad. Perhaps the archaic symbol called the "Horns of Isis" applies to this Figure. Arrived at the south pole, the "duplicate horn" reverses its course and passes backward "on the other side of space" till it comes again to its starting point. It is quite evident that this conception lies outside our normal comprehension. Rays of light (to us) move in *straight lines*, not in curved ones. Perhaps the closest approximation we can get to the notion

is to imagine two hour glasses set one on top of the other (Fig. 7). Points A and A′ of this figure are really in contact, and the reader is invited to try to bring them into that relation by bending each constituent ray of the four cones into a circle.

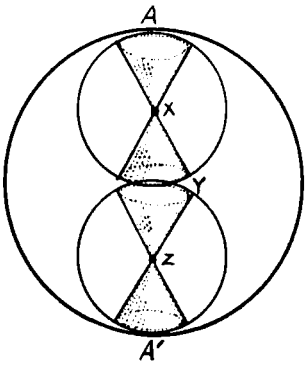


FIG. 7

But what does the Figure represent in terms of experience? It appears to be the geometrical symbol of cyclic law. Suppose we apply it to the cycle of incarnation. I take it that X represents the point of birth, Y the full expansion of manhood, Z the point of death. Then comes expansion of life in the Devachanic realm, followed by gradual diminution "as the lunar lord waxes and wanes", till, with the full circle complete, rebirth occurs at point X. But here enters another subtile factor which opens up the difficult problem of spiral motion. Point Y is not at rest; the whole system is in translation through 4-space. Consequently, the circle of incarnation does not return precisely to point X but comes back instead to a place perhaps some 2000 *years* ahead of it! If the reader will introduce this idea into Figure 6*B*, he will realize, I think, that he has the key to the Greek caduceus.

There remain two outstanding aspects of these figures which need consideration. One of them concerns the nature of forms bounded by straight lines and plane surfaces, which assuredly must arise from all this welter of *maya*, and in which category stand the cube, the tessaract, and the host of crystal forms which fill our mineralogical cabinets. It is a subject too big to be dealt with in an article which is already exceeding the bounds of QUARTERLY decorum.

My other concern is with the Point. Now the Point is a very unsatisfactory geometrical quantity, or rather, a negation of quantity. *The Secret Doctrine* assures us that all things emanate from a Point, and we have wondered how that which has magnitude could arise from that which has no magnitude at all. Can it be that in the welter of misconceptions we have misconceived this also?

We take our stand on a railroad track—perhaps at the centre of a system of such tracks—and look away across a flat country. Ahead of us stretches an

elongated triangle whose radii—the iron rails—meet at an apical point on the horizon. If we turn about, we see another and similar triangle behind us. If we move forward mile upon mile, the same relations hold. Always we stand at the place where two triangles meet. And quite literally they are seen vertically upright, though never, of course, at the same moment, because man can only see in one direction at a time.[3] Though we can never reach the apices of the triangles any more than we can attain to the end of the rainbow, yet the non-existent apex can be photographed, and on the photograph one can place one's finger on a point which literally does not exist. Now, if the railroad lines be considered as two radii of that circle whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere, it follows as a logical consequence that the centre of a circle, or of a sphere, photographs a non-existent point. The centre of a circle does not exist; it, too, is a pure *maya* based upon the identical law (whatever that may be) which is responsible for visual perspective. Even as the railway lines might conceivably circle the whole globe, keeping strictly parallel to one another, so the radii of a circle may conceivably not meet at a central point, but pursue instead a curvilinear and parallel path through space, and return again from an opposite direction. They seem, in fact, to be concentric rather than convergent lines; their type of concentricity is more like that of parallels of latitude upon a globe. We have seen already that the rays of light which pass from the sun seem to follow curved paths through a closed system and to return to the sun again. More than this, they should pursue parallel and not divergent paths. Of course the circle itself is but the *maya* of a sphere which is the *maya* of a hypersphere which . . . till finally, in this headlong journey through space, one arrives at the dim conception of a condition where there is neither centre nor circumference, neither perceiver nor perceived, and where space is completely "unwarped".

Many promising lines of investigation suggest themselves in this connection. First of all the apparent difference in the magnitude of certain bodies may likewise depend upon perspective. The toy-like locomotive five miles away is identical with the monster which rushes past us. Is the atom, perhaps, a universe at an enormous remove? Is the fertilized egg the organism itself far away in space, and is its development and increase only our nearer vision as, fixed to the rim of the great wheel of time, it rolls forward out of the future? Referring once more to Fig. 5, it becomes evident that the size of the central figure (the double triangle) is dependent upon the amount of inclination which the great circles which compose it have undergone, and that the inclination of the great circles is bound up with the rotation of the whole system. The star exists potentially in Fig. 4, but its manifestation is conditioned by the rotary time movement.

Thus a simple study in geometry has placed in our hands a key to some of the symbols of *The Secret Doctrine*, and has unlocked a door into a cosmos which is marvellous in its intellectual beauty. I am prepared to believe that

[3] Mitchell, H. B., "Background and Glamour", THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, XXI, 11-18.

with the help of Madame Blavatsky's great work, and with sufficient patience and imagination, one might arrive at a consistent mental picture of the universe as a volumetric system in 3-space, whose 4-spatial extension should be represented under the form of perspective. Beyond that it is questionable if the mind can go. Whether it is worth while to attempt it is another question. The time and labour involved are enormous, and when all is done, what have we? A distorted representation to the mind of a 4-dimensional cosmos whose attributes account in a satisfactory manner—indeed I should say in a manner far more satisfactory than any scientific theory at present in vogue—for the known structural and dynamical principles of the universe. But let us be warned: this knowledge, taken as an end in itself, is hollow—just as hollow as is physical science when it is pursued as an end in itself. As Shankara says:

"Skill in setting forth the sacred texts and learning are for the delectation of the learned, but do not bring liberation. When the supreme reality is not known, the reading of the scriptures is fruitless. Even when the supreme reality is known by the mind only, the reading of the scriptures is fruitless".

The intellect is a valuable instrument just as the hand is a valuable instrument; it is the pioneer which may sometimes penetrate a new region in advance of our true exploration and occupancy. Yet, as we tried to point out at the beginning of this article, the possibility of vivid realization underlies every theosophical symbol and diagram. In our hands lies a heap of paper notes. Shall we not try to convert them into the gold of experience?

R. E. T.

Man is not alone: the Angel of the Presence of the Infinite is with him.—FIONA MCLEOD.

The present inequalities of circumstances and character are thus not wholly explicable within the sphere of the present life. But this world is not the only world. Every soul has existed from the beginning; it has therefore passed through others before it reaches the final consummation. It comes into this world strengthened by the victories or weakened by the defeats of its previous life. Its place in this world as a vessel appointed to honour or dishonour is determined by its previous merits or demerits. Its work in this world determines its place in the world which is to follow this.—ORIGEN.

ROME

TOO many people regard Rome as a place to "do"; a very hard place to "do", too,—one of the worst. The serious minded say solemnly, "It takes at least twenty years to know Rome." Thomas Cook says: "You *must* spend a week there." But the prize is always given to the young woman who put her baby in the arms of a terrified Attaché at the Embassy, and "did" Rome in a day. Few realize how perfectly delicious it is to live in Rome without doing anything.

When Mr. Einstein ponderously announced to the world that time and space were relative, he may have surprised the males of the nations, but women have always known it so well that they have never thought it worth making a fuss about. One of the most delightful things about Italy is that its time is so spacious. That may be one reason why Rome is called the Eternal City. When you stay there and let go of your duty as a tourist, time has no measure. It is just one golden day after another. Indeed, I should say, that is a mark of real civilization, the sense of Eternity. In some favoured spots, like Mexico, for example, it is just morning or evening, never five o'clock or ten o'clock, and maybe it isn't to-day; maybe it is to-morrow or next week.

And as time is larger and more fluid, so the air, the sunlight is different. A richly filled atmosphere bathes all things. Between you and the pine tree is something thick as amber, transparent but heavy, unseen but living. Gold, liquid gold, dissolved like that of the Philosophers, floats in the air. Gold is the colour of Rome, purple and gold.

Every city has its hour, and the hour of Rome is five o'clock. Then the bells of all the churches suddenly boom out. Such a ringing, such a jangling. The air is filled with sound. Myriads of swifts fly up and dart about, twittering in their Vespertine ritual. The sun begins to set in a splendour of aureate fire. Clouds of gold steam up over the old chrome-coloured houses; rays of gold stream down. The great domes turn from gold to rose and violet. Flames burn and die behind the Monte Mario, and as the gold fades, the purple deepens. All the Romans come out to do nothing with lavish intensity.

I have been to Rome several times, but the visit I like to dwell upon is one I made there as a child, before the war, before the magnificent advent of Fascismo. In those happy days there were no motor cars and no effiçiency. Now, not only has time changed, but space has changed even more. Everything used to be remote, hard to get to, to be lingered over when reached. No doubt about it: I am a premature old Fogey. I prefer the inconveniences of the past.

Then, O Tempora, O Mores! we had to take a horse cab to go to places. That in itself was an adventure. You had to scrutinize the heads of the coachmen to discover the most *simpatico*. You had to argue about the fare, an argu-

ment requiring the use of great qualities, tact, wit, firmness, graceful pliancy, patience. Finally, all was settled. Off you went with a terrific cracking of the whip and loud shouts, at a vertiginous speed of three miles an hour. You sat back luxuriously. You could see everything. If it were hot you were shaded by a beautiful old orange umbrella, just like the King of Siam in all his glory. You could stop when you wanted and step out. No rushing by at sixty miles an hour, and we know that all chauffeurs without exception make it a duty to rush by any place one particularly wants to stop at or to see. You arrived at your destination rested, calm and content, not a mass of quivering nerves from hairbreadth escapes, almost dead, having missed killing six men, ten women and a dog. No. You got out and looked around for a *spremuta di limone* before making any more exertions.

In those days, when you went to the Janiculum, you spent the afternoon. When you went to the Pamphili gardens, you took your luncheon. You took your luncheon and made a day of it when you drove outside the walls. We used to talk of going to the Villa di Papa Giulio. "Someday, we shall take our luncheon, get a carriage, and spend the day at the Papa Giulio." We never did go. The last time I was in Rome, we dashed down the new road from the Pincian past a palace. What is that? Oh, that is the Papa Giulio.

Then, when you went to the Vatican, the collections, museums and chapels each opened on a different day. You had to go time and time again, and as you never knew and no one else ever knew what was when, you had unexpected pleasures. Now, with good legs, you can do the Vatican in a morning.

I do not wish to suggest that Italy has lost its charm. No indeed. Even motors and time-tables and law and order have not spoiled it. Nothing can spoil Italy.

Every little ramble is a delightful adventure. You start down the street to buy a pair of gloves. First, you must rejoice in the day, the sweet air, the golden ambiance, the particular blue the sky is spreading forth. Then you pause to admire the carving an artisan is cutting in his shop, open to the street. The cat-meat man is sending some meat for the cat, up to the third story, in a basket let down by a string. You must watch the basket's progress and safe arrival. You go by the shop where they make votive hearts out of silver, to hang before the saints. There are hearts hanging all over the outside of the shop in glass cases, and you must pick out the one you would hang before the object of your veneration. Then, there is the dark, rich cavern labelled "Antichità." You can never get by that. You plunge in. There are bits of crimson damask, intarsia boxes, white pottery jugs with bouquets of lilies and iris in blue, fragments of wrought iron, candlesticks, terrible pictures in the style of Carlo Dolce or the Eclectics, cross-eyed Magdalens and gloomy St. Jeromes. The game is to find something old. You come away with a tiny Empire bead bag, or a little picture in microscopic mosaic of a butterfly on a blade of grass. In the process of acquiring it, you have had a heart to heart talk with the shopkeeper. Italians, while they have not the perfect manners of the Spanish, have very good manners of their own, because they are entirely natural, and naturally amiable

and human. They never have to advertize their manners as do Americans. I have this minute picked up a package of matches, the kind that has advertizing on the back. This one says: "So and So's restaurant—Where good food, friendliness and cleanliness predominate." Doesn't that sound dreadful? So unnatural, such an effort. In Italy no one would think of saying such things. You expect as a matter of course to get good food and politeness. As for cleanliness, Italian houses are very clean because everything dirty can be thrown right out in the street. And now, even the street is cleaned.

One emerges from the shop. Ha! Hot roasted chestnuts. That odour of chestnuts in autumn! You buy a little bag of them and sit down on the edge of a fountain to eat them. A beggar comes up. Italian beggars know that I love them just because they are Italians. They do not exhibit horrible deformities like northern beggars, who have to show you a club foot or a sore to drag pity out of your heart, and who curse you if you do not give them money. An Italian beggar is just himself. Look, Signorina, I am human and poor, and you are human and rich. So you give him some coppers out of fellow-feeling.

By the time you have eaten the chestnuts and studied the architectural details of the Piazza and observed that Torquato Tasso once stopped in that house, and have recited to yourself what you can remember of his song on the Golden Age—*O Bella età del'oro*—you can go and buy those gloves, or go home without them. You have had a profitable morning.

Yes: the great charm of doing nothing in Rome is that there are so many places to do it in. You *can't* do nothing in New York; at least, not for long or in comfort. Try sitting on the steps of the Public Library, or seeing the Aquarium. But in Rome you can do nothing in a new place every day, and enrich your consciousness until you spread out through the ages. There are so many Romes to choose from. The Rome of the ancient Romans. You can peep down into the Cloaca Maxima, or hang over the Tarpeian Rock. You can stand on the very rostrum where Mark Antony spoke Shakespeare's oration over Julius Cæsar. You can turn your thumbs down as you sit in the Colosseum. Here is the house of Nero, and an imaginative guide will show you Poppæa's bedroom. Here are baths and tombs and temples and portraits of all the gentlemen whose Latin we used to construe. Here is Marcus Aurelius at the Capitol and Trajan in his Forum; our Epictetus walked here. One may follow Cicero around, if one can imagine wanting to. Perhaps one is standing where Apollonius of Tyana became invisible, to the astonishment of the Emperor Domitian. What grandeur, what solidity! Great vaults and arches, marble columns and ruins deep in flowers, the magnificent acanthus plant curving its leaves at the base of the Corinthian crowned shafts. There is the Appian Way. How ancient, how silent is the Campagna! It fades away in violet to the volcanic peaks of the mountains, and the Aqueduct fades with it. Tombs, broken statues and columns, the stone road with its ruts made by chariot wheels, a few pines and cypresses. You sit on a mound in the midst of enchanting flowers, Love-in-a-Mist, Centaurea, Scabius, pinks, bluebells. Sometimes great flocks of sheep go by in a cloud of dust, driven by a shepherd with his crook, carrying, perhaps, one little lamb,

like the Good Shepherd in the Catacomb drawings, or playing upon a pipe just as he did when Rome was a small town on two or three hills.

There is the Rome of the early Christians. You see the spot where the Master said to Peter, *Quo Vadis?* You see the court where Paul was judged, and the three fountains that sprang up where he was executed. I shall always remember St. Paul's outside the Walls, not only for its lovely cloisters with their twisted columns, but for a Vesper service I heard there. The service was said at the back of the Altar, facing the nave, before the rounded apse of the basilica. There were three priests in magnificent robes, chasubles, dalmatics, and copes of emerald brocade. The Gregorian music rolled out in recurrent waves like those of the sea, and the priests rose, genuflected and kneeled and rose again, while behind them glittered the great gold mosaic vault of the apse like the vault of the sky. One felt that one was standing on the shores of the sea at sunset.

There is the tomb of St. Peter, and there are the catacombs and the bones of the Martyrs, until one feels like the child who wept before the picture of the Martyrs in the Circus, and said, "One poor lion hasn't got a Christian."

There is the Rome of the Middle Ages. So violent, so intense it seems to us who live in the days of Al Capone. They wrenched the stones out of the Forum to build their solid palaces, and dragged the porphyry and travertine columns off for their churches. The Colonna and the Orsini fought in the streets. I suppose we have all read Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi*, and we go to mourn his fate on the steps of the Ara Cœli, where, also, the body of Beatrice Cenci lay exposed for ignominy.

Sta. Maria in Cosmedin is to me the loveliest church in Rome. It is very small, very old and exquisite, with its altar surrounded by a colonnade set with pots of pinks.

There is the Rome of the Renaissance, and that Rome is so huge, so abundant, so overflowing, that one could live in it for ages. Exhausting one's dreams in Devachan must be like absorbing the Rome of the Renaissance. Popes, politicians, princes, poets and artists; Botticelli, Michael Angelo, and Cellini down from Florence, Raphael from Urbino, Pinturicchio from Siena, not only all of Italy but all of Europe comes, even Joachim du Bellay, writing his homesick sonnets.

"Plus me plaist le séjour qu'on basty mes ayeux
Que des palais Romains le front audacieux,
Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine;

Plus mon Loyre Gaulois que le Tibre Latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré que le Mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la doulceur angevine."

St. Peter's, the Vatican, villas, fountains, everything on such a scale!—But we shall begin to feel as though we were doing something.

We must just make three little pilgrimages to three particular points of interest. First, to the tomb of Cardinal Cusa, the occultist. He is buried in

San Pietro in Vincoli, where one sees the fetters St. Peter wore in prison, and the "Moses" of Michael Angelo. Then to the square before Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, where Giordano Bruno was burned, and third, to the cell in the Castel San Angelo where Cagliostro is said to have been imprisoned.

I am not fond of Roman churches. One may stroll in to hear a Mass served with imperial pomp at St. Peter's, or to hear the nuns sing Vespers at the Trinità del Monte, or to fancy oneself in the seventeenth century in the exuberant Baroque of the Gesù; but churches are not where one lingers in Rome.

The gardens of Rome. No other gardens have exactly that same charm, something so mellow, so rich, so negligé, such beds of violets that the air is heavy with perfume, such cascades of yellow roses, hedges of clipped box, and moss-spotted, mutilated, marble gods, and parasol pines. There is a framework of design, of order, but things grow upon it nonchalantly. There is nothing of that "Interior Decorator" look, where things are all "of the period", and so perfect that for a daisy to pop up is a sin. Most of these gardens are on hills, and have splendid views over the city and off to the mountains. On a clear day, from the Pincian, one can see the sea sparkling at the horizon.

The fountains of Rome. Respighi has written a magnificent orchestral piece about them. Each fountain plays; the fountain of the Papa Giulio, the fountain of Trevi, the fountain of the Janiculum, and the music flows, bubbles up, cascades, subsides. It is the very voice of Rome, for, wherever one lingers one hears the sound of water, from the fountain of the Janiculum which is like a tremendous cataract of Nature itself, to the little basin in our garden, with its "elephant ear" plants, under which we hid the water-melons to cool. Fountains and bells. You know the bells personally; the deep boom of San Carlo in Corso, and the gay little jangle of the parish church.

Fountains and bells and flowers. Everyone has seen the Spanish Steps at the Trinità del Monte covered from top to bottom with all the flowers of the season—*Manibus date lilia plenis*—but have they seen the Protestant cemetery, where Keats is buried, in Spring, one grove of blossoming camelia trees, numberless rosettes of silk, white, red, rose, striped, spotted, dazzling against that sky of cobalt? Flowers above one, flowers fallen upon the tombs, and upon the grass, itself embroidered with white violets and periwinkle. Have they seen the oleanders, masses of rose, powdered over with the white dust of August? Have they found the tiny wild pink cyclamen under its mottled, heart-shaped leaves?

"Fie, fie," someone is saying to me; "such idleness. Rome was not built thus, by people who did nothing."

So it was not, nor is to-day. Yet one always has time for enjoying things there. One is not so fatigued by this perpetual hurry and noise and clattering about, looking busy.

Just see what these people, "without the advantages of modern inventions", managed to accomplish. They managed to build Rome after Rome, to create one beautiful thing after another, to pour so much love and spirit into what they did, that even a fragment of a sarcophagus or a rag of damask still lives. They

put such force of consciousness into their actions and works, that the whole Western mind is coloured by them.

Now, certainly, Rome is not my favorite city. If you opened my heart you would not find Rome inscribed upon it as was Calais on the heart of poor "Bloody Mary". You may not love it best, but you have to recognize that the human consciousness that went into Rome was concerned with a different plane of ideas from that which goes into Detroit. Detroit looks it, too. Rome gives one, as few other places, the sense of the oneness of Time,—Time as a crystal globe in which we all live. We do this or that because Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, or because Martin Luther changed his mind about crawling up the Scala Sancta. It gives one a feeling of responsibility towards the past and towards the future, both ever present in our little hour.

If we wish to leave gold in the aura of the world, we have to put into our labour that intense love and energy which the Romans put into vaults and domes and gardens. We must put our effort upon that which is worthy to endure. Then what we build will live, and we shall build something far more beautiful than Rome,—truly, an Eternal City.

SAUVAGE.

The sense of an immemorial and great past, enables us to see the present for what it is.

A nation which has separated itself from its past, lacks perspective, since it has but a background of yesterday, and so thinks of the present as finality,—making the present a cage.—ANON.

The slavery of most lives comes from men asking from the world more than they are really worth.—J. FARRELL.

WAR MEMORIES

XV

Women and Children of Lorraine

DURING the following days, while the Second Battle of the Marne was still raging, with Paris as a kind of dyke reaching massively out into the angry, turbulent waters, against which these were lashing themselves furiously, uninterruptedly, we inside the city walls went on with our work; life continued outwardly just the same. I often passed the machine-gun emplacements which I had noticed when I first arrived—emplacements at intervals chiefly along the Boulevards, as I remember it. They told their own story—a last stand, if it came to that; a fight, if need be, to the death. "They would have to walk over the bodies, not only of soldiers, but of women and children, before they could get in", it had been said, and that was the way you felt whenever you looked at these emplacements. The pounding of the guns was magnificent; it often made you catch your breath, but you thanked God that you were there; and while the already familiar sign, "*Deuil en 24 Hrs.*", which had long since been hung in many of the shop windows, was now to be seen in ever-increasing numbers, this sign was silently accepted as an indication of the price which the women of France were ready and proud to pay. So life went on.

I used to get back to my hotel at night with the booming of the guns in my ears, and often, before going up to my room, I would creep out into the little, high-walled garden at the rear—the convent garden where the quiet nuns had wandered peacefully in the days that were gone; and there I would stand, watching the flame-coloured shafts and streamers of light which climbed into the deep vault of the midnight sky, dimming the glory of the stars. Then I would think of something which had been told me by a friend who had seen the march of the Allied Armies down the Avenue du Bois, celebrating the *Fête Nationale*. She told me that she would never forget that great river of bristling steel which seemed to pour itself out of the dim, cool shade of the Bois; that endless line; those miles of fixed bayonets flashing back the sun, as the allied troops moved on, an unbroken, unbending, inflexible line moving relentlessly forward. She had been so impressed with the splendour of that sight, and in telling me of it she had been so graphic, that she made me feel I had been there myself; had seen it with my own eyes. I used to think about it as I stood in the darkness of the garden, listening to the thunder of battle, near and far; the roar of this last desperate attack; and that allied line of stern, cold steel began to take on a symbolic meaning—it symbolized the protective wall around France, the "Circle Pass Not". So those historic days slipped by; the turning point had actually come, for on the 20th of July the Germans once more withdrew across the Marne; the great and final retreat had definitely set in.

Of course, with the first sign that the enemy was really being pushed back, the inrushing tide of terrified refugees had commenced to slacken, and soon there was no longer the imperative need for our *vestiaire* at the Gare de l'Est. I was asked to get ready to join a small medical unit in Lorraine, and, now that the *Bataille de Paris* was really over, I was delighted at the idea of going there.

The unit in question was to do civilian, clinical work in a certain section of the country around Nancy. There was to be a doctor in charge (a woman of wide experience—a trained child specialist); a qualified nurse, and two aids, of whom I was to be one. We were to have our car and our dispensary outfit; in fact, all the necessary things for this kind of undertaking. Some members of the prospective unit were already on the spot; the others were to join them as quickly as possible. Our work was to be among the women and children of the War-zone; more than this we did not know—at least *I* did not; things would be organized when we got there. But one thing was certain, which we were asked to realize and to keep always in mind,—the deep importance of what we were embarking on: France was, so to speak, burning her candle at both ends; on the one hand, she was pouring her men into the trenches, and losing them by scores of thousands—this was, of course, to be expected; but on the other hand, countless numbers of her children were also dying—dying of malnutrition with its attendant evils. At the very best, these children were having health and vigour dangerously undermined as the result of War-time conditions, with which most of the poor peasant mothers, for all their exertions, had been unable to cope; the three-and-a-half years of struggle against overwhelming odds had drained them of all their resources, and they were in the greatest need of help. With our circulating dispensary, we hoped to be able to carry our work into many outlying districts, from which doctors had long ago been withdrawn for military service, and where medical supplies (even supposing that there was any local knowledge of their use) were by now quite exhausted. From early, personal experience, as well as from what we had all heard, during those first months of the War, I felt that I already knew something of the women of Lorraine; of their indomitable courage, their superb moral daring—what else would one expect them to be, since this was the country from which Jeanne d'Arc came? So, counting myself fortunate, I began my preparations for departure.

Then the actual day for departure arrived, and this time I went to the Gare de l'Est as a traveller with a kit bag, not as a *vestiaire* worker. The station was, of course, crowded with the same incoming and outgoing throngs of soldiers, as well as of civilians, many of whom were, like myself, on their way to some appointed post in the provinces. Trunks were everywhere in mountainous piles, for, during those worst days, when the Germans were at our very gates, people from many of the surrounding towns and villages had come surging into Paris with their valuables, intending, no doubt, to put them in warehouse, or to transport them to the south; but the station officials had been so overwhelmed by this tidal wave of luggage, that all they had been able to do for the moment, was to stack it up, wherever they found an inch of space, thus giving it a tentative Government protection under the station roof, but no more. I had been

advised to get to the Gare de l'Est well in advance of the hour at which the train was scheduled to leave, not only because of procuring a ticket, but also because each of your credentials had to be carefully inspected—your passport, *carnet d'étranger*, *carte d'identité*, *laisser passer*, and all the rest—before you could leave Paris at all. When I saw the crush, I was glad that I had followed this advice, besides which, it was interesting to watch the many different kinds of people who came and went, while I stood in passport line.

"*Les chers Pom-poms!*" I heard a woman just behind me exclaim, with a little choke in her voice, and turning, I caught sight of the yearning look in her face as her eyes followed a small group of French Marines—I fancied she must have her boy fighting somewhere among them. I have always had an affection for the French Marines myself; could I ever forget the day, in 1914, at Melle, when they came dashing out of the narrow side alley and literally hurled themselves into the bloody skirmish, just beyond the village?

"*Les chers Pom-poms!*" I echoed, heartily, if silently.

"*Quoi donc! Crois-tu que nos petits soldats . . .* ?" The fragment of a sentence floated back to me, as an old man went by. From the way he carried himself, I felt sure that he was a veteran of 1870, with every one of his sons (those who were left to him), fighting in the trenches. Beside him walked a young girl who called him "*Gran'-père*", and who clung rather timidly to his arm, as they threaded their way through the crowds. There were tears in her eyes, and I knew that those two had come to say good-bye to someone dear to them both —someone who was off to the front again, the eight days leave being over.

"*Nom d'un chien! Mais je te dis . . .* !"—two wildly gesticulating *poilus*, deep in some amicable dispute, hurried past, completely oblivious of their surroundings because of that all-important point at issue.

Yes, I was glad I had come early.

The inspection of credentials over, and other official matters attended to, I found a seat in the Nancy Express, which, as it turned out, could hardly be called an express at all, for, at least at the beginning of our journey, we had constantly to draw off on some siding to allow the passage of interminable troop trains—those now familiar troop trains, fantastically camouflaged, packed with the ever-laughing *poilus*, many of them sitting precariously at open doors, singing, smoking, waving gaily to us as they claimed their right of way and moved ahead of us. Those long lines of solidly-enclosed, box-cars, each with the well-known marking, "*Hommes 40, Chevaux 8*" in large white letters—how well I already knew them! And how vividly I still remember them, with their sunny, laughter-loving, vivacious freight—freight which was being taken back to the firing line.

Once really free of Paris, and just beyond the outer ring of forts, I think (anyway it was long before we got to Meaux) I remember passing what looked like a huge concentration camp, and on asking, was told that it was the *Camp des Permissionnaires*, where men who were coming out on leave, and all men who were about to return to their regiments, had to report.

Then on through Meaux, skirting Château-Thierry and Epernay (how near

the enemy had been!); Châlons-sur-Marne, Vitry-le Francois and Bar-le-Duc—much the same line over which I had travelled two years earlier. But I had never been east of "Bar" since long before the War, and as we moved onward, I began to recall the pre-War days when, living in Munich, I used so often to pass over this very ground on my way to and from family visits in Paris. I remembered at Commercy the breezy voices of the women who, with great baskets of sweet cakes on their arms, used to run along the platform beside the train as it pulled up, calling in a high-pitched kind of chant: "*Mad-e-leines de Commercy! Mad-e-leines de Commercy!*" And then I would get out of the train for a moment, and stand on the platform myself, and buy a madeleine or two, just for the sake of a chat—a chat especially with a stout, friendly old woman who always seemed to remember that I had been there before.

On again. Along the highroads was the familiar movement of troops; the grey *camions;* the grey "*service militaire*" cars, carrying a general or two; there were the red tiled houses, half hidden under trees, of little villages where life was struggling bravely on, and here and there a special village where quantities of soldiers strolled about, or lay in warm corners, basking in the sun—a village where some regiment was *en repos*. Then came Toul, a link in that long line of frontier fortresses, and then Nancy, my destination—Nancy, one of the loveliest old towns in France.

There was a tradition upon which, I fancy, most of us who are of the older generation were brought up: that when France and Germany next came to grips, Alsace-Lorraine would be the field of the initial fighting. Indeed, history told us that the Franco-Prussian War was hardly over before Germany embarked upon fresh plans for the future, with eyes fixed specially on the country between the Vosges and the uplands of the Meuse, and I believe that as we grew older, it was with an ever-deepening feeling that this was a section of France "set apart", and revered beyond most others. I can remember while still quite a child, repeatedly hearing the "next war" discussed; the precautionary measures which France was taking on her eastern frontier; the long chain of forts which was being improved and strengthened in view of what the years would undoubtedly bring. There was not an inch of ground which was not studied, systematically, methodically studied—and on *both* sides of that border-line. In fact, controversies as to the future and inevitable "Battle of Nancy" particularly, are very old, very hazy, but none the less very actual memories of mine. It is true that some years before the beginning of hostilities in 1914, military experts were predicting that Germany would enter France by way of Belgium, but the uninitiated public, of which I was one, clung steadfastly to the old tradition I think,—though perhaps some foresaw that when it came to the test, both routes were likely to be taken.

As far as I can remember, when the Great War did at last break out, much that was going on during those first weeks in Alsace-Lorraine, remained somewhat veiled in mystery, though the names of de Castelnau, Dubail, Foch, were everywhere heard. Of course, we knew in general about the splendid French drive into the "lost provinces" (what hope it inspired!), but the press was

reticent, as usual. Whether that offensive was a wise one or not is still, I believe, somewhat of an open question, but the "Battle of Nancy", predicted for almost a generation, where the retreating French army turned, and made its unflinching stand, has been called one of the most important of the War. Many a man died on that battle-field whose silent heroism will remain for ever unrecorded, but those lives were not given in vain, for, though facing the most terrific odds, the French would not yield one inch, and this Battle of the Grand-Couronné, retrieving in large measure the defeat of Morhange by re-establishing confidence, is said to have made more possible the victory of the Marne.

The people of Lorraine, like most frontier folk, are hard and determined fighters. It may therefore, perhaps, be partly due to their peculiarly stubborn resistance that they suffered from German bestiality in a way that the country folk of the interior did not have to suffer; and it was in Lorraine that I once more began to hear about atrocities. Nowhere, at *that* time, moreover, were they referred to as "alleged"—the all too customary adjective now-a-days. M. Mirman, the indomitable Préfet of Meurthe-et-Moselle, and a veritable father to all his people, had kept a record of the early days, a kind of diary of the time when the Germans were still pursuing their infamous policy of terrorization, and this book is said to have begun with the simple and direct statement: "*Voici un livre d'horreurs; c'est, hélas! un livre de vérité.*" I never chanced to see that book myself, but I knew several Americans who did see it, and to whom it proved absolutely convincing—but they were, of course, among those who were still sufficiently inexperienced in German methods to *need* convincing. In any case you had only to see M. Mirman himself, to talk with him for a few minutes, in order to know that what he said could be, without hesitation, accepted as true—there could be no doubt whatever of that. Later, I was to learn on my own account some of the details of the German outrages from the women and children of Lorraine themselves.

Nancy, only eleven miles from the frontier, is a *ville ouverte;* it is quite unfortified, and it had no garrison of any sort when hostilities broke out, yet that did not make it immune to bombardments; it was full of wrecked houses and buildings of all kinds, and I soon discovered that I had many new things to learn about air raids alone. I had come to what was spoken of as an "inactive front", but it was quite active enough to suit some of us, and, as evidence of what we might reasonably expect, the local authorities promptly furnished us with "tin hats" (commonly known as "*champignons de fer*"), as well as with gas masks, for our work was likely to take us rather far afield, and it was well to be prepared for all emergencies. For when the Germans, just beyond the lines, were not busy trying to put concealed French batteries out of commission (which was, of course, legitimate warfare), they amused themselves by deliberately pounding and grinding small, defenceless villages within their range, to a yet finer powder than that to which they had already been reduced (and this was most distinctly *not* legitimate); *mais, que voulez-vous!* you were dealing with Germans, so you never knew what emergency you might be called upon to face.

Within a couple of days after my arrival, our unit was organized and we were at work. We were stationed just above a very small village, three or four miles out of Nancy, in a very small house at the very top of a very steep hill. Why this particular site was chosen I never knew, but since it was not far from the shaft of a large and quite an important mine, we were never forgotten when an air raid was on; the Germans were always trying to demolish it. We had a number of outlying villages in our care, and these were scattered over a wide area, at some distance from us and from each other, and, daily making a very early start in our automobile dispensary, we would have morning and afternoon sessions in some building of each village which was on our list (the building appointed beforehand by the village authorities—a room in the schoolhouse or the *Mairie* as the case might be), and here the country people, sometimes from miles around, would come flocking. For news of the work, and what we were trying to do, had spread like wildfire (similar dispensaries were already in working order in other parts of Lorraine, and it was known what valuable results had been accomplished), and at first we were so beset that we were obliged to choose the worst cases only, telling the others that they must wait until our next visit. Pale, anæmic-looking mothers, carrying their pale, sickly and, but too often, tubercular babies in their arms, would walk through the summer heat, and over the glaring, dusty roads, fifteen, eighteen, twenty miles perhaps, a large family of other sickly children dragging at their skirts as they trudged along, and this, just in order to get a bottle of medicine and a bit of kindly advice from our doctor. Many of the children who were brought to us had been for so long the victims of malnutrition, that their poor little bodies were literally covered with the most painful and repellent skin diseases, and then we would all have a busy time dressing these wounds of war (for they *were* War-wounds of a most pitiable kind), after which, the ashen-white little sufferers, bandaged to their pallid eyelids, would be returned to their anxious mothers, with a supply of medicine or ointment, or both, the directions how to use these, and the injunction to return in a week, when we should again be in that village. Many of these children, at any rate the ones closest up to the front, had spent the greater part of their short lives in miserably dark and very damp cellars, seeking that questionable safety during the shelling of their village, which might continue intermittently for days on end; indeed, many of the youngest had been born in these cellars, and during the most frightful bombardments ("cave" children, most of the Americans in the district called them, anglicizing the French word), and they got out into the sunlight only in the uncertain intervals of quiet. These children, narrow-chested, with wizened little faces, and all too often cruelly maimed (an arm or a foot or an eye gone—the result of bursting shells), seemed even to have forgotten how to smile. Taciturn, cautious, they had lost all their childhood gaiety, all the happy irresponsibility of childhood; they seemed already to know and understand everything that life could teach them. Or, worse than all, they were so frightened by the least sound that they would cry out and try to hide—there is hardly anything so heartbreaking as a child whose spirit has been broken. And this was some of the material from which France

would have to draw in shaping her future—unless, indeed, that material could be redeemed.

Of course, the French authorities did everything in their power to persuade all the families of those districts which were most exposed, to move farther back to safety, and a great number did move (arrangements had been made to concentrate many of them in Toul, where they could more easily be fed and cared for—the American Red Cross giving generous assistance in this part of France); but no native-born Lorrainer likes to leave his home, for which he has a blindly passionate love, and from which he is very difficult to uproot. Under the present conditions, moreover, the cultivation of the fields fell almost exclusively to the women, and they were specially reluctant to move, even to secure more safety for their children, because they knew that every well-cultivated field meant more food for the men fighting at the front. So the French authorities could *issue* evacuation orders, but, short of violence, it was not always easy to carry these orders out—and who would wish to use violence with people who had already suffered so much from it?

We got to know many of these women and children very well; to know the conditions under which they lived (for often we had to visit them in their homes —or what was left of their homes—if they were too ill to come to us), and we heard many of their experiences during the first invasion of 1914. Of most of these experiences it would be impossible to write, but to me, at least, it was the old story which I had heard with such tragic repetition, such desolating insistence in Belgium.

The women of Lorraine have a splendid resiliency, a valiant spirit—but what shadows haunted the eyes of some of them! You found yourself taking great care not to evoke those shadows of the past, they were too terrible. "Atrocious, unnameable things have happened to us and to our children", they would tell you sometimes, in low voices, "but shall we, then, lose heart?" There was a kind of sturdy defiance about them—is there anyone who has not heard of Sœur Julie of Gerbéviller?—also a native shrewdness, sure to be bred by a border-land danger, from which no frontier people is ever free. We had many different types to deal with, from the outwardly shy and awkward, who had suffered over-much, and whose confidence you had to win by slow and gentle means, to the more robust and obvious,—those who knew exactly what they wanted, and who intended to get it; those who, you felt, would be more than equal to any situation—even Germans!

I remember one woman of this type—who could ever forget her!—who came with the utmost regularity to our dispensary. Heavy and large and weather-roughened she was, with rather a truculent air, a voice like a dragoon, and a self-assurance which was quite overwhelming. In her matronly wake her nine children, beautifully graded like a long flight of steps, and with coal-black eyes which glinted like little pieces of anthracite, invariably came flocking, and, peasant though she was, she would stride magisterially into our dispensary and take charge of the whole place, ourselves included; not as the result of mere numbers (though this might well have been the case, for she was ten and we were

only four), but by the sheer force of her own rugged and masterful nature. With that long line of silent and rebelliously submissive children (a well trained line which always advanced single-file, and in perfect order), she made me think of a very competent and experienced gaoler, who was taking his nice little convicts out for an airing.

Each one of the names of each one of her nine children began with an H.; no doubt when she embarked on this reckless enterprise she did not anticipate so large a family. Once having started with that (or any other) scheme, however, she was not the woman to turn back. The long list began imposingly: Hippolyte, Hyacinthe, and ran on with the more modest names: Honoré, Hélène, Henri, Henriette. I forget the name of the seventh, but by the time the next to the last was reached, the family imagination seems suddenly to have collapsed, for this unfortunate eighth was merely called Huitième—"Huit" for short—though whether he had actually and indecorously been so baptized I do not know; while as for number nine—as he was no longer than a yard stick, and not much thicker, poor little under-fed mite, I believe they were waiting to see if he ever turned into anything at all before taxing the family ingenuity any further. That woman never appeared without being accompanied by every one of her nine children, no matter what the weather or what the condition of the family health.

"Where is your husband?" I ventured one day, secretly wondering what that husband might be like (he was probably of a retiring disposition, I thought), wondering too, if perhaps she had him safely locked up in a cupboard, at home, where she fed him at intervals through the key-hole—she was the kind that might well intimidate any man!

She made one of those characteristic, whimsical side jerks with her elbow (that queer, upward jerk which expresses so much, yet tells you so little), and she looked me squarely in the face, while I trembled in my shoes:

"He is fighting at the front", she boomed, in those deep chest-tones of hers, "fighting like a Frenchman—and that means like the devil!"—which gave me fully to understand that I had been doing that absent husband an injustice; he had *not* allowed himself to be locked in a cupboard, and she was evidently proud of him. He must have been quite a remarkable man.

As we drove about from village to village, through the beautiful country of Lorraine, drawn on by the ever-widening sphere of our work, we were always reminded by the sharp contrasts of smiling, fertile meadows and wrecked villages, of what that September invasion of 1914 had cost these people. The great battle-line had left its mark on every mile; the fields, thickly dotted with wooden crosses, told the silent story of life upon life laid down, and the people who were left (mostly women), when ploughing time came round again, had reverently made a circle about each cross, so marking the resting place of a fallen comrade —perhaps some boy of their own village whom they had seen grow to manhood. So, year after year, these little crosses had stood, each on its small, lonely island in the surrounding sea of billowing furrows—furrows of the rich, brown Lorraine earth, turned up for the new seed time which had come again, as the year swung

round. And each year since then, this had been repeated, and we now passing, were looking at the ripening harvests of four years later—but the solitary little islands with their simple wooden crosses, were still there in the wheat fields; the sun still rose and set on them, and the rain beat on them now, as in the beginning. We covered a great many miles in our rounds, and the nearer we got to the front line, the more certain we were, of course, to meet distress and ruined homes. Yet these small frontier towns and villages went courageously on with such business as was possible, waiting for the day of deliverance with patience and faith. There is a sedate and sober loveliness peculiar to the villages of Lorraine; a quiet loveliness which casts its own peculiar spell. The simple, low, square houses, with their narrow, arched doorways and unadorned fronts, over which thick grape vines are trained, the rich clusters of fruit ripening in the sun—these villages all had an air of quiet contentment, even those where there were shattered church spires, and many a roof fallen in. The people were merely waiting; biding their time till the enemy should be finally driven out, so that they could start the rebuilding of their homes, sure, as they hoped, that they would not again be destroyed.

On the way to Lunéville, just after you have passed St. Nicolas-du-Port, with its austere, grey-towering church, there is just such a little village, well off the beaten track, which I got to know because of frequent visits. It was caught in the very centre of the fiercest battle fought, in August, 1914, to the south of the Nancy-Lunéville highroad, and many a time have I listened to the account of what the people of the village lived through: how, one day, their village street suddenly swarmed with French soldiers who had seemed to rush in from nowhere, and in the winking of an eye; of how the enemy was seen creeping out of the shadows of the Forêt de Vitrimont which stretched darkly, just beyond some rolling fields; of the desperate *corps-à-corps* fight in the tiny cemetery at the end of the village street, as defenders and invaders met; of the broken, blood-spattered gravestones, and of the many wounded which the women and girls carried into the houses, and then out again as those houses caught fire; of the roar and crash of the church steeple when, squarely hit by a German shell, it fell by the cemetery wall.

It was at the close of the afternoon that we first went there, not to hold a dispensary, but to make arrangements with the mayor for future and regular days. As all such arrangements belonged to the duties of the doctor and the nurse, I was at liberty to wander about by myself, to talk with the village people, to hear their accounts of that unforgettable time, and to see what there was to see. Then it was that an old crone, leaning heavily on her stick, described in really dramatic words that day when the village passed for a time into German hands, and when the little village street was heaped with the dead and dying. As we stood there, the twilight began to fall, and into the cemetery on its gentle slope, near which we were standing, came trooping the evening shadows, making the broken tombstones look ghostly and sad.

"What did *you* do that day?" I asked her.

"Ah. madame", her old voice quavered, while her wrinkled face twitched in

a spasm of pain, "I suppose I did many things that day; but now I can only remember one. My little granddaughter . . . they killed her—afterwards."

Darkness had come, and with it came the sound of voices, singing, and I saw a very faint light streaming out through the doorway of the half-ruined church —it was Vespers (or what was probably taking the place of Vespers, for no real services could be held there yet, the building was too unsafe), and a few of the village women had assembled. I drew nearer as their voices broke into the *Cantique du Sacré Cœur*, long familiar, because it had been sung all over France since the very beginning of the War, and those untrained voices sounded clear and sweet and simple as they rose and fell: "*Sauvez, sauvez la France; ne l'abandonnez pas!*" Then, as I stepped into the dim interior, I noticed, by the flicker and gleam of a candle or two, that at the end farthest away from the fallen spire, where the roof was comparatively safe, a small altar had been set up, and that above it was the figure of some saint (no doubt a relic—something that was found unbroken in the ruins) and behind him, in sharp, radiating lines, I saw with a kind of awe, that there glinted a huge halo of bayonets! Later, I grew accustomed to many such sights in the churches of Lorraine, for theirs had become a truly militant religion.

When at home on our hilltop, we lived quite comfortably, for we had a nice maid to look after us—a War-widow, who, with a little daughter of six, had recently moved to our village at the foot of the hill. They would both come climbing up to us each morning, and would go down again at night, and the woman was an excellent *bonne-à-tout-faire* who cooked our meals when we were there, and kept our small house tidy, the child, meanwhile, playing about, feeling contented and happy—she was a dear little soul, and a great favourite with us. We were, of course, on the friendliest terms with all of our immediate neighbours—those in our village—and we used often to visit them. For, although on week days we were invariably far afield from early morning until well toward evening (later still sometimes), before dark there was often an hour or so in which to exchange visits, and those people soon learnt that our doctor's advice, her tonics and other medicines, were always at their disposal, and our dispensary often continued long after we thought our day's work finished. Mothers would bring their children up the hill, or, when we had become well established in their confidence, the children would come up by themselves if it was still light, and even when there was no dispensary work afoot, we all met around a common local interest—two monster *saucisses* which lived in the sloping meadows a little distance below us. There had been great excitement, especially among the children, when they first arrived with their "keepers", and this interest never waned. Every evening (for they seemed to be night birds only) from where we sat on our doorstep, we could look down and watch them being inflated, and they were always surrounded by an admiring group of young people; then, with loosened moorings, they would soar up to the appointed height in the air, and there they would remain all night; and in the morning they would descend again, be deflated, and lie, disgracefully limp, until night came round once more.

We had a most beautiful view from our hilltop, across a lovely, fertile valley, to wooded hills beyond, and over the dark Forêt de Haye which stretched between us and Nancy. But the air raids were really dreadful—it was that mine shaft which, although we could not actually see it, was so near; the village had already been quite badly damaged, and lives were lost from time to time, and it was remarkable that anything at all remained of our small house, which made a fine target—if anyone up in the air thought it worth while to use it as a target. It was the sort of small, frail two-story house which, if hit, would have gone down like a pack of cards, and if you happened to be in it at the time, you would probably find that most of the "cards" would be on top of you—a prospect which no one relishes. The people who had lived in it, but who had now moved away somewhere into the interior, had realized this unpleasant danger, and had built a shelter of solid masonry, so thick and solid that when you were inside you could but indistinctly hear even the explosions of the bombs outside. This shelter was at one end of the little house, a narrow passage connecting it, so that, with the sudden and violent raids which we had—when there was not a moment to lose—you could run downstairs, slip from the kitchen through this narrow passage and so into the tiny chamber with its masonry walls, and to a very fair amount of safety. The interior of this *abri* held about six people, but it was icy-cold, dark as pitch and, what was worse than anything else, spiders crawled all over you! That happened to me the first (and I may say the last) time I ever went there. Of course, I was the butt of the "family" because, having lived through that one spider episode, they never could persuade me to follow them into that place again; and I remained uninfluenced by their friendly gibes.

On moonlight nights especially, we often had four, five, six—I do not know how many raids. Some would be abortive (stopped by the anti-aircraft guns, many of which were placed at points on the hills which surrounded us), but returning again, a few minutes later, the raiders might succeed in getting through the barrage, and they would then be more determined on destruction than ever. These raids were worse, in one sense, than any I had ever yet experienced, because we were so exposed. The stillness of the night would suddenly be broken by an ear-splitting blast from the sirens in Nancy—the signal to the whole countryside for many miles around that the enemy planes had been sighted, and this meant that they would be well over the border-line in a few seconds. No matter how sound asleep you might be, the wailing of those sirens, even four miles away, made such an uproar that you were generally on your feet before you realized that you were actually awake. So far as I can remember, we, in our little outpost, could count upon two, perhaps three minutes from the time we heard the sirens until the first bombs began to fall, and we would all come hastily downstairs, the others most wisely seeking the masonry shelter, while I stayed in the small living room, under the fancied protection of a flimsy upper story. But imagination can accomplish a great deal, and that floor just above was always a consolation.

There came a night (not the kind for an air raid we thought, for there was no

moon), when our doctor and the nurse had to go into Nancy to make arrangements about some new villages which we were to visit—they were obliged to do this from time to time—so the other aid and I were alone on our hilltop. I chanced to be up rather later than usual that evening, writing letters home, and about midnight came the unexpected but familiar *alerte* from Nancy, and up the two of us jumped, and downstairs we scuttled.

"Do come too", my co-worker called back kindly, as she disappeared through the kitchen on her way to that spider-infested *abri;* but shrapnel had less terrors for me than crawly things, besides which, I hate stuffy holes.

I hardly had time to get myself into my usual corner (as far away from the windows as possible, for in bad raids the glass was often shattered, and bits of it flew about most unpleasantly), before pandemonium began, and that seems to me now the worst raid I have ever been in. Usually these raids lasted about five or six minutes at the longest, but this one went on for ever—perhaps it was a succession of raids, though I never knew. The explosions were so terrific, and at such short intervals; the prolonged shriek of those shells, echoed back from the surrounding hills, and answered in turn by the crashing of the anti-aircraft guns on the summits, was so really appalling, if not unnerving, that I have never forgotten it. I think I counted thirteen or fourteen bombs which fell close to our little house that night, and why the whole frail structure did not collapse I cannot imagine. I do not think there was an uncracked pane of glass in any window, and several times I heard the shrapnel splintering against the front of the house. Although I was well back in the room, I could see out across the valley, and it was a scene of the wildest beauty when the whole landscape, to the limit of the hills, became suddenly and brilliantly illuminated by the *fusées éclairantes* which came floating across it over the tops of the trees—a sight to make you wonder if a hidden magic was at work. That night both our *saucisses* were brought down, and the mine shaft was hit, but that was not the worst. There was one, last gigantic explosion, and then silence—silence as sudden and unexpected as the raid itself had been.

The "all clear" signal from Nancy had hardly sounded, and I had scarcely found time to pinch myself in order to see if I were really still alive, before I heard a sound which made my heart stand still. I listened, at first incredulous, but that sound came again—a panic-stricken child, sobbing, crying out in fear, and for a moment I could not tell from what direction it came. It is an agonizing thing to hear the voice of a terrified child out in the darkness of the night, especially if you do not know where it comes from; if you do not know which way to go. A minute seems like a merciless eternity. I went to the door, and stepped out, and stood on the small terrace, listening. The night was wide and still (now that the raid was over), the stars were glorious, and sounds carry far in that clear air. That pitiful sobbing still reached me, even though I realized that it came from a distance. So, guessing that there must be trouble in the village, and that it must be some village child coming up the hill in search of us, I ran down the steep slope hoping to discover what the matter was. I had quite forgotten my poor colleague who was probably waiting

patiently in that cold *abri*, for you could not hear the "all clear" signal through those thick walls, and I stumbled on, guided, now that I was nearer, by that broken, hysterical sobbing. My eyes had grown accustomed to the dark, and presently I caught sight of the lonely little figure, wearily climbing our hill, and I could hear the faltering words:

"*Maman . . . Maman . . . Maman!*"—over and over and over.

Then I came upon her, a desolate, wee thing, alone in the night—our maid's little daughter.

"Where is *Maman?*" I asked, holding her close to my side; but she only gripped my hand convulsively; she could not tell me; I suppose she did not really know; probably she could not understand what had happened.

So together we went down to the foot of the hill, and turned into the village street, where a large crowd of the village people had collected. Two houses had been hit, and in both of them, women and children were buried. One of these houses was that in which our maid lived, and the poor woman had been frightfully injured; they were trying to get her (as well as the others) out of the ruins, as I came up. The child had evidently escaped death by a miracle—so I learned later—because, chancing to run first through a doorway, she was clear of the heavy beams which fell thundering just behind her—the beams which pinned her mother under them, when the house was hit. Then, young as she was, the terrified child's first thought had been to find us, where she had spent all her days; particularly to find our doctor, to whom she was devoted. And before any of the village people had been able to come to the rescue of the poor mother (who died a few hours later), the child had rushed off alone, instinctively, in search of us, no one knowing where she had gone. Until we joined them, many thought she must be somewhere in the wreckage.

The dawn was breaking before they had finished that sad rescue work, and, putting my little charge into the care of a good neighbour, a kind, motherly woman who I knew could be trusted, I turned homeward, avoiding the crude, dusty road down which I had come in the dark, a few hours earlier; taking instead, a winding, uphill path through the fields. It was a narrow little footpath which I loved because it led past a lonely *Calvaire*, backed by thick overhanging trees, where the children of the village always kept fresh flowers. Now, as, slowly, I climbed up toward it, I saw, while still at a distance, that some of the village women were already gathered, in the early morning freshness—after that night of fearful pain and death—and that they were kneeling on the dewy grass around it. And as I reached that silent group, the sun came up over the crest of a wooded hill, burnishing the tops of the forest trees; flooding our valley with light, till the night mists which lay there were turned to gold; touching with a white glory the thorn-crowned head of the Christ, who hung on that rude Cross; irradiating the sorrowful face, bent down in pity toward those women, kneeling there.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Historian, when we next met, referred at once to a recent meeting of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society, at which Mr. Hargrove had talked about Saint-Germain and the French Revolution, commenting on the interest the talk had aroused. Someone suggested that we could not have a better topic for discussion that evening, especially, he added, "as certain facts were brought out which throw light both on the past and present,—perhaps on the future also." The Student then told us that he had in his pocket the usual stenographic report of what had been said at the Branch meeting, which had been given him that morning, and was promptly asked to read it aloud. He read accordingly, as follows:—

The subject of the Theosophical Movement in the 18th century is too large to be considered in one evening, so I shall limit what I have to say, so far as possible, to the work of Saint-Germain and the French Revolution.

I must assume a certain background in the minds of all of you,—the background of the theosophical philosophy in the first place: that the universe is one; that natural law is a reflection of spiritual law, is an expression, if you choose to put it that way, of the will of God; and that those whom we speak of as Masters are *the* most obedient servants of the will of God and in that sense of spiritual law, of universal law. They work with nature and not against it.

The second proposition is that evolution, having extended infinitely in the past as it will extend infinitely in the future (speaking in terms of time), there are those among mankind who have already reached perfection—those few just men made perfect, who are, as it were, the efflorescence of the human race —and that those just men made perfect, Masters of Wisdom, constitute what is known as the Great Lodge, the Great White Brotherhood.

I must further assume, as part of your mental background, a knowledge of what Madame Blavatsky said in regard to the effort that is made by that Lodge during the last quarter of every century, to arouse mankind to a knowledge of its spiritual heritage. Mr. Judge once defined the Theosophical Movement as a continuous effort to spiritualize the race. Assuming all of that, we can then project ourselves back in our imaginations to the earlier part of the 18th century, when we can imagine that the Lodge considered the problem of how best to forward human progress in the real sense—in the spiritual sense, not in the material sense which is the one thing the modern world considers—during the last quarter of that century. We may assume that those Masters of Wisdom will have taken into account conditions then existing and as these were rapidly developing, just as Masters presumably will have taken into account conditions as they existed prior to 1875; and, as the modern historian overlooks

one of the most important factors that existed in 1870 or thereabouts—the Spiritualistic movement—ignoring it completely, so the large majority of historians ignore completely one of the most important factors that existed in the 18th century. Even the historians are forced to recognize this much: there was a strong movement toward materialism in philosophy. Diderot, d'Alembert and others among the Encyclopedists were working for rationalism, and while they began as deists, it did not take them long to become out-and-out materialists of the Büchner type of the following century. The destruction of spirituality: that was one strong tendency that had to be recognized and counter-acted. The other strong tendency which has not been appreciated in the slightest degree by historians was one of the rankest superstition. And I wish to call your attention to the fact that materialism is merely the opposite pole of superstition. They seem to be very different, but actually, except for the fact that they are opposite poles on the same plane, they are in essence one. The extreme sceptic is the embodiment of superstition. The form that superstition took at that time was not religious. It was in the direction of magic, necromancy, the magical evocation of the dead, etc. It was said of Louis XV that no matter how sinful his life, he never lost his faith in the devil. That was true; and so, while faith in God had become comparatively insignificant, faith in the devil and in the power of the devil, was more active perhaps than at most other times in history. People were intensely interested in what the devil could do, because they wanted to find out how to do it for themselves!

There was another difficulty, particularly in France. That was the demoralized condition of the Church. The Bishops were appointed for the most part (there are always exceptions) because they belonged to one of the noble families and as a reward for some kind of service, for the reason that the bishoprics were enormously rich. As always, there were good and pious men among the *curés*, the lower clergy, but they were bewildered, confused, without leadership, saw nothing but the most dreadful example in their Bishops as a rule, and when the test came and they were made members of the National Assembly, they did not stand the test.

Those were some of the conditions which we will assume the White Lodge took into account when laying its plan of campaign for the Theosophical Movement in the 18th century; and the main work determined upon was among the Masonic Lodges. Masonry was used as a blind, in this sense: Masonry itself was reorganized; one of the agents of the Lodge, Cagliostro, initiated the Egyptian rite, and Saint-Germain himself worked for the Strict Observance; but what was actually done was that they worked among the Freemasons, and then selected from them men who were a possibility in the direction of discipleship. In connection with Freemasonry, as offshoots, there existed all over Europe innumerable semi-occult organizations. Vienna appears to have been the headquarters, though not of all, for in France there were others. For instance: the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, the Canons of the Holy Temple, the Knights of the Holy City, the Clergy of Auvergne, the Knights of Provence, the Fratres Lucis, the Rosicrucians, the African Brothers, the Amis Réunis, the

Martinists. These are only a few out of hundreds. These fraternities existed throughout Europe, in Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and elsewhere.

Contemporaneously with that effort to use Masonry and these occult organizations as a means through which to disseminate the truth and a real understanding of man and of the universe (to turn superstition itself into spirituality), it is perfectly clear that as usual there were other efforts being made, such as, for instance, the work of Wesley in England—totally different. That does not mean, please, that I am suggesting Wesley was a chêla or something of that kind. But here was this great outpouring from the Lodge during the last quarter of the century, and doubtless the Christian Master takes advantage of that, and energizes and reinforces here, there and everywhere. The White Lodge, without any question whatsoever, foresaw the possibility, and may be the probability, of the French Revolution, and Lecky, the English historian, an agnostic, said that it was thanks to the work of John Wesley in England that there was no such social upheaval there, as in France. There is no time this evening to go into the work of Wesley, but he spoke to crowds of thirty thousand men at a time, of all classes, and worked up such an intense interest in religion that, furthermore, their minds were diverted from other subjects. More important, he gave them a most vivid sense of the reality of the spiritual life.

Leaving that, we come to the actual work of the adepts and chêlas and other people who were working in Europe, outside of England. You will remember that in the *Glossary* Madame Blavatsky says (she does *not* say that Mesmer was the Lodge Messenger—people are constantly speaking of him in that way) —that Mesmer was the pioneer; she says Saint-Germain supervised the development of events, says that Cagliostro was commissioned to help, but, having made a series of mistakes, was recalled. She says elsewhere that his ambition, selfishness and so forth, got the better of him.

Mesmer began his work promptly on time, in 1775, with a well known address to the Medical Council of Vienna on the subject of animal magnetism. It is impossible to follow his work now: how he went to France and aroused an enormous interest in animal magnetism, then little by little withdrew all the paraphernalia and the phenomenal side of it and formed an organization to which he gave esoteric teaching. Saint-Germain, who was in charge of the whole movement, appeared in France in 1743, to prepare the way. It will interest you to keep that in mind in view of the present century. He appeared at the Court of Louis XV, and was at once received by the King for reasons which there will perhaps be an opportunity to go into later.

In 1745 he was in London, very much interested in the Jacobite rising. We know that from Horace Walpole, from one of Walpole's innumerable letters to his friends; he speaks of him as a mysterious stranger who had been arrested because of supposed sympathy with the Pretender, but who had immediately been released and invited to dinner by the Secretary of State or somebody of that rank. In 1755 he paid his second visit to India, travelling with General Clive, as he then was. In 1757 he turned up again in Paris and became once more very closely associated with Louis XV and his immediate entourage. In

1760, Louis XV persuaded him to go on a diplomatic mission. France had been at war for years, and the Duc de Choiseul was unable to stop it. Louis XV wanted to stop it, and persuaded Saint-Germain to go to Holland, to try to arrange terms of peace.

Meanwhile, from 1743 onwards, Saint-Germain was travelling all over Europe, from Lodge to Lodge. (Please do not think I speak of the Great Lodge, when I speak of "Lodges".) He was the so-called Unknown Head of practically all of these occult and semi-occult organizations, trying to direct their energies toward true spirituality, to a real understanding of the spirit of Masonry, as we will call it, but carrying it further than that, because he was introducing, through these subsidiary or off-shoot organizations, a real knowledge of Theosophy.

Cagliostro was working to found the Egyptian rite, and succeeded to some extent. Little by little, however, it appears that he was swept off his feet. He had very remarkable powers, was an extraordinary man, but was carried away by those powers, and by the adulation which he received. There was a strong tide running in the direction of radicalism, and it is evident, reading between the lines, that (to use modern phraseology) Cagliostro got "the big head" and slid from under the control of Saint-Germain—because Freemasonry, which was intended to be and which ought to have been the rock upon which the future regeneration of mankind could be built, became the instrument of the Revolution, the exact opposite of what was intended.

In 1762, Saint-Germain was in Russia, and helped to put Catherine II on the throne in place of that deplorable specimen, her husband. Louis XV died in 1774, and Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette came to the throne. She was a girl of nineteen, he a boy of twenty. Saint-Germain had not been in Paris for some ten years. I am going to refer to the *Souvenirs sur Marie-Antoinette* of the Comtesse d'Adhémar. A later Comtesse d'Adhémar was a member of the Theosophical Society in the 1880s, knew Madame Blavatsky, and was devoted to her. Madame Blavatsky and her aunt stayed with her in her chateau in France. The *Souvenirs* of the earlier Countess is one of the most interesting books I know on the subject of the French Revolution. She knew Saint-Germain well, and he evidently liked her. She had seen a good deal of him until the death of Madame de Pompadour, when he left for Germany, Denmark and Russia. He turned up again in 1774, very shortly after the death of Louis XV, and the Comtesse d'Adhémar received him with amazement. He said he had come to warn her that this new reign would be *funeste*, disastrous; that it was not too late, however, and that he wished to save the monarchy. He told her that the Duc de Chartres as he then was—the Duc d'Orléans, Égalité—would be used as a catspaw by the Encyclopedists for the overthrow of the monarchy, the Church and all civilized institutions. He said: I want you to arrange an interview with Marie-Antoinette, for I must warn her; then I shall ask her to arrange an interview with the King, but on condition that I see him alone and not with that fool, Maurepas (who was adviser to the King, a worthless person and an enemy of Saint-Germain).

The Comtesse d'Adhémar was frightened. She was a lady-in-waiting to the

Queen. She went to her at once; reminded her that the Comte de Saint-Germain had been intimate with Louis XV, and asked her to receive him. She did, and he said to her: The Queen in her wisdom will weigh what I am about to confide to her. The Encyclopedist party desire power. They will obtain it only by the absolute downfall of the clergy, and to insure this result, will overthrow the monarchy. They have chosen d'Orléans—the crown of France will be offered him, but the scaffold will be his lot instead of the throne. Saint-Germain then foretold some of the horrors of the Revolution. The Queen was only nineteen. She was not accustomed to be talked to in that way, and was much upset. She said: Will there be nothing but royalty left? He looked at her very seriously and replied, Not even royalty! She was so upset that the Comtesse broke in: You must not talk to the Queen like that, she is not accustomed to such language. He apologized, but declared it was his duty to tell the truth so far as he dared,—that he was sparing the Queen all he could; if she would arrange an interview between himself and the King, he would go into further details. The Queen promised to speak to the King about it; but the King said he could not see Saint-Germain without Maurepas.

As soon as the earlier interview was over, Saint-Germain said to the Comtesse: The Queen will speak to the King; the King will tell Maurepas all about it; Maurepas will have me put in the Bastille. I have no desire to go there, it is a waste of time; I am going to disappear. She protested, Suppose they do want to see you? He replied, I will come back if wanted. The Comtesse returned to her apartment: in about two hours Maurepas came there and said, I hear my old friend, Saint-Germain, has been talking to you—have you his address? The Comtesse replied, No, he did not give it to me. Maurepas said, Of course not, but the police are very much alive—don't be alarmed, he will only go to the Bastille, where he will be warm and comfortable. While they were talking, the door opened and in stepped Saint-Germain himself. He turned instantly on Maurepas and said: You are the man who will cause the downfall of France! You have stood between me and the King, and the blood of this nation will be on your head. Then, without a word more, he turned and closed the door. Maurepas stood speechless and immovable for ten minutes, then came to himself, dashed out of the door and had all the servants and lackeys in Versailles hunting for Saint-Germain, but they could not find him. That was the first effort to save the monarchy.

In 1788, when the clouds were gathering darkly, Marie-Antoinette sent for the Comtesse and told her that she had received a warning in verse, which she felt sure had come from Saint-Germain, because it foretold the same things and said they would come very soon. It began with: "The time is fast approaching when imprudent France, surrounded by misfortunes she might have spared herself, will call to mind such hell as Dante painted." It closed with the statement that the situation would be saved when, "born from a black tomb, there grows a young lily, more happy and more fair."

The Queen, by this time, was greatly alarmed by the situation in France. (Some people insist that she controlled her husband. Nothing is more

false.) She expressed half regret that she had not listened to Saint-Germain at first.

The next effort, an effort of the Lodge to save the French monarchy and prevent the French Revolution in spite of Cagliostro, who meanwhile had "gone bad" and had worked with the Duc d'Orléans and with Cardinal de Rohan (scoundrels if ever there were any)—was made on July 14th, 1789, when the Queen was saying farewell to the Duchesse de Polignac, who had to flee the country with the Comte d'Artois and others. Marie-Antoinette and the Duchesse de Polignac were almost blind with weeping. A letter came; Marie-Antoinette handed it to the Comtesse d'Adhémar. It read: "I have been a Cassandra; my warnings have reached you in vain, and now the time is upon you which I predicted. The time is past for wavering. Now to meet the tempest with energy." This is one of the most tragic events in history. Here was an adept in the Great Lodge, who was practically offering his services. If he had been permitted to take hold of the situation, there would have been no French Revolution. In that same letter, he told her of the storming of the Bastille that very day—of which she had not then heard. She wrung her hands and said it was too late. It *was*, unless she had been able to galvanize that well-meaning husband of hers into action. She tried to, unsuccessfully. He would have had to put the situation into the hands of a man such as Saint-Germain was,—absolutely fearless.

Once more: there had been three warnings; this was not a warning, but in the nature of a farewell: it was October 5th, 1789,—the day on which, or the day before, the mob came from Paris, fish-wives and the rest, and stormed the palace at Versailles. I *must* refer to that miserable apology for a man who is so much respected in America, Lafayette—as vain a creature as ever lived, and as useless. It was he who, shortly afterwards, assured the royal family that if they would leave it to him, all would be well; then he melted like a flake of snow!

Saint-Germain wrote, October 5th, 1789: "All is lost, *madame la comtesse:* this is the last sun that will set on the monarchy. To-morrow it will not exist, but another chaos, an anarchy without equal. You know all that I have attempted so as to give affairs a different direction, and that I was ignored,—and now it is too late. But I wished to see the work which the demon, Cagliostro, prepared: it is fiendish. Keep in retirement; I will watch over you; be prudent, and you will outlive the tempest."[1] He offered to meet her the next morning, before dawn, in one of the churches. She met him there, with her man-servant. He said: It is too late, too late, the Queen is doomed. She said: Save the situation, even at this last moment. He said: It is too late. Then he used a phrase: "There are times when you can do something, but when *he* decides that the hour for action has passed, it has passed." Then the Comtesse d'Adhémar, who was devoted to the Queen, turned on him: I wish I had never

[1] "Tout est perdu, madame la comtesse, ce soleil est le dernier qui se couchera sur la monarchie, demain elle n'existera plus, il y aura un autre chaos, une anarchie sans égale. Vous savez tout ce que j'ai tenté pour imprimer aux affaires une marche différente, on m'a dédaigné, aujourd'hui il est trop tard. J'ai voulu voir l'ouvrage qu'a préparé *le démon* Cagliostro, il est infernal; tenez-vous à l'écart . . . " (*Souvenirs sur Marie-Antoinette*, vol. IV, p. 254).

seen you! He smiled and said: I do not blame you—that comes of my having told you the truth!

That man was supposed to have died in 1784. The Comtesse had this conversation with him in 1789. Then came the French Revolution. The Movement in that century was a failure, because of the failure of an individual, a very important individual, taking part in it. No one is perfect. Anybody can fail. The Lodge chooses the best people it sees, but its hands are tied by their Karma, and by the Karma of nations. That tragedy, that hideous, unspeakable tragedy, was the result in large measure of one man's failure—ambition, selfishness, getting the better of him.

The following questions were then asked and answered.

Question: Reference was made to certain causes which gave Saint-Germain access to Louis XV. I wonder if that is too long to go into? *Answer:* It involves the question of his birth. He was asked by all kinds of people where he was born. The most extravagant statements have been attributed to Saint-Germain. There are three explanations of that. There was a man known in Paris as "Milord Gower." He was rich and young and had a physical resemblance to Saint-Germain. He was a great mimic, and went around imitating Saint-Germain and pretending he was Saint-Germain. Many things attributed to Saint-Germain were actually said by the other man. Also, it is evident that Saint-Germain had a keen sense of humour and a great sense of personal dignity, and if some stranger whom he hardly knew asked him: Where were you born?—just as likely as not, Saint-Germain would look at him and say dryly: In Chaldea. That was not lying. He may have been born in Chaldea sometime or other—probably was. He told the facts to his friend, the man in whose home he is supposed to have died—disappeared—the Landgrave Prince Karl von Hesse-Cassel. That name sounds German, but he was a Dane, a man of great prominence, Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Army, a relative of the Danish King. He was also a mystic, not only a Freemason, but one of the heads of the Amis Réunis. Saint-Germain told him all about his birth, without any reservation, and in the *Mémoires* that man left, he records that Saint-Germain was the son of a Prince Rákóczy of Transylvania. Saint-Germain's grandfather was an independent prince in Transylvania. The Emperor of Austria conquered his country, and that Prince Rákóczy's son rose against the Emperor and in turn was subdued. He had three sons; the third was Saint-Germain, who, after the death of his mother, while still a boy, was sent to the last of the Medici, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to be educated, and the Medici family, for several generations, were deeply interested in occultism. The Rákóczy family had been immensely wealthy, and much of their wealth had been confided to the French King. The will of the elder Rákóczy is on record; and when Saint-Germain arrived in Paris and introduced himself, he was instantly known as the representative of that great Hungarian family. This accounts for his intimacy with so many of the crowned heads in Europe. Count Orloff of Russia welcomed him in Leghorn in 1767 as his dear friend and his "father", in the

presence of a crowd of well-known people. Wherever he went, he was received by the aristocracy of the country he visited. He was well known in Holland. The Bentincks, whose palace the former German Emperor now occupies, were warm friends of his. He was known all over Europe.

Question: In regard to Mesmer, is the disappearance of the magnetic teaching which Mesmer was promulgating, due to the failure of the Movement? *Answer:* As a matter of fact, it did not disappear. It was carried on by Dr. Esdaile and many others. It was experimented with in more modern times, and became materialized as hypnotism,—which actually is entirely different, is harmful and evil, while mesmerism need not be. Mesmer's point was that every man is a source of magnetism. It was an indication of occult powers latent in man, leading him to recognition of more spiritual powers.

Question: May I ask Mr. Hargrove just how he places the figure of Voltaire in the 18th century? Voltaire seems to have had a prodigious influence, and I am wondering whether it was wholly evil, or whether he was a scavenger. *Answer:* I think it would be very injudicious and unphilosophical to suppose anybody's rôle is wholly evil. You have to be a most extraordinary person to be wholly evil, just as to be wholly good. When it comes to influence, I think the only way to understand the 18th century or any other century, is to see that when both poles are very active—when the White Lodge is very active and the Black Lodge is also very active—then individuals come under the influence of both, according to their temperament and nature. Some man may have his better moments, but his average is likely to be much below them. I should regard Voltaire as destructive and insincere, and no insincere man can do good in the long run. He pretended to jeer at the aristocracy, while in fact there was no man who envied it more. Nothing pleased him better than to sit and chatter with a Duke. He would write a skit on snobbery, but was one of the greatest snobs that ever lived.

Question: I was interested in what was said of materialism and superstition being opposite poles: and thinking of the analogy suggested in the *Glossary* regarding the next Terreur, I wondered about the present time, which has been described as an age of extreme materialism and prides itself on not being superstitious—would you please point out the other end of the stick? *Answer* (by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell): It seems to me there is one place, where we are exceedingly superstitious: in the Middle Ages they were superstitious about the effect of djins and dragons and spooks. Now we attribute the same result to germs. I think it is more dignified to be afraid of a dragon than of a germ. Why is the germ able to take hold? I think our superstitions at present run much more in the direction of swallowing the explanations furnished us by science.

Mr. Hargrove: That, I think, is absolutely true, and I should say the modern doctor, in the eye of the modern man, occupies exactly the same position as the witch doctor of Africa. One man uses incantations, and the other uses prescriptions. That does not mean that the modern doctor does not know anything! I am talking about the attitude of the world toward him,—people going

every year to have themselves examined and taken to bits, to see what is the matter with them!

Question: An outsider would appreciate some statement about the meaning of Brotherhood. Probably because of my meagre knowledge of the history of the Theosophical Movement, the apparent rancor created by several notorious schisms, in a movement devoted to the spread of Brotherhood, confuses me. *Answer:* I do not blame the questioner. He cannot understand the passionate devotion of older members to the work and ideal of the Theosophical Movement past, present and to come. I have read you what Saint-Germain had to say about Cagliostro, who had been a younger brother-in-arms, working for the same Cause. Yet Saint-Germain came to call him "the demon", because Cagliostro had deserted the Cause and was, in effect, fighting on the side of the enemy. It was not because Saint-Germain himself had been fighting to prevent the French Revolution. It was because Saint-Germain's own "Father in Heaven" had been working for that, and because love for that older and greater Master forced him to think with loathing of the man who ought to have done the same, who ought to have helped in the same Cause and then, for some contemptible reason of self, in order to inflate his own sense of self-importance, turned aside and lent himself to the evil purposes of men like the Duc d'Orléans and Cardinal de Rohan. If you can for one moment put yourselves sympathetically in the place of Saint-Germain at that point, and feel what he must have felt when he saw this horror approaching, and knew that he might have prevented it if only Cagliostro had remained true,—then perhaps you will understand this: some of you have heard of Allan Octavian Hume. In the very early days of the Movement in the 19th century, he was in India, working with Sinnett, and he received a number of the letters published in *The Occult World*. At one time he had been Secretary to the Government of India, a very prominent place—next to the Viceroy, perhaps the place of most importance—a man, therefore, of great influence; he became interested in Theosophy, or said he was interested; interested in discipleship, or said he was interested,—up to a certain point. But you can see, as you follow the correspondence, his egotism growing from day to day, his sense of self-importance growing, until he repudiated the Masters who were trying to help him, and picked up with some Indian fakir. In 1883, a letter attributed to one of the Masters said he was, at that time, entirely under the control of the Brothers of the Shadow. What happened next? In 1885, Hume founded the Indian National Congress. It is the Indian National Congress that has been responsible morally for all the political murders committed in India during the last fifteen or twenty years.

What happened next? Mrs. Annie Besant, in 1913, threw herself on the side of revolution in India. She called it Home Rule, but just as we know what became of Home Rule in Ireland, so we know what became of it in India: murder and rebellion. In 1917, she was interned, and then was released and elected President of the Indian National Congress; and because of her connection with the Theosophical Movement—because there *had* been a connection—and because H.P.B. had tried to help that woman and had done her very best for her,—

in the nature of things, Annie Besant, who carried with her some of the force she had received from H.P.B., galvanized the Indian Congress into an immense activity, and is responsible perhaps more than any other human being for the chaos and anarchy that exist in India to-day. If Saint-Germain felt deeply against Cagliostro (not a personal feeling—not a bit of it—it was something infinitely bigger than that), must we not feel deeply to-day when we know that that which was intended to be constructive, that which was meant and made by H.P.B. to be a spiritualizing movement—the revival in India of the belief of the Indians in their own philosophy and great spiritual past—has been dragged down into the mud, into a political movement of anarchy and rebellion, all interest in spirituality gone; all the work of H.P.B. not only undone but perverted,—because their minds are absorbed in external things, are incapable of thinking of anything to-day except the glamour, the sheer illusion of so-called Home Rule—while anyone who knows the first thing about it is aware that if they had Home Rule, at best it would mean, among the Hindus, the political dominance of the Brahmins, and, as between Hindus and Mohammedans, mutual extermination,—a China worse confounded. The Cause of Masters in India has been betrayed.

Question: It does not seem worthy of the Great Lodge to have doomed thousands and thousands of innocent people in the latter part of the 18th century, because of the failure of character of a man who had been chosen as an instrument for good, namely Cagliostro. *Answer:* There is a very serious misunderstanding there. I do not know if I can remove it. Suppose you became a member of the Theosophical Society and were a gifted person, became a great speaker or something of that kind, and in the course of time your heart grew corrupt and you began to look for personal power and not for the good of the Work; and somebody said: Nice kind of Masters they must have, if they allow that to go on. What do you expect the Masters would do? Grab you by the throat and strangle you? Masters do not do that kind of thing. This question is based on the assumption that there is no such thing as free will. H.P.B. *might* have failed. Anybody can fail. How is the universe run? by automata? It is *not* run by automata! When the Masters chose Saint-Germain as mainly responsible for the Movement in the 18th century, he was one of themselves, and they knew what they were doing. He had many people under him, and some of them made good and some did not. I believe that the most important person under him was Cagliostro. It is not the first time in history that a man's right hand has failed him. Who was responsible for the hideous mess that Mrs. Besant made of Theosophy and of a section of the old Society? Are you going to say, Why did not H.P.B. foresee it—why did she not stop it—or perhaps go behind her and blame the Masters for it? I cannot enter into that point of view. It is so strange to me,—the point of view that because somebody fails, therefore they ought to have been prevented from failing. You might as well say Christ ought to have prevented Judas from betraying him.

Question: Did the Lodge foresee the failure of Cagliostro in providing the incarnation of Napoleon? *Answer:* Some people hold the theory that Napoleon's

mission was to pick up the pieces and to try to get some order in Europe after the hideous mess that had been left by the French Revolution.

Question: Why could not the White Lodge have withdrawn Cagliostro before he caused the failure of the Lodge effort of the 18th century. *Answer:* Do not misunderstand me: I am not comparing Mrs. Besant with Cagliostro. Cagliostro was a very much bigger person than she ever was. H.P.B. says in the *Glossary* that he was "recalled". What does that mean? He is supposed to have died in captivity in Rome. It may be that his real self was "called home", and that only a simulacrum was left. Suppose I were saying something at this moment that met with the disapproval of the Masters. Do you think I ought suddenly to be lifted out of the room through the ceiling, so that I might not again offend your ears with pollutions of the truth? I am responsible for what I say. I have free will. You are responsible for discriminating between the true and the untrue. The Freemasons of Europe were not obliged to follow Cagliostro. Freemasons preferred the untruth. His failure was brought about by the failure of Europe as well as by his own. If somebody in this Branch were to begin to interpret Theosophy in terms of black magic, what would you do about it: accept it all? or use your discrimination and say: That is not true, that is not Theosophy, not what H.P.B. and Judge and the rest have taught. The Lodge has to deal with human nature as it is, not as it ought to be. Therefore the Lodge is invariably conditioned by the Karma of the nation, and of the people, for which or on whose behalf, the Lodge is working. Saint-Germain, for instance, did not have a free hand. You will find in every interview between him and Marie-Antoinette—even between him and Comtesse d'Adhémar—an opportunity for them to think of him as a charlatan. He could not appear without some mask to conceal his own actual greatness. It is only an Avatar who can do that. People say, Why did the Masters choose as Messenger a live volcano like Madame Blavatsky? The Karma of the world compelled it. It is so easy to sit on the side lines and know nothing, and criticize, and say: Why did not the Lodge send a great and resplendent being who would have captivated everybody? For one thing, the mob would have torn him to pieces. That has always happened. The one thing the world cannot tolerate is someone obviously superior to itself. So they had to send somebody whom the world might look down upon if it wanted to. Free hand? I do not know what they would do if they had a free hand—perhaps put an end to it, and to us.

Question: The Queen was deaf to the warning—what is the counterpart in modern deafness? *Answer:* The same thing—there is no change.

Question: I have heard it said that Mr. Judge was Saint-Germain—may it not be possible that Cagliostro was the Mrs. Besant of that day? *Answer:* Guessing about past incarnations is entertaining, but there is no time for it this evening.

Question: Referring to the *Glossary*, why the "greatest *oriental* adept"? *Answer:* Saint-Germain was a member of the Great Lodge, an oriental adept. You will find Éliphas Lévi spoken of as an "adept" and "an occultist"—that only means he was an adept in a certain kind of Jewish occultism. Anybody can

be an "adept" in painting, for instance. H.P.B. speaks of Saint-Germain as an oriental adept so as to distinguish him from adepts of other kinds. From time to time there were experts in certain types of occultism which had no direct connection with the Great Lodge. Also there is Western Occultism.

Question: Is the "Terreur" which H.P.B. speaks of, the Great War? *Answer:* No. It means *Terreur*, not the Great War.

Question: Is there a life of Saint-Germain in English which can be recommended? *Answer:* Unfortunately not. Mrs. Cooper-Oakley wrote about him, but her book is curiously misleading in places. For instance, she was unable at first to obtain a copy of the *Souvenirs* of the Comtesse d'Adhémar, but she found that Madame Fadéef, H.P.B.'s aunt, possessed a copy, so she got someone to make extracts and send them to her. She quotes the important letter from Saint-Germain to the Comtesse d'Adhémar in which Saint-Germain speaks of Cagliostro as "the demon", but she leaves out any reference whatsoever to Cagliostro: it means that the book is almost valueless.

Question: Did Napoleon play a constructive part in reorganizing the French nation? *Answer:* Up to a certain point, yes.

Question: What is the correspondence between the Movement in France and the present? *Answer:* The aim is invariably the same: to remind mankind of its divine origin and birthright; to remind men that they are not simply bodies with appetites and with comforts or discomforts, but that potentially they are immortal souls, and that the outside is merely a reflection—too often a perversion —of the beauty that exists potentially within.

Question: Did the Masons in France consciously choose between Saint-Germain and Cagliostro? *Answer:* Of course they did, up to a certain point. "Consciously" means much, but they had their choice. What happened? The Mother Lodge in Paris (I cannot remember its original and splendid name), but in 1789 they changed its name to the Loge du Contrat Social. It was part of the curse that swept over France. Rousseau! At the last meeting, Mr. LaDow was speaking of Lao-tze, and I suggested that he was intuitional and that Confucius was traditional. Rousseau was the last conceivable perversion of the spirit of Lao-tze, with his "back to nature" cult. He is the equal of the modern self-expression school. Rousseau was popular because he glorified inclination, and urged people to follow the romantic tendencies of their beautiful human nature.

Question: What did Saint-Germain mean by "when, born from a black tomb, there grows a young lily, more happy and more fair"? *Answer: He* did not explain it—I believe there is a great deal in it.

"A fascinating subject", the Historian remarked; "but even so I do not understand why it aroused so much more discussion and comment than usual."

"Doubtless because it dealt with concrete facts and incidents", said the Philosopher. "We do not always realize the extent to which people long for exhibitions, as it were, of occult procedure, which bring home to them some-

thing of the reality of the unseen world. The French Revolution is not far away, in terms of feeling. Most people have read about it. In the consciousness of many of our members, the Lodge seems very remote,—and granting that this is unfortunate and ought not to be, the fact is that they welcome everything that brings the Lodge nearer, and that gives them a sense of its objectivity. Who can wonder at that! It is all very well to say that we ought to find at least as much, if not greater interest, in the more mystical aspects of Theosophy, such as are often discussed at our meetings. Perhaps some of us do; perhaps the inner life of some is sufficiently full and rich to off-set the pressure of physical existence. All the same I sympathize with those whose faith is dim, and who still are dependent upon one type or another of external prop,—though, in the nature of things, the sooner such dependence is outgrown, the better it will be for all concerned."

"Cagliostro visited England, did he not?" the Student now asked.

"More than once", the Historian answered. "He was a great friend of Lord George Gordon, who was responsible for the 'Gordon Riots' of 1780, and who later was imprisoned for libels on Marie-Antoinette and on the British Government,—another indication, if you choose, of Cagliostro's 'subversive' influence, in any case of the character of his friends, once he had allowed ambition to mislead him. Mrs. Webster, in her *Secret Societies* and *French Revolution*, almost inevitably missed the inner and real explanation of what took place, although Madame Blavatsky supplies all the clues in her *Glossary*. In the same way, in a recent book by Veronica and Paul King, entitled *Looking Inwards*, published by Heath Cranton, London, which deals admirably with many present-day tendencies and performances, the authors confuse some existing perversions of the Theosophical Society, with the declared aims and known methods of its founders, H.P.B. and Judge, as maintained to-day in the QUARTERLY and by the original Society of which the QUARTERLY is the official organ. Mr. and Mrs. King claim that, even apart from its manifestly subversive influence in India (although I doubt if it has any influence, one way or the other, in present circumstances, the Brahmins, in the end, having dealt with Mrs. Besant more or less as the French Revolutionaries dealt with Philippe-Égalité),—the Adyar Society sponsors political doctrine that is revolutionary,—'first in the idea not to make the best of our present conditions, but to sweep them away; and again in teaching that "Organized Society", as they call it, is to blame for every ill that afflicts humanity, with the extraordinary implication that the best elements are responsible for the sins and crimes of the worst, and that the latter are the only citizens to have rights without duties!' (p. 132).

"Still quoting from *Looking Inwards:* 'There is no necessity for poverty, overwork, or other evils [how about human nature? how about Adyar itself?], according to this teaching. Human brains can invent a social system in which every citizen could have "enough of everything" '.

"To the authors, 'much of this seems to be drawn from Rousseau, and is the sort of stuff that usually antecedes revolution'; but to my mind it sounds more like a cross between Mrs. Besant's Socialism and one of Leadbeater's night-

mares. The facts are that Adyar boasted of having either two or three (I forget which) representatives in the late Labour Ministry in England—Lansbury was one of them; and that that Ministry very nearly succeeded in destroying the British Empire, and completely succeeded in ruining England's international credit. The Gordon Riots were child's-play in comparison. *Perversions* of spiritual influence, of Lodge initiative, inevitably are directed and controlled by 'the Brothers of the Shadow'—as Hume was, and as Adyar is. When Mrs. Besant, in 1893, rejected H.P.B. and adopted Chakravarti as her 'guru', it was the beginning of the end."[2]

"The White Lodge," said the Ancient, "is never revolutionary; it fosters growth, not explosions. There are great natural upheavals, and these it uses for spiritual ends; it does not precipitate them. Dissatisfaction with existing conditions, with the emphasis on conditions, is always the fruit of lower nature: and the Black Lodge is the headquarters of human lower nature. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you', is the rule and doctrine of Masters of Wisdom, and for ever will be. This is the principle that governed H.P.B.'s work in India, and Judge's in America, and, incidentally, Saint-Germain's in Europe. That Indian school-girls should have taken to the murder of English officials as a sort of fanatical rite, is the direct result of a hideous failure and betrayal,—of a complete reversal of everything for which Theosophy and its Society stand. All the more reason why *we* should declare the truth, should preserve the ancient land-marks, and should not hesitate to condemn, as Saint-Germain condemned, those who have wickedly removed them."

"If Saint-Germain", the Student now asked, "turned up as early as 1743, presumably to prepare for the work to be initiated officially and formally in 1775, why should not the same kind of thing happen in 1943?"

"Why not earlier?" countered the Historian. "We have been told repeatedly that the cycles, in a sense, have been telescoped, because of the fact that the Link *has* been kept unbroken, and that for the first time in history the Movement of one century has been carried over well into the next. The Master K.H. (though not then a Master) is said to have spent some time in Europe long before 1875; and it was in 1853 that the earlier part of *The Dream of Ravan* was published in *The Dublin University Magazine*,—the work, unquestionably, of an Initiate. We must distinguish in any case between a public appearance as Lodge Messenger or Pioneer, and a veiled appearance for private inspection and preparation. No Adept, H.P.B. said, would come or send before 1975; but that clearly did not apply in the sense in which Saint-Germain 'came' in 1743 and thereafter."

"I wonder what would have happened if Cagliostro had not failed!" exclaimed the Philosopher, with something resembling a groan.

"One may well wonder", the Ancient sympathized. "Even then, the human tide might have been too strong for them; the craze for 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', in the *perverted* sense, might have swept everything before it; the

[2] See the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1931, pp. 315, 316.

Revolution might have come: but if so, I believe with fewer horrors, and I am convinced that, if Cagliostro had 'held', Saint-Germain would have been able to save a nucleus, perhaps of substantial proportions, just as a nucleus was saved in this century,—and then, what a change in the world's history there would have been! His nucleus would have been made up of members of some of the various occult organizations in Europe of which he was the so-called Unknown Head, and which formed the inner body of Freemasonry. This nucleus might have been functioning and at the disposal of H.P.B. in 1875, so that she, instead of having to begin everything *de novo*, would have found a living weapon, ready forged, willing and anxious to spring to her service,—just what we hope for when the next Lodge Messenger comes. None of us can begin to imagine what that would have enabled her to accomplish,—assuming that, in those circumstances, the Messenger of the nineteenth century would have been the same person, or *mask*. Of course, if Cagliostro had hurled himself onto the side of Saint-Germain, and, with him, had withstood the tremendous revolutionary current which Freemasonry finally embodied and led; if he had done that instead of lending himself to it (if he did not do more)—then it is entirely conceivable that there would have been no French Revolution, no Napoleonic interlude, no Franco-Prussian War, and no Great War of 1914-1918, the earliest (not the direct) cause of which can so easily be traced back to the events of the period we are discussing. It is possible, in that case, that France would have become by now the spiritual torchbearer of the world,. a centre of chêlaship and a special instrument of the Lodge.

"Very few, even among our members, realize the power of initiative and the steering power which the spiritual nucleus possesses,—almost infinite in comparison with those of the mass. Thus, if it had not been for the seed which Judge succeeded in sowing before his death—the most external manifestation of which, at the present time, is the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY—the Russian *terreur* of 1917 would have spread over most of Europe, and perhaps even to this country. (One can shout things from the house-tops quite safely when one is sure that no one will hear except those who ought to hear. The greater mysteries can be announced aloud, and the world at worst will laugh. It is the lesser, the intermediate mysteries, that must be guarded.) On the other hand, just as Cagliostro's failure, among other evil effects, perverted, or helped to pervert, Continental Masonry, so the perversions of Theosophy disseminated from Adyar and elsewhere since 1891 will do lasting injury to the Cause of the Great Lodge,—an injury which will have to be neutralized, somehow, before the next Lodge Messenger will really be able to get to work."

"Neutralized, how?" someone asked.

"When a considerable body of people propagates untruths, one way of neutralizing the effect is to meet it with the Truth, as we are trying to do; and that the time has come to do this bluntly, may be inferred from recent issues of the QUARTERLY. But Nature herself hates perversions, and tends to disrupt them from within, the result being innumerable untruths of different kinds, each contradicting the other and thus neutralizing each other. Krishnamurti, without

realizing it, is doing very useful work. Himself the victim of reaction (he was nearly 'guru-ed' to suffocation), his violent repudiation of all 'gurus', little or big, real or unreal, will be followed later by schisms even more disruptive, until the 'bits' have destroyed each other."

"I wish you would explain your use of the term, 'Continental Masonry'," said another.

"I suppose everyone must understand this much of Masonry: that although a secret organization, it is in no sense an occult school. It has preserved an ancient and deeply significant symbolism, the esoteric meaning of which it has almost entirely lost, without losing, however, certain Theosophical traditions of great value.

"In the English-speaking world, Masonry, although primarily Humanitarian in its interpretation, fully recognizes the existence of God as the Great Architect of the Universe. Continental Masonry, so-called—that is to say, the Masonry of France, Italy and Spain—does not recognize the existence of God, and is still permeated with the later ideas of the Encyclopedists, flavoured with a dash of Rousseau. British and American Masonry, so far as I am aware, is conservative in tendency, although, in America, I have heard, here and there, occasional references to 'The United States of Europe'—a survival of the Red International of eighteenth century European propaganda *and organization*. English-speaking Masonry, however, is *not* political in aim or method. The influence of Continental Masonry, on the other hand, is said to be anti-monarchical, politically radical, and may well be described as subversive in the sense in which Mrs. Webster uses that term.

"There are Masons who are not satisfied with the merely ethical interpretation of their symbolism, and who seek in the Ancient Mysteries for more light. Necessarily depending upon the nature and motive of the individual seeker, some find light that is genuinely mystical and spiritual, while others are led to associate themselves with organizations which have no actual connection with Masonry, but which specialize in a study and exposition of the Kabalah: and unfortunately the Kabalah lends itself as readily to Black Magic as to White. Membership in some of these semi-occult organizations has been limited to those who were already Masons. Many such organizations existed in the eighteenth century, when a study of 'magic' was widely fashionable, and it was these, or some among them, that Saint-Germain tried to steer toward the Great Lodge and its doctrine. He did not succeed, as we have seen. He put an end to some, but others survive. More than one of them was active in the north of England some forty years ago, and I doubt if their activities have ceased."

"I was going to ask you," said the Student, "what became of the various organizations of which Saint-Germain was the 'Unknown Head'."

"Whenever he could, he put an end to them, as I have said. Thus, both he and Cagliostro were connected with the Order of the Golden Rosy Cross—a psychic reflection of the real Rosicrucianism, although Saint-Germain had hoped to endow the shadow with substance. Its members sympathized with Boehme, were in touch with the Emanation theory of the Kabalah, and there-

fore naturally amalgamated with the Masonic Rite of St. Martin; but the Masonic element, and a connection with the Illuminati of Germany (a Society founded in 1776 by Weishaupt, the purpose of which was purely subversive and evil), 'forced it out of its grooves', as a Masonic authority states, so that in 1792—still quoting him—'it was decided to relieve the members from their vows, and to destroy their archives'. In that case, Saint-Germain must have had one faithful and forceful disciple among them.

"The truth is that the Internationalism and Pacifism so prevalent at the present time, are 'left-overs' from the failure of the Movement in the eighteenth century, and that, therefore, they are encouraged and manipulated by the Black Lodge. It cannot be repeated too often that whenever the White Lodge takes the initiative on this plane, a choice is forced upon mankind. If mankind makes a right choice, incalculable good results; if it makes a wrong choice, the Black Lodge is free to step in and to use the consequences for its own destructive ends."

"Would it not be better, in that case, and in view of the risk", the Inquirer asked, "for the White Lodge never to take the initiative?"

"The Master Christ, in any case, did not think so, for his incarnation itself was a tremendous initiative, and he certainly had faced and accepted the risk, both to himself, the Lodge, and to the world. 'If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin, but now they have no excuse for their sin.' It is not, in other words, that the volume of sin is increased, but that existing sin is brought to the surface, is exposed, and becomes more demonstrative, as it were, on this plane."

"Membership in such a Movement is no small responsibility!" exclaimed the Student.

"I agree with you", the Historian replied. "Our greatest need is to get rid of personal motives, beginning, of course, with all that we do on behalf of, or in connection with, the Movement itself. All betrayals have been due fundamentally to vanity,—ambition its result. There is no safety except in self-understanding and self-discipline, and then in unceasing watchfulness. Many of those who turned aside might have come back, if it had not been for vanity. We shall never really be safe until we become capable of acting from pure and unadulterated love of our Master and his Work—which is the Work of the Lodge. Meanwhile, what a chance if we can be of the smallest service—through the right performance of our daily duties or in any other way—to those great ones whose wisdom and compassion are the sole hope of the race! What a chance if we can help to keep alive, and to perpetuate, a nucleus such as Saint-Germain longed to bequeath to his successor,—a body of people with clear understanding of theosophical principles and of the spirit and purpose of the Lodge, and whose hearts are unselfishly devoted to that purpose, regardless of consequences to themselves! Responsibility, yes; but our opportunity equals it. What more can be said!"

T.

REVIEWS

An Introduction to Egyptian Religion, by Alan W. Shorter; the Macmillan Company, 1932; price, $3.00.

The object of this book, as the author tells us, is to fill a long-felt need of "a short, popular introduction to the religion of ancient Egypt", and this object has been most satisfactorily accomplished. The study is confined almost entirely to the XVIIIth and early XIXth Dynasties, but as this is one of the most brilliant periods in Egypt's history, and also a time which has furnished us with perhaps the fullest records, it is not only a natural but a happy choice. Dr. Shorter does not, of course, attempt to go deeply into origins,—a subject in itself; the book is designed primarily to give, in a clear and concise way, as much information as possible regarding the religious beliefs and practices of the ancient Egyptians. To this end, he quotes freely from the records found on monuments and in papyri; he also follows the excellent plan of furnishing a short bibliography at the end of each chapter, so that the reader (whether he be a casual or a more serious student) may easily continue his researches if he wishes to do so. It is perhaps well to state at the outset, however, that, despite what Dr. Shorter writes as to the "wild surmise" of many people to-day regarding the religion of ancient Egypt, many students of Theosophy probably *do* "still hope to draw great secrets from it", and some may even wonder if the modern "scientific method" is, after all, the one best calculated to make known "the deepest mysteries of Heaven and Earth". May there not be other ways of discovering buried treasure?

There are likely to be many readers, Egyptologists among them, who will not altogether agree with what Dr. Shorter has to say about the much-discussed Akhenaten, to whom a good deal of space is given, though with whom, quite evidently, he has slight sympathy; but it is somewhat difficult to understand the basis for some of the criticisms which the author offers—criticisms both of Akhenaten himself and of the Aten worship in general, for many if not most of these objections could quite as appropriately be applied to other Pharaohs and to other gods, if one wished to do so. We refer, for instance, to the comment regarding the wearing, by Aten, of the uræus. This symbol was, *par excellence* and from earliest times, both royal and divine; all the Pharaohs without exception wore it, and all the greater gods; and why the wearing, by Aten, of this most sacred and most ancient symbol should indicate that to Akhenaten, "the intense individualist", his god "was simply a divine counterpart" of himself, is an argument not easy to follow. It can, moreover, also be said of all the greater gods that they were celestial Rulers, "reigning in Heaven, smiling down benignly on the King of Egypt"—this was by no means peculiar to Aten, nor was there any unusual favouritism connected with it. It represented the hierarchical view of life, and perhaps in no other of the early civilizations is this fundamental truth so ingrained. The Pharaoh was *himself* Egypt; he was the god on earth—as Ra or Aten was the god in heaven—and into his divine person he gathered all the forces of his Kingdom or of his Empire. Because Akhenaten had such a deep adoration for his god that he saw in him the loving Father of all creation, does not of necessity express the idea that Aten in Heaven was merely an *extension* of the Pharaoh on earth—that would be putting the cart before the horse! The Aten worship stressed, exoterically, the unity of life to a degree not hitherto found in Egypt; of the esoteric teaching

at Heliopolis (from whence the Aten worship evidently came), Egyptologists can tell us little or nothing.

Akhenaten has often been called, by those who are not in sympathy with him and his "teaching", a "criminal", a "degenerate", a "madman", an "imbecile", and there is no doubt that, so far as our present knowledge carries us, Akhenaten appears to be open to much censure politically—but are we yet in possession of all the facts? And would a sensual weakling have *dared*, or would he have been *able* "with one stroke to tumble Amon from his throne", as Dr. Shorter states that he was? In reading this book, one regrets the failure to stress more emphatically the disastrous influence of the Priesthood of Amon. Akhenaten fully recognized it as the malign and crafty power that it was, and only a very brave man indeed would have had the courage to attempt to crush it. There are still too many mysteries shrouding the real Akhenaten for us to be over-sure of our ground when attempting to estimate him. Even the long-standing argument that he was obviously hydrocephalous is once more open to question, and even with his detractors; for a recent discovery (subsequent to the publication of Dr. Shorter's book), has made it abundantly evident that the hydrocephalous mummy, for years supposed to be that of Akhenaten, is in reality that of Smenkhkara, a weak and short-lived successor. This, of course, in no way proves that Akhenaten was not also hydrocephalous (for we now realize that his mummy still mercifully remains unmolested), but at least we lack the *proof*, of which some thought themselves possessed, that he *was* so afflicted.

The definite reinstatement of the Amon Priesthood was brought about, after Akhenaten's death, chiefly by the efforts of that excellent, if (from any religious standpoint) very short-sighted man of business, the Pharaoh Horemheb—and Egypt plunged to her doom. The Great Rameses II stemmed the tide so long as he lived, but when his strong hand and far-seeing mind were stilled, nothing could save "the Beloved Land". It was too late. Never again was there anyone who dared face, squarely and unequivocally, the Priesthood of Amon which was now in complete control, and with a monstrous strangle-grip. In his own way, Akhenaten did his utmost to break down the power of Amon; if his fight against it failed, at least he gave all he had in trying to make it a success, and in any case, he gave something to the religion of ancient Egypt which that religion had never had before. We feel therefore, that Dr. Shorter not only undervalues Akhenaten, but gravely undervalues the importance of the unparalleled evil wrought by the Priesthood of Amon. In his opinion of Akhenaten, Dr. Shorter is, however, by no means alone, and his judgment does not really lessen the interest of his book, which can be recommended to all who wish to have a good, general working knowledge of the religion of ancient Egypt. T. D.

They that Take the Sword, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford; William Morrow & Company, New York, 1931; price, $4.00.

Esmé Wingfield-Stratford is a member of an old English family with a distinguished military record. He enlisted at the beginning of the World War and became a Captain in a Kentish regiment. He has an established reputation as a scholar. Such a man should be representative of all that is noble and strong in British life to-day. Unfortunately, he has lost himself in the maze of pacifism, like so many others of his race and caste who failed to rise to the great opportunity which the after-war conditions offered them. It is with a sense of real distress that one turns the pages of his latest work. One has learned to expect anything from economists and clergymen and women with a mission; but one is still shocked by the spectacle of a former soldier who repudiates the sacrifice to which he once gladly consented.

They that Take the Sword contains no pacifist arguments which have not been repeated *ad nauseam;* but it is cited here, partly because it has had an exceptionally large sale, and partly because its facile style is apt to unsettle the ideas of unthinking people. In any case, it provides an opportunity to review once more some of the stock delusions of the pacifists. Those delusions have been spreading recently like a plague, and everyone is exposed, in some degree, to infection.

Every sane and normal person will admit that war, especially in its modern forms, is a terrible thing. Any nation which regards war as an end in itself, or which seeks by war to

increase its power and to take what does not belong to it, is to be placed in the same category as the murderer. But it does not follow that war must be avoided at any cost, just because it is terrible. Above all, it is preposterous to imagine that war can be abolished by an agreement of the more decent nations to disarm. Nothing could be better adapted to please the nations which cherish murderous intentions. One recalls the comment of a respectable citizen during the French Revolution when it was proposed that everyone should give up any weapons which he happened to possess: "*Que messieurs les assassins commencent*".

The pacifist, however, is so obsessed by the physical horrors of war that anything seems preferable to them, even the most abject surrender to the powers of evil. He placates his conscience by refusing to make any distinction between righteous and unrighteous war, or between the spirit of defence and protection, and the spirit of the most brutal aggression. Thus we find Wingfield-Stratford defining war as "the spirit that impels men to devote their energies to one another's destruction" (p. 16). To this principle of conflict he opposes the principle of love, and he concludes that where the love of truth is present in any human debate, there will be no conflict.

There could be no better illustration of the pacifist illusion. Of course, if all men were equally in love with the truth, there would be no war. But all men are not equally in love with the truth, and therefore, wherever the love of truth is, the spirit of conflict will be present. "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." If we really love a person or an ideal, we shall not hesitate to fight to the death to destroy what threatens that which we love. No physical horrors will appal us, for unless love be militant, unless it be a state of the will and not merely a "feeling", it is a thing to be despised, nor has it any right to be called by the name of love. With profound understanding, the ancients represented Venus as the beloved of Mars.

The warfare of nations is only one manifestation of the strife which is universal in Nature. "There was war in Heaven", and there is war among the elements which constitute our earth. Every human being is forced to struggle continuously against the gross suggestions of his own lower nature. The only alternative to this universal strife is surrender and annihilation. If Nature as the custodian of a divine purpose should ever adopt pacificism as an evolutionary method, the Universe would instantaneously dissolve in Chaos.

War is not, as Wingfield-Stratford affirms, "a disease of civilization". It is a purgation bringing to the surface what is hidden from view during most intervals of peace, for during those intervals men tend to forget the fundamentals of their existence and to live superficially. This seems to explain why war makes manifest both the noblest and the vilest qualities of men. It is one of Nature's methods of awakening the soul to a consciousness of its powers, and of forcing the soul to choose between good and evil. But our author has already written his reply to this argument: "An examination into the causes of war reveals that it is by fictions, pious or otherwise, more than by any calculations of material advantage, that men, in the mass, are set at each other's throats" (Preface, p. x). He insinuates in many ways that the ideals of honour, loyalty and self-sacrifice are not the true inspiration of the warrior, that they are hypocritical devices which lend respectability to homicidal mania. The pacifist is a materialist, albeit a soft and squashy one. In spite of his talk about love and brotherhood and humanity, he measures his values in terms of material comfort and ease. The traditional virtues of the warrior, with their emphasis upon discipline and obedience, threaten the physical equilibrium which the pacifist seeks, and because they annoy him, he pretends that such virtues cannot really exist.

In any case this particular pacifist never tires of calling them by bad names. When Great Britain declared war in 1914 after the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, she acted as a nation with any sense of honour, had to act. Wingfield-Stratford, however, mentions Great Britain's declaration of war as an example of "the insane logic of civilized statecraft". This is bad enough, but if possible there is worse. He refers to the "lad from Kent done miserably to death amid the sands of Mesopotamia", as a consequence of that "insane logic". It is one thing to mourn the death of a soldier; it is another thing to sentimentalize over him,

to say that he died miserably, for this implies that he did not prefer death to dishonour. Intentionally or otherwise, a man who makes such statements has insulted the British army in a way which it should be difficult for his former comrades to forget or to forgive.

Indeed, a large part of his book is devoted to the abuse of the soldier. He seems to assume that no man can put on a uniform without being transformed into a brute or a fool or both. He denounces military training on the ground that it kills the spirit of individual initiative,—as if individual initiative were a normal attribute of the civilian. He thinks it absurd that before an officer "can become a thinker, he has got to qualify as a fighter and a leader" (p. 214),—as if the thoughts of anyone who is neither a fighter nor a leader can have any real significance. It would be interesting to find the record in history of any great man of thought whose life was not a long battle against apparently insuperable difficulties. Wingfield-Stratford becomes involved in a tangle of misstatements and inconsistencies, because he virtually bases his whole thesis upon the assumption that the soldier can only be animated by vicious or trivial motives. He has lost the power to discriminate between the criminal militarism of nations like Assyria and Prussia, and the disciplined courage which distinguished Republican Rome and which in modern times has so often preserved France from annihilation.

He is logical enough to express admiration for the pacifist traditions of China and India. However, he does not stress the fact that the present prostrate condition of these two lands is at least partly due to those pacifist traditions. Time after time, the great civilizations of the East have been destroyed by barbarians against whose incursions no precautions, not even the most elementary, had been taken. It should also be pointed out that the greatest period of Indian history, the period of the *Upanishads*, was marked by the supremacy of the Warrior Caste, and that the decline of India has been closely paralleled by the increasing domination of the other castes by the priestly Brahmins. Incidentally, the most famous of all Indian scriptures, the *Bhagavad Gita*, contains this line: "Nothing is better for a warrior than a righteous battle".

One is not surprised that the author looks forward to the future with misgiving. The hurt feelings of the Germans, because they have been blamed for starting the World War, give him pain, and he is moved to tears by the ineffectiveness of the League of Nations. He cannot shake off the sadness inspired by the "victory-drunken Leviathans" (i. e. the Allies) who have not joined "their enemies in making over their rights of aggression and self-defence to a common sovereign" (pp. 357–358). We have not the slightest idea what he is talking about. So far as we know, only one great nation, France, has expressed any willingness to make over its national rights in favour of an international police, and the Germans have not been any more eager than the others to follow the lead of the French. The millennium has obviously not yet arrived.

However, there is no cause to be unreservedly pessimistic about the future of the race. One is still buoyed up by the hope that in Great Britain, France and the United States the Wingfield-Stratfords and their works represent no more than a desquamation of morbid scales from the great body of humanity. S. V. L.

The Legacy of Islam, ed. by Sir Thomas W. Arnold and Alfred Guillaume; Oxford University Press, 1931; price, $3.50.

This book is a very complete and scholarly compendium of information concerning the Mohammedan world in its contact with Christendom. A few of the chapter headings will indicate the method of approach and the ground covered (each chapter being written by a recognized authority on his particular subject): The Crusades, Islamic Minor Arts, Architecture, Literature, Mysticism, Philosophy and Theology, Science and Medicine, Music, and so on. The effort to trace influences in the European life of succeeding centuries opens up a wide field for speculation. The book is thoroughly enjoyable, yet at times it is too limited to the purely mental plane—lacking the fire and glow of the *real* legacy of Islam. This is not true, however, of discussions such as those of art or of mysticism. Mysticism is treated by Professor R. A. Nicholson, whose books on Sufism have been quoted at length in the QUAR-

TERLY, and, as is his custom, he allows the beauty and drawing-power inherent in the subject to speak with its own voice. J. C.

The Ethical Religion of Zoroaster, by Miles Menander Dawson; Macmillan, New York, 1931; price, $2.25.

Mr. Dawson devotes only a short preface to the person of Zoroaster and to the history of Zoroastrianism. His book is composed of quotations from the Sacred Texts, briefly commented upon, and is arranged in chapters dealing with different aspects, passing from God, Ahura Mazda, and the Six Holy Spirits, to rules regulating social life, "advice to the lovelorn", death, resurrection and the Spiritual Life. Mr. Dawson's commentaries are interesting, although his method and style are extremely dry. However, if one follow the advice of Fletcher and masticate each grain of wheat twenty times, one will be thoroughly nourished.

The first Zoroaster is said to have been an Avatar, whose teachings and those of the subsequent Zoroasters—for there seem to have been at least three of them—contain the Mystery Doctrine given by all great spiritual teachers. It is always a joy to recognize what we know of this doctrine, in some form, new, perhaps, to us, but most ancient, loved, meditated upon and practised in other lands by men of other times. The following quotation is an excellent example of this.

It is related that "before the spirits of men set forth upon their wanderings in human bodies, they were consulted by the Most High concerning the course that should be laid out for them, thus: He deliberated with the consciousness, the spirits of men; and the Omniscient Wisdom (Ahura Mazda) coming forth among men, spake thus, 'Which seemeth to you the more advantageous, when I shall present you to the world? That you shall contend in a bodily form with the Druj and the fiend be slain, and in the end I have you prepared again perfect and immortal, and in the end give you back to the world and you will be immortal, incorruptible and changeless; or that it be always necessary to provide you protection from the destroyer?' Thereupon, the spirits of men became of the same opinion with the Omniscient Wisdom about going into the world." ST. C. L. D.

The Golden Thread, by Philo M. Buck, Jr., Professor of Comparative Literature, University of Wisconsin; Macmillan, 1931; price, $4.00.

This book attempts to establish a synthesis of European and some Eastern literature, the Bible, the Koran and the Gîta. Persia, Egypt, and China are not included within its scope. The Greeks recognized a synthesis more comprehensive than of literature alone, and embodied their conviction in the account of Parnassus, the mountain abode of Apollo and the Muses,—the nine holy sisters, who, by imparting their wisdom to mortals, inspire and preside over the Arts, Sciences, and all activities of the human spirit. Shallow and flippant, this book is blind to the true synthesizing force thus pointed out by the Greeks, namely, the *wisdom from above*. Its author writes verbosely of a fictitious force, humanism, which seems to him the thread that makes one pattern of past and present; and he defines humanism, vaguely, as "the essence of urbanity and reason that sees human nature in its largest and richest aspects, and would assign to each of the human faculties its rightful place".

The Greeks had a fable about certain poets who, while singing praise of the Muses, became enamoured of their own voices and forgot the holy sisters. The Muses punished those poets by changing them to grasshoppers who chirp, enamoured, as ever, of their song. That fable is not without instruction in the present instance. It is appalling to think of college students subjected to such a counterfeit of literary interpretation, but doubtless this unchained torrent of words supplies some demand. C.

Humanity Uprooted, by Maurice Hindus; Jonathan Cape and Harrison, 1929; price, $3.50.

Some people like to think of themselves as tolerant and liberal-minded. One of their "parlour-tricks" is to express their keen interest in the "great social experiment" of Bolshevism. It might do them good—though one doubts it—if they were to read the chapter on "The Communist" in Maurice Hindus' *Humanity Uprooted*. Hindus is himself rather tolerant

towards various intolerable aspects of life in Soviet Russia; but no one could argue that his picture of the Russian Communist has been composed with the motive of inducing any normal human being to emigrate to Russia.

When you become a member of the Communist Oligarchy which rules Russia, he says, you must change all your moral values. "You can run away from the pleas of your uncle whom you have condemned to die. You can see in your broken-hearted mother a symbol of bourgeois sentimentality. . . . You can experience a burst of glee at the capture of your own one-armed brother who is your enemy and whom you will help put to death. . . . Aye, . . . you can even help hack to death your own father. . . . You must have audacity and malice. . . . It is hardness that distinguishes the Russian Communist from other radicals and revolutionaries in the world" (pp. 191–192). If he be so distinguished, however, it is not necessarily because he was born in Russia. He has worked consistently and ferociously to harden himself, rigorously disciplining body and mind to that end. He is an adept in the art of hating. His power of hatred has an unearthly intensity, transcending the capacity of the natural man, for the Communist is an abnormal entity, like the masters of black magic whom he resembles and whom he undoubtedly serves, whether he be aware of that fact or not. What makes him so dangerous is that, in his own way, he is an ascetic, and has the concentrated force of the ascetic. He is in deadly earnest and will sacrifice anything, even his own life, to gratify his hatred.

The Communist illustrates what happens when the human principles are turned upside-down. But everything in Soviet Russia is turned upside-down. The state-religion is atheism, the aristocracy is the proletariat, the only respectable marriage is a companionate-marriage, and so on. Hindus suggests that the extraordinary change, almost over night, from Orthodoxy to atheism may be attributed largely to the fact that the Russian peasant had never been really converted to Christianity, that he has always remained a pagan at heart. The atheism which he now professes is not an abstract rationalistic system. It is a sort of feverish emotion into which enter a number of vague mental images. It is an expression of the general spirit of fanaticism which is abroad in the land. The worship of Marx and Lenine is another expression. The dreary Utopia of Karl Marx assumes the contours of the Earthly Paradise in the inflamed fancy of these poor, elemental creatures. The machine has taken the place of the ikon, as the possession of private property has taken the place of the sin against the Holy Ghost.

However, after reading this and other books on the same subject, one comes to the conclusion that it does not matter in the least what the masses in Russia are doing or thinking or feeling. They are as unstable as figures in a dream. Yesterday they were Christians; to-day they are Marxian atheists; to-morrow they may be Mohammedans. What is terribly significant in Russia is the small group of self-conscious Communists. Without any doubt, they are real, live devils, and the sooner the world faces that fact, the better for the world.

S. L.

The English Writings of Richard Rolle—Hermit of Hampole, edited by Hope Emily Allen; Oxford University Press; price, $7.50.

To lovers of devotional literature, it is disappointing to open a volume of Rolle—a poet and a passionate lover of the Master Christ—only to find it printed in 14th Century type, and in a grammatical form which makes it almost unreadable for all except experts. But to those who are willing to dig for their nuggets of inspiration the book is a rare treat.

The key-note of Rolle's mysticism is a profoundly personal relationship with the Western Master—emphasizing his humaneness, and his remoteness from the misconceptions of theological convention and dogma. This is one of the chief characteristics of the cycle that started with the last quarter of the 13th Century. In England the movement headed by Rolle and his immediate followers, Hilton and Juliana of Norwich, rapidly became one of the great formative influences.

Rolle is ever insistent on the intensity of spiritual joy resulting from the life of contemplation,—a life in which "heat, sweetness and song" play so large a part in spite of its inevitable

discipline and suffering. His "Meditations on the Passion" show vividly the essence of his genius and his message. The exuberance of its expression might jar on our more sophisticated ears, in spite of its clear-cut, vigorous imagery and almost modern realism, were it not balanced by the author's expression of a profound sense of the mysteries of his Master's nature. Needless to say, Rolle's message is as tragically needed to-day (if not more so) as it was in the 14th Century.

Miss Allen is a painstaking historian and philologist, but, in spite of her many years of research on Rolle, is not a mystic,—a fact which makes itself felt in her work. This does not lessen our debt to her, however, for making more accessible to modern readers one of the greatest of the English mystics. R. H. B.

Studies in Early Mysticism in the Near and Middle East, by Margaret Smith, M.A., Ph.D.; The Sheldon Press, London, 1931; price, 12*s.* 6*d.*

After an excellent condensed introductory chapter on the "Meaning and Nature of Mysticism", a sketch is given of early Christian asceticism in Egypt, Mesopotamia and Persia up to the seventh century, among both men and women. Many little known figures are characterized, and their writings quoted. Perhaps the genuine mystical attainments of these ascetics might have been stressed, with less space devoted to their penitential exercises, because the net effect of this survey is to make the truly mystical element seem at best an occasional by-product, and not the main point of interest. Subsequent chapters turn to the rise of Islam in an environment predominantly Christian. As a result, Christian asceticism and mysticism are virtually credited with producing Islamic asceticism and Sufi mysticism. Parallel after parallel is drawn between the teaching of the Koran or Sufi doctrine and practice, and earlier or contemporary Christian doctrine and practice. With this thesis the student of Theosophy would hardly be in sympathy, and it is to be regretted that a safe-guarding clause which appears "as our final reflection" only in the last paragraph of the book, did not more largely control the whole study: "Mysticism in its essence . . . is practically universal. . . . Therefore, while one type of mysticism may bear so close a resemblance to another, in its doctrines and terminology, that we say that the two must be closely related and the later in point of time must surely be derived from the earlier, yet mysticism in itself can be a purely spontaneous growth." Orthodox Christian mysticism, whether of East or West, has a distinct flavour of its own; while the genius of the Sufis added one of the most unmistakably characteristic mystical movements in history. In the larger sense, both derived from the Lodge; and who shall say whether or not the same Master guided both schools! One thing is certain, however, as is amply proved by the last two chapters describing some early Sufi mystics and their teachings, with fascinating quotations and incidents: Isaac of Nineveh or Ephraim the Syrian, though they have written of similar inner experience, could not have inspired Bistāmi or al-Misrī.

The best of this book lies in its well selected quotations from less known and obscure mystics, both Christian and Islamic. P.

Zuñi Folk Tales, by Frank Hamilton Cushing; Alfred A. Knopf, New York; price, $5.00.

This is a reprint of a book, for many years unavailable to the general public, which stands as the classic collection of Amerindian folk tales. The years which Cushing spent at Zuñi, living actually as one of the tribe, and his veritable genius of understanding, fitted him above all other archæologists or translators to interpret the thought and special quality of this primitive people. As pointed out by Mary Austin in her finely appreciative introduction, the book should be read in connection with his *Creation Myths*, for always there is present in his mind, as in the minds of his Indian informants, a background of sacred myth, involving a cosmogony, a Creator and a company of Surpassing Beings, with profoundly mystical prototypes for every essential movement of man's soul. To the orthodox Indian the tales bear somewhat the same relation to the central myth that *Paradise Lost* does to the Old Testament; they are popular, fictionized versions of sacred story, but not themselves sacred. To quote Miss Austin:

"Taken in this conjunction there comes also a fuller appreciation of the purely literary quality of the translation, the success with which he has kept the normal progressions, the rhythm-clusters of the original speech, as well as the formal notations of introduction and close. Here are the keys to polite behaviour in the Stone Age, such as 'It is not thinking of nothing that a stranger comes to the house of a stranger', which permits the caller to open his business; here are the significant oaths such as 'by the delight of death', together with the colour and gesture and strange observances of a vanished race.

"His fidelity to such values sustains his work above that of all his contemporaries, for not only does he make no attempt to popularize his Indian stories by conforming them to European folk-lore patterns, but he never yields to that curious obsession of the American scholar which leads him to regard all æsthetic considerations as 'embellishments', 'figures of speech' or 'emotional interpretations'."

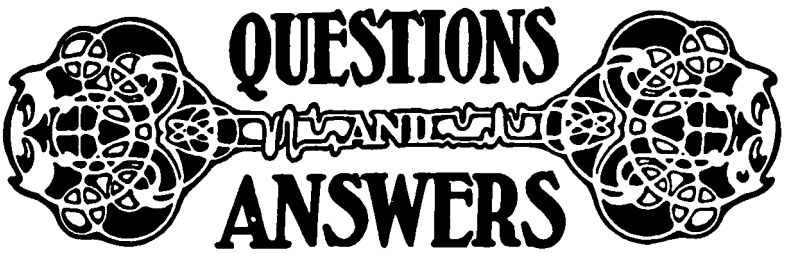
It will add interest for QUARTERLY readers to recall that Cushing's insight into Zuñi life is cited by Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, and that there is an article in the February, 1893, number of *Lucifer* compiled from articles contributed by him to the San Francisco newspapers during the years of his residence in the Southwest. E. A.

God and the Universe, The Christian Position, a Symposium by Rev. S. C. Carpenter, B.D., Father M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., M.A., Rev. Bertram Lee Woolf, Ph.D., M.A., B.Sc., B.D.; with an Introduction by the editor, J. Lewis May. The Dial Press, 1931; price, $2.50.

This is a capital book, exceedingly well written, clear, suggestive, and designed to meet the latest claims and pretensions of "Science"—or rather of some scientists—to speak "authoritatively" on matters of religion and philosophy. Dr. Carpenter is an Anglican, Chaplain to the King; Father D'Arcy, a Jesuit, teaches at Oxford; Dr. Woolf, a Methodist, is a professor of New Testament exegesis and lecturer "in science and religion" at the University of London. The first essay rivals Jeans and Eddington at their best in clearness of exposition by means of analogy and illustration, and tops them in brilliance of wit and humour. The point of view and general attitude will remind any student of Theosophy of the position maintained by Madame Blavatsky towards science from the time of *Isis* on, and especially in *The Secret Doctrine*. Science deliberately limits itself on the one hand; and then, when its problems remain insoluble on the basis of premises acceptable to it, tries to find a way out by means of a philosophical rationale and even an intellectualized religion, which still derives as nearly as possible from its own limited terms. The sages, the mystics, above all Christ, have known and understood the "scientific" approach, and have seen its limitations,—without, of course, having known all the detail that modern science has discovered. Instead of the scientific method, they have offered, even to the most ordinary of men, their own higher order of experience as a guide to the true solution of life's riddles. Those who have lived the life, will know the doctrine. Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Woolf do not circumscribe this "revelation" itself as Father D'Arcy is bound to do, because the Church of Rome still claims emphatically to have exclusive rights to the recognition of fundamental religious truths, and also to their explicit and accurate statement. His essay is deftly written, and glides swiftly around some of the major points at issue, so that it suffers by comparison, in being inevitably driven towards special pleading. Dr. Woolf gives an admirably succinct statement of "other ways of reaching truth beside the scientific method"—such as a lover finding out about the girl by whom he is attracted; and therefore out-flanks science when it attempts to trespass in the domains of religion and philosophy.

So much of what is here set forth is a restatement in its own modern terms of teachings fundamentally theosophical, that members may well wish to read the book, both as a supplement to their own studies, and as a tribute—albeit unconscious—to the pioneer work that Madame Blavatsky accomplished in breaking open the moulds of both theology and science.

A.



QUESTION NO. 368.—*Will everyone belong to the Lodge eventually, or only those who wish to work for humanity, others being engaged in other work?*

ANSWER.—The general wording of the question suggests that the questioner had in mind some remotely future Manvantara. Why bother now about the time when there may be no humanity to work for, in the sense in which to-day we speak of humanity? Suppose we view the question in its more immediate application. The Great Lodge of Masters works for the salvation of mankind. In so working we are told that the Elder Brothers take into account Cyclic law, the law of Karma, and the right of man to exercise free will. No man is *pressed* into serving the purpose of the Lodge. Each is given the opportunity, when ready, to choose to serve the Lodge or not. In that sense, eventually everyone will be given the *opportunity to belong* to the Lodge, and to help in its work. The countless ages this will take can be imagined from man's indifference to the many efforts the Lodge already has made to awaken him to a sense of his own divinity. Take the present situation for example. Thanks to Madame Blavatsky and to others who have guided the affairs of The Theosophical Society, a knowledge of the existence of the Lodge is in the world to-day. Witness how few people have any interest in it. Yet only about half a century ago Madame Blavatsky and her declaration of the existence of the Lodge was "feature" news in the daily papers, so that all who ran might read; still man remained too engrossed in his own little concerns to bother about fitting himself to be of aid to the Elder Brothers in working for the benefit of others.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The third fundamental proposition laid down in the "Proem" of *The Secret Doctrine* is: "The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul, and the obligatory pilgrimage of every Soul through the Cycle of Incarnation, or Necessity, in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic Law, during the whole term, . . . ascending through all the degrees of intelligence, from the lowest to the highest Manas, from mineral and plant, up to the holiest Archangel [Dhyâni-Buddha]."

It is the Soul's opportunity to achieve this identity, which will constitute him a member of the Lodge, which consists of those who have attained to conscious identity with the Universal Over-Soul, and is a Hierarchy of ascending degrees, from the humblest chêla to the highest Adepts, Masters and Mahâ-Chohans. Those who take themselves in hand, as aspirants to chêlaship, can take a short-cut to the Lodge by hastening the process of evolution through self-induced discipline, endeavour and unselfish devotion to the interests of others. The Souls of those who are engaged in "other work" than the interests of the Lodge—work which cannot be other than selfish—must wait until the Cycle of Incarnation and Necessity, spoken of in the "Proem", brings them, in company with the mass of mankind, to the fulfilment of Nature's purpose. This does not mean, however, that a personality may not become separated from the "Soul", if the individual persists in refusing to co-operate with the Lodge, and continues to live wholly under the domination of the personality, or lower nature.

G. H. M.

ANSWER.—Being "engaged in other work" is a somewhat ambiguous phrase. There are as many ways of working for the Lodge as there are of working for humanity, these being, even if unconsciously done, to some extent the same. Unless one definitely and intentionally works *against* the Lodge, one may surely hope some day definitely and with conscious singleness of purpose to become a worker *for* and *with* the Lodge, and so to "belong to the Lodge". For may it not be that he who is not wilfully working contrary to its laws, its purposes and its aims, may be thought of as at least working for the Lodge *potentially*, since the normal human evolutionary trend is upward, not downward? T. A.

ANSWER.—It may be suggested that "eventually" there will be no "other work." Those who will have no desire to work for humanity will find themselves with nothing to do. Nature has her appointed methods for getting rid of useless drones. S. V.

ANSWER.—This question implies that Masters, members of the Lodge, work only for humanity. Masters are the incarnation of the Divine, the instruments for the carrying out of the Divine plan. We may safely assume that they are interested in all of that plan, which, in its infinite compassion, provides for the ultimate eyolution of every atom in the universe. M.

ANSWER.—The Lodge is the expression of the Divine Purpose and Divine Mind for our world. Those who fail ultimately to co-operate with the Divine Purpose and Divine Mind, will presumably have to begin all over again in some future Manvantara as star-dust, or whatever the equivalent may then be,—having first undergone the process of degeneration and disintegration which will reduce them to that state. Immortality is conditional, is an achievement. Nothing short of the Eternal is eternal, and only self-identification with the Will of the Eternal can make any of its manifestations, including the Soul, immortal. H.

QUESTION NO. 369.—*We are told that the soul acquires more power as soon as it can be trusted with it. Why then do so many people have powers which they abuse?*

ANSWER.—To say that the soul acquires more power as soon as it can be trusted with it, does not mean that powers are only given when there is no risk of misuse. Otherwise, since we all have free will, we should all be powerless, for all power is divine in origin, and is a gift from above. Anyone, up to the grade of a Master, may fail and, in the exercise of his free will, may misuse the powers entrusted to him. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Have we not rather been told—at least, has it not been implicit in what has been said—that the soul is entrusted with more power when it has earned the right to severer and more searching tests? For being entrusted with power does not of necessity give assurance that we shall be faithful to that trust. A king may invest one of his subjects with a new authority, or a general call on one of his officers to fill some new post of responsibility, but the man may not prove loyal to the faith that is placed in him. History is full of failures of this kind. With every "trust" there is always a risk, and this risk the Lodge, in its divine compassion for us, is willing to take. A man may appear to be wholly trustworthy, but the only way to prove it is to test him—for each of us has the power of choice between what we know to be right and what, equally, we know to be wrong. It has been said that even the Masters stand watching us to see what we shall do with our opportunities, and we have been told repeatedly that one of the surest as well as one of the severest tests of trustworthiness is the use to which "powers" are put—whether they are consecrated unreservedly to the service of the Whole, or used merely for separate, personal ends.

There is an apprenticeship to all trades, during which the applicant is given the chance to show the stuff of which he is made. In days of old, an apprentice to the Arts and Crafts first received painstaking instruction in the use of his tools, after which he was given these tools and told to demonstrate what he could and would do with them. Upon the result of this and

later trials, depended his future. May not this method also be followed in our apprenticeship to the greatest of all arts—the Art of Life? T. A.

ANSWER.—Before men were endowed with Manas they were held blameless for their omissions and commissions, and, therefore, probably were considered as trustworthy enough to use rightly the power which they received with the gift of mind and free will. But after receiving the power they were held responsible for their use of it. By misusing it they became *un*trustworthy. When they have reclaimed it, rightly use it, and demonstrate their need and sincerity, they will be trusted again and receive a fresh access of power.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The soul is not a machine. It may earn the right to be trusted, but it has free-will and cannot be compelled to use its powers rightly. It may even enter the sanctuary like a thief and take what does not belong to it. Spiritual evolution is not an automatic process, but a drama from which the soul is at every moment free to withdraw. According to universal tradition, high treason and failure are possibilities even among the "gods". S. L.

ANSWER.—Spiritual "power" is the result of effort and growth. We may have earned the right to more "power" through some merit gained in a previous incarnation, and lose it afterward in the same or a later incarnation through failure completely to overcome some weakness. This applies to all stages of development. All of us have a large measure of spiritual power,—many of us more than we realize. Man has been given free will, the right use of which is his only hope of spiritual attainment. By yielding to selfishness, self-will and self-indulgence, we make wrong use of the gift of free will and other spiritual powers—the "fire from Heaven" which we have stolen. Just as steam and electricity are put to useful purposes when kept under control, but are dangerous when uncontrolled, so with spiritual powers. When we have learned to control and use them properly, we gain in spiritual strength and stature; when they are uncontrolled and put to wrong and selfish uses, the lower nature grows and flourishes at the expense of the Higher. What most of us need is not to gain more "power", but to use rightly what we have. G. H. M.

QUESTION NO. 370.—*In what way, as was said at a recent meeting of The Theosophical Society, can the imagination and will create objectively?*

ANSWER.—The Universe was created by Divine Ideation manifesting itself. "As above, so below". How does the artist create? He forms a picture in his mind of an object, its shape, colour, etc., and objectifies it on his canvas. A composer hears interiorly the melodies his imagination conceives, and objectifies them through the medium of a musical instrument. The imagination and will can be developed in the routine of every-day life. For example, we may come into daily contact with a personality which irritates us. In the morning we can make a mental picture or mould of our day, as we would wish it to be lived ideally. Our contact with this hitherto irritating personality can be pictured in advance, and a resolution made that we will not allow our personality to be irritated; but to be entirely successful the image formed and the resolution made should include a positive attitude of identifying ourselves with the higher and better part of us,—the ideal which we had pictured to ourselves in the morning. The adoption of some such practice would enable us to use the imagination and will consciously and constructively, instead of allowing ourselves to indulge in mere idle fancy, to be followed by no positive action,—a course which eventually would result in a weakening of the will. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—To "create objectively" in the manner referred to at the recent T. S. meeting would mean that both the imagination and the will of the individual who so created were far more evolved and therefore far more dynamic than is the case with the average man. This is surely in accordance with the Good Law, for did those of us who are still in a very

unevolved state, spiritually and morally, possess the power so to create, we might very well find ourselves drifting into the sorcery of the Atlanteans, and we should do well to remember that, as a matter of fact, we are "creating" to a greater or less degree (according to our powers) all the time, so that our responsibility is immense. The basis of the example recently given, however, lies in the understanding and use of Kriyashakti, "the mysterious power of thought which enables it to produce external, perceptible, phenomenal results by its own inherent energy" (*S. D.* Vol. I, p. 293). *The Secret Doctrine* gives us much information regarding Kriyashakti, but it could surely be only as the result of very deep meditation, together with right living, that so profound a subject as this would have for most of us any real light shed upon it. A purely mental understanding or exoteric explanation could be partial only.

T. A.

ANSWER.—Mr. Judge tells as follows of an interesting experience he had with H.P.B. on the working of the will and imagination: "One day H. P. Blavatsky said she would show me precipitation in the very act. She looked fixedly at a certain smooth piece of wood and slowly on it came out letters which at last made a long sentence. It formed before my eyes and I could see the matter condense and pack itself on the surface. All the letters were like such as she would make with her hand, just because she was making the image in her brain and of course followed her own peculiarities. But in the middle, one of the letters was blurred and, as it were, all split into a mass of mere colour as to part of the letter. 'Now here', she said, 'I purposely wandered in the image, so that you could see the effect. As I let my attention go, the falling substance had no matrix and naturally fell on the wood any way without shape'" (*The Path*, December, 1892). Thus we see the trained imagination makes the picture, or mould, clearly, distinct in each line and detail; this mould is then held by the will, now working with the imagination, for such a time as it takes to allow the carbons and other substances to pass down through the mould and appear upon the paper.

R. P.

ANSWER.—Suppose we desire to make a drawing. We must use our imagination to create an image. We must use our will to direct our hands to form that drawing according to that image. We cannot use any physical instrument otherwise. Surely, it is not difficult to conceive of a state in which one could act upon matter without the intermediary of physical hands, using desire, imagination and will directly upon the physical elements. Indeed, we do so every day without realizing it. If we desire and imagine something, do we not form a condition of consciousness which influences our circumstances? It is because of this that we seek to control and elevate this consciousness. We have always been told that consciousness, force and matter are one. How can we possibly *not* use will and imagination to create objectively or subjectively?

ST. C. LA D.

ANSWER.—Well-ruled imagination and will co-ordinated, if sustained, cannot help but create objectively. When the child builds a snow-man he uses what he has of imagination and will, for the object must have been imagined and the will used to build it. When the architect designs a memorial, for example, the complete structure must live in his imagination first, and then the will be used to carry out the design. So the aspirant for chêlaship must imagine how a chêla thinks, speaks, acts, and then use the will to make the chêla of his imagination live, by going about "the Father's business" in such a way as to mould himself into the likeness of the chêla of his imagination.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The only way we can create is by the use of imagination and will, whether that which we are to create be a picture, a house, a great business, or anything else. It must first be imagined, seen as desirable, and then the will must take whatever steps may be necessary to give it objective form.

The right use of the power of imagination and will to create objectively is to imagine the ideal, and then, by the use of the will, to give it objective form in one's life through acting in accordance with it.

M.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 30th, 1932, beginning at 10: 30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10: 30 a. m. and 2: 30 p. m. At 8: 30 p. m. there will be a meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are invited.

6. On Sunday, May 1st, at 4: 30 p. m., tea will be served at 64 Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and the friends they wish to invite.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 15th, 1932.

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 Eighth 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 are meetings on,—

April 2nd, 16th and 30th (Convention Meeting).

Meetings after Convention to be announced later.

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.

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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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