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THE THEOSOPHIST

A MAGAZINE OF BROTHERHOOD, ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY, ART, LITERATURE AND OCCULTISM

Founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY and H. S. OLCOTT

with which is incorporated LUCIFER, founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
On the Watch-Tower	279
Work with Boys and Girls in the United States. E. Y. BLUM	287
The Buddha and the Barber (Poem). LIGNUS	293
Brotherhood in Literature. CHARLES WHITBY	295
What is Theosophy? H. V. DICKS	309
The Dance of Shiva and the Trend of Modern Science. JAMES S. MCCONECHY	317
What Religion should the Theosophist Support. ALICE WARREN HAMAKER	335
The Temple (Poem). G. P. WICKRAMANAYAKA	340
Plato the Messenger. KRISHNANANDAN PRASAD, M.A., BARR.-AT-LAW	341
The Lives of Alcyone. VI.	351
In Devistan. NINA DE GERNET	378
The Early History of the T.S. (With Annotations by C. Jinarājadāsa). XIV. The Organisation of the T.S.	385
The Adyar Centre of Arts and Crafts	393
Circular to Workers	394
The Theosophical Field. J.	396
The All-India Federation of Young Theosophists	400
Correspondence	402
Correction	409
Notice to F.T.S. Travelling through Trieste	409
Reviews	410
Supplement	v

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

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

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

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

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good-will whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway to a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

As the Theosophical Society has spread far and wide over the civilised world, and as members of all religions have become members of it, without surrendering the special dogmas of their respective faiths, it is thought desirable to emphasise the fact that there is no doctrine, no opinion, by whomsoever taught or held, that is in any way binding on any member of the Society, none which any member is not free to accept or reject. Approval of its three objects is the sole condition of membership. No teacher nor writer, from H. P. Blavatsky downwards, has any authority to impose his teachings or opinions on members. Every member has an equal right to attach himself to any teacher or to any school of thought which he may choose, but has no right to force his choice on any other. Neither a candidate for any office, nor any voter, can be rendered ineligible to stand or to vote, because of any opinion he may hold, or because of membership in any school of thought to which he may belong. Opinions or beliefs neither bestow privileges nor inflict penalties. The Members of the General Council earnestly request every member of the T.S. to maintain, defend and act upon these fundamental principles of the Society, and also fearlessly to exercise his own right of liberty of thought and of expression thereof, within the limits of courtesy and consideration for others.

THE THEOSOPHIST

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

VOL. XLV No. 9

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

OUR Editor writes:

I recommend to those who have to do with boys and girls the article on their helping to a true conception of human life, written by Mr. E. Y. Blum, printed in this number,[1] and also in *The Young Citizen*, of this month. Mr. Blum is a man who, during the war, achieved some remarkably useful work in agriculture, and is the Secretary of the Leavenworth Chamber of Commerce. He is described as a versatile speaker, who talks sense, and talks well. He lately delivered an address on "A Programme of Work" to the Rotary Club of the place, that so pleased the business men who heard it that they urged that it should be placed before the citizens generally. Mr. Blum has a high ideal of duty to the State, an ideal sadly ignored in the competitive civilisation of the day, but that will be the dominating ideal of the coming social order. He said:

> A city is not a place but a company of people bound together by a unity of spiritual and economic interests. Man's first duty is to his family. He is not accomplishing this unless he is bettering the general community.

[1] See p. 287.

He then sketched the successes and the needs of the City Community he was speaking in, and asked how the programme was to be carried out. He answered:

1. By education in citizenship.
2. By consistent, persistent and efficient public service on the part of every business and professional man and every other person who has an investment in Leavenworth.

And then he painted the "men who hurt a Town":

Unfortunately what has been accomplished in Leavenworth has been accomplished without the support of any considerable number of its citizens and in many cases against the active opposition of a lot of fellows. The men who hurt a town are those who oppose improvements, those who keep back the town; those who show no hospitality to strangers; those who hate to see another's success; those who oppose benefits which do not help them directly but enjoy the benefit that public spirited, broad-minded men bring about and contribute nothing but criticism.

Do not all groups of earnest workers know those who "contribute nothing but criticism"? They do not help, so they have plenty of time to grumble and to blame. Because they are dissatisfied they think that all are dissatisfied. If they fail to make themselves prominent by work, they can at least make themselves prominent by attacking others.

***

A correspondent, noting the crushing defeat of the latest band of the "accusers of the brethren" takes the cheerful view: "It is good to think the T.S. is worthy of this organised opposition, it must be doing good work." That is so. Not only did the Special Convention, just held in England, bless those whom it was called to curse, but it sent a special message of affection to the two who were chiefly assailed, my brother Leadbeater and myself. It is a pity, in a way, that a few can put the many to so great a loss of time and money which might have been so much more usefully employed. But that is the price we pay for our liberty.

***

Much work is arranged in Great Britain, both for the Theosophical Society and for the cause of India's Freedom. That also is truly Theosophical work, though the Society is not committed to it; for it is part of the Great Plan, that part of it which is the special charge of the Manu of our Fifth Root Race, as the part dealing with the religions of the world is in the charge of the Boḍhisaṭṭva.

***

Cables of affection and confidence have reached me from the Annual National Conventions of Ireland, France, Java, Australia, South Africa and Spain. My grateful thanks to each. They know that I try to be faithful.

***

It is interesting to see how the members of the Theosophical Society are spreading its message all the world over, and are everywhere welcomed by eager audiences. Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa's work all over the continent of Europe, his work in his two recent visits to Australia, the long tour planned during this year in the United States, has a value all its own in its depth of spirituality, its lucid wisdom, and its rare grace of feeling and gentle strength. Lately I received a profoundly interesting letter from Mr. Ernest Wood, to whose work in South America I have already drawn attention; it concluded in Rio de Janeiro in October last. Thence he and his wife—ever faithful co-workers—went to Barbados and spent a fortnight there, to the great satisfaction of the Hon. Mr. Drayton and the Lodge in the Wilderness of which he is President. Onward then to the United States went the pilgrims, and gave a month to Cleveland, Mr. Wood giving three lectures and holding five class meetings every week, and in addition finding time for addresses to Kiwani and Co-operative Clubs and to a church congregation. While he

laboured in Cleveland, Mrs. Wood made a bold and most successful excursion into the lecture field, visiting Buffalo, Rochester, and Detroit, finding warm welcome and cordial praise. We welcome our new lecturer, and wish her continued usefulness in the work so well begun. She has since spoken at other places, in public halls and women's clubs, and in the Liberal Catholic Church in Chicago and Seattle.

***

Mr. Wood has also lectured, especially in the Kiwani clubs, on the situation in India, and sends a newspaper report of an admirable exposition thereof. Many false ideas will thus be dissipated. It was after this address that the club wrote to its International Headquarters, and Mr. Wood writes that the Headquarters

> invited me to address the clubs under their auspices in every town, as I have since been doing about three times a week. One of the best opportunities I had was at the Shrine Boosters lunch at S. Paul; there were 400 men, all 32nd degree Masons, and I spoke on "Brotherhood and the Nations". These American men are not averse to the ideal and mystical, but they are suspicious of the abstract and mysterious, and they have great faith in the physical plane and its spiritual possibilities.

Three weeks were spent at Chicago, and then after S. Paul, Butte and Minneapolis, they went westwards to Seattle. Mr. Wood writes of "enjoying some real winter weather," a temperature—30° Fahr., "everything covered with snow and icicles from eaves nearly to the ground". Well tastes differ. From Seattle they were to visit Vancouver, and then to travel down that wonderful west coast railway to California to spend a month, working for the Southern Federation.

***

Such steady faithful work for the Theosophical Society, is dear to the hearts of the Masters, and will be crowned with Their blessing.

***

I have received a long and important MS. from two gentlemen—I cannot read the signature of one of them—and no address is given. The postmark is "Ajaccio, Corse". I want to return the MS. but do not like to do so without a fuller address than the above. If either of them should see this paragraph, and will forward the address to Miss Bell, P.O. Box 904, Adyar, Madras, S., India, the MS. will be returned registered. I am leaving India on the 26th inst., so one of the authors should write as above.

***

One of the oldest members of the T.S. Khan Bahadur N. D. Khandalavala, has forwarded a legacy of Rs. 300, left to the T.S. by his brother, Pestonji Dorabji Khandalavala, who had joined the Society in 1880, and passed away on February 14, 1924. He contributed many valuable essays to our literature and also to *The Commonweal*, being specially fond of historical subjects, and possessing a knowledge of French, German, Italian and Spanish, and being also a Persian scholar. One by one our veterans leave us, but their memory remains fragrant; faithful to death.

I am sorry that in the press of work I have omitted to notice the admirable work of Messrs. Samuel Studd Debney and Lorimer, late directors of the Theosophical Trust Company Ltd., now appointed by the Melbourne T.S. Lodge, Australia, as its Trustees, on the transfer of the Collins Street property to the Melbourne Theosophical Society. The latter has taken over the mortgage of £12,500 at 6 % and an advance of £1,500 by individual members. As an offer has been made of £30,000 for the property, the burden is not heavy. The Lodge holds £8,000 worth of shares. The Trustees are elected for three years, and after that period one retires each year. We congratulate the Melbourne Lodge on the admirable business

management of its affairs, and of having established itself in its own house. I suppose the Convention was held there this year, and as said above, I received from it affectionate greetings. Mrs. Sidney Ransom was elected General Secretary, and her knowledge and devotion should render her services very valuable. Dr. John Bean and Mrs. Bean have had a hard and difficult time, thanks to those who tried to narrow the T.S. into a sect but who have, fortunately, made for themselves a little independent society.

We wish to draw attention very specially to the following prospectus of The Vasanṭa Theosophical Co-operative Housing Society which some of the Bombay Brethren have just issued to enable them to acquire land. It should be of interest to our members all over the world seeing that all our work is one and it is hoped that all who can will help to forward the scheme. For want of space we are not able to publish the names of all the members of the Managing Committee, etc., but all details can be obtained from The Honorary Secretary, Allahabad Bank Building, Apollo Street, Fort, Bombay, and we all join in sending our very best wishes.

August 26th, 1923.

DEAR FELLOW WORKERS,

I most heartily wish your venture success and I trust that the Blessing of the Masters may be given to it. Krishnaji takes much interest in all community efforts, and I am sure that he will be glad to hear of it.

With best wishes,
ANNIE BESANT.

THE VASANṬA THEOSOPHICAL CO-OPERATIVE HOUSING SOCIETY, LIMITED, BOMBAY

(*Registered under Act No. II of 1912*)

PROSPECTUS

The time has now come when an earnest attempt by members of the Theosophical Society in Bombay should be made to lead a Theosophical Community Life. In order to achieve this object it is essential that members, living in different places scattered over a wide area and meeting only on occasions should find a common and suitable spot where cheap and yet commodious dwellings can be made available with all the advantages of important Theosophical Institutions for the benefit of the members and their families. With this object in view the Vasanṭa Theosophical Co-operative Housing Society, Ltd., has been formed and registered as a Co-operative Housing Society under Act II of 1912. We shall thus be able to avail ourselves of all the advantages and facilities obtainable under the Act, such as immunity from the Stamp Act, all the safeguards of the Indian Companies Act and raising of loans to the extent of three times the subscribed Capital, from the Government.

The plan is to have at least a lakh of Rupees as the Subscribed Capital of the Society divided into two thousand shares of the value of Rupees Fifty each with an admission fee of Rupees Ten. On a sufficient number of applications for membership being received (and some have been received in advance) the Committee will proceed to secure a suitable plot of ground preferably on the seashore in one of the suburbs of Bombay such as will ensure freshness and quiet, so necessary for a Theosophical atmosphere. In case the cost of such a plot is prohibitive or if there are other insurmountable difficulties in securing it, an extensive plot in the vicinity of one of the suburban stations (several being in view) will be purchased, the main consideration being an atmosphere of peace and quietude, within reasonable proximity to the city.

The first requisite in preparing the plans of the Colony will be the reservation of ten thousand square yards of land, preferably in the centre, for communal Theosophical purposes such as (1) Headquarters Hall and Library, (2) E. S. T. Shrine, (3) Masonic Temple, (4) Star Home, (5) Sūryāshrama (for the Order of the Brothers of Service). The Land for these will be provided free and will be handed over to the Institutions concerned free of cost for such buildings as those interested in these Institutions desire, according to plans approved by the Committee in consultation with Dr. Annie Besant.

The remaining land will then be parcelled out with a sufficient allowance for roads, drains, garden, lawns, Educational Institutions and other communal necessities and concerns, into plots from 200 to

1,200 square yards each according to the rules and regulations and plans approved by the Committee.

The whole life of the community will be on a co-operative basis and the promoters will take care that a Co-operative Stores, where all necessaries of life would be obtained, a common kitchen, a co-operative club, theatre, etc., are provided, as circumstances allow.

The whole plan is proposed to be carried out with an eye equally to beauty and utility. Everything possible will be done to ensure health and happiness, comfort and convenience. Simplicity of life combined with true Theosophical culture will be the keynote of the Colony.

The Colony will provide an Āshrama for those Theosophists who are keen on the practice of Brotherhood in their daily lives by bringing together in one inter-family life, members of different communities, races and cults. The venture humbly aspires to transplant as much as possible of that which the word "ADYAR" connotes.

It is proposed to have a building scheme of three different types.

(1) For those who desire to build their residential quarters with their own funds.

(2) For those who desire to build their residential quarters partly with their own funds and partly by loan from the Society, to be paid by instalments within five years.

(3) The Society will build residential quarters for their members and offer them to would-be owners by paying the cost with interest within a twenty-five years period.

December, 1924, having been reserved for Bombay by the President for the holding of the Theosophical Convention, the Promoters of this Scheme contemplate speeding up measures to the utmost of their capacity so as to be able to welcome the Convention on the ground and if possible in the buildings of the Colony, which could not have a better or truer consecration.

With this end in view, the co-operation of Fellows of the Theosophical Society all over Western India is sought in the full hope that they will promptly make up their minds to help the Scheme by (*a*) becoming non-building, or (*b*) building shareholders, by purchasing plots when ready and building thereon their individual Āshramas, either with their own money or from loans secured by the Vasanṭa Theosophical Co-operative Housing Society, Limited, under conditions approved by the Committee. Membership of the Society is confined to Fellows of the Theosophical Society.

Bombay MAVJI GOVINDJI SHETH,

16th April, 1924 *Honorary Secretary.*



WORK WITH BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE UNITED STATES

By E. Y. Blum

HAVING observed the splendid heights of self-sacrificing idealism to which our citizens, both civil and military, rose during the war, the contrast presented by present day conditions is painful and discouraging. There is much in the world-situation to cause alarm. The investigations now being conducted at Washington into the operation of certain governmental departments has uncovered sordid facts that indicate that faithlessness to public obligation is more widespread than was suspected. The waste and extravagance and worse in our cities is too well known to need comment. Perhaps if we compare the present situation with pre-war conditions the outlook would not be so bad; but there is a

spirit of selfishness, sense-gratification, non-respect for law and constituted authority, restlessness, class consciousness and sectionalism apparent that must cause uneasiness to all thinking people.

A very helpful sign, however, amid all the unrest and chaos, is the interest many of our national and community leaders are taking in work with boys and girls. I understand that President Coolidge has declared his intention of calling a White House Conference soon to discuss the problem of our American Boys and Girls. To this Conference it is expected that representatives of the Boy Scouts of America, the Girl Guides and all other Child Welfare agencies will be invited. The publicity incident to such a conference and the sound and constructive plans that should be developed in it would, undoubtedly, be of great value to the nation.

A population of over one hundred million in this country should indicate at least twenty million children between the ages of seven and twenty-one. Undoubtedly three-fourths of the latter number are between the ages of seven and eighteen. Assuming numerical equality of the sexes we get the picture of what boy and girl work in the United States alone means.

Here are seven to eight million boys between the ages of seven to eighteen; and an equal number of girls. I eliminate children over eighteen years of age from the picture because they, in the vast majority of cases, have finished all the schooling they get. At least their time is either fully engaged in apprenticeship in some business or industry, or in college or university, if boys; and to a somewhat lesser degree if girls. At any rate, I am not considering children over eighteen years of age as included in a programme of boy and girl work.

There are 8,760 hours in the year. Allowing ten hours a day for sleeping and eating we find that most American boys and girls have approximately 5,000 hours a year for other purposes. Home duties, I am convinced, do not absorb more

than a fifth of this time. School for the average of nine months a year, with holidays, Saturdays and Sundays counted out, and a school day of the usual six hours, would account for something over another fifth of this time. Thus we have about 3,000 hours each year left.

If the child's parents realise somewhat the obligations of parenthood and arrange for the proper spending of these hours of leisure, then all *is* well with the child. But a somewhat extensive experience and familiarity with the situation impels me to the conclusion that all is *not* well with most of our boys and girls.

In the first place, there is a too widespread practice on the part of parents of leaving too much of the training of the children to the school teacher and the truant or juvenile office. Our educational system at best seems to instruct rather than educate the child. We have worshipped religious liberty until it is a fetish and we seem afraid to permit the teaching of anything that savors of religious education in our schools. This need is inadequately met by the churches, in my opinion, so our boy and girl are thus seriously handicapped.

Under the stress of modern industrial and economic conditions, the father is so completely absorbed in making a living or making money, that in most cases he gives a wholly inadequate attention to the welfare of his boy. The mother, in far too many instances, has little time from her manifold household or social duties to give adequate attention to the leisure time of her girl, even if her health or inclination permitted. Then there is that prudery which prevents a complete and wholesome education of the child regarding the purpose and functions of the body. The child is thus terribly handicapped.

Above all, the example we constantly set our own and our neighbours' children by our almost universal chase after sense gratification; our "jazzing," time-killing seeking after amusement and other fleeting and evanescent things of

life; is by far our greatest failure so far as our children are concerned.

Now it is from the ranks of this army of from seven to eight million boys that our presidents, governors, police chiefs, bankers, business men, etc., are to be recruited to-morrow. In other words, these boys are going to step into our shoes soon. And, more important still, they are going to marry our girls. If they have not been taught some primary principles of idealism and fact, how about their children?

Are these boys and girls being reached and really taught how to profitably use those three thousand leisure hours each year? Are they really being reached and taught how *safely to survive* their youth? I ask the question of all. My own opinion is that they are not being reached and that they are not being so taught. I am too familiar with the records of juvenile delinquency to think otherwise.

The Boy Scout movement in this country is doing splendid work. It is teaching in a fine and practical way most of the ideals that should move our future citizens to action. It has a fine organisation and is liberally supported. It is officered nationally by exceptionally able and sincere men. It has the aid of an army of volunteer adult workers of nearly two hundred thousand, scattered over thousands of communities in this country, and these forward looking, public-spirited men are giving liberally of their time and money to advance the cause of Scouting. But—this splendid movement is reaching less than ten per cent of our army of boys and it is the biggest and best organised of all boy movements in this country.

There are many other agencies working on the problem and doing good work too. There are thousands of men and women scattered over this country who are becoming awake of this problem and active in solving it. They are accomplishing worth while results, but the field and the problem is so vast that they seem pitifully few and inadequate by comparison.

My own views regarding the problem are fairly well expressed in the following extract from a speech I made a few months ago at a Father-Son banquet in my home city:

"We older folks who have had the fine edge of our idealism blunted by contact with life, who have almost reached an attitude of hopelessness in trying measurably to raise the consciousness of folks by appealing to adults, take new hope and courage when we ponder the possibilities that exist in the young people of the Nation.

"In the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the DeMolay, the National Boys and Girls Club Work, the Junior Chamber of Commerce and Big Brother movements, the boys work departments of the International Classification Clubs, and in other such movements lie the hope of this nation.

"If we can reach our boys and girls and furnish them a wholesome training programme for their leisure hours. If we can teach them to love their country; that their birth in it places upon them the obligation to support and defend it and fit themselves for its service. If we can get them to realise that each right enjoyed by them has been earned by and through the self-sacrifice and struggle of their ancestors and implies an obligation on their part to render the same service to their Nation and to posterity. If we can make them see that each liberty enjoyed means that someone else is refraining from exercising some desire, and thus teach them restraints. If we can set up in their hearts the ideal of purity—so that they will keep themselves clean and strong and unashamed—to the end that the race may improve and go on to higher and yet higher levels of attainment. If we can get them to realise that true religion is the guide and touchstone of life, and that the examples set by the great religious teachers and by noble, heroic men can and should be followed. If we can instil into their hearts and minds the truth that only by service to others can true happiness be found.

"Then, my friends, this Nation will prosper and flower into that which it was intended to be, the home of freedom and the brightest bloom on the tree of civilisation.

"We see in you, our sons, and in our daughters, the flaming of that splendid idealism which has ever forced the race upward and onward. Do not let it die. Feed it ever that it may burn brighter and partake ever more and more of the quality of that divine love and idealism of the great Christian Master, the Christ, who lived and died in service to others."

E. Y. Blum

THE BUḌḌHA AND THE BARBER

And a certain poor man, of mean birth and occupation, one Upāli, who was a barber, saw the Lord pass by, and ran after Him, and being spoken to became an Arhant there and then.—*Buḍḍhist Legend.*

AS I plied my trade in the shop one day the Lord of the World[1] passed by.
So I up and out and after Him, altho' I knew not why.
(After the Lord—Upāli, the barber—I!)

And He turned and stood and waited for me—the Lord, He waited for me.
"May I have a word with thee, Lord?" said I. "Say on," said He to me.
(Said the Lord of the World—to Upāli, the barber—ME.)

And I said to Him "Lord, it is this. Is Nibbāna for such poor men as I?"
"Have faith, Upāli" He answered me. "Nibbāna is very nigh."
(Nibbāna is for Upāli, the barber—Ay!)

"When may I follow thee, Lord?" I asked. "Altho' you never knew,
You have followed me long, Upāli,—and I—'tis I who have followed you!"
(I followed the Lord—He followed Upāli, too!)

[1] *Loko-nātha*, a frequent title of the Buḍḍha.

"May I be near to thee, Master?" I asked. "You are near to me now," said He.

"For I am with you always, Upāli: and you—always with me."

(The Lord of the World and Upāli—I and He!)

"And how shall I see thee always, Lord?" I asked. And He said "You see!

Who sees me seeth the Truth, I declare: who seeth the Truth sees Me.

We are one and the same, Upāli—I and He."

'May I touch thee, O Lord?" I asked, and lowly before Him bowed my knee.

And He smiled and said "Ay! You may touch." So I touched Him, and HE touched ME.

(I touched the Lord—just a man like you and me!)

Abbhūtam! Acchariyaṁ! A marvel! The Light burst in! I was free!

Run is the weary round of lives. There is no more Upāli to be.

Done is my task. There is no more birth for me!

LIGNUS

BROTHERHOOD IN LITERATURE

By CHARLES WHITBY

I

WHEN Life after ages of struggle and effort has attained in man the level of self-consciousness it at once proceeds to celebrate its triumph by mirroring its activities in the ideal worlds of art and literature. The instinct which compels this new enterprise is so universal and irresistible that one can hardly doubt that some great purpose underlies it—something more definite and coherent than the mere joy of self-contemplation. But when we try to identify this purposive element we face a difficult and baffling task. Of course I am not overlooking the fact that both art and literature have their utilitarian developments, but these occupy a lower plane. With art I am not at present concerned; when we speak of literature in its highest and truest sense we think of something whose aim, like that of art, is primarily neither edification nor instruction, but *delight*.

My task in treating of Brotherhood and Literature is only too vast, even if I confine myself to this narrowest sense of the term Literature: it would be altogether unwieldy if I were to try to deal with special forms, *e.g.*, moral, technical or religious works. I shall therefore confine myself in the main to works of imagination, prose or poetry as the case may be, or to the works of such thinkers or teachers whose qualities

of style and form entitle them to rank as makers of literature in the higher sense.

If, as I believe, the ideal of human brotherhood be firmly based on the deep foundations of our nature, we may fairly hope to find evidence of the fact in that kind of literature whose primary aim is to mirror the truth of life, whether, as in the best poetry, that is done through the medium of ideal types, or, as in modern fiction, by attempting to copy the inner or outer semblance of processes, characters, phenomena and events. The very fact that a poet or novelist is absorbed in the task of depicting life without having in vulgar parlance "any axe to grind" must obviously enhance the value of his evidence as to the basic tendencies of human nature. What a great poet or novelist takes for granted will generally be what the average man takes for granted too. And where you find agreement between genius and common sense you may be pretty confident of finding truth.

It is the fashion just now to disparage brotherly deeds as manifestations of the "herd-instinct," man being, among other things, of course a gregarious animal. But the fact that a given action has an instinctive basis—as what action has not?—really tells nothing of its goodness or badness. There is nothing shameful in the herd-instinct: it may as well be a power for good as for evil. One soldier, in loyalty to the traditions of his regiment, prefers death to flight; another, sharing the panic of those around him, runs away. The conduct of both is in a measure actuated by herd-instinct, but that does not affect our contrary estimate of its value in the two cases.

We belong every one of us to many subsidiary herds, corresponding to our membership of a given country, sex, class, occupation, or what not; and are influenced thereby in many oft-conflicting ways; but from the point of view of human brotherhood the most important yet the most neglected

is the universal herd, Mankind. Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus* devotes a chapter to consideration of those "Organic Filaments" which

> unite us one and all, whether by the soft binding of Love or the iron chaining of Necessity, as we like to choose it.

Cries Professor Teufelsdröch:

> In vain thou deniest it. Thou *art* my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humour: what is all this but an inverted Sympathy? Were I a Steam Engine, wouldst thou take the trouble to tell lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.

And he goes on to say that if an existing generation of men stand so woven together, not less indissolubly does generation with generation; how

> we inherit not Life only but all the garniture and form of Life.

Our modes of action, speech, even of thought and feeling.

> Generations are as the Days of toilsome Mankind: Death and Birth are the vesper and matin bells, that summon Mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement . . . Thus all things wax and roll onwards.

Finally, to complete the vision of spiritual co-operation throughout the ages, he bids each one of us—

> Be of comfort! Thou art not alone, if thou have Faith. Spake we not of a Communion of Saints unseen yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy?

II

The appreciation of this basic truth of human brotherhood, to say nothing of its practical realisation, being still in its infancy, we must not hope to find at the dawn of literature any full recognition of the principle as such. We shall expect rather to find that the customs and sentiments of primitive peoples were unconsciously influenced by it, so far

as they were influenced at all. Consider for example the treatment of *hospitality* in the Homeric poems, particularly the *Odyssey*. Homer attached immense value to hospitality, of which many beautiful examples are lovingly described by him.

One of the finest, as it is also the best known, of these is the description of the meeting of the ship-wrecked Odysseus with Nausicaä the beautiful daughter of the King of the Phæacians. The princess and her handmaids have been playing with a ball, which falls into a pool, whereupon they all cry out so loudly that Odysseus is awakened from his sleep of exhaustion and appears before them, concealing his nakedness with a bough. The handmaidens flee in terror, but the princess holds her ground and listens courteously to his account of his escape from the perils of the sea and appeal for pity. She knows nothing as to his identity or importance, but unhesitatingly responds to this plea:

> But now since you have come to our land and our city you shall not
> Suffer for want of clothes or anything else that is needed
> By a poor travel-worn stranger who comes and asks for protection.[1]

Accordingly she recalls her handmaidens, chides them for their timidity, and orders them to attend to his immediate needs:

> But this man who has come is some unfortunate wand'rer,
> Whom we must care for and cherish: because all poor men and strangers
> Come from the hands of Zeus: and to give is not costly, but precious.

The story goes on to tell how Odysseus, provided with food and some of the garments which the maidens had been washing and drying on the beach, is kindly received and royally entertained in his palace by Nausicaä's father, King Alcinoüs Greatheart.

[1] *The Odyssey*, Book VI, trans. by Francis Caulfield, M.A.

Note well that saying of hers, that

all poor men and strangers *come from the hands of Zeus*:

it is a key to the Homeric view of hospitality—its divine sanction. Homer is never tired of enforcing this view. When Odysseus, after his long absence, returns at last to his kingdom of Ithaca, he is told by a faithful swineherd that his palace is overrun by a troop of arrogant men who are consuming his wealth, courting his wife, Penelope, and flouting the protests of his son, Telemachus. Odysseus makes himself known to Telemachus, and they arrange that the former shall return to the palace disguised as a beggar, to watch the misconduct of the suitors and await the opportunity of a terrible vengeance. He has not been long in the hall, where the suitors are as usual carousing, when one of them flings a stool at him, which strikes him on the shoulder-blade. This outrage shocks even the better disposed of the suitors themselves: the fury it arouses in the hero himself, in the son who witnesses it, seals the fate of the suitors. Even the gentle Penelope, when she hears of it, tells her nurse that she hates them all. The remonstrance of a better disposed suitor is worth quoting:

> This was ill done, my comrade, to strike an unfortunate vagrant,
> Since, if there be a God keeps watch over men in the heavens,
> It will go hard with you: for Gods come oft to our cities
> Under the guise, may be, of pilgrims and strangers, and notice
> Every deed that is done by men, whether lawless or righteous.

Later, when another suitor flings an ox-hoof at the disguised Odysseus, Telemachus tells him that had the missile reached its aim he would have run his spear through his body. I must resist the temptation to quote more proofs of the stern view taken by Homer of the sin of violating hospitality; my point is that a guest was sacred *as such*, not in consideration of his nationality, rank or consequence. Is it not a fair inference that this view was dictated by an instinctive

allegiance to the unformulated principle of humanity, that is, of universal brotherhood?

From the father of poetry to the father of history: I like much the story told by Herodotus of the conduct of Pausanias, King of Sparta, after his defeat of the Persian invaders at Plataea. The Persian general, Mardonius, was among those who fell in the battle, and a certain Lampon came to Pausanias and made what Herodotus calls "a most iniquitous proposal," namely that, since when Leonidas fell at Thermopylæ Xerxes and Mardonius had cut off his head and fixed it on a pole, he should now treat the body of Mardonius in like manner, so avenging his nephew Leonidas. Pausanias, instead of being gratified by the proposal, indignantly rejected it, saying "Aeginetan friend, I admire your good intentions and your foresight; but you have failed to form a right judgment; for having highly extolled me, my country and my achievement, you have thrown all down again to nothing, by advising me to insult a dead body, and saying that if I do so I shall increase my fame, which is more fit for barbarians to do than Greeks, and which we abhor even in them." And he warns him to offer no more such advice, and to be thankful to escape without punishment.[1]

In the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus we have a superb exposition of the sufferings incurred by a hero whose love of mankind and the benefits he has bestowed upon them have offended Zeus. In punishment for this presumption he is to be chained to a rock for thirty thousand years and a vulture is to feed on his entrails. Aeschylus makes Prometheus recount to the Chorus a long list of inventions taught by him to men, the use of fire, the building of houses, the lore of the heavens, the taming of horses, navigation, medicine: "in a word," he says, "all arts are from Prometheus." Further, he declares

[1] *Herodotus*, trans. by H. Cary, IX, 78, 79.

that but for his intervention, Zeus, on winning supremacy by the overthrow of Saturn, would have at once destroyed mankind. The fate of Prometheus exemplifies that of the great benefactors of the race: himself a Titan and immortal, he deliberately throws in his lot with weak mortals out of pure compassion, and never regrets the choice. He is, I repeat, a typical "elder brother" of humanity, who meets with what is, except in respect of its *non-human* source, a typical reward. Usually it is at the hands of those whom they have benefited that our benefactors meet their doom.

In the sequence of tragedies known as the *Oresteia*, Aeschylus vindicates the sanctities of life and kin by showing how one crime leads to another until, in the frightful consequences which are heaped up, the very gods are embroiled.

Sophocles in his *Oedipus at Colonos* endorses the Homeric view of hospitality. Led by his daughter, Antigone, Oedipus, whose terrible fate had compelled him in all innocence to wed his mother and to slay his father, arrives blind and old at Athens. There, knowing his end near, he craves refuge, and to be shielded from his enemy Creon, and both boons are accorded by the noble Theseus, King of Attica, even before he has asked them. Greeting the suppliant kindly, Theseus invites him to make his wants known: then, to encourage him further, proceeds

> Fear no repulse,
> Albeit a task of danger and of toil,
> For I, like thee, have learned, been trained to feel
> A stranger's woe, and many toils have borne,
> And many dangers met in foreign lands.
> O never from the stranger may I turn,
> Refusing him protection—nor from thee.
> For I too am a man.[1]

Nor are these empty words; when Theseus learns that Creon, King of Thebes, has caused the daughters of Oedipus

[1] *Greek Dramas*, trans. of Robert Potter. Adapted by J. B. Rose.

to be seized and carried off towards the frontier, he gives instant orders for their interception and rescue, and thus rebukes Creon.

> My plighted faith
> By force defeated; so were I justified
> To smite thee where thou standst . . . . . .
> . . . . . Thebes taught thee not
> Such ruffian deeds, nor will the voice of Thebes
> Applaud the deed that plundered, seized by force
> The unhappy and the suppliants of the gods.

Greek philosophy as represented by Plato, the high literary quality of whose works needs no enforcement, compares badly with Greek poetry in respect of indications of universal sympathy. In his *Republic* he makes careful provision for the welfare of all classes, because it is axiomatic with him that none shall or can prosper at the expense of the others. But there is a touch of aristocratic disdain in his handling of the affairs of the traders and manual workers. He shows, too, a narrowly nationalist spirit: thus while forbidding, in the case of wars against other Greek states, the enslavement of prisoners, the stripping of the slain or the desecration of temples, he seems to condone such practices in wars against "barbarians," that is, foreigners. Nay, he goes further, affirming that all the members of the Greek race are brethren and kinsmen, but that "barbarians" are their natural enemies.[1]

No doubt it would be possible to adduce passages from other works of Plato, indicative of a broader view; for after all it is clear that the principle of universal brotherhood is a logical outcome of his basic idealism. But it is among the Stoics, above all others of the ancient schools of philosophy, that we find an explicit recognition of this principle, particularly in the recorded sayings—for he wrote nothing—of Epictetus. Epictetus was a contemporary of Nero; and his teachings, as jotted down by Arrian, one of his disciples, make

[1] *Republic*, Book V.

excellent reading. Having been a slave himself, he roundly condemned the ill-treatment of slaves, of which by all accounts he had ample experience.

> Will thou not remember who thou art, he demands, and whom thou rulest that they are kinsmen, brethren by nature, the progeny of Zeus?

He goes further, and in these golden words lays bare the true vileness of slavery as such:

> If thou endure to have slaves, it seems that thou thyself art first of all a slave. For virtue hath no communion with vice, nor freedom with slavery.[1]

Mention of Epictetus, who in his day of bondage had owned not even his body, compels that Marcus Aurelius, who as Roman Emperor might be called owner of the world. He was a good man and in most respects an excellent ruler, whose writings have aroused the enthusiasm of many famous people; but to my mind they are somewhat cold and insipid. Marcus Aurelius reminds me of a good little boy gulping down a dose of medicine with a wry face, yet protesting that he likes it. There is nothing warm or genial in his piety: he seems primarily concerned with his own moral perfection rather than the welfare or happiness of others, scrupulous though he was in the discharge of his exacting duties. There are passages in his *Meditations* which imply and come near to expressing outright the principle of universal brotherhood, as where he says:

> That the rational principle is akin in all men, and that general kindness and concern for the whole world is no more than a piece of human nature,[2]

that

> the soul of the universe is of a social disposition,[3]

or that we must be kind even to those who treat us ill because nature has made them our relations.[4]

[1] *The Teaching of Epictetus*, trans. by T. W. Rolleston, Chap. IV.
[2] Book III, 4.
[3] Book V, 30.
[4] Book IX, 27.

But this is only what might have been expected, seeing that Marcus Aurelius began his reign late in the second century, when Christian ideas were in the air: his at least formal responsibility for the cruel persecutions at Lyons is the one serious blot on his memory.

III

In considering the relation of *Christian* writers to the principle of brotherhood, we must remember that this principle is one of the fundamental tenets of their faith; and we shall therefore justly expect something more than mere lip service. Only those whose works are permeated by a truly fraternal spirit can be regarded as exemplars of the ideal; and fortunately it will be found that this is the case with many if not most of the world's greatest writers. In the space at my disposal I cannot do more than deal briefly and cursorily with a few of these, beginning with a glance at the "Father of English Poetry". Chaucer was not a specially religious man: it has been said of him that he lacked deep feeling: but all agree that he is full of zest, and delightfully human. And one of the first things that strikes the reader in his great poem is the friendly relations that he establishes among the very mixed company of his pilgrims. The points of view and the social standings of these are very various, ranging from the Knight and the Prioress to the Ploughman and the Cook; but there is no snobbish disinclination to fraternise: it seems to be a matter of course that all shall agree to make things pleasant during the four days' journey, so far as in them lies. One of the first things they do is to elect mine Host as their "governour," and to promise due observance of all his commands. This promise is in the main loyally kept, although the burly innkeeper of the Tabard does not fail to take full advantage of his authority, and to criticise some of the tales

with more trenchancy than politeness. The poet's own tale of Sir Thopas is rudely cut short in the middle of the second "Fit":

> By god, quod he, pleynly I thee say
> Thou shalt no longer rime here to-day.
> Thou dost nought elles but despendest time,
> Sir, at o word, thou shalt no longer rime.

And Chaucer meekly submits, and agrees to "tel a litel thing in prose". There are bickerings of course, but on the whole the impression remains of a jolly family party jogging along the miry road from Southwark to Canterbury.

From Chaucer to Shakespeare is a natural transition; but it is out of the question to deal adequately with Shakespeare's relation to the ideal of brotherhood. It may be said at once that no man could portray innumerable types of humanity with such truth and power except by virtue of universal sympathy. Tradition portrays the poet as a singularly sweet and winning personality; and this tradition, I am convinced, must be well founded. We English, unlike the Germans, the French, the Irish, are *bad haters*; and in this respect Shakespeare was a typical Englishman. He knew of course that there were natures to whom it came naturally to hate rather than to love; he was able by the force of his imagination to portray such characters—Iago, for example, and Edmund in King Lear. But when, in *Timon of Athens*, he tried to depict a sweet and generous nature, soured by disillusionment through the baseness of so-called friends, his hand for once faltered, and he hardly succeeded. And whereas the conception seems to demand that *all* Timon's trust shall prove ill-founded, Shakespeare goes out of his way to provide some few notable exceptions. While the rich and powerful men, Lucius, Lucullus and Sempronius, who have benefited so often from Timon's bounty, refuse with one accord the help he asks in his hour of ruin, the servants of his household show true grief and

loyalty; and the steward, Flavius, when forced to dismiss them, divides his little all among them, in lieu of their unpaid wages. Then, with what remains, he seeks out his master in the woods, and begs to be allowed to serve him still. Timon's amazement and gratitude are unbounded; he owns that the tears in his steward's eyes prove the sincerity of his grief; after all, the world contains *one* honest man:

> How fain would I have hated all mankind,
> And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
> I fell with curses.

In a curiously carping note on "British Literature" Walt Whitman says of Shakespeare that he is

> incarnated, uncompromising feudalism in literature;

and goes on to hint that he is even a bit of a snob. I think this beautiful episode would go far to disprove the charge, even if it stood alone, which it by no means does.

Let me remind you of that charming scene in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in which Theseus, the Duke, inquiring what entertainments are available for himself and his party, chooses from the list "the tedious brief scene" prepared by Bottom and his fellows. The master of the revels tries to dissuade him; tells him that he will be terribly bored; that it is an impossible play; and so forth. Theseus asks who are the players, and is told that they are mere illiterate mechanics who have rehearsed this piece for the special purpose of celebrating their Lord's nuptials.

"And we will hear it," Theseus at once exclaims. The master of the revels again protests; but Theseus waives all objections:

> I will hear that play;
> For never anything can be amiss
> When simpleness and duty tender it.

No snob could have conceived that episode,

Of the many charming things in *The Merchant of Venice*, one that always appeals to me is the noble conception of friendship implied by Antonio's kindness to the somewhat frivolous Bassanio. Antonio had his limitations—one cannot commend his treatment of Shylock—but what magnanimity there is in his rebuke of Bassanio's excuses for asking for another loan:

> You know me well; and herein spend but time,
> To wind about my love with circumstance;
> And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
> In making question of my uttermost,
> Than if you had made waste of all I have.

Let us now take a glance at Shakespeare's contemporary, the author of *Don Quixote* and *Numancia*, who died on the same day as our poet. The life-story of Cervantes is that of a man bravely and even gaily struggling with adversity: "certainly," says one of his biographers, "no life is recorded of any man of letters so full of action, so beset with dangers, so chequered by fortune, so varied, picturesque and adventurous."[1] At the age of twenty-nine he was captured at sea by Algerine corsairs, and he spent the next five years as a slave at Algiers under the viceroyalty of Hassan Pacha, a monster of cruelty. We are told:

> Algiers, which spoilt his life and ended his dream of romance, roused in him that finer humanity of which *Don Quixote* was the outcome.

It is indeed a book written out of the fulness of a chastened wisdom; a sad book; one of the saddest in all literature, although so richly humorous. For

> Don Quixote is but the image of his creator, as his wanderings in quest of wrongs to redress are but a pale reflex of the strange career of trouble, disaster and humiliation which was lived by Cervantes himself in the pursuit of honour and of all noble and manly purpose.

[1] *Life of M. de Cervantes*, by Henry E. Watts.

In spite of all the harsh treatment he had received from his fellow men, Cervantes, although disillusioned, remained unsoured. Those bare plains of *La Mancha* over which the immortal Don ambled on Rozinante, while his trusty squire jogged behind on Dapple, were never more steeped in sunshine than are the pages of his history in the warm glow of benevolence. Of the innumerable beauties of Cervantes' novel none exceeds that of the love between Sancho Panza, the shrewd ignorant peasant, and Don Quixote, the learned half crazy gentleman. Says Sancho of his master:

> I can assure you, he has nothing of the knave in him; on the contrary he has a soul as dull as a pitcher; knows not how to do ill to any, but good to all; bears no malice; a child may persuade him it is night at noonday; and for this simplicity I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, let him commit never so many extravagances.

Charles Whitby

(To be continued)

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?[1]

By H. V. DICKS

THERE are many ways of approaching this infinite subject, and a good many have already been indicated. Let us resort to a method somewhat in disfavour with many Theosophists who are developing their intuition with great speed—that of analysis.

The Divine Wisdom (we have all, long ago, gone into the philology of the name) can be regarded from three main points of view:

1. The Eternal or Absolute.
2. The Restricted or Revealed.
3. The Subjective.

These terms are to be regarded not as descriptive but just as labels—words are so easily quarrelled over.

Of the Eternal Wisdom, the All-comprising, what can we say that would not already limit it in some way? In that sense Theosophy is, of course, All Wisdom, and thus comprises everything on every plane and line of evolution, actual and potential, past and future, including all that might have been, and all the conditions—laws, so-called—by which the Most High has limited Himself in His Activity for the purpose of Manifestation. Much further than this the average student will not get in his analysis of this Supreme Synthesis. I submit that at this stage the speculation about this Vastness could be but of little use to either ourselves or the World.

[1] A Transaction of "*Youth Lodge*," London.

Let us now turn to what we have called the "Subjective Theosophy"—No. 3 on the list. This is as variable as the former aspect is immutable, for no two persons look upon Theosophy alike. Therefore, this article may have but little value to those who regard Theosophy differently from the author, and do not care to analyse it. I hold that in the subjective sense, Theosophy is to each of us that part of the Eternal All-embracing Wisdom which we have assimilated. We are told that the "building-in" of whatever kind, means so much knowledge added. We must be careful to distinguish this from mere book knowledge about truth of any kind—which is not subjective or "built-in" Theosophy. Nor is it, indeed, true knowledge. What is it, then, that makes the "building-in" a process of greater value than the mere gaining of information? It is the test of application to action. For knowledge to become wisdom it must be used in the furtherance of the Divine Plan. The two, knowledge and action, must go hand in hand. They certainly do in the Eternal Wisdom of God, in which all aspects are perfectly blended, no stable Cosmos could exist otherwise. In this sense the Divine Wisdom is Love, both as the Preserver of stability, and as the service born of knowledge. There is thus a dynamic element necessary to convert knowledge into wisdom, or love. Without being able to confirm it, I feel that with regard to the question as to what is true knowledge we ought to distinguish between the "building-in" of a vibratory capacity into the causal body and the mere "photography" of a certain amount of information about spiritual things on one or other of the substances of the perishable bodies which will fade at the end of an incarnation. The former is true knowledge acquired for all time, the latter is just information of transitory value. In action, which is simply application to life, this information may, of course, be changed into true knowledge if we make it

a working hypothesis by which to guide our conduct. For, even if it fails us, we shall have gained the knowledge of what is wrong with regard to that hypothesis of life.

Briefly then, information is applied to life in experiment, the result is knowledge, and the capacity to make this knowledge the basis of *action* of a higher order, (service) constitutes love or wisdom. The medical profession provides us with possibly the best example, on this plane, of wisdom or Love resulting from knowledge coupled with right action. It illustrates all stages in the process. The student gains information, the research worker proves this for himself, but it is not until he becomes a practitioner that he uses it for service, which is the surer and better the more his action is based on experience rather than bookwork. The training of the vehicles in action and the acquisition of knowledge are long and arduous tasks, and the union of knowledge and action, needless to say, may be delayed and spread over a long period, as we count Time, even over several incarnations.

Hence we find the active or extrovert, and the contemplative or introvert types of person. No one is purely one or the other, and it is just a question of the stage in the acquiring of wisdom to which the individual has progressed, and of the extent to which his development has been "lop-sided," that we get the two extremes or the well-balanced personality. It is necessary to remark here that exception may be taken to the preceding paragraph on the ground that not all people are evolving along this particular line. But the objection surely falls to the ground if we consider that this process is essentially the unfolding of Love—that first and greatest of the qualifications. The ways in which it may be acquired vary, but not the paramount necessity for its acquisition, nor, indeed, do its two great component factors.

We see, therefore, that what we have called "Subjective Theosophy" is determined for any given individual by the

degree to which he has been able to synthesise knowledge and its right application. It differs from the Absolute or Eternal Theosophy in two respects: Quantity (inasmuch as it represents but a portion of it) and what, for lack of a better term, we may call direction. We can perhaps explain this by the aid of that ancient quotation: "Having put forth a portion of Myself I remain . . ." The "portion" is the world and ourselves with our Subjective Theosophy—if we can boast any—and this has the "upward" direction. That which remains immutable is ever reaching "down" to us, as well as sending "down" new waves of Life. It, being Itself, the sum total of all, is in that sense knowledge before It proceeds to action.

"In the beginning was the Word" only after that came creation or activity. The order is reversed in the case of Subjective Theosophy which, as it were, represents the opposite phase of the same cycle. The man that is going to be wise must learn right action first, for that is the apparatus he must command before he can get knowledge and so manifest wisdom in service. He begins by gradually mastering the physical body, and then the emotions and thoughts. While even the first of these is still imperfect he takes up the latter, at the same time continuing the polishing process of the former. He likewise learns to master his environment. This is, in a wide sense, activity in deed, emotion and thought. And, moreover, not only does he learn what to do, but also what not to do—discrimination, the first postulate in *At the Feet of the Master*. The capacities for right action which he so gains constitute his virtues. These in themselves are not wisdom, but man creates them first—such is the law. This stage is represented by the vast majority of human beings and corresponds to the extrovert of the psychologist. Having grown to a sufficient extent in virtue and "usefulness," he is ready to encompass knowledge—the true science of life, which,

by the aid of his capacity for right action he can develop into ever deepening wisdom.

The characteristic of this second great stage in human evolution is, I think, the turning away of interest from the objective world to the subjective, or detachment, the purpose of which is self-knowledge acquired by examination of one's behaviour under varying circumstances and of the mainsprings of one's action, as well as self-affirmation under the onslaught of external forces. Such is the introvert type of personality. Here the beginnings of true knowledge are laid down, by which the evolving man can subsequently appreciate the attitudes of his fellows, so as to guide his action in relation to them by what he knows to be the good for his own being. To this stage also belong the attempt of various hypotheses to explain and harmonise Life, and the doubts and criticisms of them.

In the later phases there begins to dawn on the man the futility of all this knowledge for its own sake and its true place as but one component of Love, to be blended with other action. Now, theoretically one could imagine that evolution proceeded in such definite stages. In practice we find, however, that the extremes are the exceptions, and that short periods of extroversion are really succeeded by similar periods of introversion, even within months, so that the more or less well-balanced personality is the rule, ever expanding the process of unification of action and knowledge. This truly wonderful process must result in that perfect stability or balance which we postulate of the Great Ones of the World. Only when this is attained can service get full play and superhuman evolution begin, free from the disabilities and hindrances of imperfect balance. We see, therefore, that the Subjective Wisdom is ever approaching towards the Absolute Wisdom like concentric circles that are spreading towards a bounding outermost circle which contains them all, and into

which all will ultimately merge. And the greatest mystery is that *all* the circles are but functions of the centre.

Now let us turn to the third aspect of Theosophy—the Revealed or Restricted. By this we mean the sum total of revealed information about God contained in books or handed down by word of mouth. It is a loose term in so far as our standards as to what is Theosophy and what is not, vary. Some people would limit the term to but few books, such as *The Secret Doctrine*, others would include the vast literature of, and in connexion with, all great and small Religions, Philosophical Systems and Schools of Science, etc. I will not, therefore attempt to define it accurately, but rather heap that responsibility on some competent person such as a Theosophical librarian, and just venture the personal opinion that any contribution to our knowledge about Life in the widest sense should be so classed, such contributions, in fact, constituting progressive revelation of the Wisdom of God. It is the Great Ones who from time to time give this process a big push forward, but the lesser people add to Their Work by filling in detail, by interpretation and commentary. True that the latter will be coloured by each one's Subjective Theosophy—but who shall say: "That is wrong" or "This is right"?

This Theosophy of books and tradition (which is Theosophy in the sense the world knows it) presents itself to the author rather as a process of fractional crystallisation (with due apologies to chemists). Once committed to paper each fragment of knowledge acquires shape and rigidity, and loses much of its dynamic properties. It loses capacity for change. It is knowledge materialised and condensed—the working out of thought-forms. Ever new crystallisations take place, every moment more moving knowledge is committed to paper and condemned to "set" in rigid form. By the nature of its rigidity, it tends to produce that effect on those who have followed the process of crystallisation up to a point, and who,

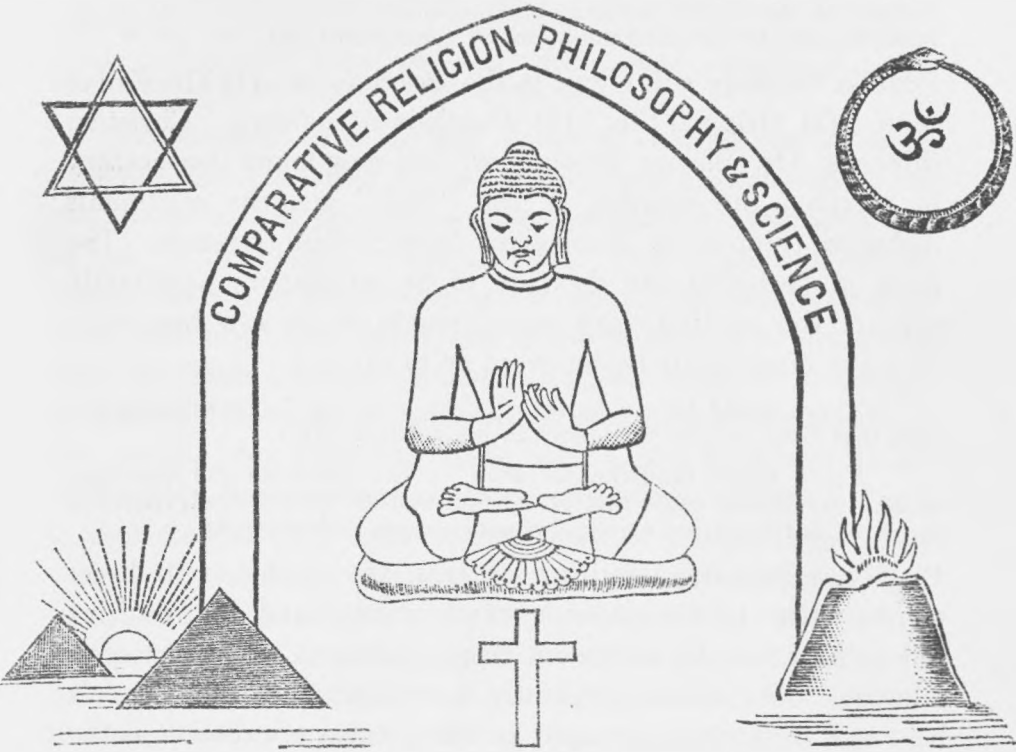
from fatigue or less of elasticity of the vehicles, for no other reason at all suddenly declare that after that point Theosophy ceases, as though it was but the rigid form of precipitated book-knowledge that constituted it. Such is the tendency in every kind of human organisation, and its outcome is the various creeds or sects, whether in Religion, Art or Science, following the letter, armoured by dogma against all new revelation. The tendency in the Theosophical Society is twofold: there is the inevitable section of people who are, possibly unconsciously, becoming so "set" in dogma; and there is another section, chiefly young people, who are, with perhaps more justification, somewhat contemptuous of Theosophical books and their study, of which tendency the author's references to "mere book knowledge" earlier on may have been considered an expression.

Where, then, is the place of this on the one hand positively dangerous, and on the other hand somewhat useless body of teaching? Most knowledge begins by being information before it becomes experience, and the information about God's Wisdom accumulated in our writings will always be so vastly in excess of the actual Subjective Theosophy which the average person has so far "built-in" and is "bringing through," that it will necessarily act as a standard and a stimulus to the work of him who is striving to perfect himself. From out of its mass he will pick those parts which at any given time are the next thing he needs to convert into personal wealth, the others he will just tolerate, or not bother about, or reject. Here lies the justification of partial revelations, such as the different systems of religions or the various forms of occult teachings. Doctrine, written or enacted, is thus the most important instrument we have for bringing the quest of our own Subjective Theosophy into relation with the Eternal Theosophy. It is nothing more or less than the impersonal connecting link between God's Knowledge and our own knowledge, as the mind is the bridge between the higher and lower parts of our manifested nature.

This link is daily being strengthened by those whose way of service lies in the crystallisation of the knowledge they have conquered for themselves for the benefit of their brethren. Let us pay them our homage, and not blame them because their knowledge may be of a different order from that which at the moment happens to be the one we are capable or in need of assimilating.

We shall do well, therefore, to achieve a nice balance; avoiding the dead letter illusion of dogma on the one hand, and contempt for the accumulated experience of the ages on the other, let us study deeply. Only in that way can we hope to bring within the range of our own knowledge the Truths contained in those crystallised reflections of the Divine Wisdom—the Revelations—and re-vivify them into the true Theosophy by our own activity.

H. V. Dicks



THE DANCE OF SHIVA AND THE TREND OF MODERN SCIENCE

By James S. McConechy

A declaration made by a divine at the conclusion of the sittings of a session of the British Association may be taken as the western view point, for the time being, of the world's origin, development and purpose.

At the end of August, 1920, the London *Times* announced that the

> courageous sermon preached at Cardiff by Canon Barnes, Fellow of the Royal Society, and a distinguished theologian, might have led him to the stake not so many generations ago.

Popular theology still clings to the doctrines of—(1) The Fall of Man. (2) Original Sin. (3) Vicarious Atonement. Christian thinkers, Dr. Barnes proclaimed, had now found it necessary to abandon the doctrine of the "Fall" and the arguments deducted from it by theologians from S. Paul onwards. The gloss of declaring the doctrine to be an allegory would only obscure the revolutionary consequences of *the new knowledge*.

The Times in its leader went on to say:

> There could be no better summary of this "new knowledge" than that given by Canon Barnes in his sermon, *viz.*:
>
> From some fundamental stuff in the universe the electrons arose, from them came matter. From matter life emerged, from life came mind, from mind spiritual consciousness is developing.

Plainly a process admitting of this description is in direct contradiction to the legends of creation found in primitive folk-lore, which Christendom has accepted either as fact or as allegory. *The Times*, evidently agreeing with the Canon's bald and incoherent account of the process of creation as the latest and most exact dictum of western science, says the Churches must restate their creeds and their formulæ, however venerable and endeared by tradition, so that they should not present obstacles to educated intelligence; or they must be content to minister only to those who can be reached by emotion or ritual.

If we refer to the report of the Canon's sermon the following assertions will be found:

> (1) For Christianity the perfection of Christ's religious teaching and the revelation of his own supreme excellence *were alone of decisive importance.*
>
> (2) The unique value of Christ's Self-revelation was a fact of history and of religious experience undisturbed by scientific progress.

(3) There was a time when matter, life, mind, the soul of man, were not, but now they are. Each had arisen as part of a vast scheme planned by God. The Christ Spirit within a man, the quality of Deity.

(4) Science described the process by which man had come into being and religion offered him guidance towards his spiritual destiny. Evolution described facts; the ultimate meaning of those facts the Christian revelation disclosed.

These statements present in vivid contrast two extreme views of the causation of the Universe and the constitution of man as understood from the western standpoint. The doctrines of the "Fall of man," "Original Sin" and "Vicarious Atonement" have countless numbers of adherents, and those who have cherished this faith and have shaped their lives and built up their characters under its influence, form a large portion of the most staunch, virile and progressive people in the world. An impelling force which can produce such an outstanding achievement as that must contain, at least, a grain of absolute truth. Modern science with its careful, penetrating and exact methods of investigation is daily bringing to light many hidden qualities of Nature, the knowledge of which is invaluable as an aid to the extension of the general welfare of mankind, and the disclosure of the wonderful and close relation of man to all the other parts of the universe. This modern western process of investigation is the working from the exterior inwards to the interior, and, so far, its methods and discoveries are only in their infancy. That it has not made much of an advance in wrenching from Nature her secrets is clearly proved, if we are to accept Dr. Barnes' statement as a fair summary of the latest researches of modern science in connexion with the origin and evolution of the world.

According to this "new knowledge," which has come as a bolt from the blue, if we are to take the press as our guide, something, which for want of a better name is called "fundamental stuff," existed at one time in the universe; from this stuff electrons, or those masses of infinitesimal particles which

make up atoms, arose: these electrons belong to the etheric plane and are invisible to the human eye, but it would appear, from the Canon's definition, that the substance which we call matter "came forth from these particles of ether," and, up to this point, the sequence, as set forth by him, is quite orderly. But, he goes on to say, from this more solid substance of matter "life" emerged. That is, the tangible, solid and concrete thing recognised as "matter" comes out of the invisible and intangible something called "ether" or "electrons"; yet out of the solid, tangible, dense matter we are told the invisible, intangible, elusive something, we call life, emerged. Then from this unseen and inscrutable something called "life," the still more incomprehensible and inscrutable thing known as "mind" came forth, and from this "mind" the most mysterious, subliminal, ethereal essense of all, "spirit," is developing.

In all this there seems to be an absence of orderly sequence; the whole series of happenings lack even the assumption of some energy controlling the progressive stages of the evolution indicated. The "new knowledge" gives no clue of the origin of this "fundamental stuff," or how it is organised and developed; there is no hint of the existence of any power capable of making the electrons arise from "this stuff," seeing that "arising" connotes motion, or some kind of dynamic process. Then, how does it happen that "life," the energising principle in Nature, in the Canon's representation of evolution, only appears after the formation of matter? Does he mean us to understand that matter precedes and dominates life? The question arises: "Where was 'life' at the electron period"? And is there no "life" energising the electron? In this presentation of the "new knowledge" there is nothing to account for any "power" or "force" or "guiding principle," causing this wonderful transmutation from the "fundamental stuff" to the ethereal realms of spirit. When the Canon speaks of the place of Christianity in the economy of the

Universe, he makes the perfection of Christ's teaching rest on the revelation of His own supreme excellence as being alone of decisive importance; but that in itself surely does not account for the wonderful process of involution and evolution presented to us by the Universe. Does not the Christ say: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me?"

In the doctrine of the "Fall of Man," and in the "new knowledge" of latter-day science, and in the relation of Christ to man, as viewed from the western standpoint, there is a distinct conception of duality, and the whole process of the development of man and of Nature is represented as being carried out by Deity, acting from an external point, and in neither the theological nor the scientific theory of the West does there seem to be any recognition of a Divine strain welling up from within, as well as a Divine Designer moulding the forms and vehicles of the Universe from without. It does not seem to be realised that God is immanent in Nature, as well as transcendent.

The latest scientific statement of the West is:

> There was a time when matter, life, mind, and the soul of man were not: but now they are: each had arisen as part of a vast scheme planned by God.

So speaks the European theologian and scientist.

But in the East there are they who hold, with all the assurance of first hand knowledge, that:

> The wise in heart mourn not for those that live, nor those that die. Nor I, nor thou, nor any of these, ever was not, nor ever will cease to be. All that doth live, lives always. To man's frame, as there came infancy and youth and age, so came their raisings up and layings down, of other and of other life-abodes which the wise know and fear not. That which *is*, can never cease to be; that which *is not* will not exist.

At this juncture it may lead to a clearer comprehension of the process of evolution and involution in the mysterious system of the Cosmos, if we view it from one of the eastern standpoints. Many examples could be taken; but, as I desire to

introduce the eastern view-point of Art, as well as Science and Philosophy, I shall ask you to study with me the main lines of thought inspired by the mystic dance performed by the Hiṇḍū Deity "Shiva," the constructive and destructive principle in the Hiṇḍū Trinity of Brahmā, Viṣhṇu and Shiva. One of the names that Shiva is known by is that of Natarājā, Lord of Dancers, or King of Actors. His theatre is the Cosmos and and He is both actor and audience. At bottom, His dance is the primal rhythmic energy, innate in the swirl of the constellations, and in the planets and fixed stars, with their interweavings and interchanges and orderly harmony. As an "Art" or a "Religion," the Dance of Shiva is an explanatory emblem of the activity of God. In one account He is represented as giving an evening dance in the Himālayas, surrounded by a divine chorus. The Mother of the Three Worlds is placed on a golden throne, studded with precious gems, as He dances on the heights of Kailāsa, and all the Ḍevas are gathered round Him. One plays on the vīṇā, another on the flute, another holds the time-marking cymbals, another begins a song, and another plays on a drum. The whole celestial hierarchy and all the dwellers of the three worlds assemble there to witness the heavenly dance, and hear the music of the divine choir in the hour of twilight.

In this evening dance Shiva is two-handed, and there is full co-operation of the "Gods" in the chorus, but there is no prostrate material dwarf under His Feet, as appears in the Brāhmaṇical Bronze in the Madras Museum. This reminds us of the Old Testament, when the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said:

> Gird up now thy loins like a man, for I will demand of thee and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it, when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God

shouted for joy. Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the day-spring to know its place?

There is another variant of this dance, which is performed in cemeteries and burning-grounds. Shiva, who in this representation has ten arms, dances wildly with Devī, accompanied by troops of capering imps. This half-god, half-demon, holding his midnight revels in the burning-ground is of pre-Aryan origin.

One of the finest pieces of Indian Art is the copper figure of Shrī Natarājā, the Lord of the Dance.[1] It is designed for the purpose of giving an embodiment of Shiva dancing in Chidambaram, the centre of the universe. He is represented as having four hands; with the four locks of his braided and jewelled hair whirling in the dance. His hair contains a writhing cobra, a skull, and the figure of Ganga; there is also the crescent moon, and it is crowned with a wreath of cassia leaves. In the right ear there is a man's ear-ring and in the left a woman's. He wears necklaces and armlets, a jewelled belt, anklets, bracelets, finger and toe-rings. He is dressed in lightly fitting breeches with a fluttering scarf and a sacred thread. Of the four arms, one right hand holds a drum, the other is lifted up in the sign of "do not fear"; one left hand holds fire, the other points down upon the demon dwarf holding a cobra; the left foot is raised. The figure stands on a lotus pedestal, from which springs an encircling gloria ringed with flame, and touched within by the hands holding drum and fire.

The statue of the Cosmic Dance of Natarājā in the Madras museum is a Brāhmaṇical bronze of the twelfth century. It is a wonderfully beautiful and inspiring work of art, giving a sense of balance, repose, motion, and a rhythmical whirl; all the limbs are harmoniously posed, giving the conception of measured and musical movement gracefully poised. It

[1] Many of the details in regard to this have been taken from Mr. Ananda Coomaraswamy's book on the Dance of Shiva and *Essays on Indian Art.*

contains the property of "Rāsa," so much prized in Hinḍū Art, which means the flavour, or soul, or essence of life. It impresses upon the beholder that continuous action, which taketh no rest and maketh no haste. It raises in the mind an imagery of the vortices in rapid revolutions, measured in balanced order, and it awakens a sense of the eternal music of the spheres. The braided locks, denoting a Yogī—a man who gives himself up to intense meditation and concentration. The Cassia garland; the skull of Brahmā; the figure of Gaṅgā (the Ganges) fallen from heaven and lost in Shiva's hair, the cobra, the male and female ear-rings (signifying the dual nature of the Deity), and the four arms are associated with all the representations of Shiva. The drum is not only a symbol of His yogī (union) nature, but it signifies the breaking up of primeval substance at the dawn of the coming into manifestation of a new world.

Shiva's Naḍanṭa dance, as understood by Shaivas, signifies that in his capacity as the dancer, much in the same way as the heat latent in dry firewood, He diffuses His power in spirit and in matter, and makes them dance, in reciprocal action, having set in motion the long course of involution and the return movement of evolution. The Dance represents the five activities of Shiva: creation, preservation, destruction, immersion into matter, and the final release or salvation—the central motif being cosmic activity. The drum signifies creation. The hand of hope gives protection. The fire destroys and transmutes. The foot held aloft affords release. The fourth hand points to the lifted foot, the refuge of the soul. These five states of consciousness are recognised in Christianity as Birth of Christ, Baptism, Transfiguration, Crucifixion, and Resurrection and Ascension.

One of the sacred books of Hinḍūism explains the activities of Shiva somewhat in this way: The hand holding the sacred drum has made and ordered the heavens and the earth and all

the other worlds with all the entities therein. The lifted hand protects both the conscious and unconscious order of creation. The hand bearing fire transforms all these worlds. The tired soul struggling in the toils of material existence finds a reposeful abode in the sacred foot planted on the ground, and to those who approach God the lifted foot grants eternal bliss.

The motif is said to be that the mystic form of Shiva is everywhere, divine power is all pervading. Chidambaram (the centre of the universe) where he is dancing is everywhere, Shiva being omnipresent, his dance is manifest in all regions of the cosmos. His fivefold dance is temporal yet timeless. It consists of the five sacred forces. He performs the five acts dancing with water, fire, wind and ether. Dancing ever in the Court he becomes visible to those who pass over to him from the illusion of material bondage to the emancipation and freedom of man's spiritual destiny. In His eternal dance His divine wisdom embraces all and radiates His supreme bliss on all.

The true significance of this dance is intuitively realised once it is brought home that it takes place within the heart, within the very inward self, of each individual. Everywhere is God. That everywhere is the heart; the heart of the universe; the heart of man; the dancing foot, the sound of tinkling bells: the songs that are sung and the varying steps, the form assumed by our Dancing Gurupara. Find out these within yourself, then shall your fetters fall away. All else but the thought of God must be cast out of the heart, so that He alone may abide and dance therein.

Shiva, as the Destroyer, exhibits His activity in the burning-ground; the heavens and the earth are destroyed by Him at the close of a world cycle; so also are the fetters that bind each separate soul: He is continually destroying the physical bonds with the fire of suffering. The burning-ground

is not only the place where the earthly bodies are cremated; it is indeed the heart of those that love Him, laid waste and desolate. The Burning ground is the state in which illusion and the worldly thoughts and the material deeds are burnt away. That is the crematorium where Shrī Natarājā dances, and it is in this connexion we see the relation between the graceful dance of Natarājā and Shiva's wild dance as the Demon of the Cemetery. Before God can enter the heart, it must be absolutely emptied of all earthly desires: all the emotions, the thoughts, and the aspirations must be purified by the fire of His Holy Spirit, then, in this attitude of renunciation, the disciple is able to open the door of his heart, so that the Master may come in and sup with him. Therefore the Lord loveth the burning-ground—the repentant heart—so that He may dance His eternal dance there.

In this quest, the aspirant endures the flames of the funeral pyre, both day and night, so that the ashes of his dead deeds, strewn all about, may be preserved against his coming, and that the power of matter may lie conquered at his feet. Then the Lord enters in, dancing His rhythmic Dance, and the disciple is able to perceive his Lord with closed eyes, because it is then more than sight; it is absolute knowledge of the transformed being. With the five actions of His dance He brings to the soul of men both kinds of fruit: that of the rewards of this world and that of the bliss of the spiritual union with the divine. The Supreme Intelligence dances in the soul of man for the purpose of removing his limitations and bonds. By His dancing He scatters the Darkness of Illusion, burns the thread by which the evil seeds, sown in the past, bind the soul in the present, stamps out evil in its different aspects, and lovingly plunges the Soul into the Ocean of Bliss. They who perceive this mystic Dance in their inner consciousness nevermore have to suffer the ordeal of rebirths into this physical existence.

According to the Shaiva scriptures the bringing of the universe into manifestation, and the carrying of it through all its cycles till its final dissolution, is but the pastime or amusement of Shiva—this perpetual dance is His play.

The Hiṇḍū thinkers, poets and artists reveal Shiva as ever playing and longing and creating everything through His imagination. By the sacrifice of clothing Himself in matter He is but surrendering Himself to the bliss of love. He lingers in a kiss amid the flowers of creation. Blended in the beauty of His multifarious works, He rushes, frolics, dances, whirls, in this play of rapture and joyousness. In His love struggle of marvellous and sheer aimlessness He expresses His freedom and divinity. Aimlessness is meant to convey something more far-reaching and inexpressible than mere "design" in the divine work of creating and preserving a universe. In the entire union of all the opposing aspirations of the soul, in absolute and undimmed consciousness, in the grasp of all-embracing love, the Spirit of man learns the nature of Shiva's divinity. The world, the life, the blossoming, the ecstasy experienced by the breaking up of all the forms, or bodies, or material embodiments, previously lived through and accepted by the evolving ego, or divine spark in man, and the universe are the delight of Shiva. Shiva is the eternal negation, or breaker up or destroyer of all physical forms, once they have completed their use as a harbinger for the Soul to gain experience. In this aspect He is enjoying this dance, choking in this whirlwind, taking His swift flight into the domain of ecstasy. In this unceasing change and aimless divine flight, the Spirit of Humanity comprehends Himself in the supreme power of His own free will, always creating, irradiating everywhere, all-vivifying, divinely playing in the multiplicity of forms. Shiva permeates every particle of His universe. The world's dream of Him was His coming into existence. His world is an all-one wave of freedom and bliss. By a general conflagration

the universe is embraced, and the Spirit of Humanity is at its height and feels the divine power of free will is unending. The Spirit of Humanity becomes all-daring: that which seemed menacing is now realised as merely activity, what terrified is now delight, and the universe resounds with the joyful cry "I am".

The foregoing is but an inadequate and feeble résumé of what a great Hiṇḍū singer expressed, and it is what a great Hiṇḍū artist moulded into plastic form in the statue of the Dance of Natarājā.

We have here the immanence of God in nature beautifully and sublimely set forth. Shiva dances to maintain the life of the cosmos and to give release to those who seek Him. Shiva's dance is His own nature, all His gestures are inherent in Him, being spontaneous and purposeless. *In the Hiṇḍū conception, God is beyond all design or purpose.*

The dance of Shiva is identified with the five syllables of the prayer Shi-vā-ya-na-ma: "Hail to Shiva". Hiṇḍūs believe "if these beautiful five letters be meditated upon, the soul will reach a land where there is neither light nor darkness, and there the Divine power will make it one with Deity". This prayer of five syllables and the "Dance" are identified with the mystic word "Om" or Aum, the arch in the image of Natarājā being the hook of the ideograph of the written symbol.

The Hiṇḍū aspirant for spiritual emancipation is sent to the jungle to meditate by fixing his mind on nothing else but the sacred word "Om" or "Aum," until he has acquired complete concentration of his thoughts and absolute mastery of his entire being, and it is not till then that the Guru or Master takes him in hand and imparts the higher spiritual knowledge.

The Arch in the statue of the Natarājā Dance is represented as matter, nature: the contained splendour or gloria is universal omnipresent spirit and within it Shiva dances,

touching the arch with head, hands and feet, signifying that between matter and spirit stands the individual soul, as "ya" is between Shi-va and na-ma. The statue of Shiva is an imagery of the rhythmic play of the Holy Ghost, as the source of all movement within the cosmos, the outpouring of evolution and the upward return sweep of involution which is represented by the arch and halo within it. The purpose of the "Dance" or "Divine energy" is to release Humanity from the snare of illusion or the limitations of carnal bondage. The place of this eternal undulating force is the centre of the universe and at the same time it is within the heart of man.

Western science as interpreted by Canon Barnes, has discovered that "probably" from some "fundamental stuff," in the universe the "electrons" arose and from them came "matter". The question arises whence came the "fundamental stuff," and how did the "electrons" arise, and what caused matter to proceed out of them? Surely we must postulate some energy or power, or force, or intelligence generating the unfoldment of this transformation, and guiding its movement.

Apart from the æsthetic excellence of the statue of the "Dance of Shiva" as a work of art, the translation of the plastic expression of the central thought into verbal description and explanation discloses not only its aptness and beauty but it affords a reasonable postulate, if it does not express the actual power, which accounts for the development from the "fundamental stuff" stage to the supreme "Spiritual" stage. We have here a work of "Art" conveying the sublime conception of the convergence of science, religion, and art—of knowledge, wisdom and action. The Hiṇḍū artist who conceived and executed such an emblem must have possessed a vast and comprehensive imagination, and a sympathy wondrous in its breadth and compass. The image is an embodiment of the Ideal in bronze, an interpretation of the

complexity of life, and it expresses a practical and rational theory of nature. A theory acceptable to all thinkers, philosophers and artists of all ages and countries. Modern India is sub-divided into innumerable castes or sects in water-tight compartments, but the artist who imagined and produced this figure in bronze must have viewed human society as one vast composite whole, with the component parts minutely interdependent upon one another, and possessing that divine thread which connects them together in the bonds of a common brotherhood. This great artist must have thought of the universe sympathetically and have been a supreme master of creative thought. Every part of this work of art is directly expressive not of superstition nor dogma but of self-evident truths. The artist has imaged forth that energy which science must postulate behind all phenomena. Time and eternity can only be faintly adumbrated by endeavouring to form the conception of alterations of phase extending over an unending stretch of space and an incalculable term of time. These phases are implied by the "drum" and the "fire" which *change* but do not *destroy*. These are the visual symbols of the theory of the day and night of Brahmā—the eternal undulation of action and inaction, activity and passivity, the energy of the waking consciousness and the repose of sleep—the coming of the universe into dynamic manifestation and its return to a state of stable equilibrium.

Western science has been investigating *space* alone, without connoting the conception of *time*, but now scientists are beginning to realise the necessity for including *time* with *space* in their calculations. Solid bodies have been regarded as fundamental objects of thought and such solids have been considered as if they started arbitrarily in space. Bodies as hitherto envisaged have extension in space only and not in time also, and are thus unsuitable as basic units in the new philosophy. For the conception of *time* and space scientists

are substituting the term " events ". " Events " having both time and spatial character. In the older view the solidity or rigidity of bodies was important. Modern scientists lay stress on the rigidity and unchangeability of events. The irrevocableness of the past is the " unchangeableness of events ".

" The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on." " Points " and " instants " must not be unduly strained, the imagination must get rid of the fallacious concept of the present as instantaneous. The present is a duration of a stretch of time. Hinḍū science, as we have seen, anticipated all this and made its calculations on the basis of the " Eternal Now ".

Richard Jefferies said :

> It is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about me in the sunshine ; I am in it as the butterfly floats in the sun laden air . . . To the soul there is no past and no future ; all is and will be ever, in Now.

In the night of Brahmā, nature is in a state of complete inertia, and only dances at the will of Shiva, the Holy Ghost, the third Principle in the Trinity of Brahmā, Viṣhṇu and Shiva, the Creator, Preserver and Destroyer, or the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the three aspects of that one omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent Being, known as God in the West and Īshvara in India. Shiva, rising from his repose of stable equilibrium and, dancing sends through the " fundamental stuff " His divine pulsations and the waves of awakening sound ; then matter dances, appearing as a halo of glory round about him. Dancing, Shiva sustains the manifold phenomena of the universe. When the universe has run its course, Shiva, still dancing, disintegrates the multifarious states of matter by fire, and bestows on it reposeful and recuperative rest.

We have seen that according to western science the sequence of the coming into being of the universe and of man, was :

> From some fundamental stuff in the universe the electrons arose, from them came matter, from matter life emerged, from life came mind, from mind spiritual consciousness is developing.

Keeping in mind all that has been said of the function exercised by Shiva in energising the formation of the Solar System, the order of events, as disclosed from the Hindū scientific philosophy, is in this way: The Holy Ghost (Shiva) overshadowed and brooded over the virgin primeval matter, and when it was pulsating with His life the work of Viṣhṇu (the Son) began in forming this matter into appropriate vehicles, for the life-force to work in, and when any of these forms became fully developed, this force burst through them, and Viṣhṇu is continually preparing new forms to receive this upward movement of the rhythmic life of Shiva. Thus we have the myriads of different forms from the densest mineral, through the vegetable, the animal and right up to the human, and the same power is surging upwards, disintegrating all worn-out vehicles and ever using more perfect ones until the Super-man is reached. This vital propulsion is continuously moving in the rhythmic motion of spiral vortices commencing at a point, then swirling upwards, each cycle running and expanding above the other, becoming more and more complicated the larger and broader it gets in its middle course, until it just as gradually narrows, simplifies and tapers to a point again. The spiral starts at an absolutely simple point, then assumes more and more complexity, and as it reaches the top it becomes more and more simple, and the final point, which although entirely free from complexity, contains all the potency derived in the upward swirl of the vortex.

In this continuous and propulsive and rotary movement, God the Holy Ghost, the Life-giver, emanating from the Father, equal with Him and the Son in glory, manifesting through His angels, permeates the densest matter rising through the mineral, vegetable, animal, human and spiritual until the circle is consummated in the Godhead.

Even modern science is beginning to recognise the existence of life in minerals; we now hear of the fatigue of

metals, and generation by division, or budding or endogenesis in crystals. Ether, which pervades all space, unattracted by the planets, has a velocity of its atomic vibrations which would enable it to overcome gravitation. The dimensions of the etheric atoms are so minute that they provide a material basis for the unit-charge of electricity known as the electron. This does away with the necessity of postulating force as atomic. We here see that Electricity is the force and the electrons are the particles of matter upon which the electrical force acts. The electron is an atom of matter carrying a definite charge of electricity. There are faint signs that modern science is about to prosecute its investigations on the lines indicated in the dance of Shiva. In the Hiṇḍū science we see the gradual unfoldment of consciousness through the physical, sensorial, emotional, mental, spiritual and ultra-spiritual phases of nature. Modern science has demonstrated in some small degree that the human consciousness, as expressed through the physical brain, is but the point of a needle compared with the super-consciousness of man.

If we scan the different sciences there are indications of a movement similar to Hiṇḍū science, as embodied in the Dance of Shiva. In Archæology the most recent excavations show a continuous rising up and falling down of the great and mighty civilisations in the far remote past which, for thousands and thousands of years, have attained supreme eminence in arts and science and then have passed away, and other civilisations have sprung up on these ruins, and again fallen into decay. Astronomy discloses nebulæ indicating planets in course of formation, and the developments of the Solar system alongside the remains of the worlds that have spent their force, such as our moon. In geology excavations shew that continents have been submerged and others have come into existence in the upheaval. According to the latest observances in seismology, earthquakes are not only caused by the accumulation of debris

from the rivers forming new beds in the sea and raising up new landmarks, but there are long intervals when gigantic cataclysms change the whole structure of the globe: we also learn that when an earthquake happens in one part of the earth its vibrations are immediately felt all over, and these vibrations do not throb round the periphery but proceed through the diameter of the earth. Ethnology shews us that there were primitive men of the same type in continents separated by vast oceans, shewing that at one time they must have been connected by land. Personally I have noticed close similarity between the cannibals of the Andaman Islands in the Indian Ocean and the wild men of the northern and western parts of Australia, and these two parts are widely separated by the sea. Wherever we turn we see the life-force of Shiva pulsating in the evolution of the Solar System, ever energising new types and destroying those which are worn out and have served their purpose. When we contemplate the Hinḍū conception of Shiva, we find poetry of the highest order, but we also find the most far-reaching science. The figure of Natarājā in His Cosmic Dance is truly a consummate work of Art, embodying, as it does, the primæval pulsating energy underlying all phenomenal appearance, and, at the same time, maintaining a perpetual poise. We perceive in this the rhythm of the Spirit, the eternal rhythm that permeates and runs through the whole cosmos.

James S. McConechy

WHAT RELIGION SHOULD THE THEOSOPHIST SUPPORT

By ALICE WARREN HAMAKER

THE opponents of existing religions quote a set of extracts taken from *Isis Unveiled* and other writings of H.P.B. as their reason for preventing Theosophists from joining any sect or any religion, as far they can prevent them, there being no compulsion in the Society.

It is quite legitimate that they should quote H.P.B.'s criticisms on religions existing at the time she wrote exposing their falsity, but it is as well to point out that there is a more constructive side to this matter of "What religion should the Theosophist support?", even though the questioner is a "Back to Blavatsky" enthusiast.

Apart from H.P.B.'s denunciation of priestcraft, there are several other points on which she accused prevailing orthodox religions of her day, and it is therefore a corollary that if sects of any religion avoid these errors, the Theosophist can safely give such a sect his or her support without being accused of being in the camp opposed to H.P.B.

First, she attacked the various doctrines of the Devil and Satan. She was emphatic that there was no such person whose work was to make us sin, and who was only a little less strong than God. It is like looking at two sides of a coin, one side being the Devil and the other side God, and calling the two sides two entities. That was her first point, to which she devoted many pages of writing.

It follows, therefore, that the Theosophist must either support a sect which does not teach a personal devil, or a Satan in the orthodox sense, or he must be a member of a sect that does, and maintain in his mind a reservation on this point.

Second, she condemned certain churches from celebrating ceremonies and sacraments for the purpose of giving salvation to those participating. She did not condemn any particular ceremony in itself, except to point out the falsities that had crept in because of the dogmas that had been developed in consequence of the orthodox scheme of salvation.

It follows, therefore, that Theosophists can belong to any religion that has ceremonies and sacraments, and participate in them, provided the participation does not constitute the salvation of the participant. Theosophists are not careful enough to examine this point. I will take a personal experience to illustrate that. More than twenty years ago, when about sixteen years old, I became a convert to High Churchism in the Anglican Church, and was duly confirmed and so forth. The only people that I have met who insist that in that church the Eucharist is celebrated for the salvation of the congregation have been members of the Theosophical Society on the continent of North America. I have repeatedly explained the standpoint, but they do not believe me, an adherent, and insist on their own interpretation. There seems no way to prove to some Theosophists that they are wrong, or that I and others are not lying, consciously or unconsciously.

Third, H.P.B. attacks the whole doctrine, or dogma, of the vicarious atonement taught in may religions, mostly Christian, though many other sects of other religions have this same fault.

It follows, therefore, that Theosophists may belong to sects that do not teach this doctrine, and have no system that is imposed on the adherents, on the supposition that, if they follow out these rules, they will attain salvation and go to heaven. The many Christian sects, and many sects of other

religions, stand guilty on this point, and to belong to them, the Theosophist must have reservations in his mind continuously or at times. Some of these schemes are quite familiar, some less so, and some are very complicated, and keep their adherents busy all their lives, while others are quite simple, such as the very familiar one of believing in Jesus and nothing else.

Fourth, H.P.B. points out that religions should have Mystery Schools, or Esoteric systems, where those whose lives are worthy should be admitted for further studies and experiences in the Mysteries.

It follows, therefore, Theosophists should belong to sects that have such schools, or that admit there should be such schools. Christians, Muhammadans, etc., would be in a bad way if they were to become Theosophists, and had to face this issue. It can, however, be pointed out that, if three people in any religion were really worthy of the Mysteries of Jesus, Jesus would start the school. We have that promise, if Theosophists will only read that passage aright. The school is always there in possibility if there were the right candidates in sufficient numbers. The same can be said of other religions that have no such schools at the present time, so there is some hope.

Fifth, H.P.B. points out that a religion exists, among other reasons, to teach people the right life to lead to attain salvation or liberation, or the attainment of Christhood or Buddhahood.

It follows, therefore, Theosophists should belong to sects that teach the rules of life for the Path. H.P.B. herself pointed out that every Founder taught this, and it is recorded in any Sacred Book: so Theosophists can belong to any religion that accepts as a Canon any such book or books. This gives a wide range of choice, even though the adherents of any sect admittedly do not follow any such rules of life that they may accept.

Sixth, H.P.B. raises objections to religions becoming a mass of dogmas in which belief is obligatory, when such dogmas are based on that lore of legend, myth and allegory, merely dramatised to bring facts within the range of general understanding.

Admitting that the major part of such dogmas are only muddled up legend, history and myth, and have nothing to do with real religion, except for an archæological comparison or allegory, it would follow, therefore, that Theosophists should belong to sects that either explain such dogmas in that particular light, and show the truth on which the belief must be based, or that have such dogmas without the obligation to believe them at all, though they may not be rejected entirely. It may be pointed out that all these dogmas contain truths hidden in them, and that one of the objects of the Society is the study of comparative religion, and it is by comparing these dogmas that the intuitive can glimpse truths that cannot be written except in dogmatic form. The presence of dogmas in any religion is not a bar to that religion unless belief in their dogmatised form is obligatory, in which case the Theosophist wishing to adhere to it must have reservations in his mind.

Seventh, H. P. B. objects to a priesthood which has the right to make dogmas and new teachings, and impose them on the people.

It follows, therefore, that the Theosophists will have a hard time belonging to some sects of several religions. They can only do so by not admitting this privilege to the priesthood, even though it is claimed. H. P. B. does not deny the use of a priesthood, but this use of it. She points out that a priesthood has a function to perform in connexion with the Lesser Mysteries, and for giving religious instruction to the laity—without considering their position in the Greater Mysteries. A Theosophist can legitimately belong to a religion that has a

priesthood without going against H. P. B. into the other camp, as it is put, so long as the priesthood fulfils its proper function in the light of the teachings put forward by the Theosophical Society from the days of its Founder.

All this does not give any valid reason for the existence or support of any church, sect or religion, nor does it imply that I, personally, accept H. P. B. as the only authority to give permission to Theosophists as to what they shall do. It is difficult to see how there are two camps, but I am assured there are, so I write this for the consideration of some of those who think there are.

Some people, Theosophists or not, cannot have a religion that cannot be organised, it is so personal and individual. That constitutes their way of spiritual evolution. Others must have one, and it must be organised to be carried out, even though it may be individual in action. That constitutes their way of spiritual evolution. There are many other ways. All these are matters other than the one put forward in this paper.

Alice Warren Hamaker

THE TEMPLE

TO-DAY is the day of the Full Moon.
Devotees are seen with flowers, going to distant shrines to lay their offerings at the feet of the Beloved One, the Buḍḍha.

The moon wanes, the flowers fade away and the hearts of the devotees grow cold with worldly cares flitting back to the mind that momentarily glowed with the fire of devotion at the offering.

I lay my flowers at the shrine of my heart.
I retire within and keep the lamp of devotion burning.
I chant Thy praises and seek Thy guidance.
I listen in my heart to the faint echoes that Thy Blessed life of yore set thrilling through the world.

O may it be alway my endeavour to keep my shrine pure, and to make Thy temple worthy of Thine image.

G. P. WICKRAMANAYAKA

PLATO THE MESSENGER

By KRISHNANANDAN PRASAD, M.A., BARR.-AT-LAW

(Continued from p. 193)

III

WE have mentioned before that the philosophy of Plato is practical, that, in other words, it points out to us the "Path of Life"[1] and tells us how to tread it. He was a mystic-philosopher or rather an occultist, and more of an occultist than a philosopher of the system-building type. He was not a "counterfeit philosopher" or philosopher of the understanding; he was a "genuine philosopher," a "true philosopher," a *Jnāni*, who knew what he was talking about, whose knowledge was not merely inferential but direct, whose "organ" of the soul was turned towards the Light. The Good he had beheld for himself; the "path of Life" he was treading himself. Or how else to account for the confident ring in his tone that is unmistakable in, say, the last few chapters of *The Republic* and elsewhere? And can there be any doubt that that confident ring was born of direct knowledge?

That he was a "true philosopher," who knew from personal knowledge what he taught, is borne out by his travel in Asia Minor and Egypt, which were then the homes of many secret schools, and by plenty of significant references in his works themselves. There are some scholars who are disposed to disbelieve all such accounts of Plato's foreign travels; and

[1] *Phaedo*, p. 208, 115.

even if they go to the length of believing them, they will not give credence to his having been initiated into secret lore in the East. This is why writers on Plato, from Aristotle downwards, have sought to explain what they are pleased to call the genesis of Plato's Ideal theory, by tracing it to the Heraclitean principle of becoming and the Eleatic doctrine of an absolute being. This genetic method is sometimes stretched too far. Its very presumption is unwarranted. It starts with the notion that the systems of philosophy already existent or the results achieved by its predecessors must necessarily have influenced the subsequent course of philosophy or a subsequent thinker. But it may be—and there is nothing inherently absurd in such a supposition—that the philosopher, instead of drawing upon his predecessors, delved deep down into his own being and got his materials from there. The most vital and life-giving philosophers have been those who were initiated in the awful Presence of their own Divine Being. And Plato was such an one. His ideal theory was got, not from his predecessors, but from direct spiritual experiences he underwent, perhaps under the supervision of the great hierophants of Egypt, who held the key to the Greater Mysteries.

That he had travelled to Egypt is borne out by both external and internal evidences. According to Cicero, Plato went to Egypt for the purpose of obtaining instruction from the priests in mathematics and astronomy, not evidently "the imperfect branch of these sciences," but that branch of the science of numbers "which tends wholly to draw us towards real existence"[1] and that branch of Astronomy which is not at all concerned with the "fretted sky" but

> with those true revelations, which real velocity and real slowness, existing in true numbers and in all true forms, accomplish relatively to each other, carrying with them all that they contain; which are verily apprehended by reason and thought, but not by sight.[2]

[1] *Republic*, pp. 245-6.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 255.

We say "evidently," because Plato need not have gone over to Egypt to learn the lower branches of the above-mentioned sciences. Then again Plutarch in the dialogue *De genio Socratis*[1] alludes to Plato's being at Memphis along with two others, philosophising.

As regards internal evidence, Plato mentions Egyptians as having "love of money"[2]; in *The Timaeus*[3] he refers briefly to the story which Solon had left unspoken, a story which he had heard from the Egyptian priests about the many deluges which swept over the world, and about the fairest and noblest race of which the Greeks were a seed or remnant and of which they knew nothing, and of

> the traditions of our own and other lands . . . registered by us forever in our temples.[4]

In the *Laws*,[5] he describes how in Egypt the young citizen had to approximate himself to "the forms and strains of virtue" which were fixed and the patterns of which were exhibited in the temples, no innovation being allowed upon them by painter or artist,[6] how evil tendency in the Egyptians was due to lack of suitable instruments of education;[7] how every sort of dance or melody on festive occasions and hymns at the several sacrifices are pre-ordained by the State, departure from which rendered the person liable to

> a suit of impiety brought against him all his life long by anyone who likes[8]

how

> systems of calculation have been actually invented for the use of children, which they learn as a pleasure and amusement.[9]

[1] C. 7, p. 579.
[2] *Republic*, p. 435.
[3] Jowett.
[4] 21 E.
[5] Jowett.
[6] 656 E.
[7] 747.
[8] 799 a.
[9] 819 a.

In the *Statesman*,[1] while discussing the rearing of animals he refers to

> the preserves of fishes in the Nile, and in the ponds of the great king; and you may have seen similar preserving in wells at home;[2]

further down he states that

> in Egypt, the king himself is not allowed to reign unless he have priestly powers.[3]

The easy and intimate way in which the manners and customs of Egyptians are referred to here and there bespeaks personal acquaintance with them.

IV

Now we turn to certain utterances and significant phrases in the body of his works, which would be more or less meaningless by themselves, but explain themselves adequately and satisfactorily if read in the context of what we have been essaying to establish, *viz.*, that he belonged to an esoteric school and that he was a *Yogī* himself.

He has

> always thought it very important to have knowledge about divine things.[4]

"Divine" is quite appropriate and easily understandable in the mouth of an occultist and not in that of a mere system-builder.

Plato declares that

> those who rightly engage in philosophy study only dying and death,[5]

an end which would scare away many so-called philosophers! But dying and death have mystical meaning to them.

[1] Jowett.
[2] 264 c.
[3] 290 D.
[4] *Euthyphron*, p. 8, Golden Treasury Series.
[5] *Phaedo*, p. 116, G. T. S.

He speaks of "the secret teaching" which looks upon man as in a kind of prison from which escape is well-nigh impossible.[1] In the same dialogue he alludes to

> a narrow path which will bring us safely to our journey's end, with reason as our guide,[2]

the "journey's end" being Truth. Is this not reminiscent of the narrow path as keen as a razor of the Upanishad? Further down he fancies that

> the men who established our mysteries had a very real meaning; in truth they have been telling us in parables.

In the same paragraph we come upon what may be regarded as personal testimony to his being an Initiate of the Greater Mysteries:

> And I in my life have striven as hard as I was able, and I have left nothing undone that I might become one of them.

The "them" referring to the "true philosophers" or "the inspired few" of the mysteries.[3]

In this dialogue, while pointing out the glorious destiny of the soul "which is pure at her departure," he makes the at once remarkable and mysterious statement that the pure soul

> lives in very truth with the gods, as they say that the initiated do.[4]

The term "initiated" is perfectly intelligible in the light of the tradition of the Mysteries. Lower down he says that

> those who have sufficiently purified themselves with philosophy live thenceforth without bodies and proceed to dwellings . . . which are not easily described and *of which I have not time to speak now. (Italics mine.)*[5]

Either it is a vain figurative language calculated to mislead by deliberately introducing into it a personal note or it is a bare

[1] *Phaedo*, p. 113, G. T. S.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 120.
[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 125-126.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 148.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 206.

statement of fact as Plato knew it. If the latter, it is something which a mere philosopher will refuse to associate his high name with. To the materialist, or to one who does not believe in the invisible worlds as existing as objectively as the physical world, such a bald assertion of personal knowledge as Plato's will no doubt sound as mysterious. But to a student of the Veḍānṭa or Theosophy, Plato would unmistakably appear as a seer or *Yogī*.

In *The Phaedrus*, Plato declares that it is

> by ever perfecting himself in perfect mysteries that a man becomes really perfect.[1]

In *The Philefus*, he maintains that

> arithmetic is of two kinds; one of which is popular and the other philosophical.[2]

In other words, every kind of knowledge has a *parā* side and an *Aparā* side, the real and the ideal, the exoteric and the esoteric. In *The Republic*, Plato clearly differentiates between the two aspects of the sciences, only the higher of which the aspirant has to concern himself with.

In *The Republic*, we light upon what would seem to the uninitiated a strange assertion. Plato anticipates that the Sophists will attack and mock his system of education, and that because

> they have never seen our present theory realised . . . They have not yet seen, in either one or more instances, a man moulded into the most perfect possible conformity and likeness to virtue, both in words and in works, reigning in a state as perfect as himself.[3]

This is a clear, emphatic and unambiguous declaration of his own personal knowledge of men who had become really perfect, men free from the limitations of the flesh and unhampered by the conditions of time and space, men who lived in a state as perfect as themselves, *i.e.*, in a region beautiful and

[1] P. 235, Everyman's Library.
[2] P. 197, Jowett.
[3] Pp. 216-217.

blissful beyond all compare. It was necessary for Plato to speak out in an age of mental anarchy and superficial culture, to declare the existence of beings greater than men, beings who became perfect by treading "the path of life" and by following a "method of attainment" like the one sketched out in *The Republic.* As a proof, as it were, of the supreme efficacy of his own method and of the result that was sure to follow upon a conscientious practising of it for a reasonable length of time, he felt himself bound to declare that there were Persons who had scaled the heights of evolution by taking to a method similar to or the same as his own. In the same dialogue he mentions the existence of "an organ of our soul" which had to be "quickened from the deadness" by the studies prescribed by Plato for the earnest aspirant, and "whose preservation is of more importance than a thousand eyes". This "organ" is obviously the inner lore of the soul so well-known to the true *Yogī.*

V

Plato was not a mere weaver of fine metaphysical cobweb, but an illuminated soul, a *Yogī* with a mission to the world. And the mission was not to carry to systematic perfection the loose teachings of Socrates, much less to deck them out in a baffling fantastic language. He was a witness to the reality of his own teachings; they were not merely a matter of speculation with him. His mission was to be a testimony to the truth of them to a sceptical and evil time and to an unwilling people. The time in which he lived was not favourable for the reception of any spiritual message nor was it congenial to its wide dissemination and increasing influence.

The Sophists were then in the ascendant everywhere. Their influence was widespread and their spirit dominated

the culture of the day. The time was particularly propitious for their teachings to take hold of the entire people. Religion was fast declining in power and influence, and

the greatest vices and the vilest actions

were perpetrated and condoned. All vices and weaknesses of character put on a virtuous hue for the simple reason that the very gods themselves, as portrayed in the great national epic of the Greeks, were not free from them. If gods could not shake them off, would man's strength avail? No wonder then that Plato banished the great epic poet Homer and others of that ilk from his Republic for misrepresenting the gods. The life of the people was thrown up on the surface of being, and, cut off from its source, it danced and revelled in a veritable orgy of mental confusion and irresponsibility.

Another potent factor contributed to this state of affairs. Science, sedulously cultivated by the Hylists in open hostility to the popular religion, naturally had the effect of undermining its foundations, and whereas the scientists, because of their rational philosophy and ethics and their culture, were truly religious in their attitude and outlook upon life, the ordinary follower of the religion, cut off from his old moorings, drifted straight into the very vortex of moral anarchy.

The Sophists came upon the scene in an unsettled time like this—perhaps to stir the discontent to its very depths to provoke a speedy reaction against it. And they drifted with the current, not helplessly but with a deliberation born of conviction. They were not "spiritual people" at all. They were out and out utilitarians, time-servers, opportunists, and recognised no higher end for man than abundance of material wealth and physical well-being crowned with a modicum of "culture" and refinement of their own brand. They did not believe in knowledge for the sake of knowledge. Their aims were professedly not altruistic. And they made no

secret of it and they offered no apology for it. They were "thinkers by profession," and their thinking was set working by no higher agency than paltry pelf or popularity. The greatest achievement of man was to triumph in argument and disputation, to be able to spin out long arguments on the spur of the moment in support of even a most insignificant and indefensible subject, and to be able to say always something new on any matter, as the Sophist Hippias boasted he could.

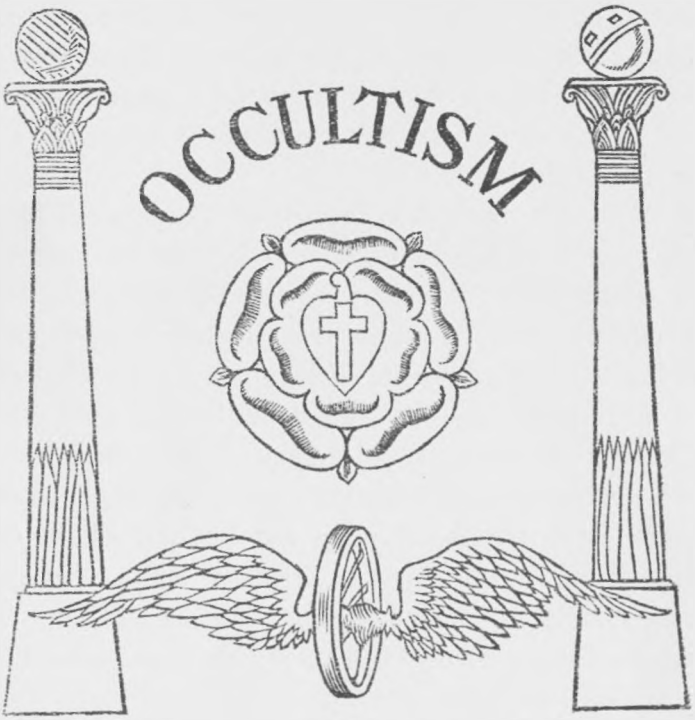
This was a highly superficial and gilded age. It set a premium on outward show and glamour and glitter. This is, however, not to deny what is justly due to the Sophists. They raised the intellectual level of the nation and extended the bounds of many spheres of knowledge. Language, Logic, Theory of Cognition, and Attic eloquence—at least these were considerably improved by the "encyclopædic universality of knowledge" of the Sophists.[1]

But of what avail is it to gain the whole world and lose one's soul? The surface refinement was perhaps not wholly undesirable, but by no manner of means could it feed the soul. The aim of man's life was not to shine and extort applause from the admiring many. So while a great activity was simmering on the surface, the soul of man was dying of inanition and starvation. It was therefore necessary for a great Personality to appear on the scene, one who could bring the erring people back to the right path. An ordinary man, howsoever well-meaning and devoted to the task, would simply not have done. An intellect as keen and subtle as that of the Sophists themselves, a culture as wide as theirs, and a knowledge as encyclopædic as their own were needed to set off the destructive tendencies of the time. Plato more than possessed the requisite qualifications. In sheer intellectual power and in points of culture and learning he was more than a match for all the Sophists put together. But the need was not only to

[1] Schwegler.

stem the tide of the baneful teachings of the Sophists, but also to release a new phase, to bring into operation a new influence which was to destroy the old regime, root and branch, and also to supply the soul with the much-needed restorative, to be all itself again; Plato was the man for it. He had that lofty character which compels obedience and willing homage, that earnestness which makes naught of all obstacles, that dedicated life which wields a subtle influence upon the people though all unknown to themselves. And what is more: he had a mission. And a message which rises from the heart which is large and pure, and which is formulated by the intellect upon which there shines the light perpetual of the spirit, and which is uttered by the tongue "which has lost all power to wound" —surely such a message was Plato's, and irresistible as it was then, its high imperious tone has come reverberating through the corridors of centuries down to the age in which we live.

Krishnanandan Prasad



THE LIVES OF ALCYONE

(*Continued from p. 233*)

VI

TWO thousand years later Alcyone was still in the same sub-race, but this time in a female body and in quite different surroundings. The Arabian empire had spread in many directions; indeed, except for a strip of Atlantean territory on the West Coast, Arabia and Egypt practically divided between them the continent of Africa. Mars had pushed his conquests as far south as the Vaal River, and had

built himself an empire there, into which the Arabian population, overcrowded at home, flowed down in ever-increasing numbers. The work of erecting a new State is quite congenial to our band of Servers; and as they always cluster round Mars and Mercury, who are both to be found in incarnation at this time and place, we need not wonder that but few of our characters are missing.

Our hero Alcyone was the eldest daughter of Mars, and his eldest son was Herakles, who was even already ruling a province under him. Mercury was the Emperor's sister, and was married to Dhruva, who was at that time officiating as Chief Priest and Minister of Education—a position of great power and importance, for the tradition of the occasional overshadowing of Surya by Mahaguru (which was mentioned in our last chapter) still subsisted, and therefore, though the priests took no direct share in the government of the country, their authority in certain matters was supreme. For example, it was their duty to select the heir to the throne, and their choice by no means always fell upon the eldest son of the last occupant, as will be seen later.

King Mars and his people speedily built cities and temples for themselves, and introduced into their new country all the arts of their civilisation, much as had been done in Arabia two thousand years before; but it was not found possible to Aryanise the population of the country. The inhabitants whom the new-comers had found in occupation were negro tribes, derived from several different stocks. Thousands of years before the population had been purely Lemurian, but it had considerably intermingled with the Rmoahal sub-race; and as the country had at one time been conquered by the Tlavatli, there was a small infusion of that blood also among the chieftains. Mars permitted a certain amount of experimental intermarriage—indeed, he never at any time actually forbade it; but his proud Arabs did not readily mingle with a race in

many ways so inferior, and so radically different in colour. Some of the lower-class whites (for these Aryan Arabs were almost white) boldly took negro wives, and among those who made this experiment we notice Phocea and Sirona; but their mulatto children were practically a race apart. Some of these, if exceptionally pleasing in appearance, became absorbed in the ruling race, and introduced into it some rather curious new characteristics; some of them, on the other hand, married among the negro population and eventually sank back into it; but the majority kept to themselves, married among themselves, and dwelt to a great extent as a separate community—a community which, as centuries passed on, slowly grew into a nation which acquired a territory of its own, and had a long and chequered history with which we are not concerned. It will be seen, however, that the Aryanisation of the race previously in occupation was not in this case officially countenanced and recommended, as it had been in Arabia; though one mixed marriage, made for political purposes, had an influence upon the lives of some of our principal characters, as will presently appear.

The religion of the negro tribes was unusual, for it consisted in the worship of a mysterious female deity, who was alleged to inhabit a certain towering rock which was visible for many miles. The foot of this rock was surrounded by almost impenetrable forest, in which (naturally enough) all sorts of dreadful demons were supposed to dwell; but no definite information was forthcoming, for no negro dared to enter the dark and gloomy glades. It was a tradition that on several occasions daring hunters had ventured into the outskirts of the woodland in pursuit of game, but they had never returned; and it was commonly believed that only the chief priest of the deity could ever reach the rock in safety by means of a hidden path, a knowledge of which was one of the dread secrets of his office. Even he must go only at stated times to make a

specified offering; and it was well understood that if he failed to keep his ghastly appointment, or went without the offering, his own life would be forfeit. On the day of the full moon in each month he must appear before his dire deity, and he must be accompanied by a young and handsome man, but just come of age, who was destined for the doubtful honour of marriage with the goddess. What occurred none knew but the high priest, and his lips were sealed by awful oaths; but every month he returned alone in a condition of panic terror, and nothing more was ever heard of any of the bridegrooms.

Rumour had it that, many years before, three rash youths of bold and sceptical spirit, friends of the chosen spouse of the occasion, had venturously followed the priest and the victim secretly at a distance. Two of these, it was said, had returned: one, a gibbering lunatic, who lived in that state for many years; the other, a broken man, with his nerve utterly gone, so that he never held up his head again, and died a few days afterwards. The story which this sane survivor told was a sufficiently horrible one. The three foolhardy youths had followed the priest through the wood, hearing and seeing much that terrified them, but still persistently pursuing, until the priest and their friend had gained the foot of the rock. Then, so the trembling narrator declared, those two ascended a few feet to a kind of natural platform, behind which the face of the precipice curved back in the shape of a horseshoe—the watchers, of course, staying below in the shade of the trees, because the light of the full moon fell upon the platform, so that every object upon it was clearly visible.

Then the high priest began a strange wild chant or evocation; and suddenly, as he sang, a great gap opened in the rock, and a horde of demons rushed out—creatures like dwarf men or huge monkeys, but somehow indescribably distorted and horrible, giving an impression of hellish hate, despair and craving for revenge. These appalling creatures surrounded the

priest and the victim, and seemed to be springing upon them and tearing at them; but the priest thrust them roughly aside with a gesture of authority, and raised his chant again. Suddenly, in the vast doorway which had been so mysteriously rent in the face of the cliff, appeared a huge naked female form, at sight of which the priest and his companion fell upon their faces while the demons danced around them with a strange fiendish glee. The awe-stricken witness described the figure of the goddess as far beyond human stature, yet beautiful with a horrible dark beauty that was not of earth; and he passionately affirmed that of all the horror the worst feature was that while he was more utterly overwhelmed with terror than he had ever been before, he was also at the same time irresistibly *attracted*, so that, if his limbs had not absolutely refused to obey his will, he must have crept to the feet of that grisly form, even though he knew full well that discovery meant for him something far worse than death.

Presently the priest and the bridegroom rose to their feet, and an awful alluring smile broke forth upon the face of that giant figure, and she held out her arms to the doomed man as he moved slowly towards her, walking as though in a trance. As he came within her reach, she stooped forward and lifted him in her arms—lifted that big, strong man lightly, as one might lift a kitten, and turned, carrying him, and disappeared into the darkness. The demons rushed tumultuously in after her, and suddenly the rock was a blank wall in the bright moonlight, and the priest was staggering down the path from the platform like a drunken man. He was too full of his own mad fear to see the watchers, though he passed close to them, and they followed him in his wild flight back through that haunted forest as well as they could. But once they lost sight of him in the darkness, and so lost the path also, and fell into an apparently bottomless mudhole, from which only two of them escaped, and that with the greatest difficulty and the

most exhausting efforts. When this happened they were already near the verge of the wood, so somehow the survivors made their way out of it, and somehow they got home again ; but the only one who could speak said it would have been better for them if they also had died in the bog. And when the high priest heard the story, he smiled a dreadful smile, and said that those who pried into the mysteries of the goddess could not expect to escape her vengeance.

This was the tradition handed down in the tribe, and it may easily be imagined how such a tale would affect the minds of a crowd of superstitious savages. This grim religion was surrounded with such secrecy that it was not for a long time that the new ruling race heard anything definite about it. As the negroes always bowed towards the rock whenever they caught sight of it, it was at first supposed that they worshipped it, and later that they regarded it as the throne or symbol of some deity. But the existence of the alleged goddess and the sacrifices periodically offered to her remained entirely unsuspected. The way in which it became known, and all that followed upon the discovery, will appear as we unfold our story.

In order that this may be comprehensible, we must first describe the other side of this repulsive religion—the benefits which her people were supposed to receive from their promiscuously polyandrous goddess in return for the heavy toll of sacrifices exacted by her. A peculiarly gruesome item in the disagreeable impression which she produced upon the one person outside her priesthood who claimed to have seen her was that baleful power of irresistible attraction—apparently magnetic in its character. It was asserted that she was able to confer this power upon her votaries—that her priests possessed it by virtue of their office, and they could bestow it upon others at will—for a consideration, of course ! It could be used on a small scale in matters of daily life, or on a large

scale in national affairs; by it a young brave could compel the affection of the lady of his choice, a merchant could influence the mind of a customer so that he obtained his own price for his goods, or a man engaged in combat with another could render his enemy harmless. The power may be described as communicable mesmeric control, and by its means there is no doubt that the priests contrived to enrich themselves considerably.

Mars and Dhruva had resolved not to interfere in any way with the religion of the negroes—to give them the opportunity of hearing a plain statement of the truth, but not to excite opposition by seeming in any way to force it upon their attention. Their general plan was one of conciliation in all directions, and though they insisted upon just and beneficent government, and held all the real power in their own hands, they still left the negro chiefs and priests as much of pomp and outward show as they desired. The chieftain of the period is not one of our characters, but his two sons appear in our list as Markab and Scorpio; and it was while the second of these was still a mere boy that the attention of the conquerors was first attracted to this curious religious hypnotism. The old chief intended that his eldest son Markab should succeed to such a show of state as was left to him, and with a view to securing his position instructed him to seek for a wife among the ruling race. He even suggested to Mars that it would be a suitable arrangement if Markab could wed Alcyone, who was then a beautiful girl of fourteen; but Mars declined this ingenuous offer, and Markab consoled himself with the affection of Abel, a pretty girl of much lower class among the Arabs. From this marriage of political expediency was born Pollux, who caused much trouble later on.

With a laudable view of concentrating in his own family whatever in the way of power lay within reach, the old chief had bargained with the high priest, who happened to be childless,

that his own second son Scorpio should succeed to that important office; and consequently the boy was already undergoing the necessary training. Young Scorpio also, as well as his elder brother, had designs upon the beautiful Alcyone; and though he knew well enough that he could never legitimately obtain her hand in marriage, he thought that he might get her into his power by the peculiar forces which he was learning to use. With this end in view he contrived to put himself in her way, and practise his unclean arts of fascination upon her —not without some effect, for she found herself constantly thinking of him, with an odd mixture of detestation and an incomprehensible sort of attraction. She spoke of him to her cousin and playmate Sirius, who had constituted himself her knight and attendant, and loved her with a devotion which was touching in its intensity; but Sirius frankly hated the fellow, and compared him to a loathsome reptile, while the gentler Alcyone thought there must be something of good in him to cause that odd sense of half-attraction.

Even her charity was strained, however, by his action a few days later. Meeting her one day in a lonely part of a great garden near the palace, he turned the full battery of his half-acquired hypnotic power upon her, and tried to compel her to submit to his embraces. Hitherto unknown feelings began to stir within her; though she had a strong sense of anger and outrage, she yet could not move from the spot, and there was somehow half of her that did not want to move. Fortunately the faithful Sirius (who had been detained by some work which he had to do for his father) was on her track, and came rushing up just as Scorpio, with lust flaming in his eyes, was about to clasp her unresisting form in his arms. Sirius hurled him to the ground, and turned sharply to Alcyone, asking how she could let such a creature come near her. She haltingly explained how utterly she had loathed him, and yet had felt powerless to move as long as his eyes

were upon hers; how some strange hateful spell had set half of her warring against the other half, and how his burning eyes had somehow soiled her and made her very soul feel unclean. Sirius, hearing and raging, set off again in chase of the culprit, who had limped away cursing; and the latter, seeing him gaining upon him, and realising that his anger was dangerous, leapt into the river that flowed through the garden, and thus escaped for the time by swimming to the other side; while Sirius, having explained emphatically to the discomfited youth in the water exactly what unpleasant things he would do to him if he ever caught him thus trespassing again, returned to comfort Alcyone.

They talked the matter over exhaustively, and as they knew nothing whatever about hypnotism they came to the conclusion that it must be some horrible aboriginal magic; and Sirius promptly bore off the troubled Alcyone to his mother Mercury, who was wise in such matters. She heard their story, sympathised with their indignation, and reassured them by saying that she had heard of this kind of magic before, and that the power of the eye, as she called it, could be used for good as well as for evil, though the Priests of the Light employed it but sparingly, not thinking it well to take a man's will from him even for a noble purpose. And she taught Alcyone a sacred word by the repetition of which such a spell could be averted if ever Scorpio should try it again; but Sirius calmly remarked that he did not think Scorpio *would* try it again, but that *if* he did, he, Sirius, would personally attend to him in such a way that he would work no more spells in *that* incarnation. Mercury smiled enigmatically and sent the children off together, greatly comforted. Sirius was right so far, for Scorpio had learned his lesson, and made no further direct attempts upon Alcyone. A few years later he married Hesper, a girl of his own race, and presently became high priest, as his astute father had intended.

This was the first event which drew the attention of the ruling race to the uncanny powers connected with the negro religion, but the subject was not seriously pursued. Strangely enough, it was a similar occurrence in the very same family twenty years later that caused a further enquiry, which resulted in a full exposure of the whole iniquitous business, and the downfall of the obscene cult which had cursed the country for so long.

As might naturally be expected, Sirius and Alcyone married in due course, and it will seem equally natural to students of reincarnation that Mizar should be their eldest son, and Elektra their eldest daughter, and that all these should be linked together by bonds of affection of far more than common strength. Other children followed, all of them characters well known and loved in previous and later lives, all of them dear now as then, though some have reached the further shore and hold high office among Those who rule the world. It has been mentioned that Markab, the negro chief, had married Abel; he had four mulatto children—two boys, Pollux and Tripos, brothers again, as they had been two thousand years before in Arabia, and of much the same respective dispositions; and two girls, Alastor and Cetus, less coarse at any rate than their male relations.

Now Elektra, even while still a child, was famed throughout the land for her wondrous beauty; and Pollux, being so much what he had been in Arabia, was all aflame with desire to possess her for his own. Being the eldest son of the chief, he was in the habit of seizing whatever he wanted, so he thought that in this case also he had only to ask to have, and was much surprised and annoyed when he found his suit politely but quite definitely rejected. Soon he was more than surprised and annoyed; for he was like a spoilt child, and could not bear to be contradicted or denied, so he sulked and fretted until he grew actually ill with unfulfilled desire. Now Markab really

loved his eldest son, and saw nothing but a proper sense of his position in his most flagrant faults of character; also he had never forgiven Mars and Alcyone for rejecting his own offer of marriage to the latter, any more than Scorpio had forgotten his bitter experience at the hands of Sirius as a boy. Therefore these worthies laid their heads together, and resolved that Pollux should not be left to suffer from love-sickness, but that Elektra should be abducted for him—thus not only relieving his pain, but paying off old scores at the same time, and gratifying a long-smouldering hatred.

They chose for their nefarious plot a time when Sirius and Alcyone were away from home for a day or two, attending to some of his priestly business in another city. By a forged note, purporting to come from a girl friend, they easily lured the unsuspecting Elektra from the shelter of her home; then Scorpio met her just as he had once met her mother, and, with the added power conferred by years of practice, at once dominated her will and induced her to accompany him unresistingly to the house of Markab. She had never heard of his attempt to seize her mother, but he was a man whom she instinctively disliked and rather feared; yet she afterwards declared that she had no option but to go with him—that (just as her mother had said) half of her wanted to go, while the other half vehemently protested. Go she did, at any rate, and as they walked along Scorpio used all his arts to strengthen his hold upon her will, taking into his hand a certain talisman which he wore and by its means invoking his dreadful goddess to send her power through him, and receiving in reply a strong outpouring of the smell of musk, which was always a sign of her attention and approval.

Elektra followed him docilely to Markab's house, and there, to make more certain of her absolute submission, he administered to her a potion well known to many savage tribes, a compound of some of their vile secret poisons, which has the

effect of weakening the will, and of impairing (and eventually destroying) the memory. Having done this, he locked her safely in one of the rooms while he went to tell Pollux, who was ill in bed and feverish with his disappointed desires. His uncle's news effected a temporary cure; he hastily rose and began to dress himself elaborately, with the view of making a favourable impression on his victim. But when, having completed his toilet, he hurried down to the reception-room where he expected to find his love awaiting him, the door was unfastened and the bird had flown! This was indeed a staggering surprise to all three villains, for they well knew that the drug alone, to say nothing of the hypnotism, made it quite impossible that their victim could have walked away voluntarily; she must have been carried away, but by whom? They began to feel terribly frightened, for to them this savoured of the supernatural; and even if there were some natural explanation, matters were but little improved, for that must involve the discovery of their villainy, and terrible vengeance from the outraged Arabs.

Leaving them for the moment to their terrified consultations, let us explain exactly what had happened. One of the servants of the chief, Markab, was our old acquaintance Boreas; he had seen Alcyone on several occasions, and felt a strong admiration for her, because of which he had made enquiries into the religion of the Light, and had secretly accepted it. He knew a great deal of the depravity of his master and of the execrable Scorpio; and when he saw the latter bring the young Elektra into this infamous house, he at once suspected some unimaginable turpitude. Catching a glimpse of her face, he saw that she was under what he would have called magical influence, and he instantly resolved, for Alcyone's sake, to save her daughter from whatever hellish plot had been woven around her. As soon as Scorpio went away to Pollux's room, Boreas unfastened the door he had just

barred, and walked straight in upon poor Elektra, who lifted a wan and uncomprehending face to greet his entrance.

"Lady," he said earnestly and respectfully, "I am your friend, and I have come to save you from wicked men; I beg you to come back to your home with me at once."

But she could not understand him clearly; she only replied: "How can I come? He told me to wait here for him."

There was no time for argument; begging her to pardon him, he lifted her in his arms and carried her out quickly into the garden, and by a side-path and through some outhouses to a gate.

"Lady," he said, "you are in great danger; trust me, come with me, and I will save you. I cannot carry you outside without attracting too much attention; you must walk with me, and I will help you along."

She obeyed as if automatically, for the drug had disturbed the effect of the hypnotic action; but it had also weakened her physically, and she walked with uncertain steps. He hurried her along as well as he could, half-supporting and guiding her, until he felt himself out of range of immediate pursuit; and then he allowed her to walk more slowly. His object was to get her home unnoticed, if it might be; for he realised that her capture by Scorpio and her presence alone in a house of evil reputation should if possible not be generally known until he had explained it to Alcyone, and knew her wishes in the matter. He therefore took an unfrequented way, and was fortunate enough to escape almost entirely unquestioned. Entering the house of Sirius, he demanded at once to see Alcyone, and was sadly disappointed to hear that she and Sirius were away from home; he hesitated for a moment, and then asked to see Mizar. The latter was horrified at the sight of the pale, frightened face of his sister, and still more so to find that she could not speak to him coherently, and seemed not to understand what he said to her. He demanded an

explanation from Boreas, who told all that he knew, and incidentally asked to be taken into the Sirius household as a servant, as he could never now go back to that of Markab. Assuring him of his protection, Mizar made him repeat carefully once more his account of what had occurred, and by a few gentle and tactful questions to poor Elektra elicited enough from her to enable him to grasp the situation. He then sent for his sisters Fides and Saturn, placed Elektra in their care and told them to get her to bed, and if possible to sleep; and then started out in a towering rage for the house of Markab.

Arrived there, he walked straight in without ceremony or hesitation, and found the three trembling rogues still in fearful consultation. He was as yet scarcely more than a boy, but he was a son of the dominant race, and he expressed his opinion of that chief and that high priest in vigorous and unflattering terms. He paid not the slightest heed to the boasted mesmeric power of the priest, who indeed was far too disturbed in mind to be able to use it. He concluded his denunciation with these words:

"You know quite well that I have only to go before my grandfather the King and tell my story, and within the hour you will be in prison, never to leave it alive; and you know that that is the fate that you deserve. But if that were done, your crime and my sister's misfortune would be known to all the kingdom, and I do not choose that it shall be so known. My mother is away from home; if when she returns she finds my sister still in this condition, she will be troubled about it, and I do not intend to have her troubled. Therefore, instead of delivering you to justice, I will agree not to denounce you on this one condition; that you come at once and remove your diabolical spell from my sister's mind, and restore her to normal health. If you will not do this, be sure that you shall both die."

Markab at once breathed more freely, and made haste to agree; but Scorpio looked more disturbed than ever, and said:

"Young white lord, I would truly do this for you if I could; but what you ask is impossible. If I had cast only my own spell upon your sister I could remove it; but I have worked upon her the greatest magic at my command. I have cast upon her the spell of the goddess, and the goddess herself has ratified it; only she herself can remove it, if she should choose. But she will never choose to do so."

"I know nothing of your goddess," replied Mizar sternly, "and I do not fear her, because I worship the Light; but if only she can remove the spell, then lead me at once to her shrine, and I will speak to her face to face in the power of the Light, and will compel her to undo her foul magic."

"Master, master," cried Scorpio in horrified accents, "You know not what you say; it is death to look upon the face of the goddess, and no man may withstand her power."

"Perchance that may be so," replied Mizar; "yet I shall not shrink from death for the sake of my mother and my sister. But at least I will face this goddess, and the spell shall be removed."

"Young sir, you are brave; though I hate your family, I admire your courage," said Scorpio; "but I warn you that it is useless."

"Take me to your goddess, or you shall both die," was all the reply that Mizar would give.

"Lead him to her, brother," said Markab, "it is better that he should die than we."

"Come then, if you must have it so," said Scorpio; "but your blood be upon your own head. I do not even know that the goddess will show herself on any day but her own day of the full moon; and it may be that she will slay us even for disturbing her rest. Yet come, since come you must. For

myself, I care not; it can but be death either way, and I do not think that she will kill her priest."

So Mizar and Scorpio started together for the haunted forest, the priest revolving in his mind various plans for killing his companion, so that he might avoid the risk of angering the goddess. But Mizar was on his guard, and contrived always that Scorpio should lead the way, and thus the latter had not the opportunity for which he had hoped of pushing him into one of the bottomless mire-holes in the swamp. Unknown to the two adventurers, Boreas, who knew Scorpio well enough to be incessantly suspicious of him, was following them at a distance, armed with a heavy and murderous-looking dagger, and fully determined to use it in Mizar's defence if he saw the slightest suggestion of foul play. In course of time they reached the rock platform, and Scorpio once more urged Mizar to abandon his project and return without attempting to see the deity, upon whom it was death for any but her duly appointed priest to look. But Mizar impatiently bade him get on with his conjurations; and so in despair he raised the strange immemorial imploring cry which had never before been used except upon the night of the full-moon.

It seemed to do its ghastly work as well by sunlight as by moonlight, for the traditional results quickly followed; the rock door rose, the horrid horde of malignant creatures rushed out, and directly afterwards the giant figure showed itself. Scorpio fell upon his face, but Mizar stood gazing in intense surprise, not unmixed with fear; he tried to speak to this appalling being, but his tongue refused its office; he was conscious of a strange whirling sensation in his brain and an irresistible inclination to move forward; he struggled to remember his purpose in coming, and what he had resolved to do; but the power of thought had gone from him, and he felt as though he were in the grasp of some great force of Nature

—a tornado, an avalanche, a maelstrom. The sword which he had drawn fell from his hand, and the hideous rabble seized it with a yell of triumph, and surging round him, bore him on with them like a rolling tide, while a strange, slow, dreadful smile broke out upon the face of the deity. She drew back as the swarming brood approached, and the door of rock fell once more as soon as the mob had disappeared within it. Then Scorpio rose from the ground, and threw up his arms above is head.

"Praise be to the great and ever-victorious goddess," he cried; "may all her foes be vanquished thus!"

And he turned and left the platform with exultant mien; but he had scarcely passed the first tree in the forest when Boreas sprang from behind it and buried his great dagger in his heart. So Scorpio fell in the hour of his unholy triumph, and Boreas fled back through the forest as though the hounds of hell had been behind him.

When, a few hours later, he reached the house of Sirius and Alcyone, he found that they had just returned from their journey. He introduced himself, and told his weird and harrowing tale. Incredible as it seemed, they could not but believe when they saw the pitiable state to which poor Elektra had been reduced, and indeed they obtained some sort of partial confirmation from her, for she was now able to speak somewhat more coherently; for Boreas, who knew much of negro charms and drugs, had instructed her sisters to administer to her an infusion of a certain plant which was an antidote to the poison which had been forced upon her by Scorpio.

Her father and mother saw the advisability of keeping this unsavoury story from the public ear, but at the same time Sirius realised that they were here in presence of some formidable power of whose resources they were ignorant. So, although he determined to set off himself without loss of time

for the lair of the foul goddess in order to attempt the rescue of his eldest son, he first called his second son Viraj, told him the whole story, and sent him off to repeat it in secret to his father-in-law the King, asking only that it might not be made public unless he also fell into the power of this vile gorgon, and it was necessary to invoke military force to destroy her. But he trusted that it might not come to that, for he fully realised that they were treading on delicate ground, and that an open attack upon their sacred shrine might stir the whole negro race into rebellion; and he knew that Mars wished to conciliate them.

At this point Alcyone came forward, and earnestly begged her husband to let her accompany him on this perilous quest, declaring vehemently that Mizar was her son as much as his, and that she had a right to help in his rescue, and assuring him also that she felt a strong insistent intuition that this was her work, that some emergency would arise in which a woman's wit, sharpened by a mother's love, would be worth more than the strength and valour of a mere man. At first Sirius, much surprised at her request, would not hear of such a thing; but she was so persistent, and so sure of her ground, that at last he, who had in the past had good reason to respect her intuitions, yielded half against his will. So she clad herself in the dress of a hunter, the clothes belonging to her son Viraj, and she armed herself with a bow and arrows, in the use of which she was expert, as indeed were many ladies of that race. Then they called Boreas to act as guide, and all three set out on horseback, pushing on at utmost speed. Soon they reached the borders of the forest, and, trying their horses to a convenient tree, plunged into its gloomy depths.

As they pressed on, they discussed their plan of campaign —though so much had to be left uncertain that they could hardly be said to have one. They had no means of forcing the

rocky door, but Boreas thought that he could imitate successfully the weird cry of the high-priest, and hoped that the usual response might follow. Yet even if it did, they had no conception as to the dangers which that opening door might disclose, nor of the strength of the diabolical garrison which might lie behind it. They knew not even whether that awful vampire-goddess could be wounded by human weapons, whether she was accessible to human appeal, whether she could understand the yearning of a mother's heart, or respond to the conception of love or pity. During their walk they extracted from Boreas all that he knew as to this horrible cult, and all that he had heard of its meagre but gruesome traditions; but they found in this little to encourage them. Boreas could not tell them with any certainty of the supposed origin of this strange deity; one theory allied her with a mysterious race of beings, half men, half animals, who were said to live in vast halls in the bowels of the earth; another regarded her as a princess among a giant race which had occupied the country long ago and had died out or been expelled, she only surviving because she had discovered the secret of eternal life. It was rumoured also that she had a twin sister with whom she had shared the secret; that this sister had at first lived with her, but that they had quarrelled over some victim whom both desired, and that the other had gone away to the east by sea, to prey upon the inhabitants of some far-distant land.[1] That she possessed real powers, which had frequently been manifested through her priests, was incontestable, but no one knew the exact nature of the powers, nor how far they extended. Boreas however, firmly believed that the same great knife which had killed her high-priest would suffice to rid the world of her, and he asked nothing better than to have an opportunity to put his theory to the proof.

[1] Probably this may have been Australia, for it is said that there is among the aborigines there a tradition of just such a woman, who inhabited a cave, and lived by draining the life from others.

When they reached the platform they found the corpse of Scorpio lying where Boreas had left it, but it was in process of being torn to pieces by some huge and peculiarly loathsome crabs, which had presumably come up out of the swamp. Driving these ghoulish creatures away, they examined the body, and found hanging round its neck a curious tailsman—a disc of gold bearing upon it the image of a woman, evidently intended to represent the deity. From a confession later made by Cancer, who as the eldest daughter of the magician knew some of the secrets of the prison-house, it was established that this highly-magnetised disc was a centre of radiation for the power of the goddess, and that when, in mesmerising any person or thing, the chief priest held that object in his hand, the person or thing was brought into direct touch with that lurid divinity, and could not afterwards be set free without her special intervention. This had been done in the case of Elektra, and therefore Scorpio was unable to remove the spell.

The small but intrepid party mounted the platform, and Boreas lifted up his voice in the weird chant that he had heard the dead man sing, hoping that through the rock any trifling difference of intonation might not be noticed. It would seem that the lady was uncritical, or perhaps she did not care what visitors she received, confident in her power to deal with any who might appear. At any rate, the rock door rose as before, and the swarm of misshapen goblins poured forth. A minute or two later they saw the gruesome entity to meet whom they had undertaken this extraordinary expedition; there stood in the doorway, filling it from ground to lintel, a huge gross female form, fully eight feet in height, and more than broad in proportion, dark-blue—distinctly dark-blue in colour, and *faintly luminous* in the gathering dusk. This awesome apparition was absolutely unclothed, except for a necklace of enormous gleaming stones; it emanated a strong

and most sickening, yet half-intoxicating musky odour; and in the expression of its face there was ruthlessness and strange inhuman fathomless iniquity, and yet somehow a kind of fearful fascination.

Sirius, who stood in front as champion of the party, experienced just the same sensations as those which had overpowered Mizar earlier in the day; he also tried to speak but could not; he also felt a resistless influence stealing over him from those inexorable unwinking eyes; he also would unquestionably have been subjugated by this preternatural witchery which was being concentrated upon him, if he had been left alone to face it. But a voice rang out from behind him like a clarion:

"Husband, husband, she is overpowering you! Stand firm, and uphold the Light!"

And as she spoke, Alcyone drew her bow to the very head of the arrow, and sped her shaft unerringly to the heart of that unearthly monster; and as it struck, that dread figure crashed to the earth with a blood-curdling non-human cry, and lay writhing there with a ghastly contorted visage. In a few minutes it was still in death, and all present were conscious of a curious change in the atmosphere—of a sense of intense relief, of the removal of a weight. And as they stood looking at one another and wondering, a loud cry was heard from within the cave, and Mizar came bounding out, shouting: "I am free; I am free!" He leapt over the prostrate body, and rushed up to his father and mother, asking wonderingly how they came there, and what had happened. But perhaps the strangest change was in the horde of creatures who had always been the first to rush out when the door was opened. They seemed as though thunderstruck; all their impish malignity was gone; they began to speak to one another in hesitating accents; some of them fell down as though from weakness. Alcyone said to Sirius:

"See, husband, see! these are not demons, but men, and they have been suffering under some horrible enchantment. Say, brothers, who and what you are, and if we can help you, we will."

Then one of these strange beings stepped forward and spoke haltingly, as one to whom speech is unfamiliar:

"Princess," he said, "not long ago you knew me as a soldier of the palace guard; you have spoken to me many times, yet I cannot wonder that you do not know me now. Three months ago I was young and strong and brave; now my hair is white and I am old and broken, and cannot live; nor indeed do I wish to live, for my soul is utterly polluted and imbrued with deadly sin. For I was chosen, by the high priest of that dread demon there whom you have slain, to be her husband; I was brought here under her awful spell, and all that was unclean and animal within me she stirred into a mad riot such as you could never understand, nor any sane healthy human being; for there are things so hellish that the flesh creeps at the thought of them, and even the telling of them is as a blast of death. For a whole month I ministered to her monstrous lusts, and it seemed to me one long mad whirl of pleasure in which I lost all count of time; but in that time she drew all life from me, and left me what you see. At the next full moon a new victim came, and she cast me aside like a worn-out garment. All these whom you see are like me; each has had his day, and has been drained of his vitality by that awful vampire who lies there; thus has she kept herself alive for untold ages, feeding upon the life of men, for her victims have numbered many thousands, and in the cave is a vast heap of their bones. Yet she does not let us die at once, but keeps us thus unnaturally alive and without sleep, full of a devilish malice and jealousy, yearning to drag others in to suffer as we have suffered, yet all the time envying and hating them. A hell indeed our dregs of life have been to us,

and every day has seemed a thousand years of agony and despair. But now that you have killed her all is changed; the awful nightmare has gone, and I think that we shall die in peace; as you see, some of us are dying even now."

Pity and horror filled the hearts of Alcyone, Sirius and Mizar when they heard these fearful revelations; and Sirius felt his heart burn within him, and he spoke to these doomed wretches such words as were given to him to speak. He told them of the Light that dwelt in every one of them, that dwelt there ineradicable still, in spite of all these obscene horrors; that light which was a ray of the Eternal Light, from Whom all had come, into Whom all must return. So that for them also there was hope and help, because, though indeed the Divine Spark had burnt low, it should surely one day be fanned again into flame; for them also the darkness should lighten, until they stood for ever in the perfect day. And the poor creatures heard and believed and were comforted; and natural sleep, a stranger to their eyes for many weary months and years, fell softly upon them, and in that sleep many passed peacefully away. And indeed naught else could be desired for them, for continued life could but have been continued misery; they were wan and shrunken and nerveless, bent so that those who had been tall men were now like deformed and stunted children, warped and gangrenous, rotting in death while still alive.

But Sirius and his son went and looked at the body of the dead monster, overcoming their horror in order that they might see what manner of being this was. Human undoubtedly, yet of a race happily long extinct; a ghastly anachronism, perpetuated only by some gruesome secret of wholesale murder; verily "a thing to shudder at, not to see". Sirius conquered his repugnance sufficiently to unclasp the necklace of huge stones; but the very touch of that blue flesh was in itself revolting, for it was suberous, polyp-like, nauseating,

unhuman. Mizar overleaped the corpse, and called to them to come and look at the cave, so shudderingly they passed into its murky depths. Prodigious indeed it was, vast hall extending beyond vast hall far into the heart of the great needle of rock; and whether these halls were natural or artificial none could tell. In one of them was a huge pyramid of human bones—the remains of thousands of victims, even as the dying soldier had said. But the whole place reeked like a charnel-house, and the atmosphere was foul with a foulness that seemed more than merely physical.

So the exploring party soon came out again into purer air, and as they emerged they were amazed by the sound of a trumpet and by eager voices calling. They shouted in reply, and, guided by their cries, King Mars himself came forth from the dark forest, followed by a body of picked men, the very flower of his own special guard. Glad indeed was he to see his daughter safe and sound, and much he marvelled at the astounding story which was told in reply to his enquiries. Incredible it might well have seemed, but for the irrefragable evidence before him—the corpse of the Lemurian giantess, and those of the men whom she had vampirised. Appalled at the discovery of the horrors which had been going on close to his very capital without his knowledge, he issued stern, sharp orders in truly royal fashion. A huge litter should be made of branches, and the dead body of the monster should be carried through every street of the city, so that all the negroes might understand that their direful deity was harmless now, and that her sanguinary cult was a thing of the past. The doctrine of the Light was to be preached to them in their own tongue, more fully, more clearly, more widely than ever, so that none might ever again fall under the sway of such a strange and loathsome superstition. A camp was to be made then and there, and such help as could be given to the fast-dying victims was to be at their disposal. The entrance to the caves was to

be sealed up and covered deep under vast piles of rock, so that no man should ever enter there again; the swamp was to be filled up and drained, and a broad road made through the forest. And furthermore he ordered that the tall black peak that towered above them should be painted white as though crowned with snow, and ever thereafter kept so, as a sign that the reign of darkness was over, and that the Light had triumphed over its enemies. All these decrees were duly carried out, and the peak which had been a symbol of horror and dread became a constant reminder of the inevitable Victory of the Light that lightens every man who cometh into the world.

Our exhausted party returned to its home, and the first enquiry was after the health of Elektra. They found her pale and weak indeed, but otherwise entirely herself again, and her sisters related how, all in a moment, her senses had returned and she was free from the strange oppression which had weighed her down so terribly; and none doubted that this relief came to her at the moment of the death of the Lemurian whose spell had been woven around her. The shock of this unparalleled experience had been great to all those who had shared it, and it was some weeks before they entirely recovered from it. Elektra's part in what had happened was never made public, but was confided only to Corona, her future husband.

A few days later, Sirius, Alcyone, Mizar and Elektra all came together to the wise mother Mercury, and talked long and earnestly with her about these strange occurrences. Mizar asked her:

"Grandmother, how was it that I, trusting in the Light which we worship, could not resist the spell of that dreadful woman, and that even my father was powerless before her, while my mother's strength was unaffected, and she was able to kill her?"

And Mercury replied: "Grandson, the monster's power of will was greater far than yours, aye, greater even than your

father's; not greater than the power of the Light, but greater than Its manifestation in you, for a certain reason that I will tell you. The horrible mystery of this creature's strength had its root in that other mystery of sex, and therefore it could be used best by each person upon one of the opposite sex. Remember how, long ago, Scorpio even when a boy dominated the girl Alcyone by its means, but was at once everthrown by the boy Sirius, upon whom it had no effect. Again, Scorpio easily influenced Elektra, but could do nothing against you, even when you went to his house and openly threatened him. Yet when the operator was a woman—when you came face to face with the prodigy herself—you were overcome, and so was your father, while against Alcyone, because she was a woman, her efforts were fruitless. Because your mother was dressed as a man, the monster was probably deceived; the magnetism which she poured out was aimed at men, and so your mother was unaffected. Truly you would have been unharmed also, if through you the Light had shone with perfect purity; but because you have not yet attained perfection, because you are still human, there was within you that upon which her terrible forces could play. In the strength of utter purity, even the weakest will may meet the strongest undismayed, because in that pure whiteness there is naught that can be stained, naught upon which the evil can seize; but while there is even a germ of evil there is still danger. Yet though that fiend could neutralise your will, and could draw you within her unholy cave and hold you there as prisoner, she could not dominate your very soul and bend you to her evil ends as she did those who yielded voluntarily to her. She could perhaps have taken your life; she could not make you her slave. So always there are limits to the power of evil; and only that can come to each man which he has himself deserved."

After years had passed, Sirius became High Priest in the place of Dhruva, his father, and with the ever-sweet and

sagacious help of his wife Alcyone he held that position long and creditably; and when he also died he was succeeded in it by Mizar his son. Alcyone survived her husband by a year or two only, and died greatly honoured at the age of seventy-six. On the death of King Mars, Herakles as eldest son was set upon the throne; but when he in turn passed away, the choice fell upon his second son Corona, so that the lovely Elektra graced the position of the first lady in the land. At Corona's death the succession passed to his second son Theodoros; but Koli, who was the daughter of Corona and Elektra, married Mizar's son Leto, and to them was accorded the honour of giving birth to the Manu Himself, who thus came down to South Africa to confirm the dynasty and emphasise the characteristics of His second sub-race, so naturally the Priesthood placed Him upon the throne at the death of Theodoros.

The faithful Boreas married Nu, a white waiting-maid of the household of Alcyone, and attached himself most especially to the service of Mizar—a devotion brought over from an unremembered past. His sons, by an odd turn of the wheel of fate, married the daughters of his old master, the negro chief Markab, and became persons of importance in the newly-established mulatto community. The two sons of Markab, however, married the negro daughters of Scorpio, and Pollux thus came into possession of the not inconsiderable wealth amassed by the late high priest, as well as that of his father Markab. This marriage drew him back into the ranks of the negroes, but on the other hand established him in a leading position among them. Years later he engaged in a plot against Herakles, and when it was discovered his people forced him to lead an open rebellion, but he was promptly suppressed and put to death by Corona.

(*To be continued*)

IN DEVISTAN

By NINA DE GERNET

An irresistible conjecture is often unremembered knowledge.

SWĀMI VIVEKĀNANḌA.

There, everything possible to be believed is still an image of Truth.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

BEYOND the cloudways, over the Mounts of Prometheus lay the Cymric Pass, whence the Kymris appeared in their fights with mighty Egypt—where the Amazons first descended into the valleys and the steppe of modern Kabardah, the Northern Caucasus.

That Pass is still the road between North and South. Even the railway line round the range did not disturb its traffic. Still higher the other passes rise, but they are impassable in winter, and this one retains its importance partly because of its sacred beauty, though the whole Caucasian realm is a marvel indeed. All over it, in the recesses of beauteous mounts and on the heights of lordly summits there linger traces and memories of old, old wisdom, of ancient faiths, Arabia before Islām, Assyria still beyond: hoary ages of Hettea and of lands older still: the forgotten empires on the way of Āryavarṭa's first migrations . . . Physical traces they have left, but the impress is chiefly on the inner side. Mighty and luminous are the astral vibrations in the care of the Great Ḍevas there, under Simurgh's wings.

Yet on the high rock Prometheus still awaits for the fire of the human soul to set the Earth aflame, and break his bonds of form . . . In the glow of sunset the outline of his stretched figure is clearly seen, weird, holy . . . One of the Europeans who have entered the farthest into the soul of this range, the mystic Algernon Blackwood,[1] says of his hero roaming on its heights:

> He wandered among these proud, secluded valleys (and) at the same time he wandered deeper and deeper into himself, nearer and ever nearer into some tremendous freedom—through the morning of the world, the primal fire and dew—when all was a giant garden . . . The advertised splendour of other lands . . . seemed almost vulgar beside this country that had somehow held itself aloof, unstained. Life was charged with an immense delight . . . The spell of that strange land will never leave you once you have felt it.
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> . . . . . .
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> And thus is painted the approach to the altar, Mt. El Brouz where Simurgh, the "Bird of Wisdom" sits, watching . . . "An exuberance of vegetation almost tropical, in the heights ablaze with leagues of huge rhododendron trees flowering among peaks that dwarf the Alps[2] . . . Monstrous lilies topping a man on foot, reaching to his shoulder on horseback; lines of blazing yellow azalea bushes scenting the winds beyond belief under the eternal snow-fields". . .

What the Presence is to which the giant El Brouz bows the Saga only whispers tales, these are about a mighty King, a Magus. It must be of the Sun-line for the flowers of the slopes turned to the Lord of the range are of the Sun's colour. Even the tall, wild lilies bending their heads in the steppe-winds are yellow. Simurgh's seat is on a high, dark, picturesque rock in the gorge of Malka opposite the snow white double summit of the El Brouz. Over a pine's contorted shape the rock rises with a yawning split like the lips of a dolphin.

There the door of Djinnistan opens. And Simurgh has the body of an eagle and the head of the legendary griffin.

[1] *The Centaur*.

[2] There are seven summits higher than Mt. Blanc, and seven of the same elevation.

He watches at the door, for all that land is alive with Djinns, goblins, elfs, the great army of the "Other" evolution. Curious forms of stone are on all the paths, some like monsters, some like statues of men and animals, a great "face" stands at the gate of the Caucasus on the Devil's Bridge. From the height of Mt. Mashuk, in the evening's violet light, we have seen far in the steppe a hill with the shape of a sphinx crouched—deformed with ages untold.

But the Djinni people vanish when the higher world stirs, for each summit obeys a Ḍeva or a Ḍevī and to these cult is still paid in many parts of the range. Close to the Malka valley (where many curious things are to be seen) is the long gorge of the wild river Teberda ending with one of the most beautiful lakes on earth . . . There, on rocks of green and rose marble, under Mt. Choana, lie three other lakes, sulphur lakes, blue like turquoise, in the highest of which the legend places a mysterious being, *sari-bek*, whom none can behold without being struck blind. A convent of nuns stands near the route, at Santa. Near by, at Humara, another church is built, at a height of 1,000 feet, over a chasm, a bottomless abyss yawning just in front of the altar. This most ancient church is, of course, there to "exorcize" the mysterious Beings around. But the Ossetes—supposed to be Christian—come and perform "pagan rites" to the Deep . . .

Towards the Black Sea, beyond the Kluhor Pass, begins wild Digoria, where—to some hamlets—access is possible only in summer through a mere split in the rocks over an abyss of thousands of feet. Behind these hamlets lie regions unknown, and popular tales persist in placing there the dwelling of a mysterious occult fraternity. Men with golden hair and wonderful eyes, men in body, children in spirit, shepherds of the mounts may know and the summits and the big anemones that cover the rocks like a flush of dawn.

At the foot of these mounts, on the Southern side lies Koretaïs, may be the "Koutaïa" of the Amazons, on the very territory of ancient Hettea.

A sense of living mystery *does* pervade the land . . . Is the old wisdom of Hettea still alive there? Do men teach it, or Ḍevas?

. . . . . .

Near the Caspian Sea and the overland route to India, in Ossetia, there rises one of the high summits equals to the Mt. Blanc, the Ghimaraï Goch, the snow-clad lord of a maze of hills, peaks and deep valleys where wild, foaming rivers dart down through tangles of big Alpine flowers.

There—somewhere, hidden, unknown save to a few—on the very summit of an inaccessible height stands to this day an ancient temple, sacred to God, Ḍeva or Guru? None tells. To reach it the daring seeker has to climb by sheer force of wrist from one ring let in the rock to the next above . . . It would seem that any *physical* mode of access was deemed unnecessary by the builders of that fane . . . Now Ossetia still worships St. Ilia—a Greek orthodox Saint—or rather, profiting by the similitude of names, she worships Az-Ila, the old deity (a Ḍeva) of her mounts . . . Yet the name of Ad-Ilah was known in pre-Islāmic Arabia, on the territory ages ago traversed by the Āryan emigrants and they worshipped the God Allah (Illa) with his three daughters: Al-Sat, Manat, Al-Uzza. In the Caucasian worship Ila is a Ḍeva, not a Ḍevī, but the dominant side in these lands is, in religion, the woman-side. The greatest Christian influence was that of St. Nina, a daughter of that Cappadocia which formed an important part of old Hettea. And Hettea left, in the farthest mountain recesses that form a continuation of this range to the South-East, at the foot of Mt. Sipyle, the most imposing image of Her who was worshipped—and will be worshipped—so long as the human heart exists on Earth, the Mother of this

world, Gäa, Istar, Nin-Tu . . . Isis. The wasted rock-statue still sits with gaze fixed on the West,[1] the water of a mountain streamlet dropping to earth like the precious dew of Her tears the sorrow that redeems the Earth . . . To Her the Assyrian tradition said: " Thou who knowest no shame, fix Thy Spirit on the gate of the changeless Land and its seven gates will open to Thee. Fix Thy Spirit on the source of Resurrection " . . . Of Assyria there are many traces in Transcaucasia, a whole tribe, mostly workmen in Tiflis—claims to descend directly from her. They have brought there much of her lore and of her blood, no doubt, even from the days when the Assyro-Babylonian, the Hettean and the Egyptian civilisations formed one block, *the* civilised world of these times. Yet Egypt alone could rival Hettea in the wisdom. Only Hittite bas-reliefs of Tatlikaya, in Cappadocia, unite in one symbol the evolution of the male side, the Sun evolution and the " Moon-line," the goddesses marching over mountain-summits to meet the Gods of the high Heaven.

The goddesses are followed by children who bear a cross-shaped weapon on the shoulder (later worn by the youths who guarded the Czar's rooms in ancient Russia). Two youthful divinities stand on a double-headed eagle and one of them holds a thyrsus . . . Panthers and winged lions attend on them everywhere in these ruins of a dead cult. But if the cult be dead, Hettea (and her daughters Etruria and Slavia) had the " word," the knowledge to raise the dead. The beautiful tall lamps of Etruscan tombs were for the use of the living to help the Spirit to become visible to the world of form. And the wise woman of Endor was a Hittite, for Endor was on Hettean soil.

* * *

Le fier profil d'une guerrière d'ophir.

[1] The fact that all very old statues, those of China (dragons), of Bhamian, the Sphinx and even those of Easter Island, stand to the West, is curious.
The Statue of Gäa is described in Sayce's works on Hettea.

Looking at one of these beautiful dark faces which seem to come from the statues of Hettea—the likeness still heightened by the modern head-gear being akin to the helmet of the Sphinx of Sendchisli—in the dark garden of a May night, under clusters of dark roses, tropical begonia leaves, mingled with the deadly datura . . . the perception arises.

. . . On such a night the aspirant—then or now—fell asleep in the flower fields, in vale or mountain. If a youth, he may have been led to these tangles of wonderful, giant poppies that grow here only like living flames drawn from the Earth ; if a girl, some sweet Ḍevī, like Ḍevī Mashuk (whose mount shows its shadowy form through the leaves) will have shown herself in her azure veils and guided the maid to a bed of pale blue irises, so that the body may rest till Dawn touched its feet . . . For it is ever necessary to touch the Earth before the New Life . . . In the gorges the fire-flies began to kindle their green flames. The Star of the Lords of the Flame shone out in the East and the Soul sallied forth. A guide was given to her, a shape of fire: Cross or Star. The waters of space widened out before her and suddenly she floated over the cupolas of a Lunar temple—and the rays of the Moon lay white and dark across the abyss . . . All the myriad lives, flowers, seeds, trees, insects, boars and jaguars in the woods, eagles in the skies, to the humans in hut or palace, each living atom shone with the Light of Matter, the one ray in millions of drops and the personal ego lost in the sameness: borne beyond Form the great Freedom came over all, like the flood of dawn . . . a rose-red flood of Love of which each atom was some deed or thought of kindness, protection, forgiveness, sympathy with man, beast or spirit.

But in the olden times war was one of the lessons of self-sacrifice and often the Messenger of the Gods called to the battle-field the aspirant who stood on the temple bridge with the door of the Outer Court shut for ever behind him or her.

Legends speak of an Amazon "fighting with Horus" and the Amazon girl queen Myrina was "allied to Horus," she was reputed to be the founder of the sanctuary of Samothrace. . . . When Alexander (whose "two-horned" image is still kept by some Arabs) the first of the Āryans started homeward, he sought a meeting with the last Amazon queen, he whose goal was only Wisdom—for Hettea had reflected into early Greece the knowledge of the East and he knew, here was the wisdom of Isis, the Divine Motherhood of Earth and the way to the Sun . . . But the Path of the Moon is to reflect light into the darkest places—to see that which even the Sun sees not . . . and to remain hidden, the eternal lonely service of the Asura "whose name God knows alone" [1] . . . Hettea, under her Ḍevas of the Moon line, stood sharp on the edge of the Unknowable deep . . . Her youngest child, Russia, is still a servant of the Divine Mother and, far away in the violet light of the North, while Venus rises over the Caucasus, in the oldest shrine of Rostoff Veliki shines the figure of a winged Madonna. Her eyes fixed "on the source of Resurrection".

Nina de Gernet

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[1] Students of *The Secret Doctrine* will remember that Nāraḍa was "an Asura".

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE T.S.

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY C. JINARĀJADASA

(Continued from p. 249)

XIV

THE ORGANISATION OF THE T.S.

By H. P. B.

I have found among the Records the following manuscript in H.P.B.'s own handwriting throughout. It covers 25 pages, but the first page is missing. I have therefore tentatively given the title "The Organisation of the T.S." H.P.B.'s manuscripts are not easy to edit, as her punctuation is sometimes erratic. I have however not tried to "edit" this manuscript in any way, but have tried to copy as accurately as possible, including her own punctuation, contractions and spelling. She writes "George Miller of Bristol" for George Muller. Theosophy and Theosophists are in most cases written by her as theosophy and theosophist.

I have however made one *omission. I have left out the names of the two authors of the pamphlet which she is vehemently criticising, because both the authors are still living. The value of the MS. is not in her criticism of individuals but in the general principles which she holds underlie the T.S.*

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

. . . . . .

races, creeds, or social positions, but every member had to be judged and dealt by on his personal merits; (3) to study the philosophies of the East—those of India chiefly, presenting them gradually to the public in various works that would interpret exoteric religions in the light of esoteric teachings; (4) to oppose materialism and theological dogmatism in every possible way, by demonstrating the existence of occult forces unknown to Science, in Nature, and the presence of psychic and spiritual powers in Man; trying, at the same time, to enlarge the views of the Spiritualists by showing them that there are other, many other agencies at work in the production of phenomena besides the "Spirits" of the dead. Superstition had to be exposed and avoided; and occult forces—*beneficent and maleficent*, ever surrounding us and manifesting their presence in various ways—demonstrated to the best of our ability.

Such was the programme in its broad features. The two chief Founders were not told what they had to do, how they had to bring about and quicken the growth of the Society and results desired; nor had they any definite ideas given them concerning the outward organisation—all this being left entirely with themselves. Thus, as the undersigned had no capacity for such work as the mechanical formation and administration of a Society, the management of the latter was left in the hands of Col. H. S. Olcott, then and there elected by the primitive founders and members *President for life*. But if the two Founders were not told *what they had to do*, they were distinctly instructed about *what they should never do*, what they had to avoid, and what the Society should never become. Church organisations, Christian and Spiritual sects were shown as the future contrasts to our Society.[1] To make it clearer :—

[1] A liberal Christian member of the T.S. having objected to the study of Oriental religions and doubted whether there was room left for any new Society—a letter answering his objections and preference to Christianity was received and the contents copied for him, after which he denied no longer the advisability of such a Society as

(1) The Founders had to exercise all their influence *to oppose selfishness of any kind*, by insisting upon sincere, fraternal feelings among the Members—at least outwardly; working for it to bring about a spirit of unity and harmony, the great diversity of creeds notwithstanding; expecting and demanding from the Fellows, a great mutual toleration and charity for each other's shortcomings; mutual help in the research of truths in every domain—moral or physical—and even in daily life.

(2) They had to oppose in the strongest manner possible anything approaching *dogmatic faith and fanaticism*—belief in the *infallibility* of the Masters, or even in the very existence of our invisible Teachers, having to be checked from the first. On the other hand, as a great respect for the private views

the professed Theosophical Association. A few extracts from this early letter will show plainly the nature of the Society as then contemplated, and that we have tried only to follow, and carry out in the best way we could the intentions of the *true* originators of the Society in those days. The pious gentlemen having claimed that he was a *theosophist* and had a right of judgment over other people was told. . . . "You have no right to such a title. You are only a *philo*=theosophist; as one who has reached to the full comprehension of *the name and nature* of a theosophist will sit in judgment on no man or action. . . . You claim that your religion is the highest and final step toward Divine Wisdom on this earth, and that it has introduced into the arteries of the old decaying world new blood and life and verities that had remained unknown to the heathen? If it were so indeed, then your religion would have introduced the highest truths into all the social, civil and international relations of Christendom. Instead of that as any one can perceive, your social as your private life is not based upon a common moral solidarity but only on constant mutual counteraction and purely mechanical equilibrium of individual powers and interests. . . . If you would be a theosophist you must not do as those around you do who call on a God of Truth and Love and serve the dark Powers of Might, Greed and Luck. We look in the midst of your Christian civilisation and see the same sad signs of old: the realities of your daily lives are diametrically opposed to your religious ideal, but you feel it not; the thought that the very laws that govern your being whether in the domain of politics or social economy clash painfully with the origins of your religion—do not seem to trouble you in the least. But if the nations of the West are so fully convinced that the ideal can never become practical and the practical will never reach the ideal—then, you have to make your choice: either it is your religion that is impracticable, and in that case it is no better than a vain-glorious delusion, or it might find a practical application, but it is you, yourselves, who do not care to apply its ethics to your daily walk in life . . . . Hence, before you invite other nations "to the King's festival table" from which your guests arise more starved than before, you should, ere you try to bring them to your own way of thinking, look into the repasts they offer to you . . . . Under the dominion and sway of exoteric creeds, the grotesque and tortured shadows of theosophical realities, there must ever be the same oppression of the weak and the poor and the same typhonic struggle of the wealthy and the mighty among themselves . . . . *It is esoteric philosophy alone*, the spiritual and psychic blending of man with Nature that, by revealing fundamental truths, can bring that much desired mediate state between the two extremes of human Egotism and divine Altruism and finally lead to the alleviation of human suffering . . . . " (See last page for contin.)

and creeds of every member was demanded, any Fellow criticising the faith or belief of another Fellow, hurting his feelings, or showing a reprehensible self-assertion, unasked (mutual friendly advices were a duty unless declined)—such a member incurred expulsion. The greatest spirit of free research untrammelled by anyone or anything, had to be encouraged.

Thus, for the first year the Members of the T. Body who representing every class in Society as every creed and belief—Christian clergymen, Spiritualists, Freethinkers, Mystics, Masons and Materialists—lived and met under these rules in peace and friendship. There were two or three expulsions for *slander* and *backbiting*. The rules, however imperfect in their tentative character, were strictly enforced and respected by the members. The original $5, initiation fee, was soon abolished as *inconsistent with the spirit of the Association*: members had enthusiastically promised to support the Parent Society and defray the *expenses of machines for experiments, books*, the fees of the *Recording Secretary*,[1] etc., etc. This was *Reform* No. I. Three months after, Mr. H. Newton, the Treasurer, a rich gentleman of New York, showed that no one had paid anything or helped him to defray the current expenses for the Hall of meetings, stationery, printing, etc., and that he had to carry the burden of those expenses *alone*. He went on for a short time longer, then—*he resigned as Treasurer*. It was the President-Founder, Col. H. S. Olcott, who had to pay henceforth for all. He did so for over 18 months. The "fee" was re-established, before the Founders left for India with the two English delegates—now their mortal enemies; but the money collected was for the Arya Samaj of Aryavarta with which Society the Theosophical became affiliated. It is the Pres[t] Founder who paid the enormous travelling expenses from America to India, and those of installation in Bombay, and who

[1] Mr. Cobb.

supported the two delegates out of his own pocket for nearly 18 months. When he had no more money left, nor the Corr. Secretary either—a resolution was passed that the "initiation fee" sums should go towards supporting the Head Quarters.

Owing to the rapid increase of the Society in India, the present *Rules* and *Statutes* grew out. They are not the outcome of the deliberate thought and whim of the Presi[t] Founder, but the result of the yearly meetings of the General Council at the Anniversaries. If the members of that G. C. have framed them so as to give a wider authority to the Pres. Founder, it was the result of their absolute confidence in him, in his devotion and love for the Society, and not at all *as implied* in "A Few Words"—a proof of *his love for power and authority*. Of this, however, later on.

It was never denied that the Organization of the T. S. was *very* imperfect. *Errare humanum est.* But, if it can be shown that the President has done what he could under the circumstances and in the best way he knew how—no one, least of all a theosophist, can charge him with the sins of the whole community, as now done. From the founders down to the humblest member, the Society is composed of imperfect mortal men—not gods. This was always claimed by its leaders. "He who feels *without sin*, let him cast the first stone." It is the duty of every Member of the Council to offer advice and to bring for the consideration of the whole body any incorrect proceedings. One of the *plaintiffs* is a Councillor. Having never used his privileges as one, in the matter of the complaints now proffered—and thus, having no excuse to give that his just representations were not listened to, he by bringing out publicly what he had to state first privately—sins against Rule XII. The whole paper now reads like a defamatory aspersion, being full of untheosophical and unbrotherly insinuations—which the writers thereof could never have had in view.

This Rule XII[th] was one of the first and the wisest. It is by neglecting to have it enforced when most needed, that the President-Founder has brought upon himself the present penalty.[1] It is his too great indulgence and unwise carelessness that have led to all such charges of abuse of power, love of authority, show, of vanity, etc., etc. Let us see how far it may have been deserved.

As shown for 12 years the Founder has toiled *almost alone* in the interests of the Society and the general good—hence, not his own, and, the only complaint he was heard to utter was, that *he was left no time for self-development and study*. The results of this too just complaint are, that those for whom he toiled, are the first to fling at him the reproach of being ignorant of certain Hindu terms, of using one term for another, for inst. of having applied the word "Jivanmukta" to a Hindu chela, on one occasion! The crime is terrible one, indeed . . . We know of "*chelas*," who being Hindus, are sure never to confuse such well known terms in *their* religion; but who, on the other hand, pursue Jivanmuktship and the highest Theosophical Ethics through the royal road of selfish ambition, lies, slander, ingratitude and backbiting. Every road leads to Rome; this is evident; and there is such a thing in Nature as "*Mahatma*" = *Dugpas* . . . It would be desirable for the cause of Theosophy and truth, however, were all the critics of our President in general, less learned, yet found reaching more to the level of his all-forgiving good nature, his thorough sincerity and unselfishness; as the rest of the members less inclined to lend a willing ear to those, who, like the said "Vicars of Bray" have developed a hatred for the Founders—for reasons unknown.

[1] For years the wise rule by which any member accused of backbiting or slander was expelled from the Society after sufficient evidence—has become obsolete. There have been two or three solitary cases of expulsion for the same in cases of members of *no* importance. Europeans of position and name were allowed to cover the Society literally with mud and slander their Brothers with perfect impunity. This is the President's *Karma*—and it is just.

The above advice is offered to the two Theosophists who have just framed their "Few Words on the Theosophical Organisation". That they are not alone in their complaints (which, translated from their diplomatic into plain language look a good deal in the present case like a mere "*querelle d' Allemand*") and that the said complaints are in a great measure just,—is frankly admitted. Hence, the writer must be permitted to speak in this, her answer, of Theosophy and theosophists in general, instead of limiting the *Reply* strictly to the complaints uttered. There is not the slightest desire to be personal; yet, there has accumulated of late such a mass of incandescent material in the Society, by that eternal friction of precisely such "selfish personalities," that it is certainly wise to try to smother the sparks in time, by pointing out to their true nature.

Demands, and a feeling of necessity for reforms have not originated with the two complainants. They date from several years, and there has never been a question of *avoiding* reforms, but rather a failure of finding such means as would satisfy *all* the theosophists. To the present day, we have yet to find that "wise man" from the East or from the West, who could not only *diagnosticate* the disease in the T. Society, but offer advice and a remedy likewise to cure it. It is easy to write: "It would be out of place to suggest any *specific measures*" (for such reforms, which do seem more difficult to *suggest* than to be vaguely hinted at)—"for no one who has any faith in Brotherhood and in the power of Truth will fail to perceive what is necessary,"—concludes the critic. One may, perhaps, have such faith and yet fail to perceive what is *most* necessary. Two heads are better than one; and if any practical reforms have suggested themselves to our severe judges their refusal to give us the benefit of their discovery would be most *unbrotherly*. So far, however, we have received only most impracticable suggestions for

reforms whenever these came to be specified. The Founders, and the whole Central Society at the Headquarters, for instance, are invited to demonstrate their theosophical natures by living like "fowls in the air and lilies of the field," which neither sow nor reap, toil not, nor spin and "take no thought for the morrow". This being found hardly practicable, even in India, where a man may go about in the garment of an Angel, but has, nevertheless, to pay rent and taxes, another proposition, then a third one and a fourth—each less practicable than the preceding—were offered . . . the unavoidable rejection of which led finally to the criticism now under review.

After carefully reading "A Few Words, etc.," no very acute intellect is needed to perceive that, although no "specific measures" are offered in them, the drift of the whole argument tends but to one conclusion, a kind of syllogism more Hindu than metaphysical. Epitomised, the remarks therein plainly say: "Destroy the bad *results* pointed out by destroying the *causes* that generate them." Such is the apocalyptic meaning of the paper, although both causes and results are made painfully and flagrantly objective and that they may be rendered in this wise: Being shown that the Society is the result and fruition of a bad President; and the latter being the outcome of such an "untheosophically" organized Society—and, its *worse than useless* General Council—"make away with all these *Causes* and the results will disappear;" *i.e.*, the Society will have ceased to exist. Is this the heart-desire of the two *true* and *sincere Theosophists*?

(To be continued)

THE ADYAR CENTRE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS
(A.C.A. & C.)

ON the 14th April last, under the ægis of the T.S.O.S., a small organisation called the Adyar Centre of Arts and Crafts came into being. Its object is to work for Brotherhood through Art, taking that word in its widest signification and including all branches of craftsmanship inspired by ideal purpose.

The form of the organisation is of the simplest possible character, the aim being to arrive at essentials, to dispense with unnecessary and cumbersome officialdom and so to allow for the greatest possible freedom of self-expression among its members. Thus it is hoped that the dominating features of its work will be originality and individuality of expression and co-operative execution. It has the honour of having Dr. Besant as its President. To facilitate the general work of organisation there are two Joint Secretaries and in addition to these there is a committee of all the worker-members, at present numbering twelve.

Recognising that the strength of every organisation and especially every art organisation exists in its workers, the A.C.A. & C. makes work the qualification for membership. No drones are wanted. Each member must contribute something from brain or hand or both. The Centre will welcome every member with this qualification of whatever creed, caste or colour. It sincerely desires to co-operate with other organisations with similar ideals.

Its activities at present consist of Press and Journalistic work, of Lectures and the arrangement of Exhibitions and concerts, etc. A series of Lectures and a concert have been planned for the coming Autumn in Madras. A special group has begun experimenting in theatrical work and is interesting itself in the production of Modern, Mystical, and Village Drama. Another Section is devoted to the establishment of a Crafts Centre at Adyar, with its own depôt for the sale of its own productions and of Indian rural crafts. This, as indeed all the work is in its infancy, but it is hoped that at the end of 1924 there may be practical results to show.

Though faced by great difficulties and hampered by the lack of money, the Centre believes that strong hearts, eager minds and willing hands can accomplish much, and in that faith it makes its

first venture, confident that work ideally conceived and carefully and unselfishly wrought must find its true compensation.

All work going out from this Centre is to be regarded as the collective work of the Centre. In experiment it has already been proved by the theatrical group that the stage carpenter is as essential to the perfect presentation of any play or picture as the stage manager, the producer or the leading actor, and should share with them the laurels of success. In the theatre is surely to be found an ideal field for the practice of Brotherhood and co-operation ; and it is the aim of this group to adopt the method and practice the noble ideals of the Moscow Art Theatre.

Correspondence with other individuals or organisations with similar ideals at home in India or abroad will be cordially welcomed by the Centre, and any help that it is in the power of its members to give is freely offered. All communications should be addressed to :

THE JOINT SECRETARY,
Centre of Arts and Crafts,
T. S. Headquarters,
Adyar, Madras, S.

CIRCULAR TO WORKERS

[This may give ideas to workers everywhere. It was started in Sydney by Fritz Kunz. It should be signed by the sender out.—ED.]

AT the organisation meeting held at the Manor on December 29th, seventy-two workers volunteered to help in an intensive campaign in the Metropolitan area. Thanks are due to those who attended in the midst of the busy Christmas—New Year season. Notice given was far too short. A number of workers have since expressed their regret that they had not known of the meeting in time, as they wished to attend. Such as are subsequently volunteering are being enrolled with the workers, of course. We can use any number of workers.

The following classes of work were arranged :

1. Interviewers who will see managers and proprietors of hotels, libraries, etc., and arrange for our literature to be placed there. 2. Dodger (Slang word, reported to mean pamphlets or handbills) distributors, young and old. 3. An enlargement of the department to send out *To Those Who Mourn* to bereaved people, and a new pamphlet to parents of newly-born. 4. Our own people, who will make their offices

centres of work in some degree, where it will not interfere with their business. 5. Friendly people, non-members, who will do the same. 6. Suburban workers. 7 & 8. Monetary and clerical helpers (there are occasional, for special efforts). 9. Itinerant workers, who move about and can carry Theosophy with them. 10. Advertisers and artists, who will assist at making beautiful placards, etc. 11. Newspaper readers, to survey the publications of Sydney along certain specified lines. 12. Writers, who will get Theosophy into publications. 13. Links with other Societies, in two classes, namely, those who will carry Theosophy into those Societies, and those who will do Social Service under the Theosophical banner. 14. The training of organisers, lecturers, officers, librarians, etc. 15. Workers who will look hospitably after visiting members. (This classification was suggested at the meeting, and falls rather under the heading of Blavatsky Lodge work, as it is for members rather than for the public.)

Under the above fifteen headings the members attending volunteered as follows : 6 Interviewers, 17 Dodgers (see above), 2 Our Own People, 7 Monetary, 17 Clerical, 1 Itinerant, 7 Advertisers and Artists, 27 Newspaper readers, 7 Writers, 23 Links, 28 Prospective and present Organisers, lecturers, etc. (Numbers volunteering in classifications 3, 5, 6, not given here.)

The work immediately in view at the meeting was to support Noonday Addresses which will begin at the Town Hall Vestibule on Thursday, January 17th, 1 p.m., in addition to regular Sunday night meetings ; and to get ready for the extension of work which will be possible when Bishop Cooper comes to strengthen the lecturing field ; and generally to quicken publicity work and to have united action of workers. But since the meeting was held we have the welcome news by cable of the arrival of Mr. Jinarājadāsa in April. He will spend a month (May) in Sydney before going to America, and so our organisation is most timely.

In order that we may have a specially effective publicity campaign in connection with the visit of these two able speakers, will you not send in the names and addresses of all the members of the public who are in the least likely to want to hear of our work ? Think carefully over all your acquaintances and send us a list as soon as possible.

If you know of other workers in the Metropolitan area who are members of the T.S. who would like to volunteer for service, please get them to do so.

Address : FRITZ KUNZ,

The Manor,

Mosman, Sydney.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FIELD

AUSTRALIA'S DOINGS

The Sydney Morning Herald gives prominence to important educational developments, particularly with regard to sub-normal children. The Minister for Education when he officially declared open the Annual Conference of the N.S.W. Public School Teachers' Federation in the Sydney Town Hall, recently said, that the Department proposed to deal with the educable children among those of sub-normal intellect, by segregating them, and educating them in separate schools. For this purpose they had obtained 110 acres of land in very beautiful country. They were going to build at first six schools, three for boys, and three for girls, in each of which 20 children would be accommodated. They would be placed there under the care of experts, and this, he thought, would be a suitable commencement to deal with a very difficult problem.

* * *

The Rev. Allan Whitehorne, a trained psychologist, who has for years helped the children's cause at the Sydney Children's Court, has returned from a two years' trip to England and America, where he has studied with every possible facility placed at his disposal the problem of the delinquent and deficient child. He constantly reiterates his belief, that there is no such thing as a delinquent child ; the so-called delinquent child is only a child who is " maladjusted ". After close study of the Children's Courts in the United States of America and personal acquaintanceship with the great Judges there, who devote themselves entirely to children's work, he finds that the system in vogue in Sydney, is well to the forefront of high endeavour. It is an interesting fact that in the Sydney Children's Court the Magistrate makes no Judgment, until he has before him for consideration three reports upon the case in hand, (*a*) the report of the medical man, (*b*) the report of the trained psychologist, (*c*) the report of the histologist.

* * *

In Western Australia the Salvation Army have been the first to move to help the mentally deficient boy. They have started a Home at Seaforth Armadale for backward boys, with a trained psychologist in charge. The boys are most carefully tested and taught manual works such as carpentry, carving, sewing, jam making, rafia work, gardening, etc., with the object of making them productive citizens in the future.

The results have been excellent so far—one boy of 16 years old, with the mental age of 9 has become an expert carpenter. At a recent Agricultural Show in the district, at which prizes were awarded to the children of the place for their work, the deficient boys from the Seaforth Home, won 10 first prizes, and three second prizes, showing clearly that there were certain things they could be taught to do, no matter how clouded their mentality might be.

* * *

The Rev. A. Howard, M.A., Anglican Chaplain of the Fremantle Prison, W. A., edits a monthly *News-teller*, containing the world's news in abbreviated form, for the benefit of the prisoners.

The Colonial Secretary in the course of a foreword speaks of the publication as another step on the journey of reform. The reason for the *News-teller* is that prisoners may not find themselves in a difficult position, after the sentence is over, through ignorance of current affairs.

* * *

Sir John Macpherson, Professor of Psychiatry at the Sydney University, gave a lecture recently upon "Fear and its Influence on Health and Disease". He took the view that fear and pain were really the guardians of life, for without them the continuance of the higher animal life on this planet would be impossible. He emphasized the difference between real fears and subjective fears, and described the methods adopted by leading exponents of psycho-therapy, in dealing with subjective fears.

The anticipations of evil, of failure and of disaster, which by their constant activity were the more productive of nervous breakdown.

The interesting point the Professor made was that these sufferers could be spared much of their suffering and more easily regain their lost stability if our methods of education and discipline were essentially different. The apparent objects and aims of modern education he said were towards a purely material prosperity, and the great realities of life were disregarded. Consciously or unconsciously we had set before us the delusion of a material millennium, the advent of which

could be facilitated by bestowing upon the young a routine of literary education.

* * *

EXTRACT FROM LETTER BY L. J. B.

I think it may interest you to know something of the subject of a controversy which is now taking place in the British Medical Press, on the question of the new school of healing based on the so-called "Electronic Reactions of Abrams". Doctor Abrams was an American, who did much work at San Francisco, in connexion with his discoveries. This is not the place to attempt to give much detail of his technique; but in case you should not know of it, I may say that he found that, by means of a few drops of blood on a piece of blotting paper or from a MS. letter of the person, he was able to diagnose not only the infections which existed in the owner of the blood, but actually whether they were human or some other animal, and the race or races represented in them. He then devised a machine by means of which he could neutralise the reactions of these infections, and so stamp them out. The theory of the invention is as yet quite uncertain; but Abrams himself put forward the hypothesis that the thing was due to certain electronic phenomena, similar in nature to radio-activity. However that may be, the results in cases in which tests have been made by competent observers (for they are of so subtle a nature that it needs a very fine sense of hearing to detect them) have proved beyond doubt that there is, at least, "something in it". Furthermore, the value of the system, although it is only in its infancy, is shown by the sometimes apparently miraculous results it has brought about in people who have been sufferers for years, and for whom no ordinary medicine or surgery could do anything.

From the point of view of a Theosophist, the system is interesting, in that we are here dealing with new phenomena, no longer of the dense physical level, but of what we call the etheric. Here we find confirmed by science the contention that there is about a thing which has been used or handled by a person a "magnetism," or call it what we will, which persists, and is as a record of that person. Any good psychometrist can tell this from a letter or from some object which has been in close contact with a person. The application of it to the diagnosis of disease, however, is a new development.

Dr. Abrams died a few months ago; whereupon, the two leading medical papers in England published an obituary in which they denounced his system. Typical of the prejudiced and only pseudo-scientific medical mind, this was done without any attempt at seriously

investigating the methods. It is only fair to add that considerable harm had been done by inexperienced people who, in giving demonstrations, showed off, not the good or bad of the system, but merely their own incapacity.

There has been a good deal of correspondence on the matter, in which a number of doctors have condemned themselves by their very words as narrow-minded and ignorant, and as not wishing to depart from their ignorance by investigating a thing before criticising it; while those who know the method, and especially its results, have attempted to get the profession at least to look into the matter for itself. One of the leading London physicians, while on the whole antagonistic to the new thing, has, however, committed himself so far as to assert that, from his own experience, some reaction actually takes place when the diagnosing is being attempted. He is too much prejudiced, however, to allow that there may be a definite and specific significance in this reaction.

What is the outcome of all this? I think that it clearly means that, before long, there will be a revolution in the medical world: nobody can deny a result, even though he may not be certain of the exact mechanism by which it was obtained. Furthermore, we see ourselves on the verge of the supraphysical, in the presence of new forces scarcely understood. We see a degree of psychometric power, as it were, given to a machine. True, the new science is only in its infancy; but it is already an undisputable fact that it exists. And it is impossible as yet to say how far it may not go.

Truly, a sign of the Changing World.

* * *

We have just received "China T.S. Notes" and are able to read of the good work that is being carried on there and of the progress that is being made by the efforts of many of our members, among them Miss Dorothy Arnold. Shanghai and Hong-Kong seem the chief centres, and they are growing fast.

* * *

From Adelaide we hear of an "All Nations Chum Party" being founded to bring together, as the name suggests, chums from everywhere. Address of the Hon. Sec. is: Professor Darnley Naylor, The University, Adelaide.

* * *

It may be of interest to many to know that there has recently been formed in England a Theosophical Political Group. This

Group is of course constituted on a non-party basis and invites the co-operation of all F.T.S. who are interested. The objects of the Group are to examine social, economic, industrial and political problems and to consider and suggest in the light of the teachings of Theosophy the solutions to be applied to such problems. It is the intention of the Group to publish in the form of transactions the conclusions arrived at as a result of its deliberations. It is of course recognised that in carrying out these objects the neutrality of the Theosophical Society must be carefully guarded and appropriate rules have been made. The first step which the Group is taking is that of the investigation of the principles which underlie politics, in which the assistance of people of knowledge and experience of the subject is being sought.

J.

THE ALL-INDIA FEDERATION OF YOUNG THEOSOPHISTS

THE All-India Federation of Young Theosophists now contains 44 Lodges and 7 Centres, and at least 600 members, of which about 400 have joined the Society since last October. On April the 21st and 22nd a very successful Convention of the South India Federation was held at Adyar, attended by representatives from 19 Lodges. A most interesting report was read of the activities of the Lodges. Several of them are doing very effective and useful work in slums, schools, etc., and all the Lodges are very active in one way or another. Still, it is felt by the Lodges themselves that they could do much more work if they tried, they feel that there is always more work to be done. Therefore the report for next year is bound to contain evidences of much greater achievement.

Especially notable was the work done in slums by three or four Lodges, among whom are Bangalore, Karachi, and Komaleshwarapet. In one town the Lodge co-operates with the municipal authorities, who send their officials to show the members of the Lodge the districts that require work. In Bangalore there was a most successful health week recently held, in which the Lodge co-operated. A Chart was made of the

slums in the town, with the positions of the water-taps, midden-heaps, etc. The midden-heaps were removed, the houses in the slums were whitewashed, and a prize was offered for the cleanest house. The prize was presented by the District Collector in the Town-Hall. The work thus done will have a permanent effect.

There has been a most successful "Youth Week" in Quetta, in which Captain Balfour Clarke took a great part. There were lectures and discussions on all sorts of subjects for eight days. A school is being established, run by the young people, to which people of all colours and denominations are admitted. The All-India Federation of Young Theosophists is publishing a series of Pamphlets. The first one is for free distribution to enquirers, and the second is entitled *Theosophy as Service* containing hints for the organisation and work of a Youth Lodge.

All these things require money, and it is remarkable that at the South Indian Convention nearly all the Lodges said they were suffering from the lack of money. In some cases even five rupees would make a great difference. Thus the Triplicane Lodge had to abandon their idea of a Reading Room for the lack of five or six rupees. A small amount of money goes so very far in India! Money is also required to establish a "Travelling Fund" to enable Young Theosophists to travel about and see each other, and also to pay for the purchase of a magic lantern and slides.

Great emphasis is being laid in the Lodges on the importance of practical work and on the abolition of prejudice and indifference.

The following is the message which the Executive Committee of the All-India Federation of Young Theosophists has sent to the Young Theosophists of Europe through Dr. Besant:

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

We the young Theosophists of India send you through our beloved President our most brotherly greetings and desire to express our longing that the Spirit of Brotherhood and Peace will soon clear away for ever the clouds of prejudice and disharmony. We assure you that you will find in the Young Theosophists of India true friends in your difficulties and eager comrades in the cause of Humanity. It is also our fervent hope that we Young Theosophists of different Nations may some day unite ourselves as citizens of a World Commonwealth of Love and Comradeship.

YOUR LOVING BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF INDIA.

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR'S COMMENT ON NON-CO-OPERATION[1]

WHEN I saw my article on "Non-Co-operation in the Light of Theosophy" in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST, as also the editor's promise to criticise it in the following issue, I was certainly not prepared for the thunderbolt we have in the April number under the caption: "Comment on 'Non-Co-operation in the Light of Theosophy.'" I pray for forgiveness if I seek again the hospitality of THE THEOSOPHIST to say something on this comment.

To begin with, I deny that I admitted that the electorates chose "inferior" men. I was referring to eight contests. The defeat of two candidates in two of these gave me pain on personal grounds. I admit their worthiness: I sorrow that they were deprived of spheres of activity for which they were qualified. But I refuse to believe that the electorate sent up "inferior" men. I have read my article again; and see no such admission. I should be false to myself if I thought that persons who had braved the jail and made sacrifices in difficult and dangerous circumstances were "inferior" as men.

The editor goes on to make little of Mahāṭmā Gāṇḍhi on the plea that there is nothing new in his teaching. I should love to know of anyone, past or present, in whose teaching there was anything new. All teachings are as old as the hills, perhaps older: only humanity needs re-iteration of eternal truths, in forceful speech by a forceful personality from time to time, to keep old teachings bright. No one claimed originality for Mahāṭmā Gāṇḍhi: what I did say, and do maintain, is that he, at a most critical juncture, put old teachings in the most wonderful and inspiring manner before the peoples of his land, and gave them new hopes and new aspirations. He showed them how they could meet the evil that surrounded them, and in a manner that would obviate the pitfalls of similar struggles in other lands and other ages.

The editor "gasps for breath" because I ventured to say that the "Non-Co-operation struggle in India is . . . strangely free from personal animosities and bitterness". I never denied that there have been aberrations; that it was wonderful how in a large country like India, there were so few lapses; and I do maintain that there have been very few personal animosities and bitternesses in this struggle.

[1] See March, 1924, p. 804; April, 1924, p. 104.

Our moderate friends, in their desire for Indianisation of the services, in their anxiety to replace the Englishman by the Indian, in the public offices, have many personal bitternesses to their credit: Non-Co-operators, even when they have attacked, have not done so, as a rule, out of personal malice or hatred.

The editor has given one long paragraph in which she has abused the movement to her heart's content. I am loath to bandy words with her. But I shall only say that such things can be said for any movement that has at all caught the hearts of men in human history. Let us look to the history of Christianity; the brutal cruelties of the followers of one sect to those of another; of authority on citizens, etc.—all in the name of Christ and Christianity. Gibbon apart, I doubt if any historian or any fair judge of human affairs would blame Christ and His gentle faith for all this orgy of blood and terror. Bad characters there have been, there are, and there will always be in human society. These will take advantage of the best of movements for their selfish ends. But reformers have to take risks: otherwise no reform would be possible. The editor seems to think that every act of wickedness is an act of Non-Co-operation: every bad man is necessarily a Non-Co-operator. I remember the days of 1917 when the Home Rule Movement, led by the editor was at its height in India. Let me assure her that the feelings of the moderate politicians towards her and her movement, at that time, were similar to her feelings of to-day towards Non-Co-operators. I know more than one leader of the moderate party who thought of the editor, as she thinks of Mahāṭmā Gāṇḍhi. I know persons in authority who made her responsible for all the trouble of those days: the Arrah riots, etc. Their plea was that her movement was so dangerous as to lead people to disastrous acts. I know of a missionary gentleman of Madras, who wrote to the highest officials in the United Provinces of those days, to whom he was closely related, that Mrs. Besant was corrupting the youth of Madras. This high official told this to a public man of high repute, who repeated it to me with approval. The moderates then complained that they were being denied platforms by Mrs. Besant's Home Rulers. Mrs. Besant herself described them as "Yesterdays". I will not write much. I know I could write a great deal, because, strangely enough, I have been—humble as I am—in close personal touch with the greatest leaders of practically every political party in India from 1917 down to to-day. I shall only add that it is strange that in the same issue which prints my article, the editor should go into raptures over the violation of "law and order" by Russian Theosophists, who kept secret presses and smuggled Theosophical literature, while, in India, we are exhorted to be scrupulously constitutional and be very particular about "law and order".

It is amazing that Mahāṭmā-ji's imprisonment should be supported, in order that Mrs. Besant should be allowed to address a public meeting. I may add here that Mrs. Besant denied me a platform at the last Theosophical Convention in Benares, to speak on "Non-Co-operation in the Light of Theosophy" though speakers on Art and

various other human activities in the Light of Theosophy were freely admitted. It would be grossly unfair of me to desire to see Mrs. Besant shut up so that a platform might be allowed to me. Mrs. Besant forgets that disturbers of public meetings are not necessarily Non-Co-operators. This fact was also forgotten by moderate leaders in 1917, who thought that those who disturbed them at meetings, were Mrs. Besant's Home Rulers. There are bad characters; there will be such in every circumstance; they should be described as such only and not by a political name. Mrs. Besant blames the Non-Co-operation movement for her own financial embarrassments; for the bad finances of her schools; and for the hard life of her paper *New India*. Frankly I stand aghast at all this. Financial embarrassments of individuals take place in every condition of civic life: how is a movement to blame for it. Some lose, some gain everyday everywhere. This is the first time I have come across the plea that someone else is to blame for one's own indiscreet financial transactions. As to schools, when Non-Co-operation schools are closed owing to lack of funds, no one says it is due to Mrs. Besant's anti-Gāndhi propaganda: in fact it is said that there must be something fundamentally wrong with the school itself and the movement that gave it birth because of which it could not get popular support. Some even gloat at the closing of such schools. But when Mrs. Besant's schools are closed, one must say that the Non-Co-operation movement alone is to blame! In India all newspapers are run at a loss: one or two Liberal and Anglo-Indian papers are above want—and even make money—to my knowledge; but I know of no Non-Co-operator paper that does not write off from 20 to 50 thousand rupees per year in losses. If *New India* has suffered, it is no wonder. It is not due to any movement: it is merely due to the fact that it is still difficult to carry on newspapers in India; for advertisers are very few and readers do not want to pay. The daily press is not yet felt as a necessity of life, in India.

Not satisfied with her attack on orthodox Non-Co-operators, she attacks neo-Non-Co-operators also who have caused embarrassment to Government by refusing supplies before the redress of grievances. Mrs. Besant sees funny things in this very simple constitutional situation. My history of Cambridge days is getting rather foggy now, but, if I remember aright, supplies were refused to Charles II of English history, who, instead, borrowed large sums from the French Monarch Louis XIV, to carry on his autocratic Government. The autocrat must either offer redress to his subjects, or get money from somewhere else. In India he forces down taxation against the will of the Legislature: this shows how hollow the so-called Reforms are and how this is no constitutional liberty in India at all. This was an acid test; and the results show where we really are. Liberty is never won—has, at least, never yet been won anywhere—by saying ditto to authority, " to make Reforms a success ".

Whatever Mrs. Besant may say about herself, the indisputable fact remains that she has attacked, abused, vilified the Non-Co-operation movement and individual Non-Co-operators very much more

than she has been abused herself. She has been criticised, no doubt: every public person must be prepared to be criticised. But she has not been so foully used as she says she has been and as she herself has used political opponents. I am in constant touch with the daily press and the daily politics in India; and know what I am writing.

SRI PRAKASA

THEOSOPHY AND BUDḌHISM

MR. NIXON'S comment on my letter turns on one point, the reliability of the Pāli Piṭakas as records of what the Buḍḍha really taught. Mr. Nixon's argument is, in short—"Buḍḍhism is the Buḍḍha Ḍhamma, the teaching of the Buḍḍha, and a Buḍḍhist is one who follows it"; "the Pāli Piṭakas are our most authentic source". His inference is that the Pāli Piṭakas therefore represent what the Buḍḍha taught, or at least the nearest we can as yet get to it.

But it does not *necessarily* follow that, because the Pāli Piṭakas are the *earliest* records at present available, they are the most *accurate*, though this would be the usual view. It depends upon the nature of the recorders, and it is well known that, even in Asoka's time, there were many rival sects, and the Pāli Piṭakas represent the Buḍḍha's teachings as viewed by the Theravādins only.

This is not merely the view of a Theosophist, who may be suspected of a bias against the Non-theistic Pāli Piṭakas. It is the view now held by that lifelong student of Buḍḍhism, Mrs. Rhys Davids, who, so far as I know, has no connexion with the T.S. She says, in her latest book *Old Creeds and New Needs* (Fisher Unwin, 1923):

"It is a wonderful thing that the records have not done more to stifle the love of Goṭama. But this is because the memory of him is not really the work of the books. He lives in many hearts, but it is rather in spite of the records than because of them. Few Buḍḍhists know the whole of their Canon as the Christian Protestant knows his Bible. If they did, they would see how attenuated, how formula-ridden, is the image and speech of the person they adore. He has lived down the ages as a precious and wonderful memory, clothed and decorated with all manner of wrong notions, yet not so utterly transformed that we cannot see, peeping out, the lovely, wise and loving man, devoted to the service of men. The love, the light, the life, he shed about him lives on in spite of the dreary monastic ideal associated with his teachings and taught as such in the Order for centuries."

"The Suṭṭas give bad versions . . . The original advice is plastered over with set phrases, with formulas that no teacher on earth, were he never so sympathetic or so wise, could ever hope to make a deep impression withal."

"We think it well to emphasise this, for far too much stress has been laid upon the formulas in Gotama's teaching. They are quite accidental to his real message. They are not of its essence. They leave us cold, because they do not come from the heart of the man to his brother men. They are not a little fusty from the effect of having been cloister-bred. They will not endure the light and the warmth of real life. Let us bury them!"

Naturally, this unexpected appeal from no less a scholar than Mrs. Rhys Davids has not pleased the orthodox of Ceylon, and they have lost no time in declaring that Mrs. Rhys Davids has fallen from grace, and that really they never did think much of her views about Buddhism!

In the same book Mrs. Rhys Davids declares her belief that "nothing but a new, an even greater helper of men can ever raise the world to lay hold of the life that may save it from an awful relapse". This places her practically among those objectionable folk who "look for the near coming of a Great World-Teacher," and therefore damns her still deeper in the sight of the word-worshippers! In spite of her world-wide reputation as a scholar, she is now regarded as one who has gone off the rails! How History repeats itself!

It may interest Mr. Nixon to know (if he is not already aware of it) that Prof. Berriedale Keith, in his new book *Buddhist Philosophy in India and Ceylon* (Clarendon Press, 1923) totally denies that the Council of Vaiçali ever took place at all, and adduces a good deal of evidence in support of this view, which, if correct, would prove the Pāli Canon to be a good deal later and less reliable than hitherto supposed. He says:

". . . upon belief in the Council and its date . . . is based the leading argument for the date of the Vinaya Piṭaka." . . . "the Council was a figment of the pious or fraudulent imaginings of a sect which desired to secure for its texts, and especially for the new *Abhidhamma* a connexion with the greatest of Buddhist sovereigns."

"How far is it possible to ascribe to the Buddha the philosophical views which we find in the *Sutta Piṭaka*? The elaborations of the *Abhidhamma* are obviously not his, but the Suttas themselves are far from presenting a single coherent doctrine . . . We realise that the Buddhist doctrine as we have it has passed through a long period of development."

Until scholars produce records which are more reliable than these Pāli Piṭakas which receive such scanty respect from two such eminent researchers as those above mentioned, it seems to me that Theosophists are perfectly justified in regarding them as giving a very inadequate view of the greatest of all Teachers, and His Teachings, and are further justified in trying to throw additional light thereon, from occult sources, and new interpretations of the teachings from esoteric ones. Such views can hardly be *less* reliable than the ones obtained from existing scriptures, and *may* be much *more* so. The orthodox, of whatever school, may not like this proceeding (as they very

vigorously show), but so long as the Theosophist refuses to follow their bad example of introducing personal abuse into the discussion, and is prepared to suffer uncomplainingly the blows that have always rained down upon pioneers and those who endeavour to awaken people who are slumbering mentally and spiritually, it seems to me he is justified.

F. G. PEARCE

THE letter which appeared in the April issue of THE THEOSOPHIST on the "Case against Mental and Spiritual Healing" deserves a careful answer only because the point of view it presents is based upon misconceptions that are all too common among F.T.S.

For instance—"The energy of a higher plane should never be used directly to modify the matter of a lower". This sentence states an impossibility. The energies of the mental plane are always modifying etheric matter. The two are as closely inter-related as two sides of a piece of paper. If you dent one you will bulge the other. It is certainly impossible for the ordinary man to isolate his thinking from its effect on the physical body. Thus we are constantly distorting the energies of the physical body by wrong habits of thought and feeling. Surely a study of the relationship between thought and physical energy will open for us a natural gateway to health!

In paragraph 3 the whole question of Karma is raised. The letter suggests a philosophy which, if pushed to its logical conclusion, would lead to indifference, to discomfort and even to filth, rather than the use of our intelligence to avoid these conditions. On the other hand Mrs. Besant has said we should "interfere with our Karma as much as possible," implying by this that, though the present is the result of the past, we should do everything possible to make the future different by our actions, thoughts and feelings at the present moment.

Moreover thought bottled up on its own plane is unwholesome and an ideal is never fully appreciated until we attempt to realise it in the physical world. The catch in this argument lies in the fact that while we are forbidden to use thought power or will for our own personal advantage *at the expense of others*, the test of real spirituality is not only the discernment of the Kingdom of God within, but the attempt to express it clearly in the outer world. This means using thought power to bring about a change—not only in one's own physical body but in the physical bodies and physical environment of others as well.

The Sixth Root Race will live more in its etheric than the Fifth. To-day we stand at the gateway into the consciousness of that race and among other things we need to understand and *use* thought in relation to the etheric body if we are to become eligible for a healthy incarnation in that root race.

ADELAIDE GARDNER.

ESPERANTO

IN the Watch-Tower of THE THEOSOPHIST for February I read on page 570 the following:

> The League (of Nations) does not favour the introduction of an artificial international language such as Esperanto, but urges rather the spread of the study of languages, which admits also to the study of their literatures.

Permit me to inform you that this is not in accordance with facts, and must have its origin in some mis-statement having reached you. The enemies of Esperanto always do their best in every possible manner to hamper the spread of Esperanto (which, however, they cannot do), and people who are not well acquainted with facts are, of course, apt to repeat such mis-statements.

Below I take the liberty of giving the facts, feeling sure that you will not fail to put them within reach of your readers.

As long as the League of Nations has been in existence, it has considered the adoption of an auxiliary language, and in 1921 appointed a commission, at the initiation of ten of the States represented, with the purpose of eliciting whether such a language was already in use to such an extent that it would be worth while to adopt it.

At the third Assembly of the Delegates in September, 1922, a report was produced, proving Esperanto to be known and used all over the world, and being the only auxiliary language worth adopting. The commission gathered its materials from all parts of the world through the Esperanto Leagues, Governments, Consulates, and Institutions where Esperanto was already established. The report was carried unanimously, and it was decided to appoint a scientific commission to investigate upon the linguistic value of Esperanto, only 2 members voting against: Twenty-six voting for the appointment of the commission.

However, the commission did not consider itself competent to decide in the matter. A resolution was placed before the Assembly of Delegates in 1923, recommending the study of national languages in preference to an artificial language, by the French Delegate who was instructed by his Government to counterwork Esperanto to the utmost (the French Government tries at present to defeat Esperanto).

But, please note, that this resolution was rejected by the Assembly —just the opposite happening from what the information which reached you says—and this is the more remarkable as the propositions handed in were all accepted, this being the only one rejected by the Assembly.

The Delegates from England, Finland, South Africa (Lord Robert Cecil is always a warm defender of Esperanto) Persia, China, Japan, Esthonia and Lithuania voted against it, saying that there were many Esperantists in their countries, and the near future might perhaps prove Esperanto to be the best fitted language for international use and be of great help to the nations.

The French Delegate then revised his resolution, mitigating his views, but ultimately withdrew it altogether " to avoid controversy ".

From the above you will understand that the *League of Nations is not against* the introduction of an *artificial language*, but *is in favour of it*, and furthermore, the language is in use and has been for more than two years by the International Labour Office.

I am sure it will be superfluous to enlarge upon the great value of an international auxiliary language when trying to establish the practical brotherhood of man, as your superior knowledge will have grasped this point long ago. I will therefore just point to the interesting fact that the international language was created at about the same time as the Theosophical Society, both standing for the practical realisation of brotherhood and the unification of humanity, and that Esperanto has reached a world-wide spread just at the moment when the GREAT UNIFIER is about to return to the earth.

May I add, that we members of the Theosophical Society, who are Esperantists as well, look with anxiety to our Great Leaders for support in our efforts to second the work of the Theosophical Society for universal brotherhood by Their invaluable influence, thus giving Esperanto the place which—as far as our small insight is concerned—is due to it.

ANNA SCHIÖTT, F.T.S.,
National Representative
for The Order of the Star in the East.

CORRECTION

I HAVE just received a letter from Mr. Naderbeg K. Mirza who kindly sent us the article on " Brotherhood in Nature " published in the May issue, informing us that he is not the author of the article but that Mr. G. N. Gokhale, Principal, Engineering College, Karachi, wrote it for the Brotherhood campaign which was held a few months ago. We sincerely apologise to both.

ED.

NOTICE TO F.T.S. TRAVELLING THROUGH TRIESTE

THE " Loggia Verita " places itself at the disposition of all Brothers passing through Trieste on their way out East or coming home. Just drop a card to the President, Mr. Grant A. Greenham, P.O. Box 155, Trieste, Italy, stating your wishes; or call at his Office, via Torre bianca 18.

We are always pleased to meet our Brothers and Sisters.

REVIEWS

The Path, by J. Krishnamurti. (Duwaer & Zonen, Amsterdam. Price As. 12.)

The Path is a story of a life, many lives as most of us count lives in this world. It goes back into the long past and tells of the present and gives us a slight glympse of the Glorious Future. It is unique and may, I think, be read by members of all religions and each can find his own beautiful interpretation. It carries us to heights of which we have not dreamed and it shows us the agony of soul through which some, perhaps all, must pass.

It is inspiring from beginning to end, full of hope, of certainty, of aspiration and a great and wonderful compassion.

I should like to place it in the hands of all searchers for the Light, for it sends out help to the weary and is food to the hungry and water to the parched. The book finishes with the following:

"My Path that has guided me through rough and storm-laden countries is beside me. I am gazing with welling tears at those weary and sorrow-eyed travellers. My beloved, my heart is broken at the cruel sight, for I cannot descend and give them divine water to quench their vehement thirst. For they must find the eternal source for themselves. But, ye merciful Gods, can I at least make their path smooth which they have created for themselves through ignorance and pitiful carelessness? . . .

"I am strong, I no longer falter; the divine spark is burning in me I have beheld in a waking dream, the Master of all things and I am radiant with His eternal joy. . . .

"I am the lover and the very love itself. I am the saint, the adorer, the worshipper and the follower. I am God."

G. H.

Editorial Notes, by J. Krishnamurti. (Duwaer & Zonen, Amsterdam. Price Re. 1-8.)

The Editorial notes which have been published in *The Herald of the Star* and which are now published, along with lectures and some short speeches, in book form have just come to hand and make a nice volume full of material for much thought. It is an exceedingly useful contribution to our libraries. One might imagine that it would be somewhat "scrappy" but it is in no way so and I am sure that all will find that it is a book that they will like to keep and find it most helpful in many ways and very inspiring. There is much on every page and it is no exaggeration to say that one cannot open it anywhere without learning something that is of value and something that one is happy to learn. It is informative and interesting besides, on many subjects.

G. H.

International Government, by L. S. Woolf, with an Introduction by Bernard Shaw. (George Allen & Unwin. Price 7s. 6d.)

L. S. Woolf writes in a very fair-minded way and *International Government* will be found of great interest to many. It is moreover written so that all can understand what he is driving at.

The Introduction has many points of interest and I should like to copy it almost piecemeal but as that is impossible on account of space I must content myself with referring to it and leave it at that, hoping that all will read the book and enjoy it as I have done. One word with reference to the Introduction, though it is not its main subject, is the reference it frequently makes to the Fabian Society and what it stands for and some of the work that it has done.

L. S. Woolf brings out very clearly what a marked development there has been in an international system "for regulating the society of nations without Warfare" in the last 100 years and how invariable is its growth, nothing can stop it, for it belongs to the growth of the world. He has an interesting chapter on the "Causes of War" and places them under the following four categories:

1. *Disputes arising from legal or quasi-legal relationship.*
2. *Disputes arising from economic relationship, trade, and finance.*
3. *Disputes arising from administrative or political relationship.*
4. *Disputes arising from what may be called social relationship.*

He works these out in a very lucid way and gives instances of each.

Later on he says in speaking of Conferences, etc.:

1. A new system of international relationship began to appear in the last century. The pivot of the system was the making of international laws . . . The important part of the system was the expressed and the unexpressed acceptance of the principle that such affairs could only be settled by the collective decision of the Powers.

2. The function of these international Conferences may be of three kinds, which in practice have not been clearly recognised and distinguished . . . he goes on to describe the functions and describe three other reasons for Conferences.

The Chapter on Arbitration is specially good and worthy of study. He describes his meaning of International Government in the following words: "In the broadest sense, and the one in which I propose to use it, International Government means the regulation of relations between States, Nations, or Peoples by international agreement. When the world and man were young, international relations were confined to physical contiguity of frontiers, and to periodical and mutual killing and pillaging of neighbours" . . . Woolf has vision and he knows more than is expressed and yet his wisdom (as it inevitably must) peeps out here and there and tells us that he has a wide outlook and we hope to hear more of him and that the book is widely read.

K.

The Supremacy of Spirit, by C. A. Richardson, M.A. (Kegan Paul. Price 5s.)

This book gives a clear and concise epitome of modern European Philosophy, with the author's own views. He lays stress on the essential privacy of sense data, but there are correlations between individual experiences. The author makes considerable use of recent scientific discoveries, and he states that:

> It is abundantly evident from the foregoing that anything in the nature of nineteenth century materialism must finally go overboard.

To a Theosophist perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the chapter entitled "Body and Mind". The author declares that mental activity may well continue after bodily death, and, in fact, may be considerably intensified. He compares the body to a house inside which the mind is confined. It is impossible for the body to exist

without the mind, but it is clear that the mind can well exist without the body. This is a great advance on past philosophical theories.

With regard to the phenomena of spiritualism he says that there is undoubtedly an enormous amount of fraud about the subject but

> On the other hand, most unprejudiced people, who trouble to think about the matter at all and have a reasonably scientific (and not dogmatic) frame of mind, are now willing to admit that the evidence is sufficiently abundant, and of a sufficiently satisfactory nature, to provide reasonable assumption of the genuineness of this type of phenomena.

He accepts the researches of Dr. Crauford and of Schrenk-Notzing.

A. L. M.

Everyman and the Infinite, by L. C. Beckett. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Mr. Beckett uses the word Tao for the Universal Soul because he feels that the ancient Chinese definition of Tao is the word which best expresses our groping realisation that God is "a living value extending His elements into everything and pervading our whole lives, instead of a Being ensconced behind the altars of churches". The author clothes karma and reincarnation in new language, tells how he found the Divinity within himself, and makes a whole-hearted attempt to lead others to the same goal. He sensed the spirit of the Eternal in a pine tree, but suggests that every separate individual has his own "lightning conductor"—flowers, pebbles, the wilds, the sea, music, poetry, painting—and must find it for himself.

L. D. B.

Book Notices

The National Value of Art. (Prabartak Publishing House, Chandernagore.)

This small book is a reprint from *Karmayogin*, of an article or articles by Sri Aurobindo Ghose, and is of priceless value to all lovers and students of Indian art, or, indeed, of art in general. It has the rare success of combining art with philosophy in life and gives a striking exposition of the necessity for art in national and human evolution. It should be widely read.

Nicolai Lenin. (Ganesh & Co., Madras. Price As. 8.)

An appreciation of the remarkable revolutionary, Russia's "man of destiny," who rose to power on the wings of revolt against the

capitalistic system, whose burning passion was to destroy that system and who died recently with his dream unfulfilled.

The Wheel of Fortune. (Ganesh & Co., Madras. Price Re. 1.)

Written by another revolutionary, but one armed with the rod of harmlessness and self-denial, not with the sword of destruction and militancy, Mahāṭmā Ghandi; this book is a plea for Swaḍeshi, Khadar, and the adoption of the Charka in every Indian home as the quickest way out of India's troubles, especially the economic. The millions of Mahāṭmā Ghandi's admirers will read this book with interest, and as the years pass by some of its suggestions will become practical working schemes.

To Awakening India. (Ganesh & Co., Madras. Price As. 8.)

This is another Non-Co-operation brochure by E. E. Stokes, which merely reiterates doctrines of Mr. Ghandi's which have been found to be unfruitful and ill-advised in the light of practical experience. Ascetics of the grade of Mr. Ghandi are not bred by the million, when they are there will be no necessity for Non-Co-operation campaigns.

The Young Theosophist Movement.

This constitutes No. 1 of The Young Theosophist Series and has just come to our hand. Free to enquirers.

It is a most useful pamphlet for those who would learn the beginnings of the movement and we hope to see it translated in the languages of the different countries where the Youth Movement has not yet begun, besides being widely spread here and in English speaking countries.

Theosophy as Service.

This pamphlet is the second of "*The Young Theosophist*" series, (Price As. 3.) It is a particularly interesting pamphlet on many topics such as, Ways of Service (social and otherwise), Co-Operation, Organisations, etc., and comprises nineteen pages. I hope that it will find its way quickly to all Youth Lodges so that the members may read and profit by it. There is a great deal of matter in it which makes one almost wish that several (at least three) pamphlets had been made out of one. However this only recommends it the more and I hope that arrangements are being made to send it to other countries and for translation. Get it at once!

K.

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE THEOSOPHIST

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts, from 11th April to 10th May, 1924, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
All-India Federation of Young Theosophists	68	11	0
T.S. in England, 536 members, per 28th February to 31st March, 1924, £17-15-8	249	2	5
T.S. in Cuba, 819 members, per 1923, and Charter fees, $145·14...	457	2	0
Hongkong Lodge, T.S., Fees and Dues of one new member	7	0	0
Captain B. Kon, Tokyo, per 1924	11	15	0

DONATIONS FOR HEADQUARTERS

U. S. Adyar Committee, "Adyar Day" Collection ...	5,372	0	0
Central California Federation of Theosophical Lodges, "Adyar Day" Collection, $25	78	11	0

DONATIONS FOR ADYAR LIBRARY

Mr. John H. Cordes, Vienna, "Adyar Day" Collection, £4	56	1	2
T.S. in England, "Adyar Day" Collection, £1-6-0 ...	18	4	3
Colwyn Bay Lodge, T.S., Wales, 11s.	7	11	2
	6,326	10	0

Adyar
10th May, 1924

A. SCHWARZ,
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DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. S. Seshadri Aiyar, Triplicane, for Food Fund ...	5	0	0
Anon, Java	695	4	10
Dr. and Mrs. Y. M. Sanzgiri, Mahabaleshwar, for Food Fund	25	0	0
	725	4	10

Adyar
10th May, 1924

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NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of Issue of Charter
Hobart, Australia	Dana	1923
Nice, France	Union	„
Carthage, France	De Carthage... ...	„
Madioen, Dutch East Indies ...	Madioen	„
Poerworedjo, Dutch East Indies	Poerworedjo ...	„
Voeslan, Austria	Fraternitas	„
Waidhofen a/d Ybbs, Austria ...	Waidhofen	„
Santo Domingo, Cuba ...	Krishna	29-1-1924
Quebradillas, Porto Rico, Cuba	Besant	12-2-1924
Guatemala, Cuba	Atma	24-2-1924

Gathered from the Annual Report

Adyar
10th May, 1924

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T.S.

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