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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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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 watch-word, 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 gate-way 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, teachings and beliefs 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.

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VOL. XLVI No. 11

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

As the Editor left Adyar for England on the first of July, this chronicle has to be written by other hands. Last year when she left for England, it was with other political workers on a deputation, to lay before the British public the case for Home Rule and Dominion Status for India. Though this year she travels alone (except for Theosophical friends), there is even a greater significance in her departure. For this year Dr. Besant goes "with the Bill". Little by little, these two words, "the Bill," are becoming the watchword of Indian National aspirations. The Bill is the "Commonwealth of India Bill," formulated by the National Convention, which is composed of those Indian patriots who see eye to eye with Dr. Besant on this one point at least—that India must not merely ask for Swarāj or Home Rule, but must also formulate precisely what are the political changes implied in the phrase Swarāj. This most laborious task of formulating what Swarāj means has been at last accomplished, and the Commonwealth of India Bill states precisely and minutely what are all the changes in the Administration—executive, judicial and legislative—which are the minimum necessary in order to make India a Dominion in the British Commonwealth of Free Peoples.

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While the Commonwealth of India Bill has not been formally accepted by all political parties in India, it is significant that representatives of all these parties have bidden "God speed" to our Editor, on her mission of laying the Bill before the leaders of the Labour Party in England. At meetings held in Madras and Bombay, Home Rulers, Swarājists and Nationalists, all showered praise on Dr. Besant for her indomitable energy, and, in spite of many set-backs, for her unflinching trust that India can swiftly achieve her freedom, if she so determines, and hold the proud position of a Dominion, the equal of the other Dominions of the British Empire. No truer words were said about Dr. Besant's services to India just now than these of the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri last May.

During the last few months, I have noticed one thing. While we have slept—I mean some of us, Indians—Mrs. Besant has been awake. While we have been idle, she has laboured hard. While we have been disposed to lay down our arms, her sword has always been active and doing heavy execution. While we have despaired, she has hoped. While we have quarrelled and nearly broken the heart of India, she has never spoken an unkind word, and always called on us to unite, unite, unite, on the common platform of the Commonwealth of India Bill.

***

We have broadened out greatly and made several steps in evolution since the days, not much more than a decade ago, when we expected our President to confine her attention exclusively to things dubbed Theosophical, or to people belonging to the Theosophical Society. We are all the happier, and immensely more useful to the world, since it has come home to us that all good work done is truly Theosophical, whether called scholastic, mercantile, political, athletic, or to beautify and ennoble the individual home life.

***

A note from Dr. Besant from Aden reports smoother waters after a disagreeable passage of the Arabian Sea. The party have, fortunately, very comfortable cabins and, to judge

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from our President's firm handwriting, she at any rate did not suffer from the usual *mal de mer*, though she is never very comfortable on the swaying ocean. With Dr. Besant on the *Kaiser-i-Hind* are, as fellow passengers, Lady Emily Lutyens, known everywhere for whole-hearted support of Theosophy and the Order of the Star in the East—and all good works; and Mr. Shiva Rao, a man whose name will be widely known in the future if he fulfills the promise of to-day. Other F.T.S. on board are Miss Angus from China, and Mr. Theo Shuurman who has been helping at Adyar, amongst other things, to put the new windmill pump into working order.

***

We sympathise deeply with America that Dr. Besant found it practically impossible to be with them this year. We who know the packed action of each day, each month, each year in the programme of her life's work, realise that it could not be arranged; and the fact that we in Adyar have the good karma of her frequent presence makes us appreciate the more, the love and support Americans extend to our great Leader. It is that bond that overcomes the *māyā* of space. But America is not left without visitors who can help her.

Mr. J. Krishnamurti, Mr. J. Nityananda and Mr. N. S. Rama Rao who left India for Australia last March, sailed from Sydney on June 24 for Ojai, California. They were accompanied by Miss Rosalind Williams of Ojai, who has acted as devoted nurse to Mr. Nityananda, and also by Dr. John Ingelman of Los Angeles. Mr. Krishnamurti will leave Ojai after a few months' stay, and sail from London in November to be in Adyar for the arrival of Bishop Leadbeater and party from Australia.

In May, Mr. Fritz Kunz, who has been helping the Australian Section for two years, left Sydney for America. Mr. Kunz is now National Representative for America of the Order of the Star in the East.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wood, who seem to have been writing books during their Australian visit will also strengthen for a time the American workers, and are expected in the States by the end of July.

Last, but not least, Mr. G. S. Arundale takes to America his vivid personality which does such splendid work amongst old and young alike. He is accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Rukmini Arundale, whose steadfast, earnest, and in some ways brilliant character, makes her a centre of helpfulness wherever she has been during their recent travels to help our members in Europe. Youth Lodges spring up where they go and give the coming workers an opportunity of hearing of Theosophy and of growing up under its guidance.

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India is happy in the helpful presence of the Vice-President C. Jinarājadāsa at Adyar.

***

Russia, to whom we owe H. P. Blavatsky, our Light Bringer, is strangely enough, at the present time the one country in the world where Theosophical teachings are forbidden; as we all know, the General Secretary, Madame Anna Kamensky, only saved herself from long imprisonment and perhaps from death, by escaping from the country in disguise.

Russians are a travelling people and there are now Russians in many lands, who cling to our Society. We are glad to note that they are suggesting that in places where there are no local Lodges or Centres of the T.S. they shall all be united into a correspondence Group with Madame Anna Kamensky as their Presidential Agent in direct touch with Adyar. They hope thus to be kept abreast of the teachings and work. As soon as Russia has settled herself and her people are free, they will revert to their own Section.

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In Denmark, the Densk Lodge of 119 members which has long been attached to Adyar, has now joined the Danish Section. We congratulate them; it is well to begin by working harmoniously with the brothers we can see. How else can we expect to work heartily with members whom we have never seen?

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The South African members are very glad when one of our members who is a real student of Theosophy is able to go amongst them and give public lectures to explain the meaning and scope of Theosophy. We have some earnest people out there, and they work steadily amidst a population indifferent at present to all but material gain, or on the other hand steeped in the same kind of religious intolerance that makes the good folk of Tennessee, in the U.S.A. prosecute those school teachers who mention to the children under their charge the modern, scientific ideas of the evolution of man. So accustomed are we to the broader view of life, that it comes as a shock, and seems a most wonderful anachronism to meet an intelligent, well-read man and to find that underneath his up-to-date knowledge of the latest scientific discoveries, there remains a bedrock belief in the Bible translation, which they possess in its most literal interpretation, and naturally therefore hold it to be God's law that all races whose colour is not pure white are descendants of Ham, and can only be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the others. It is as though Hinḍū readers of the Purāṇas believed literally that their high kings took their wives up to visit the Gods in a sort of Valhalla and brought back plants to earth when their consort admired some particular flower.

A study of the teachings of the Founders of our Society, broadcasted over the land for all to grasp who are ready, is the work that is being done by our leading members. Naturally the South African Lodges have a difficult time in the midst

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of the Hindū-European-African contest for recognition in Africa, but the very difficulty is their opportunity to scatter abroad the practical ideas upon which the law of older and younger brothers of the human family is based. Laws which, once grasped, make each man responsible for his neighbour.

***

June removed from physical life the French Astronomer, Camille Flammarion, after whom one of the plains of our Moon is named. He was an able astronomer, a useful man. He stirred up men's imagination.

He had intellectual vision enabling him, at least faintly, to see the greatness of the universe.

When he was already an old man, in his flat, six flights up (with no elevator), on the other side of the Seine, he said, "Man is rarely at the threshold of knowledge. True, a shepherd of old, with his naked eye, could count only eight or ten stars in the Pleiades, and we count 45,000 great suns. But we know nothing."

His careful researches and books upon astronomy have made his name well known ; but M. Flammarion also investigated the hidden forces of nature, especially as shown through sporadic appearances of people far from their bodies and the impress of one mind upon another when the owners are apart. His collection, in three volumes, *Death and its Mystery*, of well authenticated instances, shows the frequency of such "abnormal" happenings.

As many of us are aware, they are far from abnormal, but merely the manifestation of the working of laws which are at present known to few, and instances will occur more frequently as man develops. About 1880 M. Flammarion joined the Theosophical Society for a time, but he evidently did not deeply study the teachings of its older students, and so missed the key to the unseen which his scientific mind would have delighted in turning, had he realised its use.

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M. Flammarion's eighty-three years of life began in unpromising circumstances out of which he steadily worked his way. Scientific study formed for him the road by which he ascended and expanded his mind in his youth. Amongst his well-known books are: *Unknown Mysterious Psychic Forces*, *Popular Astronomy*, *Marvels of the Heavens* and *Omega*.

***

The cinema and the stage should play a large rôle in the spread of Theosophy in all countries. Quite recently a village play against animal sacrifices had much success near Adyar.

A mystical play *Fires Divine*, is expected to appear in the early autumn and arrangements are now pending for its appearance at a London theatre. A member writes:

"No happier time could be chosen than that which celebrates the Jubilee of the T.S. and the visit of Mrs. Besant to England; indeed the coincidence of these events with the appearance of *Fires Divine* after three years of uphill effort has a deep significance for those who believe in the ideals set forth in this arresting drama.

Although *Fires Divine* has a very special interest for Theosophists, it bears no label. Its appeal is universal. It seeks to tell the story which is true for all ages and creeds, of the perfection of a soul through renunciation, suffering and devotion. The innate power of noble ideals is here enhanced by the artistry of noble language and appropriate setting.

John Foulds has surpassed himself in the beauty of the incidental music."

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On page 674 will be found information regarding arrangements for the Jubilee Convention, 1925.

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In connection with the Jubilee Convention, the T.S. Executive has resolved to publish an illustrated book, recording the growth of the Society since its foundation. The

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Vice-President, in whose charge are the precious early documents of the Society, has been instructed to collect the necessary material. The Vice-President reports that the work is most fascinating but the material so vast as to make the task a herculean one. He has begun systematically to examine the boxes of documents which are the "Records" of the Society. These consist of (1) the unpublished letters of the Master Serapis to Colonel Olcott in 1875; (2) the unpublished letters of the Master M. to Colonel Olcott with personal instructions, and other letters of the Masters; (3) the Scrap-Books of H.P.B., wherein from 1874 she has pasted articles and notices, with annotations and comments in her own hand, all referring to the beginning of the T.S., and to its slow expansion in the early years; (4) the letters of H.P.B. to Colonel Olcott, every page containing historical material dealing with the changing situation of the Society; (5) the diaries of Colonel Olcott from 1878 to the year of his death; (6) masses of photographs signed and unsigned of early workers and friends of the Founders; (7) the pictures and other objects precipitated by the Masters and by H.P.B. herself; (8) letters of correspondents from 1875 onwards kept by the Founders; (9) letters of A. P. Sinnett, A. O. Hume, Damodar Mavlankar and others; (10) and other miscellaneous documents.

A full history of the T.S. would fill two volumes at least, of the size of *The Secret Doctrine*. This being out of the question, the intention is to issue a short documented work summarising the growth of the Society. In connection with this undertaking, Mr. D. K. Telang, an expert photographer in addition to his other gifts, is daily photographing document after document at Adyar. It is hoped that when the work is published, members will gain a closer and more intimate knowledge of the early workers, especially of H.P.B.

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INTERNATIONALISM

A STUDY

By ADELIA H. TAFFINDER

THE popular internationalism of the last sixty years must not be confused with the ancient Roman notion of universality, of "world-citizenship," of what was termed in the eighteenth century cosmopolitanism. Cosmopolitanism carried with it a decrying of local distinctions and of patriotism; the unit of its World-State was to be the individual and not the nation. Internationalism, on the other hand, presupposes an intense loyalty of the individual to his national State, and a cherishing of his national language and his national traditions. How recent is the growth of this internationalism may be gathered from the fact that the word itself was newly coined

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by Jeremy Bentham as late as 1780, and was very little used before the nineteenth century. Confucius was asked by his disciples to put into one sentence if possible, the philosophy of life and progress. He replied that it was all contained in one word, " Reciprocity."

It was the new Internationalism that prompted the United States to step into Cuba. In two decades the United States had accomplished there what Spain had been unable to achieve in centuries. It is interesting that Carlyle, ten years before Samuel Morse at Washington obtained the first reluctant appropriation for an experimental telegraph, looked down the decades and caught a glimpse of the modern reciprocal period. In his symbolic way, he prophesied that any divergence in the orderly processes of industry in any part of the world, would influence the markets of the nations.

There was a time when a nation or a continent could cover the secrets of manufacturing, and control the world's trade in certain commodities. In former ages, scholars were able to monopolise the learning of the world. At one time in Greece, the man who could repeat Homer was declared a gentleman. When the Athenians were defeated at Syracuse, every member of the army who could quote from the poetry of Euripides escaped death. Plutarch says, that when the Athenians returned home, they went in a delegation to Euripides and thanked him for writing the masterpieces, the knowledge of which saved them from death. In later Anglo-Saxon times the world had other standards.

The first International Association of trade unions, designed for working men's interests in all countries, originated at the time of the Polish insurrection of 1863. The London working men sent a deputation to Lord Palmerston, asking for interference on behalf of Poland, and also convoked an indignation meeting at St. James' Hall, London, in April of that year. Among some of the reasons set forth for its

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existence was the declaration that "this international association, and all societies and individuals adhering to it, will acknowledge truth, justice and morality as the basis of their conduct toward each other, and toward all men, without regard to colour, creed, or nationality. The congress maintained that it is the duty of a man to claim the rights of a man and a citizen, not only for himself, but for every man who does his duty. No rights without duties, no duties without rights; and in this spirit were drawn up twelve remarkable rules for this first international association, which has been the basis for many other associations of a kindred nature.

With all their marvellous achievements in art and learning, the ancient Greeks never established a National State. With all their loyalty to their respective cities, they never developed a patriotism in the modern sense of the word. Of the two wars which loom so large in Greek history, the one was fought by a Persian king, with the aid of Greek cities, against other Greek cities, and the second was a terrible duel between Athens and Sparta. In fact, it was the existence of multifarious, independent little City-states, and chronic inter-state wars that worked the downfall of Greece. To be sure, philosophers like Epictetus and Zeno preached the "brotherhood of man," and Plato pictured the peace-state "Atlantis"; but beyond some experiments in arbitration, the Greeks did little to promote a peaceful settlement of their quarrels, and nothing that history records, to prevent war with non-Greeks. "International," among the Greeks, customarily meant "inter-urban."

Unlike the Greeks, the Romans actually constructed a great and relatively unified State. But the Roman State was not based on any doctrine of nationality; at its height it was the very antithesis of our modern National State. It embraced Greeks and Latins, Jews, Egyptians and Phœnicians, Celts and Moors, and innumerable tribes, each enjoying such

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autonomy as its isolation would warrant and its power would secure. The Roman Empire, by reason of its comprehensiveness, could not have " international " relations with other States, unless possibly with Persia, or with distant China, or with German and Scythian barbarians. On the other hand, among the myriad peoples who composed it, the Roman Empire undoubtedly did serve, while its legions were potent, as a league to enforce peace ; and the *Pax Romana* presented for several centuries a brilliant contrast to the havoc which perpetual inter-urban war had wrought in Hellas. The Roman Empire was constructed by conquest and subjugation, not by any self-determination of the people ; and the peace which it enshrined was not a democratic peace. Very recently have distinguished British writers likened the *Pax Britannica* to the *Pax Romana*. The comparison is not far-fetched, since there is much likelihood that those ancient Roman politicians who promulgated and supported the *Pax Romana*, were the same men incarnated as English statesmen and supporters of the *Pax Britannica*.

In studying this subject, we find that at the close of the eighteenth century there occurred three events of momentous significance to our topic : (1) the French Revolution ; (2) the American Revolution and Federation ; and (3) the revolution in industry. The French Revolution inspired patriotism which was no longer to be synonymous with mere allegiance to a ruler ; it was to be a vivifying and unifying force to liberty and to nationalism. In the successful revolt of the thirteen colonies against England, and in their overcoming of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, those same American colonies worked out and tried the experiment of constructing a popular league of State. It is the Industrial Revolution which has drawn all sorts of men together. It has brought the chief nations of the world in closer contact with each other than were the thirteen English-speaking American colonies a

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century and a half ago. So recently has this revolution occurred, and so sudden and so silent has been its mighty march, that few persons really appreciate what a different world it has marked off from the antique world of the Greeks and Romans, from the mediæval world of feudal baronies, and from the world of a century ago.

Early in the revolutionary wars (1795) Immanuel Kant, the Scottish-German philosopher, published his profound little treatise, *On Perpetual Peace*. He presented four conditions necessary to assure international peace. These conditions, according to Kant, may be thus stated: (1) monarchs being largely responsible for war, every State must have popular government; (2) international law must be backed by a federation of free States; (3) men must be permitted to visit everywhere, but, as if to obviate one of the subsequent evils of the industrial revolution, ownership must not be allowed in foreign lands; and (4) no State may violently interfere with the constitution and internal administration of another. The notable Congress of Vienna was quite obsessed by notions absolutely at variance with those of Kant, as events proved.

During the nineteenth century there were many popular international movements. The international character of the problems and interests of working men throughout the world was proved, not only by international Congresses of Socialists, but also by international organisations of the several co-operative societies and of trade unions. Earnest advocates of democracy organised the International Parliamentary Union (1889); and agitators for Woman Suffrage and Feminism held international women's congresses. Religion felt the great impulse; Protestant Christians, of a hundred divergent creeds and of a thousand shades of individual opinion, met in world congresses and made amicable agreements for the parcelling out of heathen lands among their several local bodies, for missionary purposes; Catholic Christians, never

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forgetful of the universal traditions of their Faith and their Church, instituted in 1884 a series of Eucharistic congresses, which drew large numbers of clergymen, and laymen from many climes, now to Paris, now to London, now to Jerusalem, now to Montreal; even a World's Parliament of Religions was projected and actually convened. For the advancement of learning, there were periodical international conventions of distinguished physicists, chemists, biologists, historians and economists; there were "exchange professors" between the universities of different countries; there was developed around the globe a community of intellectual interests, the product of what has been happily described as "the international mind".

The occult student sees in all of this "the handwriting on the wall" of the Manu of this Race. Cannot we safely say that this "international mind" is becoming more and more receptive to the ideals of the Manu and His lieutenants? Cannot we conjecture that it is Internationalism and not nationalism which is the goal of planetary government? If we feel the inner consent to this question, would it not be well to think of Internationalism as a daily ideal? Cecil Rhodes' advice was "to think in Continents." This statement has its application here. Give every International project a helpful thought. This is one way to help in the preparation of the Coming of the World Teacher.

Owing to the steady growth of popular internationalism throughout the nineteenth century, the idea of a "Concert of Europe" was an ideal to many. The "Concert of Europe was always quite informal, but it performed valuable service in emphasising interstate interests, and in seeking to prevent war or to alleviate its miseries. In 1864 the Powers signed a Convention at Geneva, in accordance with which the International Red Cross Society was organised, with branches in all European countries and with an international flag. It

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1882, largely through the enthusiasm and energy of Clara Barton, the United States ratified the Geneva Convention; and later, both Turkey and Japan established local branches of the Red Cross Society, though under flags slightly modified so as to satisfy the religious scruples of their non-Christian populations.

More formally developed and more promising than the Concert of Europe was what might be described as the Concert of America. South and Central American States had had many wars, with disastrous effect on their own development and on their national credit. In 1881 James G. Blaine, United Secretary of State, invited the several governments of Latin America to participate in a Pan-American Conference, to be held at Washington in 1882, "for the purpose of considering and discussing the methods of preventing war between the nations of America". As years went by, conferences were held in many of the large cities of Latin America, thus strengthening the sentiment of Pan-American solidarity. Two of the strongest and most stable southern Republics—Argentina, and Chile—concluded in 1902 a treaty of arbitration, for the settlement of all difficulties without distinction. The unique statue of the "Christ of the Andes" was erected on those silent heights by the two Republics, as a pledge of friendly relationship throughout the ages. The statue is cast from bronze of old cannon which the Spanish left at the time of the achievement of the Argentine Independence. On the monument is the inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

The conference of representatives of the twenty-one Republics of the Western Hemisphere, which assembled in Washington, is a visible symbol of the ties that bind the United States to her sister Republics of South and Central

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America. The purpose of this Pan-American conference was to study the financial problems resulting from the war; the promotion of better trade and business relations between the two Americas; the facilitation of intercourse between the nations by better communications on the sea, and the encouragement of a spirit of mutual helpfulness between the nations of the New World. This gathering in Washington is, therefore, one of notable international importance. It cannot fail to exert a profound influence in stimulating and arousing public opinion in all the twenty-one countries which sent delegates to Washington. The discovery and settlement of the New World has worked a revolution on the Old, whose total effect, even now, can only be imperfectly evaluated. The peoples of Central and South America are no longer Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese or French Colonies, as the case might be. They stand to-day in the concert of civilisation, independent nations, cherishing the memories of sufferings endured and victories achieved, for lack of which the sentiment of nationality remains frail and weak.

Inspired by the wonderful work being accomplished by the Pan-American Union for the closer knitting together of the countries of the two Continents, there was inaugurated in Honolulu, in 1907, the formation of what is now the Pan-Pacific Union; only the heads of Pacific countries may be honorary presidents of the Pan-Pacific Union. It is hoped that, in time, the Pacific lands will take over the Pan-Pacific Union, as the United States and the Latin American cities have actually created the Pan-American Union. At several Pan-Pacific conventions that have been held, Honolulu has been selected as the central clearing-house of effort; this because of its position at the cross-roads of the Pacific. Here, there are frequently steamers in port from Japan, Australia, Canada and America, and sometimes from South America, having on board leading men from the various ports of the

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Pacific. They come together and exchange ideas, and the plans of this Union are pushed forward. This Organisation has for its aim the advancement of the interests of all Pacific communities, and the twelve objects of its platform are each vibrant with the spirit of brotherhood.

Shortly prior to the Great War of 1914, one deliberate effort was made to guarantee the peace of the whole world by general convention. It was due to the initiative of the Tsar of Russia, who stated that he thought the hour was "very favourable for seeking, by means of international discussion, the most effectual manner of assuring to all peoples the benefits of a real peace . . . that the preservation of peace has become an object of international policy". However, not the "Concert of Europe," not Pan-American conferences, nor Hague conferences would longer hold in leash the Dark Forces which burst forth in 1914, and, because of the general unity of the globe, engulfed practically the whole world. But still undimmed is the lustre of that ideal on higher planes, of the Federation of the World; War and carnage have but brightened its radiance:

> Oh Brotherhood! Thou art the dream of ages,
> The promise of the Masters, the hope of man.
> Where thou art the sun of heaven beams bright.
> Thou art the all, the ideal of the Gods.

The whole world is now compelled to think and to act internationally. Great world events, portrayed in intelligible terms and brought home to the masses of mankind everywhere, have awakened the intelligence of the common man as it has never been aroused before. In the humblest walks of life men are now discussing difficult questions in the light of stirring events of world-wide significance, and they are asking one another: What is to become of civilisation?

All the aspirations for the creation of a truly human world—a world in which general principles of justice shall

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prevail—seem to gather round the word Democracy, as if it were the only remaining hope of humanity. Never before has the need of a great constructive principle in international affairs been so apparent. Never before has mankind, as if inspired by a common impulse, so completely broken away from autocratic traditions. Statisticians say, that four-fifths of the habitable surface of the earth is dedicated to the aspirations of democracy.

What new energies does this old Greek word release? Lord Bryce in his consideration of the "War of Democracy" says:

> The democratic conception, based as it is on the rights of man, is the only true source of law for the rights of states also, and is alone adapted to that general extension which opens a commonwealth of mankind in which all nations, regardless of territorial boundaries, may rightfully claim a place.

Professor David Jayne Hill, in his survey of this subject, states his faith in the belief that when the whole world turns to industry, as it will, Commerce will cement the nations together and create a perfect solidarity of interests.

In studying this subject, one begins to realise what was accomplished in the last century in the way of organising specific international relationships by the creation of such organisms as the Universal Postal Union, the Telegraphic Union, the Radio-Telegraphic Union, the Metric Union, the Geodetic Association, and half a dozen other permanent quasi-legislative or administrative associations of an international character. There are, besides, many periodic conferences, relating to industrial property, railway and oceanic transportation, sanitation, the rise and sale of drugs, commercial statistics, monetary affairs, and other matters of general human interest. To these must be added the permanent Commissions such as the Bureau of the Hague Tribunal, the Committee on the Map of the World, the Bureau for the Publishing of Customs Tariffs, etc. Some of these are the result of official action

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through diplomatic intercourse, others of private initiative, but all combine to unify the nations and to accustom them to co-operation.

All the twenty-one republics look to the United States, as the most powerful of the nations of the Western Hemisphere, for the moral and political leadership of the future; and this despite the differences in race and language. Observing the United States from the point of view of its high destiny in the march of civilisation, it is observable that it has been the most conspicuous exponent of the ideals which it was its karma to make incarnate in the evolution of the planet. Already the course of democracy in the United States, and the political institutions which it has evolved, have profoundly influenced the political progress of the republics of Latin America; and that influence must inevitably increase rather than diminish during the coming years. The "Americanisation" of the American continent is indeed a peaceful process that has been going on for many years.

We read in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* that the re-arrangement of political machinery for the Federation of the whole world, which will be a dominant characteristic in the beginning of the Sixth Root-Race, received its particular impetus in the twentieth century in connection with the Coming of the Christ. That in the far, far future, people, as now, do not transcend national feelings, but the great advantage is that they are not afraid of one another, and there is no suspicion, and, therefore, greater fraternity.

Since all things are in the Eternal Now, we can realise that those who work to-day along the ideals of International-ism are co-operating in the brotherhood plan of the Manu.

Among the principles set down by President Wilson in the war-objects of America was "justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak.

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Unless this principle be made the foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand."

As long as a nation is denied the right to choose freely and establish that form of government which the people desire, no international order can be founded on the basis of national right and international justice; the claim of the stronger to dominate the weaker will once more be successfully asserted; and there will be no true peace. Internationalism—greater Brotherhood—must be in the world-plan. As all the races rise in the scale of evolution, all nations spring heavenward, and there will be added an underlying spiritual basis of unity, fraternity, and co-operation.

Adelia H. Taffinder

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF PYTHAGORAS

By M. FLORENCE TIDDEMAN

(*Concluded from p. 438*)

THUS sprang into being the Pythagorean Institute, which became a college of education, a science academy, and a small white model city, under the control of a great Initiate. Many and diverse judgments have been pronounced by students on the intention of the philosopher in creating this sodality. Some have seen only political intentions, but how imperfect is this opinion the sequel will show. The ideal of the Reformer was moral, philosophical, and religious: his teaching was not intended for Krotona only but for mankind in general. Pythagoras aimed at the elevation of his disciples in spirit and in action. By this means he gained his end, that of improving, on their civil and human side, the citizens and all other men, since each disciple carried out of the School into his private and public life the doctrine and morality there acquired, spreading it by word and example, among his friends, his relations, and his family.

Hear some of the teachings of Pythagoras as he preached on the hill at Tauromenion: "Organised society exists for the happiness and welfare of its members, and where it fails to secure these it stands *ipso facto* condemned. Government exists only for the good of the governed."

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And again: "Listen, my children, to what the State should be to the good citizen. It is more than father or mother, it is more than husband or wife, it is more than child or friend. The State is the mother and father of all, is the wife of the husband, and the husband of the wife. The family is good, and good is the joy of the man in wife and son, but greater is the State, which is the Protector of all, without which the home would be ravaged and destroyed. Dear to the good man is the honour of the woman who bore him, dear the honour of the wife whose children cling to his knees; but dearer should be the honour of the State that keeps safe the wife and the child. It is the State from which comes all that makes your life prosperous, and gives you beauty and safety. Within the State are built up the Arts, which make the difference between the barbarian and the man. If the brave man dies gladly for the hearthstone, far more gladly should he die for the State." [1]

The would-be disciple was encouraged to enter the School and live there for two or three years a life of freedom, going where he pleased and eating as he wished—Pythagoras watching him the while, noticing his gait, his laugh, what pleased him, what interested him, with whom he associated. The newcomer was encouraged to state his opinions and to discuss many subjects; in this way he showed forth his real nature. After this period only, the real novitiate began, which lasted two years and might be extended to five. Pythagoras was very stern in admitting these novices, saying that "not every kind of wood was fit for making a Mercury". The novices, during the lessons they received, were subjected to absolute silence, not even seeing Pythagoras, as he remained hidden while teaching. This he did to test their powers of silence, on which he laid great stress, as he considered the governing of the tongue the most difficult of victories. This has been

[1] See Appendix.

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adhered to by all Those who instituted the Mysteries. Later, he separated the novices into two divisions: those that he considered genuine he taught himself, the others—" exoterics " —were taught by Hippasus. Pythagoras called his esoteric disciples " mathematikoi," because his higher teaching began with the Science of Numbers; but this sacred mathematics, or Science of Principles, was at the same time more transcendental and more living than ordinary mathematics. Number was not looked upon as an abstract quantity, but as the active and intrinsic virtue of the Supreme God, the source of universal Harmony.

The Science of Numbers was the science of living forces. God the Indivisible Substance, the Unchangeable, concealed 'neath the forms which pass and change—has for number, One. He contains the Infinite. He is the Creator, the Father, and has for his symbol the Circle. The moment the Eternal manifests Himself, He produces all numbers which He contains in Himself, and is Dual. Two being the number of differentiation and division, represents 'proceeding' or evolution: it is the symbol of opposing forces, of the downward arc. The number Three is the cornerstone of Esoteric Science, and Pythagoras made it the centre of his Theogony. In each number he saw an active force of the Universe—numbers in action—and said that the essential principles are contained in the first four numbers, because by adding and multiplying them, all the others can be obtained. He attached great importance to the number Seven, which is the sum of Three and Four, and signifies the union of God and Man: an Adept is represented by the number Seven. Ten is the sum of the first four numbers and is the perfect number, it represents the principles of Divinity.

The Esoterics had all things in common, and lived together, but the Exoterics had their own property apart from the rest, and would be with the others only for the pursuits

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in which they could join, and were taught by Hippasus. Pythagoras and Hippasus pursued different methods of teaching, but, because these two groups of disciples both lived inside the Colony, the teachings of Hippasus are constantly supposed to be those of Pythagoras, who thus has had ascribed to him teachings which were not his. Also, there was another Samian called Pythagoras, but he was the son of Eratocles. The elder Pythagoras noticed this youth in the gymnasium, and, seeing his excellence in games and exercises, gave to him help in the way of exoteric teaching and certain training; this man alone of all the Samians migrated in the end with Pythagoras when he left Krotona. There are three books written by this younger Pythagoras on athletics, in which he orders those who would be athletes to eat flesh instead of fruit. These books have wrongly been attributed to Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchos.

To return to Hippasus; he taught by audition, without demonstration and reasoning: his pupils were to do things because they were ordered to do so, to hold to certain teachings because they were Divine dogmas. Here are some of these auditions, in which both the question and the answer were given by the teacher.

"What is the most just thing?"

"To sacrifice."

"What is the wisest thing?"

"Number."

"What is the next in wisdom?"

"That which gives names to things (*i.e.*, the soul)."

"What is the most beautiful?"

"Harmony."

"What is the most powerful?"

"Mental decision."

"What is the most excellent?"

"Felicity."

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With reference to two of these questions, Proclus says that "Number obscurely signified the intelligible order, which comprehends the multitude of intellectual forms; for there, that which is first and properly Number subsists at the summit of the intelligible order, next after the Super-essential one. By the 'founder of names' is obscurely signified 'the soul,' which possesses the images and essential transitive reasons of them as statues of beings. Being knows itself, and is replete with wisdom, but Soul imitates intellect." Hippasus taught his disciples the practical virtues—they were to return to be citizens—they were not denied meat as were those especially applying themselves to disciplines to acquire Divine Wisdom. But politicians, who were legislators, he enjoined to abstain from animal food, as, if they wished to be absolutely just, they must not injure any animal, nor could they persuade others to act justly when they themselves partook of flesh. Others he allowed to eat certain animal food, but gave definite times for abstinence and directed that neither the brain nor the heart must ever be eaten. Certain kinds of fish were also prohibited. Those of his followers who after trial were rejected, received double the wealth they brought with them, but a tomb was erected by the rest of the disciples for each, as if they were now dead.

Pythagoras purified the "energy of reason," also the whole soul of his Esoterics by trials of various sorts and by disciplines, by making them abstain from animal foods and wine, also from certain other foods, such as mallows and beans, for these, he said, were hostile to the reasoning power and impeded its genuine energies. They were to be sparing of their food and to sleep little, and he made them keep silence for long intervals. They were to have an unfeigned reverence for those to whom reverence was due—a kindly brotherliness to those of their own age—a helpful attitude to those who were younger, and to be free from envy. He taught them, through

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philosophy and the theories belonging to it, of the amity of all things towards each other—of the love of the Gods for men, and that men should have this love towards each other—citizens for their town, husbands and wives for each other, brothers and kindred for each other—that they should be just and kind to animals: all this was summed up as "friendliness". He showed them that, by having a soul undisturbed by anger, or pain, or pleasure, or base desire, they could by day or by night hold converse with the Gods. In the words of Iamblichus: "By all these inventions, therefore, he divinely heralded and purified the soul, resuscitated and saved its divine part, and conducted to the intelligible its divine eye"—this eye which Plato says is better worth saving than ten thousand corporeal eyes, for by looking through this alone is Truth perceived.

Pythagoras thought it most necessary to teach through symbols, as these would be understood only by those trained and fit to be entrusted with such knowledge. Iamblichus says: "He was accustomed to pour forth sentences resembling oracles in a symbolic manner, and which in the greatest brevity of words contained the most abundant and multifarious meaning, difficult to understand—like Nature herself through seeds small in bulk exhibiting effects innumerable in multitude." Of this kind is the sentence "The beginning is half of the whole." Not only in this "Hemstitch" (the name given by Iamblichus to this kind of sentence) but in many others, Pythagoras has concealed the sparks of Truth, depositing them, as in a treasury, for those who are capable of being enkindled by them. Another Hemstitch is, "All things accord in number": others are, "Friendship is equality, and equality is Friendship"; "Sacrifice and adore unshod"; "Declining from public ways, walk in unfrequented paths"; "Speak not about Pythagorean concerns without light": "Wear not the head of a God on a ring"; "Do not enter a

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Temple in an impure garment or one that has been slept in, as sleep is an indication of sluggishness, as is black or brown."

Pythagoras honoured the Gods, as did Orpheus, not in images of brass with forms, but by symbols, as the Sphere. He considered the Sphere as the most appropriate image of Divinity. The word 'Cosmos,' so familiar to us to-day, originated with Pythagoras. The training of the memory he regarded as very important, "learning" being the power by which knowledge is obtained, and "remembering" the power by which it is preserved. Hence they honoured and exercised the memory and paid great attention to it. A Pythagorean never rose from his bed until he had first recollected the transactions of the previous day, what he first said, or heard, or ordered people to do, what he next said, or heard, and so on, all through the day. If there was time, he tried to remember also the transactions of two days previous, and then the third and fourth, thus exercising the memory. There is nothing more important with regard to science, experience and wisdom than the ability to remember.

In the preface to T. Taylor's translation of *Iamblichus on the Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians*, we read: "It is not possible even for the most fervent believer in modern 'Progress' to dismiss the speculations of the ancient philosophers as antiquated notions which have had their day and no longer possess interest and value—to the lovers of religion the present work must be invaluable because of the doctrines contained in it, some of which originated from the Hermaic Pillars and were known by Pythagoras and Plato, and were the sources of their philosophy. This Theology—the sacred operations pertaining to which, called Theurgy, are here developed—has for the most part, since the destruction of it, been surveyed only in its corruptions among barbaric nations. The religion of the Chaldeans, Egyptians and Greeks is demonstrated to be no less scientific than sublime.

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The Theology of Pythagoras celebrates the immense principle of things as something superior even to being 'itself' as exempt from the whole of things of which it is nevertheless the ineffable source; he does not therefore think fit to enumerate it with any Triad or order of beings. It even apologises for giving the appellation of the most simple of our conceptions to that which is beyond all knowledge and all conception. It denominates this principle, however, 'The One' and 'The Good,' by the former of these names indicating its transcendent simplicity, and by the latter its subsistence as the object of desire to all beings. The immense Principle of things should be collected into a summit which is the Principle of Principles. From this immense Principle of Principles, in which all things causally subsist, absorbed in super-essential light and involved in unfathomable depths, a beauteous progeny of Principles proceeds, all largely partaking of the ineffable, all stamped with the occult characters of duty, all possessing an overflowing fulness of good. From these dazzling summits—these ineffable blossoms, these divine propagations—'being,' 'life,' 'intellect,' 'soul,' 'nature,' and 'body'—depend, Monads suspended from 'unities,' deified natures proceeding from deities: each of these Monads, too, is the leader of a series which extends from itself to the last of things and which while it proceeds from, at the same time abides in and returns to, its leader. And all these Principles, and all this progeny, are finally centred and rooted by their summits in the first great all-comprehending One. Thus all beings proceed from, and are comprehended in, the first being—all intellects emanate from one first intellect, all souls from one first soul—all natures blossom from one first nature and all bodies proceed from the vital and luminous body of the World. Lastly, all these great Monads are comprehended in the first One, from which both they and all their depending series are unfolded into light. Hence the

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First One is truly the Unity of Unities, the great White Light, the Monad of Monads, the Principle of Principles, the God of Gods, One and all things, and yet One prior to all. As the Principle of all things is the One it is necessary that the progression of beings should be continuous and that no vacuum should intervene either in incorporeal or corporeal natures. It is also necessary that everything which has a natural progression should proceed from things in similitude. In consequence of this, it is likewise necessary that every producing principle should generate a number of the same order as itself, *viz.*, nature a natural number, soul a psychical number and intellect an intellectual number. Therefore, since there is one Unity—the Principle of the universe—it is necessary that this Unity should proceed from itself, prior to everything else, a multitude of natures characterised by unity, and these natures are no other than the Gods. In every order of things a Triad is the immediate progeny of a Monad. Hence the intelligible Triad proceeds immediately from the ineffable Principle of things—Phanes—or intelligible intellect, who is the last of the Intelligible order, is the Monad, leader and producing cause of a Triad which is denominated intelligible and at the same time intellectual, also the extremity of the Intellectual order produces the intellectual Triad Saturn, Rhea and Jupiter. Again, Jupiter, who is also Demiurgus, is the Monad of the Super-mundane Triad. Apollo, who is the last of the Super-mundane order, produces a Triad of the liberated Gods. And the extreme of the liberated order becomes the Monad of a Triad of Mundane Gods. This Theurgy is the progeny of the most consummate science, is in perfect accord with the Chaldean Theology and Chaldean Oracle, 'In every world a Triad shines forth, of which a Monad is the ruling Principle.'"

Pythagoras urged that first teachings should come through the senses, by beholding beautiful forms and colours,

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and hearing beautiful music. He devised remedies for bodily diseases through music, and had special musical harmonies for dispelling anger or fear and for training the soul upwards, for helping the disciples to quiet rest at night and also for freeing them in the morning from torpor and heaviness, inspiring them to energy, sometimes by striking the lyre only, and sometimes with the voice alone. Pythagoras himself did not depend upon this kind of music as his ears were so wonderfully attuned to finer vibrations that he could hear the music of the spheres—harmonic sounds produced by the motion of celestial bodies; but for the helping of his disciples he would place one in the centre to play upon the lyre, and seat in a circle round him others who were able to sing. This music helped them—so Iamblichus tells us—"to become elegant and orderly in their manners." Pythagoras preferred an instrument, such as the lyre, to a pipe, as from strings the sounds are simple and more pure. Each hole in a pipe will emit three sounds at least, but a string emits one simple sound. It is like the difference between voices in unison and voices in harmony: the effects produced by notes sung by several voices in unison are more elevating than those produced by blending several notes into chords. By the use of certain music Pythagoras once extinguished the rage of a Tauromenian lad, and another youth became one of the most celebrated of his disciples in consequence of Pythagoras having, by the use of music, prevented him from killing a judge who had publicly condemned his father to death. The whole School produced by certain songs, purifications of the soul—using certain odes and peculiar songs at night to rid themselves of the perturbations and noises of the day. By musical sounds alone, not accompanied by words, they healed passions of the soul, hence the word "epode," *i.e.*, enchantment, came to be generally used. In consequence of using music in this way, Pythagoras is said to have invented harmonic science and

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harmonic ratio. There is a wonderful description, telling how Pythagoras, when reasoning out within himself the making of an instrument for the helping of the ear—as the compass and the rule help the eye—heard the sounds of hammering upon an anvil in a brazier's shop. Noting the intervals and the harmonies arising from the different sizes of the hammers used, he returned home, calculated and elaborately worked out the whole science of harmony.

Beautiful stories are told of Pythagoras and the animals: how he tamed the Tauromenian bear and, having gently stroked it for a long time with his hand, he fed it with maize and acorns and compelled it by an oath no longer to touch any living being: how, seeing some fishermen on the sea-shore, pulling in their nets, he foretold the exact number of fish they would catch, bought them and bade the men return them to the sea: how he brought down an eagle flying over Olympus, and, after stroking it gently, dismissed it—thus demonstrating that he possessed the same dominion as Orpheus over savage animals, and that he allured and detained them by the power of his voice.

So Pythagoras strove to help the people of his time. But —I quote Mr. C. W. Leadbeater—"All who work for moral reformation excite the enmity of those who do not wish to reform"; and the size and power of his brotherhood caused alarm to the authorities. So, though he himself had always sedulously avoided identifying himself with any particular party, his enemies nevertheless accused him of aiming at political power, and stirred up the fanatical portion of the ignorant populace to persecute his followers, whose pure lives were a reproach to the loose morals of the majority. Riots were fostered, and in one of these, his School at Krotona was burned; so, saddened with the ingratitude of those whom he had tried to help, he retired to Metapontum, and afterwards, as he grew old, to his ancestral estates in the island of

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Samos, where he passed away from this life in the year 498 B.C.

"Since then he has led several lives of usefulness to humanity—one as Nagarjuna, a great teacher of Buddhist philosophy; and he has reaped the reward of his long and arduous study and his lives of self-sacrificing work, for he has reached the goal of human endeavour, the state we call Adeptship. Now he is the Master K.H., who has inspired, and still inspires, so much of the Theosophical teaching. He still retains all his old, vivid interest in educational matters, and even now he is working to prepare the world for the next visit of its great Teacher—a visit which many of you who read these lines may live to see. For you also may follow Him if you will; you also may become great Teachers, and may fill the world with light; but the only road to that glory is that road taken by Pythagoras—the path of earnest study and of utter forgetfulness of self in order that you may live for the service of humanity."[1]

M. Florence Tiddeman

APPENDIX

It is perfectly possible to develop a faculty of 'looking backward' and to read what are called the 'occult records' of the world far beyond ordinary history; going backward to that which Science is beginning to call 'the memory of the world,' it is beginning to recognise it as a reality that all events remain in that memory of the world: Science makes what seems, at first, rather a startling statement, that if you could go out to a certain distance from our world to some other globe, you may there see the events which happened in our world thousands of years ago. Sight depends upon the travelling of light. But vision, as we know it, could not cross the huge spaces required. But if it could, a person on a distant globe would see events which

[1] *Pythagoras. The Young Citizen*, February, 1913.

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had happened here long after they had happened. A 'light year' is the distance in miles over which light travels during a year. Suppose you took a thousand 'light years,' and that you were able to see, from the huge distance traversed, into the state of the globe a thousand years ago, when the light left it, then looking at our world you would see what was happening a thousand years ago. The events are all there, all the way along. That is, in effect, exactly what the occultist does, although it is not done in that way, but from a point by which the records pass like a cinematographic film. It is a clumsy analogy but it will serve. The occultist calls it the Ākāshic Record. Science groping after it says it must be there but it cannot deal with it. Naturally. It can be dealt with only by the development of certain faculties in man. In that way I speak of what I have seen . . . Occultism works by the development of new organs which are within man, instead of by the manufacture of apparatus (telescopes, spectroscopes) which is outside the man. Now the development of the inner senses, the inner powers of observation, can only be done under certain rules which affect the body and the conduct of the man. It is much easier to buy a telescope than it is to develop your own nature along lines to which evolution has not as yet accustomed us. There lies the difficulty of occult study.[1]

I give this extract because the words spoken by Pythagoras on the hill at Tauromenian were recovered by Mrs. Besant in the manner she describes.

AUTHOR

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[1] From *The Inner Government of the World*, by Mrs. Annie Besant.

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LAW AND THE WAR PROBLEM

By WILLIAM KNIGHT

FROM the beginning of time, in all human attempts to work out plans to secure peace and abolish war, man has ever dealt with symptoms, and neglected the study of the phenomenon. It is fundamental that, if we want to get rid of war, we must strike at its root; we must eliminate the cause. The point is, can we eliminate the cause? To my mind, this is the important consideration. And if we arrive at the conclusion that the causes of war are so deep-rooted that before we can eliminate them we must radically change the economic and the political structure of the world, we certainly must devise some quick means of doing something effective to save our white civilisation from complete annihilation in the next great war.

During the darkest days of the World War, when German aircraft operated almost every night over Paris and London, the thought that was uppermost in the minds of all of us was, "this is the last war". In the belief that we were fighting a war against war, that after it was all over, the horrors we were experiencing then could not be repeated, we had comfort that gave strength and faith to carry on. At that time we were convinced that the only enemies of peace and good-will were the Germans, and, consequently, the one way to make the world safe for democracy was to win this last war, make a peace based upon the fourteen points of President Wilson, and to forget, if we could not forgive. I

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remember the blind confidence of the peasants of France and Italy in the ability of President Wilson to change this old world. When I think of the tremendous moral power that the name of President Wilson exerted over millions of peoples who were looking up to him as the saviour of democracy, as the exponent of the highest plane of justice, I cannot escape the conclusion that if Woodrow Wilson was an idealist, the world is full of idealists.

War is such a nonsensical business, such a bestial means of settling disputes between nations, that it is hard to believe that we have reached the present stage of development in every branch of human knowledge, and yet proved ourselves unable to devise a substitute for war. We have faith, those of us who believed we were fighting the last great war; faith that we retain even now, though the world is not safer for democracy to-day than it ever was, and though, since 1918, hardly one firm step on the road to permanent peace can be recorded. If we must judge from what is taking place in Europe to-day, we are compelled to admit that the black clouds of war have not been dissipated.

After all, what have we done to destroy the conditions that make war possible? What steps have we taken toward eliminating the causes of war? Are we solving the war problem? The Peace Conference was the golden opportunity to save the world from the horrors of war. All peoples were satiated with armed conflict, longed for peace, believed in President Wilson, and were looking to the United States as the one nation actuated by wholly unselfish motives. We missed our opportunity, and so the Treaty of Versailles did not so much end war as ensure a continuance of strife. True, we have had the Washington Conference for the limitation of armament; but land and aerial armament came to no limitation. But did the Conference accomplish, or even attempt to accomplish, the abolition of war? It did not. As a

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matter of fact, the Washington Conference could not accomplish anything in this direction, because its one function was to limit armaments, and not to solve the war problem ; so the problem remains.

The fact that the chances of war in the Pacific have been lessened, and that the costly competition in naval armaments between the United States, Great Britain and Japan has come to adjustment for a period of ten years, deserves some measure of recognition. Nevertheless, the war system emerged intact from the Washington Conference. The psychological and the sociological causes of war still remain. The fundamentals gained no recognition. From the earliest days, man has gone to war because of fear, love of adventure, thirst for power and glory, envy, rivalry, hate. Racial and religious prejudices have ever created the combative, revengeful or aggressive state of mind that has brought about tribal, dynastic and religious wars down to the present time. These are what we might term the psychological causes of war, and only through education can these causes be eradicated. We have a typical case of the intangible psychological causes of war in the modern history of Germany, which, in thirty years, was by the persistence of educational influences, exerted by a chancellor, changed from a lethargic and unaggressive nation into the most militaristic nation of modern times. What the Bismarck policy accomplished in thirty years, it would seem, might on the other hand profit the world to-day, as an example of what education might accomplish, if grounded on a broad spirit of brotherhood, toward making war in the future a remote possibility. It is not a radical means of solving the war problem, but it entails laying the axe at the root of the war tree.

The question arises : What chance is there of our being able to educate the peoples of all nations before a new conflagration starts and wipes out our present civilisation ? I do not

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question for a moment the soundness of the method, which is absolutely scientific, because it deals with the psychological causes of war rather than with war itself. Since war is the result of both psychological and sociological causes, therefore, I am inclined to question the value of the immediate results to be expected from any educational system which evades the sociological factors that make war possible. The sociological causes of war can always be traced back to disturbed economic and political conditions. Economic conditions especially are at the root of all modern wars. The imperialism of Germany, ranged against the imperialism of Great Britain in Asia Minor and in the Near East, was the true cause of the world war. The new and the old imperialism of the new and the old nations of Europe, or the imperialism of either America or Japan in the Pacific and the Far East, may at any time bring about a new world war immeasurably more destructive than the last conflict. One must frankly confess that, however one insists that the one radical means of abolishing war is to eliminate its causes, this can hardly be accomplished in the lifetime of this generation. Yet the very continuance of the existing system of international relations is breeding the next war of annihilation. If we would stay the flood of threatened disaster while the peaceful work of education and social reform is going on, we must do something effective, and do it now, that our labour may not be in vain.

In the case of institutionalised evils, such as slavery and prostitution, we did not wait until their causes were eradicated, or were frustrated by the evolution of the social conditions under which they flourished. On the contrary, when public opinion weightily condemned these evils, we proceeded to translate conscience into law, at the back of which public opinion was affirmatively mobilised. What was wrong was held to be illegal. Slavery and prostitution have been placed without the pale, and in spite of the fact that the two

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evils still exist, both have been so reduced and restricted as to be negligible. The movement for outlawing the opium trade, and the traffic in other habit-forming drugs, is another example of an enlightened world opinion. We did not wait for the remoulding of human nature or for a change of social conditions to deal with murder and robbery. Condemnation of both is world-wide.

In the case of the war evil, public opinion has condemned it as a relic of barbarism. Yet when conciliation and arbitration fails, nations seem to know nothing but the appeal to force. In this respect war is a court of last resort for the settlement of disputes and rivalries, and, therefore, under the present conditions, it performs a certain very definite social function. For this reason, war is a well established institution, governed by laws and customs, and subject to prohibitions and sanctions. It is not a crime for nations to go to war on any sort of flimsy pretext; but it is a crime to break the rules of the game. Great Britain and France were not aroused when Austria provoked Serbia to conflict, or when Germany declared war on Russia. They were aroused, however, when the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemberg were violated; when an international contract was defined as a "scrap of paper". We of the United States were feeling interested though not alarmed, until the Lusitania was sunk and merchant and hospital ships were sent to the bottom of the seas by German guns and submarines. The right of Germany to plunge the world into a catastrophic calamity was not under discussion. The point was that Germany was not playing the game according to the rules.

It is quite plain, therefore, that until the rules of war are violated the game is considered to be regrettable, although honourable, and quite unavoidable as a means of settling international quarrels. It is also plain that we shall have wars in spite of the fact that public opinion condemns the

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system, and that all our efforts for eliminating the causes of war through reduction of armaments, education, religion, political and social reforms, will not retard to any appreciable extent the next world war, that, we fear, will destroy civilisation—that is, if Bolshevism doesn't "beat war to it".

We cannot abolish war unless we provide a substitute for war's social function, as an "ordeal by battle" between nations. We could not have controlled slavery, or prostitution, or the duel, without providing such substitutes as labour legislation, legalised marriage, and courts of law for adjusting individual grievances. It is quite true that we still have with us these evils, for the reason that their roots were deeply embedded in human nature and in our social organism; but since we have banished them under the compulsion of public opinion, we have cleared the ground for combating them, and we are winning the battle. The question might be raised that the Hague conferences and other international activities, as well as the League of Nations, might provide the effective substitute for the court of last resort which war is to-day. I view them negatively, because none of these so-called international courts ventures beyond the limits of arbitration, and arbitration cannot by any stretch of the imagination be compared with the judicial process of a supreme international court having original jurisdiction in controversies between nations. The Hague Tribunal and the League of Nations both accept force as the last resort of peace, and place no reliance in moral sanctions. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the judicial power of both does not extend beyond arbitration. Even if they had more extensive judicial power, no international law exists regulating the rights and obligations of nations with respect to each other, except a few agreements and precedents which may be violated with impunity at any time.

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Objection might be interposed here that even if we had the needed international law, and an international tribunal to apply it, we should always need to have an international army and navy to enforce the decisions of the supreme court of nations, or for bringing to the bar delinquent nations which have sinned against the written law. To such objection, I should answer that, when our own Constitution was written and the suggestion was made that the Supreme Court of the United States should be empowered to enforce its decisions in disputes between the States, James Madison argued that to do so would breed internal wars and invite anarchy. As a consequence of this plea, we have the condition where the Supreme Court has no power of any kind to enforce its decisions upon the States; it has no police and cannot call upon the army for assistance. And yet, not one single case is on record where one of the Supreme Court decisions has been disregarded or denied by any State in the Union.

Is this not convincing proof that the force of public opinion behind a tribunal of honour and repute is the mightiest force available to man? Does not the history of the Supreme Court of the United States lay before us the solution of the war problem and extend a lesson to the world?

We may safely reach the conclusion that the destiny of the white race lies in the hands of the United States. It was a great American, the exponent of the highest ideals of justice, who first planted the seed of international co-operation in the hearts of men of all nations, that it might flower into a solution of war. Another great American is responsible for an international agreement limiting naval armaments. The next step, I believe, suggests itself. That step is the calling by the United States of an international conference of all nations, for the purpose of creating a code that will strengthen and stabilise international law. No tribunal can function without adequate law, and it would be useless to set up a Supreme

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Court of the nations of the world without a properly constituted code. The codification of laws regulating the rights and obligations of each nation with respect to the rest of the world, and the publication of the supreme law, would, in my opinion, immediately enlist the moral support of the peoples of all nations that have given expression to the condemnation of war. First the code, then the supreme international tribunal, both sustained by international public opinion—thus would we set the world on the way toward the abolition of war.

We have reached a most critical hour when we must look to the stability of our civilisation. On the one hand, we have the recognised governments of old and new nations playing the old and dangerous game of nationalistic imperialism. They are playing the game according to the rules of war, and the outcome of the game can be only war. On the other hand, we have Bolshevism, of unknown potentialities, which organised governments are too much inclined to ignore, lulling themselves with the thought that this thing cannot exist outside the confines of Russia. Between the two, we have hundreds of millions of people, staggering under the weight of war debts, military expenditure and abnormal economic conditions, hundreds of millions who are crying out for world peace.

Napoleon, a child of the French revolution, gave a civil code to the world. Who will give to the world as mighty an international code and a supreme court of nations that will outlaw war—humanity's greatest crime? Will he be an American or a Russian who will create "a world law under a world government," which will define the pacifist as a patriot and will brand the militarist as an outcast among men?

William Knight

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THE SONG OF THE UNIVERSE

THE Universe is a rhythmic song,
Which whirls the enchanted spheres along;
And God's the Singer!

It is a gorgeous tapestry,
With stars inwoven wondrously;
And God's the Weaver!

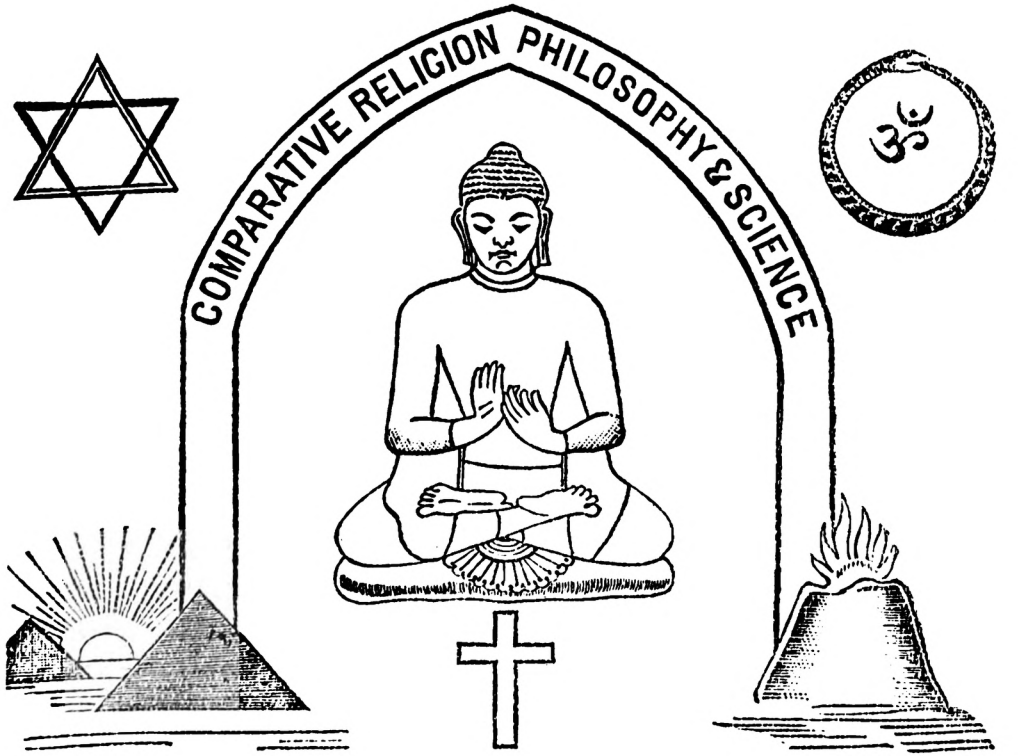
It is a beauteous, jewel-deck'd bride,
E'er thrilling at her Lover's side;
And God's the Lover!

It is an endless, mystic dream,
The triumph of life and love its theme;
And God's the Dreamer!

It is a magic shadow-play,
Where we're the actors day by day;
And God's the Author!

LEON PICARDIE

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A HISTORICAL VERIFICATION OF THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS

By GEORGE MÉAUTIS, D.L.

Professor in the University of Neuchâtel

ONE often hears, "You Theosophists present us with very beautiful teachings, which throw a light on human destiny, but, what proof can you give us of the veracity of your instructors? What tells us that the results of observations due to clairvoyance have not an entirely subjective

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character? Who knows if what you call "astral experiences" are not caused, after all, by the working of the subconscious, which we know leads a life separated from the normal 'I'"?

This article has been written in reply to these objections. Among the works bequeathed to us by antiquity, there are few which are less studied, and more interesting, than the fragments of Plutarch, commonly called *Moralia*. Some of these treatises have been so little studied, that through simple neglect, it has come to be denied that they are by Plutarch, although they are indubitably authentic. This is the case, among others, of *De Facie in Orbe Lunae*.[1] Now, among these treatises, there is one *De sera numinis vindicta*, or, "Why God is slow in punishing the guilty"[2] which deserves to attract the attention of every Theosophist for whom Theosophy is not a closed system, which ought to be studied for itself, but especially because it sheds fresh light on all the facts of history, science and life. In this work, Plutarch reproduces a myth, seemingly of Pythagorean origin, which seeks to indicate what are the conditions of the Life beyond. He relates that a certain Thespesios, who had led a dissolute life for a long time, fell one day on the nape of his neck and remained unconscious for nearly three days: when he came to himself he reported that after his consciousness had escaped from his body, he first felt the same sensation as that of a pilot torn from his ship and fallen into the sea: such was the impression given him by his changed state. Afterwards, having slightly raised himself, it seemed to him that his whole being breathed, and that he could see from all sides, as if his soul, being opened, was composed of a single eye. He saw nothing just at first, unless it were very large stars, separated one from another by infinite distance, spreading a splendour of marvellous colour,

[1] *Cf.* on this subject Max Adler *Quibus ex fontibus Plutarchus libellum, De facie in orbe lunae hauserit* [*Diss-Vindob*, X (1910), p. 87.]

[2] *Plutarchi Chaeronensis Moralia* III Bernardakis ed. Teubner (1891), p. 454, Leipzig.

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and seeming to possess a rhythm, so that the soul, borne on this light as on a quiet sea, could transport itself everywhere rapidly, by gliding. Thespesios recognised among the souls some who were not unknown to him, but they did not hear, and did not seem unconscious, but violently agitated and, as it were, terrified. They fled all sight and contact, and at first, turned upon themselves, indistinct sounds like cries of pain and fear escaping from them. On the contrary, others were to be seen all resplendent at the summit of the universe, who approached each other with goodwill, turning away from those who were agitated. These brilliant souls seemed to feel a disagreeable sensation in being thrown back upon themselves; on the other hand, they expressed joy and sympathy by extension and unfoldment. However, one of them approached Thespesios and spoke to him: it recognised that he was still alive, in that, unlike the souls of the dead, he cast a shadow and his eyes blinked. Hearing this, Thespesios began to reflect more deeply, and observing himself with care, he saw that he was accompanied by a dark, indistinct shade, while the other souls were diaphanous and resplendent, not all, to tell the truth, but some of them possessed a single soft colour, even and peaceful like the full moon at its brightest. Some were crossed as it were with speckles, or slight bruises. Others again had a strange mixture of colours, and presented a curious spectacle like that of vipers, whose backs are covered with black spots. His companion, after having explained the destiny of the souls beyond, said to him, "Look at the different colours of those souls. The dirty brown colour is that of meanness and cupidity, the hot blood-red is the colour of cruelty and anger: a livid tint denotes an attraction to sensuality, only to be uprooted with difficulty. Ill-will and envy throw off an unhealthy grey-green, just as an octopus spreads blackness around itself. The souls which are seen over there, tormented

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by their passions, and tormenting their bodies, emit these colours. Here, on the contrary, is the end of punishment and purification, and the souls, having grown gentle, become of one brilliant colour." Then, having shown that the souls tormented by desires seek to incarnate afresh to assuage them, Thespesios' Guide explains this desire for possession of a body in these terms: "The soul wanting a body for its debauch, wishes to rebind its desires to its pleasures, and to excite its passions even more by means of a body. For here, in the place where we are, it is only a shade without strength, a dream that cannot accomplish its desires." Here Plutarch has, as I have said at the beginning, seemingly reproduced Pythagorean ideas: let us now see what modern Theosophy teaches us.

According to Theosophical theories, the soul passes after death into a region composed of matter more subtle than physical matter, and interpenetrating the latter, a region to which it is customary to give the name, astral plane, on account of the extremely luminous aspect which characterises it to the vision of the seers.

By means of exercises in concentration and meditation, which in order not to be dangerous, must be accompanied by a life of constant nobility and disinterestedness, it is possible so to develop one's latent faculties as to attain that astral sight which makes it possible to verify Theosophical teachings for oneself.

Let us now compare certain passages of Plutarch's myth, which we have translated, with other passages taken from Theosophical works.

It seemed to him that he could see on all sides, as if his soul being opened, was composed of a single eye.[1]

The senses of the astral body act not through special organs, but through every particle of the body, so that with astral sight a man can see equally well with any part of his body, and can see all round him simultaneously, instead of only in front of him.[2]

[1] *De sera numinis vindicta*, by Plutarch, Chap. 22, 564 E.

[2] *The Inner Life*, by C. W. Leadbeater, Vol. II, p. 7.

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The parallel between the two passages is too striking for it to be coincidence only. But this is not all. We know that Theosophy agrees that, besides the physical body, man possesses an astral body, which survives on its own plane after death. This astral body rays out luminous vibrations of differing colour and intensity, according to the degree of moral and intellectual elevation attained by the individual. There again, we find a strange similarity of inspiration between Plutarch's myth, and what we are taught by our teachers Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater. Indeed, let us re-read some lines higher up, the passage in which Plutarch shows the different colours worn by the souls, and compare it with the following passage taken from *Thought Forms* by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater.

What is called his desire-body is composed of this matter, and it forms the most prominent part of the aura in the undeveloped man. Where the man is of a gross type, the desire-body is of the denser matter of the astral plane, and is dull in hue, browns and dirty greens and reds playing a great part in it. Through this will flash various characteristic colours, as his passions are excited. A man of a higher type has his desire-body composed of the finer qualities of astral matter, with the colours rippling over and flashing through it, fine and clear in hue. While less delicate and less radiant than the mental body, it forms a beautiful object, and as selfishness is eliminated, all the duller and heavier shades disappear.[1]

Clearly, these theories are absolutely identical. It is the same concerning the difference of dimension shown by auras.

These brilliant souls seemed to feel a disagreeable sensation in being thrown back upon themselves, on the contrary these expressed joy and sympathy by extension and unfoldment.[2]

The developed man, however, has already filled the causal body with colour, so in his case the effect produced by such a rush of affection, or devotion, or sympathy is not only to suffuse the body with colour and cause a great outrush of thought-forms, but also to produce a considerable temporary expansion, though the aura afterwards contracts to its normal size.[3]

[1] P. 19.

[2] *Ibid.*, 564 B., Plutarch.

[3] *The Inner Life*, by C. W. Leadbeater, Vol. II, p. 249.

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The same sentiments of affection, devotion or sympathy, in the developed man who possesses a well-coloured aura, not only provoke an intensification of colour and a stream of thought-forms, but a considerable temporary expansion of the aura which afterwards returns to its normal dimension. What the Theosophists call the aura is precisely these luminous emanations, which are thrown off by the astral body and the other vehicles which compose the individual. This aura can be seen by clairvoyants.

It would be difficult in the face of all these facts to admit a simple coincidence, but there is still more; the colours given by Plutarch to indicate different faults are exactly those given by our teachers. With a difference however: while Plutarch contents himself by noting the auric colours of the vicious, Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater in their suggestive volume *Thought Forms* also give the auras of beings who have attained a high degree of evolution. Readers interested in this problem are referred to this work. Here are the comparisons which I have been able to establish.

The dirty brown colour is that of meanness and selfish ambition (literally the desire to have more than some one else).[1]

Selfish ambition.[2]

In Fig. 21. . . . We have a large stain of the dull brown-grey of selfishness.[3]

Clear brown (almost burnt sienna) shows avarice; hard dull brown-grey is a sign of selfishness.[4]

The hot blood-red is the colour of cruelty and anger.[5]

Red of all shades from lurid brick-red to brilliant scarlet, indicates anger.[6]

[1] *De sera numinis vindicta*, 565 C., Plutarch.
[2] *Thought Forms*, p. 57.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 52.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 32.
[5] Plutarch, *Ibid.*
[6] *Thought Forms.*

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A livid tint denotes attraction to sensuality.[1]

Exclusive and inferior affection.

Several colours help to make the dull and disagreeable formation: sensuality is there expressed by a wan tint darkened further by the mud-colour of selfishness."[2]

Ill-will and envy throw off an unhealthy grey-green tint.[3]

Brownish green (usually flecked with points and flashes of scarlet) betokens jealousy.[4]

I think that comment would weaken the value of these comparisons. Note again that this is not the only place in Plutarch where a singular parallel with Theosophical ideas may be found. The theory of astral shells, for example, is developed in *De Facie.*

But to keep to the myth which we summarised or translated in the beginning of this article, permit me to make a last comparison.

The soul wanting a body for its debauch, wishes to rebind its desires to its pleasures and to excite its passions even more by means of a body. For here, in the place where we are, it is only a shade without strength, a dream that cannot accomplish its desires.[5]

The only persons who would normally awake to consciousness on the lowest level of the Astral Plane, are those whose desires are gross and brutal—drunkards, sensualists, and such like. There they would remain for a period proportioned to the strength of their desires, often suffering terribly from the fact that while these earthly lusts are still as strong as ever, they now find it impossible to gratify them, except occasionally, in a vicarious manner, when they are able to seize upon some like-minded person and obsess him.[6]

The comparisons which we have made seem to have a certain importance from the Theosophical point of view. In fact, one is constrained to admit—either that Mrs. Besant (who does not know Greek) and Mr. Leadbeater, knew this passage

[1] Plutarch, *Ibid.*

[2] *Thought Forms.*

[3] Plutarch. *Ibid.*

[4] *Thought Forms.*

[5] Plutarch, 565 E.

[6] *The Astral Plane*, by C. W. Leadbeater, p. 42.

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lost in the middle of Plutarch's *Moralia*, in one of the least read treatises and which is as yet hardly known except to Hellenists, and that they based themselves on this treatise and on this treatise only, to construct an entire theory of auras and the astral plane, which seems very unlikely ; or that the observations made by our two teachers really correspond to an objective reality, that for those who have developed certain powers in themselves it is truly possible to distinguish vice from virtue, selfishness from devotion by certain colours shown in the astral body, and finally, that it is possible, little by little and in full consciousness to penetrate this mysterious and troubled world that everywhere surrounds us.

It seems to us that we can arrive at the conclusion that the ancients already knew the theory of auras—though mention is rarely made of it—and all we have done in the nineteenth century is to rediscover a mass of knowledge forgotten in the course of the Middle Ages.[1]

Whatever solution the reader will be inclined to adopt, I hope that this modest contribution to the history of Occultism will help to confirm the confidence of the serious students of Theosophy in the value and exactness of the teachings given us by our instructors.

George Méautis

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[1] Note however, that the nimbus and the aureoles with which mystic painters surrounded the Christ or the Saints really represented auras. The 'Resurrection' of Matthias Grunewald, in the Museum at Colmar is interesting to study from this point of view.

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OCCULT CHEMISTRY

EDITED BY C. JINARÂJADÂSA

(*Continued from Vol. XLVI, No. 7, p. 52*)

ANTHRACENE C_{14} H_{10}

THERE are many things about Occult Chemistry which, obviously, it is impossible to prove except by a clairvoyant. Yet without clairvoyance it is possible to gain what is, for science, practically a proof. There are many conceptions in Chemistry and Physics which are unprovable, but which have the pragmatic value of ascertained facts, simply because those conceptions become the skeleton framework on which many proved facts hang in such order as to suggest laws. In exactly the same way, anyone who cares diligently to study the results of Occult Chemistry for the last thirty years will have to admit that a basis is offered for a new conception of Physics and Chemistry that is original, and which "hangs together".

Let me here record an instance of how fragmentary investigations, scattered over thirty years, "hang together". If the facts I present are viewed dispassionately, I think the unprejudiced observer will come to one of two conclusions: (1) the facts of Occult Chemistry are true, or (2) Dr. Annie Besant and Bishop C. W. Leadbeater, who have done the clairvoyant investigations, must be two of the most wonderful inventive geniuses the world has produced.

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1. In the year 1895, there was published a description of Hydrogen. It was said to be composed of 18 ultimate physical atoms; but these atoms were grouped by threes into six groups, each group behaving electrically as a "charge unit". The general appearance of Hydrogen is given in Fig. 34.

2. In 1908 there appeared a description of Carbon. At this time chemists accepted that Carbon had four valencies, and Kekulé's idea, that these four valencies could be thought of as radiating from the centre of a tetrahedron to its four corners, held the field. This is still the accepted idea about Carbon. But Occult Chemistry showed that these four valencies were really 8 half valencies. Carbon was described as consisting of eight "funnels," radiating from a centre to the eight faces of an *octahedron*.

Fig. 35 shows four of the eight funnels which face the observer. A similar set of four funnels radiate from the remaining four sides of the octahedron. Carbon contains 216 ultimate physical atoms. Fig. 36 gives the appearance of a

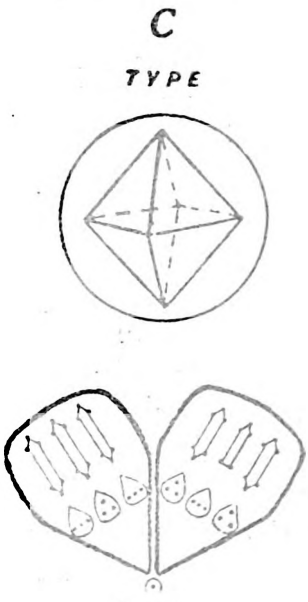


FIG. 36

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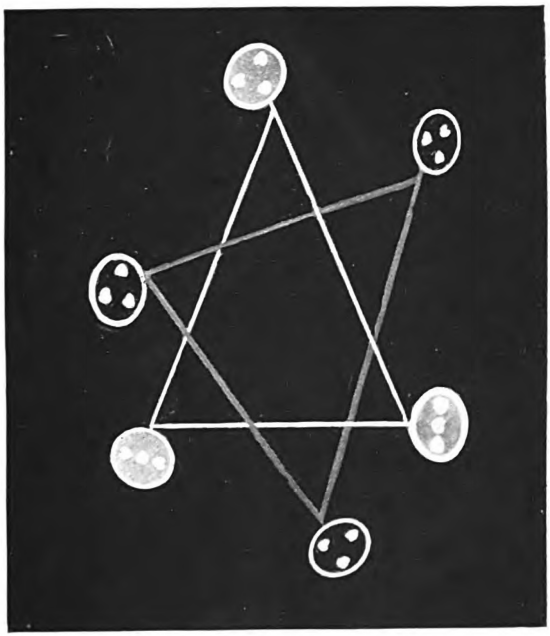


FIG. 34. HYDROGEN, 1895

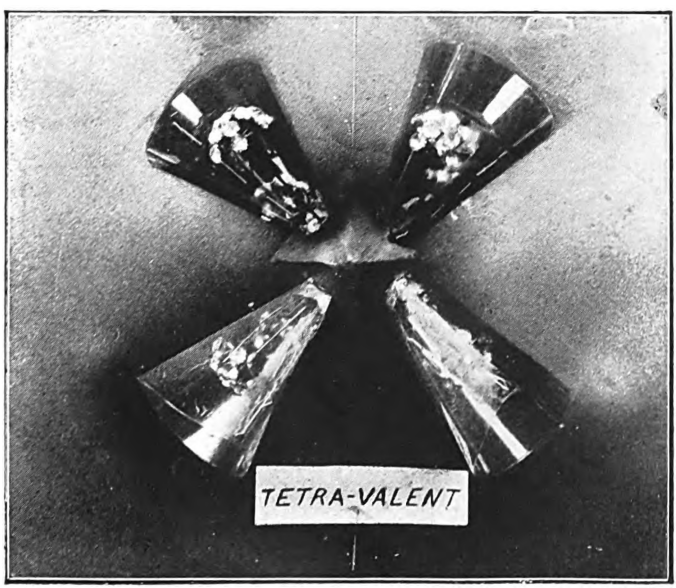


FIG. 35. CARBON, 1908

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positive and a negative funnel; these two, with the single ultimate physical atom which links them, make one valency.

3. In *The Theosophist*, September, 1922, I announced that Benzene had been investigated. Benzene consists of six atoms of Carbon and six atoms of Hydrogen. Chemists have recognised that the best graphic statement of Benzene is as in Fig. 37.

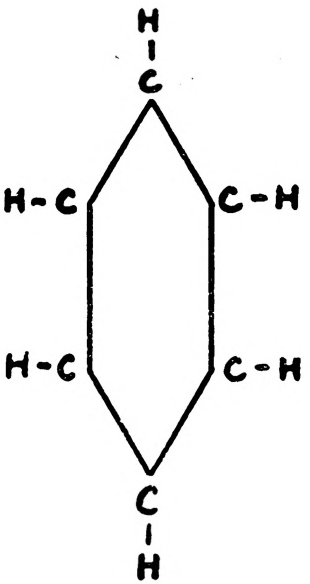


FIG. 37

In this formula, all the four valencies of each Carbon atom are not accounted for. Three links or bonds of each Carbon are accounted for, one to Hydrogen, two to the two neighbouring Carbon atoms. What happens to the fourth? It is thought of as in some way going to the centre of the whole figure. In Benzene therefore, six valencies disappear in the centre.

The investigations of 1895 stated that Hydrogen had 6 charge units; those of 1908 stated that Carbon had 8 funnels.

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Therefore, since Benzene is C_6H_6, if Occult Chemistry is correct, there must be in Benzene,

Funnels	...	...	... 48
Charge units	...	...	... 36

The actual appearance of Benzene was published in *The Theosophist*, April, 1924. I reprint the diagram, in Fig. 38. It would require a very brilliant imagination to invent such a figure as this. There are seen, at the six corners of an octahedron, six groups of funnels. Each group contains six funnels, three positive and three negative. Each funnel attracts a charge unit of Hydrogen, a positive Carbon funnel binding a negative Hydrogen charge unit and vice versa. Thus the 36 charge units, and 36 out of 48 funnels, are accounted for. There remain 12 funnels to be accounted for. Now Chemistry has long said that, in Fig. 34, six Carbon valencies went somehow to the centre. Occult Chemistry stated in 1908 that each Carbon valency was in reality two half-valencies. In the model of 1924, the six mysterious valencies are shown as a sphere composed of twelve smaller spheres (each of which is in reality a half-valency funnel transformed to a sphere), holding relatively to each other the points in space represented by the twelve faces of a dodecahedron. Benzene $C_6 H_6$ is completely accounted for, in a very novel way.

4. I mentioned in *The Theosophist*, September, 1922, that the first of the "double Benzene ring" series, Naphthalene, had been investigated. Certainly Naphthalene and Naphthol had been examined clairvoyantly in 1922, but it was only much later, on examining my notes, that I realised that the investigation was not sufficient for me to construct a model from it. So Naphthalene was re-investigated and fully, during my Australian visit in April—June, 1924. On my return to Adyar in January of this year, a model was made of Naphthalene, and it was published in *The Theosophist*, April, 1925.

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Chemistry (Bamberger) gives the diagram of Naphthalene as in Fig. 39. There are 10 Carbon atoms, and 8

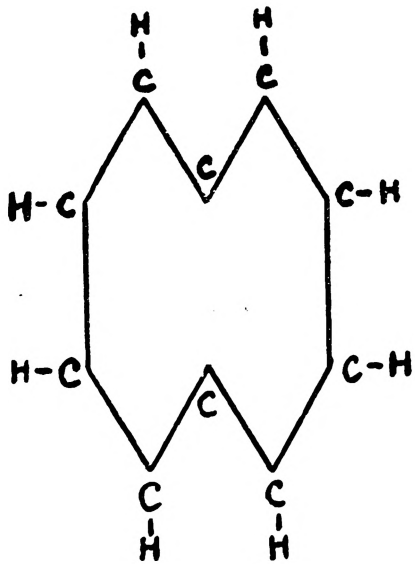


FIG. 39

Hydrogen atoms. In terms of Occult Chemistry,

10 Carbon atoms = 40 valencies = 80 funnels

8 Hydrogen atoms = 48 charge units.

Let us now examine the Occult Chemistry model of Naphthalene (Fig. 40). Perfect symmetry is required by the chemical formula of Fig. 39. Only 8 Carbon atoms out of the 10 are linked to Hydrogen. Of the two unlinked Carbon atoms, two valencies from each, that is, four valencies in all, disappear to the two centres of the double hexagon. What do we find in our model? First, perfect symmetry. The octahedral form of Benzene is retained, but doubled. 48 funnels link themselves to 48 charge units. 24 more funnels become two dodecahedral centres (as in Benzene). There remain 8 funnels. These are the 4 unlinked valencies which disappear to the grand centre of the double hexagon. In

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our model, they appear as 8 spheres, at the 8 faces of an octahedron, and as the grand centre of the whole complex structure.

5. The next step is represented by Anthracene. The diagram of Chemistry for it is as Fig. 41. There are 14 Carbon atoms and 10 Hydrogen atoms.

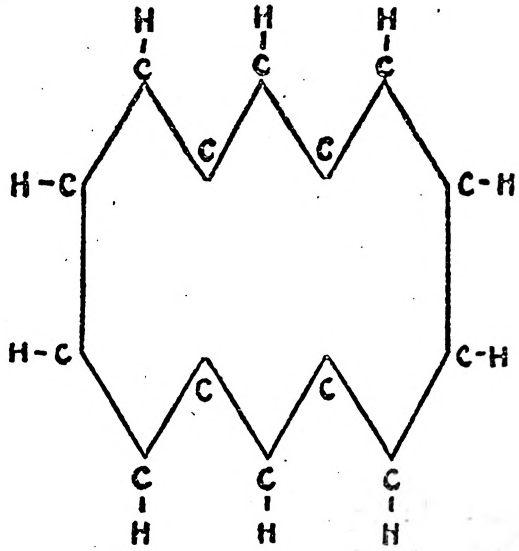


FIG. 41

14 Carbon atoms = 56 valencies = 112 funnels
10 Hydrogen atoms = 60 charge units.

Anthracene has *not yet been examined clairvoyantly*. Yet I give a model of it (Fig. 42), feeling fairly sure that my theoretical model represents the fact. I have built it up from the models of Benzene and Naphthalene. There are 172 funnels, each linked to one of the 60 charge units. There are 3 dodecahedra, each with 12 funnels as spheres, and 2 octahedra, each with 8 funnels as spheres.

I need scarcely mention that all I have said regarding Occult Chemistry investigations into the composition of the "Ring" series (Benzene, etc.) is equally true of the

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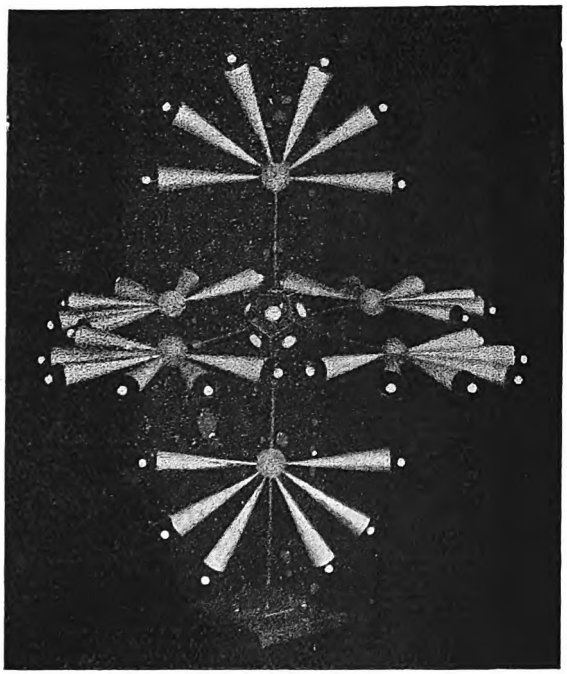


FIG. 38. BENZENE C_6H_6, 1924

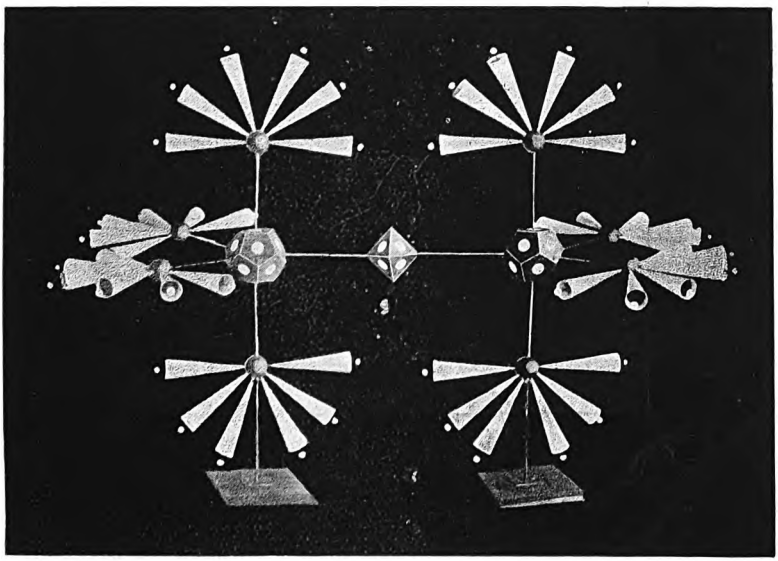


FIG. 40. NAPHTHALENE $C_{10}H_8$, 1925

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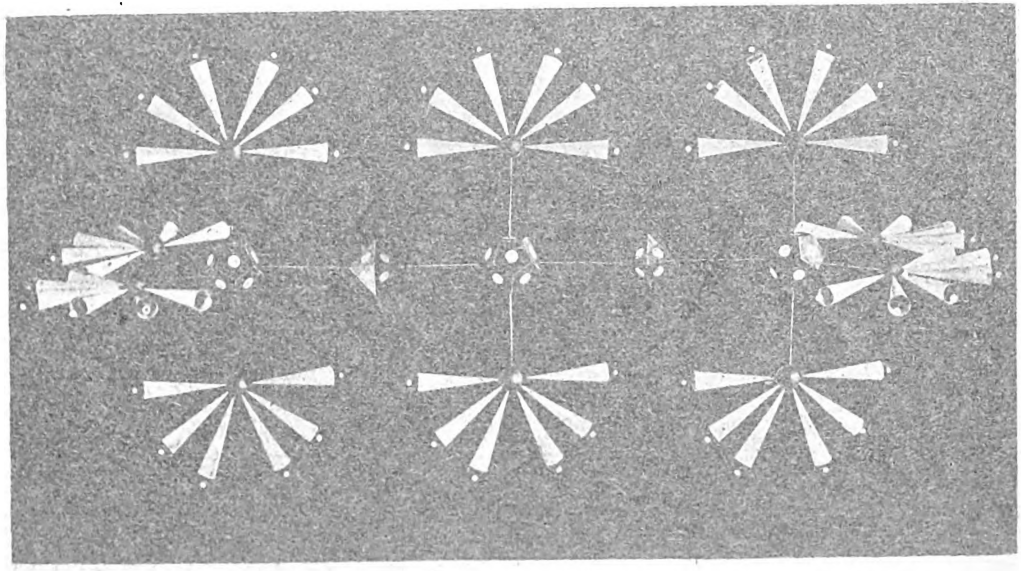


FIG. 42. ANTHRACENE $C_{14}H_{10}$

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investigations into the "Chain" series C_2H_6, C_3H_8, etc. The descriptions of some of these were given in *The Theosophist*, April, 1924, and in March, 1925.

If Occult Chemistry is true, what an expansion of Stereochemistry lies in front of us. It is just because this expansion is inevitable, that our clairvoyant investigators have toiled patiently for the last thirty years. They have claimed no recognition from chemists and physicists, because truth accepted or rejected is truth still, and any fact of nature seen and stated clearly will sooner or later be woven into the whole fabric of truth. The fact that this generation of scientists hardly knows anything at all of an extraordinary work of research extending for thirty years matters little, when we contemplate the long vistas of scientific investigation which the imagination sees awaiting mankind.

C. Jinarājadāsa

FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS

As editor of the Occult Chemistry researches, I have previously put on record, in the pages of *The Theosophist*, the various elements and compounds which were investigated. During my late visit to Australia this year, April—June, 1925, new ground was broken in trying to gain a few glimpses into the processes of crystallisation. If the chemical elements, when mapped out by clairvoyance, are seen as more complicated in structure than science presumes, if similarly chemical combinations too are far more complex processes, crystal structure takes us into greater complexities still. When dealing with the building of the chemical elements, the investigator had only one Life-Wave to deal with. In compounds of the elements, a second Life-Wave appears, and introduces innumerable complexities. Crystallisation is a part of the work of the second Life-Wave, but even the few investigations

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so far made into crystallisation seem already to show that many minor sub-waves exist in the Life-Wave, each giving its characteristic force and structure.

A solitary glimpse was gained in 1922 into the mysteries of crystallisation in the case of Nitrate of Silver $AgNO_3$, and it was mentioned in *The Theosophist*, November, 1922, that the compound existed first in groups of 1,296 molecules, which then broke up into groups of 432 when subject to light. A more detailed investigation was made of this compound this year. The crystallisation of Common Salt was also examined. The two varieties of Naphthol, α and β Naphthol, respectively red and yellow, were examined, to find if possible any clue to the difference in colour. When the model of Naphthol is made, it will be possible to record what was observed.

A very interesting investigation was into the two varieties of Calcium Carbonate $CaCO_3$, which on crystallisation become the two minerals Calcite and Aragonite.

Perhaps the most complex structure so far examined is that of the Diamond. This meant an examination of the differences between Carbon, Graphite and Diamond. A tremendous force, of an unusual kind, which holds the Diamond together in its special structure as a crystal, made examination difficult. With the help of a number of octahedra, the structure of Graphite was readily understood. But to make a model of the Diamond still baffles us, though so far two hundred octahedra have been brought into use. This part of the work is slowly proceeding, both in Adyar and Sydney, and it is hoped by the end of the year to have a model of the Diamond.

Just a glimpse was gained into the mysterious process of "catalysis". The easily performed experiment in catalysis of mixing heated Potassium Chlorate and Manganese Dioxide was made. The catalytic changes observed were as follows

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(representing by O and **O** the Oxygen atoms belonging respectively to Potassium Chlorate and Manganese Dioxide).

1. $K\,ClO_3 + M_n\,\mathbf{O}_2 =$
2. $K\,Cl\,\mathbf{O}_2\,O_3 + M_n =$
3. $K\,ClO + M_n\,\mathbf{O}_2\,O_2 =$
4. $K\,ClO + \uparrow O_2 + M_n\,\mathbf{O}_2$

The appearance of a totally new force, hitherto not noticed in any previous observation, was noted. A second experiment in catalysis, the combining of Oxygen and Hydrogen to become water in the presence of finely divided Platinum, would have been performed, but for the impossibility of obtaining in Sydney, even at the Sydney University, some Chloroplatinic acid.

C. Jinarājadāsa

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THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE

By GEORGE W. WEAVER

(*Concluded from p. 458*)

THAT the sounds generated by the spheres were not to be heard by mortal ears was explained by the fact that, being so great in magnitude and so intense in pitch, the sounds were above or below human powers of perception. This anticipated, by many thousands of years, the modern scientific acceptance of the same theory of sounds beyond our reach. And if we but remember that Abrams has demonstrated the universal movements to apply even to the tiniest tissues of the most minute particles of the body, we may begin to believe in the old doctrine that man is "the microcosm of the macrocosm," and that the music of the spheres is operating not only in the great outer universe, but also within the smallest universe of the atoms of the body. It is upon this theory that Abrams works: disease is "out-of-tune-ness" of some part or parts, and the cure is, of course, to restore the correct rate of vibrations and secure harmony within the atomic universe.

Having found that the ancient knowledge of music was at least a respectable quantity, and that their music was linked with their religious and scientific systems, what can we find in common with it from which we can learn, and upon which we may perhaps improve?

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If we examine the records and test all theories by mathematics and by experiment, we find that our modern scale of seven notes is practically the same as the Babylonian planetary scale. As a matter of fact, our A minor scale is, for melodic purposes, so nearly identical that we could reproduce the ancient music with little hurt to modern ears. The difference is so slight, and in only one interval—the third—that few ears would detect it; the difference is but the eighty-first part of a string. It is true they omitted our fourth in the scale of C, and also the seventh, but even our modern ears rebel against the arbitrary fourth from C, and we raise the seventh a semitone to avoid what the ancients also objected to. So, even in our scales we have made but little progress, and if we have gained much by the tempered scale, in the opinion of many we have also lost much by it. But in spite of equal temperament we have followed so closely upon the heels of the planetary deities of ancient Babylon that we even yet decline to accept Nature's eight notes in a scale, and remain content with the seven bequeathed us by Asiatic nations whose very names are now unknown (for it is reasonably certain that the Assyrians and Babylonians derived their knowledge from still earlier peoples).

It may now be clearer in what direction we should seek for the first sign of the music of the future, obtaining a hint from Pythagoras, who contended that "intervals in music are rather to be judged intellectually, through numbers, than sensibly, through the ear". Or, in other words, by mathematics and not by the senses. It may be objected that our modern scale is mathematical, but the objection falls if we remember that the object of the tempered scale was to equalise, as far as possible, the intervals within a seven-toned scale, rather than to find a mathematical scale in accordance with nature.

So that one step which some day must be taken is to expand our system to include an E sharp, enabling us to restore

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the true B flat, thus approximating Nature's scale. Having done this, singers and violinists will find it possible to come into their own, for they will, even now, unless trained altogether at the keyboard, revert to the natural intervals as nearly as the actual notes will permit. We have Spohr as authority that the Swiss singers use the harmonic fourth and seventh, as did the Chaldeans.

Another step which must be taken, and it cannot be taken too soon, is to include music within our religion. We already have religion in our music, for all true music is essentially religious, but the official religions of the day provide no secure place for music, nor is there any definite standard for such music as is used. And yet, as Plutarch said, "The first and noblest application of music is in offering the tribute of praise to the immortals; the next is the purifying, regulating, and harmonising the soul." How far we are from such a standard and such an ideal needs no emphasis.

By adopting the pure scale of nature we should be setting ourselves in accord with science also, for science does not knowingly sanction any breach of nature's laws; and by restoring music to its rightful place in the universal scheme we should be putting ourselves into accord with spiritual laws.

Assuming therefore that we adopt a more natural scale, as we eventually must, and that we place music upon a spiritual footing as the ancients did—as also we eventually must—what form will the music of the future take?

Of one thing we may be certain, even with our present system, and that is, that the tendency will veer more and more strongly towards a higher development of voice, and a very much wider use of voice combinations in choir and chorus work, as well as in the lesser combinations of quartette and the like. It is commonly conceded that the human voice is the most perfect of all instruments, and it is fairly well

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accepted that the combination of voices, as in a chorus, is a more perfect medium than the finest orchestra. The work of some of the great choirs has been of the highest order, approximating in technique the great orchestras, and surpassing them in warmth of tone and in expressiveness. Nevertheless, even these few great choirs have probably approached their limit under present conditions, for they labour under two handicaps. The first is of to-day, and makes almost impossible the rendition of certain existing music; it is the faulty development of the individual voices composing the chorus. The second is more of the future, and is, that even if the individual voices were perfectly trained, they would lack suitable compositions as vehicles for expression. There is as yet a wealth of material to be explored, but few modern choruses have the singers capable of attempting the task of presenting it. There must be a much higher standard of voice production before some of the greatest works of the old polyphonic school can be successfully produced publicly. This brings us to one of the tasks of the future, which must be faced sooner or later, and that is, the restoration of voice production to the level reached by the Italians of the old school, and the advancement upon that standard in accordance with the scientific knowledge acquired since their day. In this connection it must not be forgotten that song is not a branch of music, but that music is a branch of song. This is not understood by many people, and would probably be opposed by pianists and instrumentalists, but it is true. That is, we must recognise that the human voice is the highest type of instrument, capable of the most perfect expression of the emotions and aspirations of man, and whether singly or in combination, far superior to any other instrument or combination of instruments. It would seem the most obvious thing then, to expend at least as much time, thought, and money on the development of this already

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existing instrument which is common to everyone, as is spent by inventors, designers, and makers upon the improvement and development of artificial instruments; when the common-sense aspect of this is recognised we may hope for a genuine vocal science.

But not only must better quality of the human voice in the greatest numbers be aimed at, but the extension of the present range limit must be borne in mind. The present downward limit is probably that of the Russian "strohbass" singers, specially trained for church purposes; and the upward limit that of the light opera type of soprano with the not uncommon F in alt. It is probable that the development of the strohbass under the requirements of the church is ruinous to the upper part of the voice, just as in America and Europe the middle and lower ranges are ruined by the efforts to attain the F in alt and other exceptional notes. But it should not be assumed that because present methods produce certain ranges of the voice at the expense of other parts it must always and for ever inevitably be so; the fault is not in working to reach the extremes, but in the method employed. The method of the future will also attain the extremes, but will preserve and enhance the other parts of the compass of every voice. The method to be adopted will be a development of the Italian system—of what is called 'bel canto'—for that system alone has produced perfect voices. The reason for its success is very simple—it is based upon the operation of natural laws known to every student of physics. The system, as eventually adopted, will advance on the old school, for we have gained much scientific knowledge since those days, but the basic principles will remain as they were, and are. From the growth of this system we may, in due time, expect even finer voices than those of the past, and certainly we may justly look for a far greater number of fine voices, for as soon as the method is established and its laws made known, it will

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become the common property of every teacher and student; the system of voice production will be standardised, instead of—as we have now—a chaotic mass of conflicting theories, mostly based on imagination and supposition and the fallacies of the laryngoscope.

The range of the Russian bass downwards, and the light opera soprano upwards, will be common enough in the future, and there is no reason to doubt that with our growing knowledge, the upward range may be considerably increased. Mozart mentions a singer of his time who sang C in altissimo (an octave higher than the usual soprano C); it should not be unreasonable to expect many others to reach much the same range upwards, and yet retain the lower octaves in full power and beauty when the system is perfected. There will then be the instruments available to not only sing the material now in existence, but to demand compositions appropriate to the attainments of the voice. Probably the first step, however, will be to exhaust the possibilities of the old polyphonic school (which, by the way, was not built upon equal temperament and will therefore be much more satisfying to the ear and voice of the singer), after which the time will be ripe for an advance in composition along similar lines. If at the same time there is a reversion to the scale of nature, the singer of the coming day will have advantages almost beyond our comprehension. The polyphonic school of yesterday was based entirely upon melodic considerations, as was the early Italian school of opera, but the polyphonic school of to-morrow will be expanded and enriched by all the tonal resources developed during the last three centuries. Briefly, we may expect (*a*) the perfection of counterpoint as developed from Palestrina to Bach; (*b*) the massiveness of harmony from Bach to Beethoven and Wagner; and (*c*) the colours of the enharmonic system first freely used by Wagner and then by some of the modern Russians, all to be combined with the perfected vocal system

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of Porpora into such music as would now seem impossible—almost inconceivable.

The inevitable result will be a new school of composition, replacing the system now becoming shabby and threadbare. This is being even now approached, to a slight degree, by Elgar in England, and by some of the Russian school. It is often complained that Elgar's harmonies are "muddy"; this is because he writes enharmonically, therefore intonation must be perfect in order to obtain the intended effects. But because so many singers are taught at the keyboard, by pianists who never sang, it is difficult to obtain perfect intonation, therefore the difference between, say, F-sharp and G-flat, is not shown by the voices. Of course the harmonies would be "muddy" under such conditions.

But with the exception of Elgar, the new school appears to be developing in Russia more clearly than anywhere else. And in this respect the Russians have certain great advantages. In the first place, Russia is somewhat mystical and deeply religious. The music of the Russians therefore has largely preserved the religious atmosphere and tone, and is more a part of the people in their deeper feelings than in most countries. Also the Russian church has preserved unaccompanied music, therefore tending to keep to the scale of nature, compelling voices to stand alone in quality, expressiveness, and pitch. Russian singers would find it comparatively easy to understand a new school based upon a natural scale and the powers of the unaided voice. They would also find it natural to combine their music with their religious observances, for music has been less secularised with them than with us.

But the great strength of the Russians as the probable musical leaders of the future lies in their present commercial and political chaos. In all lines of material development, social, economic, political, industrial, and military, Russia is at a standstill—at a loss as to the next step—apparently helpless,

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and with no available outlet for her national energies. The spiritual and nervous energies of a nation cannot long be bottled up for lack of a material vehicle; national genius or spirit will evidence in some way. For centuries, the energies of Russia have been secretly and slowly developing and maturing and accumulating, and, save for an occasional outburst in an effort to achieve military glory, her energies have remained in obscurity and, apparently, unused. It is an interesting question whether the Lords of the Race have not, to some extent at least, assisted in bringing Russia to her knees in the commercial and material sense, in order that her accumulated powers might find an outlet through channels better suited to the world's needs than commercial or military supremacy. Whatever the cause, however, there is sufficient historical warrant for the results to be predicted with a fair amount of certainty.

Italy developed polyphony and brought counterpoint to a pitch of perfection not yet fully realised, at a time when Italy as a nation was non-existent, merely consisting of a number of small states and provinces continually squabbling with each other. As a commercial or military power Italy did not exist, but the people as a people was animated by a tremendous storing up of forces which sought outlet. This was found along what we may justly call emotional, and spiritual lines, and resulted in the famous schools of poetry, painting, and sculpture which then apparently reached their peak and have not since been surpassed; and in the even greater schools of religious music still not fully exploited—with the foundation of opera upon which the rest of the world is even yet building —and the discovery of a pure singing method which is now almost lost.

When Italy had developed all the forms to the highest degree possible to her temperament—and when she also began to indulge in political and military dreams—the leadership

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passed through Bach to Germany, and then again is the history of all growth shown.

The Germany of that day was not the solid nation of the early twentieth century, but an agglomeration of small states and duchies with mutual jealousies and antagonisms, much as the Italy of centuries before. The German temperament differed essentially from the Italian, and equipped the Germans to supply those elements not naturally found in Italy. Under the Germans was developed a new order of music along all lines, based upon the tempered scale—a scale unknown to the Italians—but for a long time including the contrapuntal traditions of the Italian masters, bringing the Italian school to a climax in the writings of J. S. Bach. For a time the German school threatened to swamp the Italian, being apparently opposed to it; the Italian system was horizontal and melodic, while the German system was vertical and harmonic. But eventually the two systems began to blend, and each to then show the glory of the other. The blend is not complete even yet, although Wagner obtained results hitherto thought impossible.

But, when Germany became ambitious for world dominion and domination, the leadership in music and science passed from her. In other words, she had exhausted her spiritual powers—development had proceeded as far as her temperament could carry it. And again came a time for a change in leadership, this time passing so far as we can foresee at present—to a nation of mystics, tinged with the Orient. Italy devoutly religious but not at all mystical; then Germany, scientific, logical, Protestant and materialistic; now Russia, dimly devout and not yet logical or scientific, but essentially mystical.

Going back to ancient Greece, we find parallel conditions, for Greek art-growth was not concurrent with the military and commercial progress of the nation. The transfer of

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national energy and spiritual force to the effort to achieve military and political greatness meant the downfall of art ideals. As in individual life, so in national—the energies cannot flow in opposing directions at the same time. If the aims are political or commercial or military, then art and ideals—abstractions—cannot be also developed, " Ye cannot serve God and Mammon ". The man who would forward his ambition in commerce or business or politics cannot at the same time become poet, artist, musician. This must be taken as meant; it is quite possible for a man to build up a great industry and at the same time develop the æsthetic side, if the industry is designed to help the community or the nation, for the fundamental urge then is service; in other words, the aim is ideal and not merely a personal ambition. But that surely is understood, and does not affect the point that material progress and worldly success are opposed to spiritual success and the development of ideals. Material growth is of necessity limited in outlook, while art-growth must be universal in scope and unselfish in the highest sense, or it fails to be true art.

Here then is the apparent reason why the Greeks lost their power of leadership; why Italy had to yield to Germany, and why Germany in her turn has been deposed.

Possibly it will now be clearer why Russia appears to be in the better position to-day to undertake the development of the future forms of art—and probably also of science, for art and science are learning that they are but the two sides of the same thing. Russia is also, as has been said, tinged with Oriental mysticism, which will necessarily bring in new contributions to the Western foundations. Taken together with the preservation of the natural scale in music, the advantages possessed by Russia are great, for the music of the future will be enharmonic, vocal, and religious; not narrowly religious in adherence to forms or creeds, or even to any specific religious

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system; but broadly and universally religious, essentially and deeply religious, with the underlying spiritual aspirations of the whole race, irrespective of colour or creed or any special divine "revelations" to any people or time. That is, the religion will be universal in scope and appeal, entirely unconfined and unlimited, probably based upon the doctrine of the "Trinity" common to all great religions, and demanding for its expression a form of music as far beyond our present forms as that religion will be beyond existing creeds and denominations.

On the practical side, I have stated that the music of the future will be enharmonic, vocal, and religious; it might now be of interest to speculate on some of the changes inevitable under the new conditions. A much keener perception of sounds will be required, for the shadings possible with the natural scale will be far more delicate than with our present fixed arbitrary semitones. We know that the Asiatic civilisations, followed by the Greek, used quarter tones, and the Japanese of to-day used intervals smaller than our semitone, but we shall probably find that these smaller divisions cannot be used in harmony, and must be confined to melody, pure and simple. But there is no reason why our ears should not be trained to as fine a perception of tone shades as our eyes are to colour shades. By actual test it has been found that the ordinary ear can detect a difference of a one hundred and sixtieth part in vibrations per second quite easily; I have detected a difference of one in five hundred and forty per second.

With a more perfectly developed sense of hearing, as demanded by the true scale, the voices of the future will be compelled to acquire perfect intonation; logically, the ear and voice being so sensitive will demand in their turn that the composer of the future be equally sensitive to singers' requirements. Also, if the singers are so advanced in perception and execution, and expect composers to measure up to

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their technical standards, it is but a short step to suppose that such advanced singers will have developed a science of expression which will in turn impose its demands. Then, perhaps, we shall be spared the pain of hearing such things as an ascending passage written to express a passive emotion, or vice versa, such as is commonly heard to-day even at the best concerts. We shall also gloriously miss the composer who sets all emotions to the same type of music, and the singer who renders all types of song with the same tone colour. The composer, in his turn, will require that his compositions —written to conform to the new demands—shall be given the interpretation fitting to them, so that a new ideal of interpretation will gradually come into existence. Interpretation as a branch of technique will have to be as thoroughly taught as the fundamentals of actual production are taught, and a highly developed school of interpretation and expression will be a necessity. It has often been said that "expression cannot be taught," but this is false; certainly the new school of singers and singing-masters will not accept such a doctrine. Expression, in its simplest terms, is but the manifestation of an emotion or feeling; it is an effect or consequence, and therefore may be traced to a definite cause. The steps leading back from the effect to the cause need but to be noted and scientifically classified, and the new school of expression is at once existent with an established technique. Of course a technique of expression is not sufficient; there must be something to express, and many of us have nothing definite to express. But again, that is but a matter of development, and recognition of latent powers, for if expression is the manifestation of feeling, then feeling must also be taught. That will be recognised as an essential qualification in the teacher of the future—that he can teach feeling and expression—for even to-day the teacher who cannot teach these things is no teacher.

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It is quite probable that so high a standard in composition, execution, and artistic expression may have to come through some other channel than the present form of art-song before entering permanently into its own domain. That channel is more than likely to be the ancient one of unaccompanied monody, which is even now being tried in Europe to some extent. The visit of Rosing to this continent, and the success he appears to have achieved in unaccompanied singing, bears this out. (Curiously enough, Rosing is a Russian, and the effective song forms he used are Russian also.)

In such an event, the singer and the composer are facing another severe test, for a composition which would stand criticism under such conditions must be almost perfect, to say nothing of the voice quality and the mental equipment of the singer. The type of voice for such singing must be much higher than our standards of to-day would consider possible. Such a voice would have to be self-sufficient and self-revealing, as it would have no support from instrument, action, scenery, atmosphere or other extraneous background or accompaniment; there would be nothing to hide defects in either the voice or the interpretation. The singer would be the sole interpreter, obliged to stand alone. This means that both poet and composer would be at the mercy of the singer for the expression of their ideas, and they in turn would be compelled to insist that the new school of singing be adequate to the requirements of the new school of composition. Each new demand and growth on the one side therefore calls for greater growth and advance on the other side, so that eventually the public itself would be compelled to insist upon a sort of "minimum" standard—upon a standardisation of vocal methods, technique, etc., and finally upon the public performance of music in any form. We might then anticipate something of the Platonic ideal of the highest possible types of music and beauty to be placed before "our assemblies

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of young people," which types shall be "exhibited in the temples".

When the public conscience and the public taste have reached that stage, we may fairly begin to hope for the day when music, religion, and science will be the trinity in unity that tradition says they once were.

In those days we shall realise a truth that is not obvious to-day; that music is the highest of the arts, because music is the only art that transcends visible nature. All other arts may be compared with and judged by known standards in nature, but music reaches beyond and into the highest abstractions. Music is, indeed, truth made audible, and there is no religion higher than truth.

There is, finally, one aspect upon which I have not touched, as it may seem too far in the future to be more than a shadowy dream to us of to-day, and that is—the One-ness of music with the soul of man. The day will come when each individual will give out his individual note; when instruments and voices will be tuned to the rate of vibration in each performer and singer, and the whole body of singers or players will in turn be tuned to the Angel of Music working on this planet; through Him being brought into harmony with the Solar Deity. When we can begin to realise that day, even in our minds, we may say literally that "Music is the Voice of God," for it will be the highest consciousness of man working through spiritual agencies and interpreting cosmic harmony.

George W. Weaver

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"WE HAVE MET BEFORE"

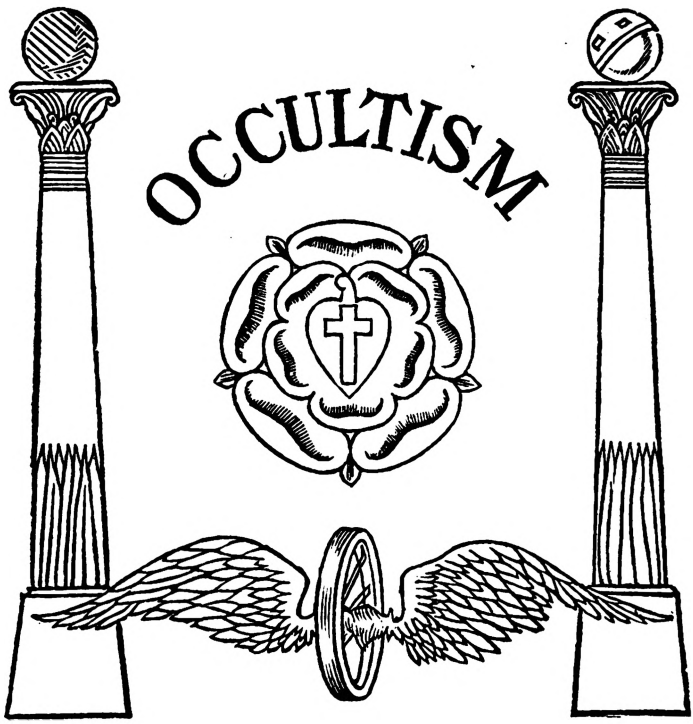
FROM every seed, which in the earth is laid,
That plant from which it sprang, again shall spring.
All things derive from some preceding thing.
In nature, from the old the new is made.
So every life is old life re-expressed
The Self-same Actor, in new garments dressed.

We meet a stranger: from his eyes look out
A friend or foe, whom we have met before.
We may rejoice to meet him or deplore.
An instinct tells us, which we cannot doubt,
Long, long ago, beyond our memories' span,
The contact, now renewed, at first began.

And many, many parts we all have played
In the great Drama of Eternity.
Hero and villain, 'twas our turn to be
In many lives; our true Life was arrayed,
Till the Great Lesson we at last shall learn
And reach that Place, whence there is no return.

F. H. ALDHOUSE

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THE NON-EXISTENCE OF A PERSONAL GOD[1]

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA

IN *The Early Teachings of the Masters*, which contain the instruction given by some of the Masters to the Theosophists of 1880-83, there occur certain statements which, published in 1924, have greatly shocked and disturbed not a few Theosophists. These statements were well known to earnest Theosophical students of forty years ago; they curiously enough were not at all shocked, though many of them were as devotional in temperament as the Theosophists

[1] A lecture delivered in London, November, 1924.

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of later generations. The following are two among the statements:

(1) Neither our philosophy nor ourselves believe in a God, least of all one whose pronoun necessitates a capital H.

(2) Therefore we deny God, both as philosophers and Buddhists. We know that there are Planetary and other spiritual lives, and we know that there is in our system no such thing as God, either personal or impersonal.

The statements are quite positive. I knew when I was putting the manuscript together that they would give something of a shock. I was interested in seeing what would be the effect amongst some of our members. Why is it that to some this conception of the universe, without any kind of direction from a Personal Deity, came as a shock? Perhaps largely because during the last few years the conception of the Logos of the Solar System has played a predominant part in our understanding of the "Plan of Evolution". When we think of the Solar System as one Entity in manifestation, we do associate the idea of Personality, though what kind of a Person the Logos is, whose visible body is the Solar System, with a radius of millions of miles, it is difficult to say. The conception found in most religions of the personal nature of Divinity has undoubtedly played an important part of late in our theosophical studies; it has been a useful part, for it has made theosophical truths intensely real to many. Perhaps the return in 1924 of another aspect of the theosophical teachings is, therefore, very useful, though it has given a shock to some.

Let me point out first that, in the early theosophical literature, while God is mentioned, it is not with any sense of Personality. We shall find that *The Secret Doctrine* mentions God, but the whole tendency of its exposition is to present to us a conception of cosmic processes into which we cannot bring any *human* conception of Divinity. I mean by that, any conception which any human being, constituted as you

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and I are, can make of God. In *Light on the Path*, the word God does not appear at all. The Initiate upon the threshold of Adeptship is instructed to seek thus the Rock of Ages which is to be his goal.

> Hold fast to that which has neither substance nor existence.
> Listen only to the voice which is soundless.
> Look only on that which is invisible alike to the inner and the outer sense.

In another work, *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, we have the Ultimate Reality described as follows:

> The Principle which gives life dwells in us and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

Yet it is curious that we find the word "God" in the earliest documents which the Theosophical Society possesses. They are those letters of the Adept who signs himself "Serapis," which he wrote in 1875 to Colonel Olcott. He ends two letters as follows: "God's blessing upon thee, brother mine"; "God lead thee, brother mine, and may he crown thy noble work with success." In a third letter the Master says, "The great spirit be with thee."

It is obvious, contrasting these phrases of the Egyptian Master with the statements which come in *The Early Teachings of the Masters*, that there are at least two possible conceptions of the Ultimate Reality, one impersonal and the other personal. We have to note that one Adept says "God's blessing upon thee, God lead thee," while another Adept makes very pronounced statements rather tending to remove from our mind any conception of God, whether personal or impersonal.

Now in this very difficult problem, let me point out that there is no denial in the *Early Teachings* of a self-directing Spiritual Principle in the universe, but a denial of the Personality of God, which is quite a different thing. The teachings tell us of hierarchies of Beings, from man to lofty

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" Planetaries ," as they are called. The solar system and the mightiest star are but representatives of some of these great hierarchies of Beings. But while we are told that the stars are the embodiments of great Dhyan Chohans, yet there is no assertion that behind all the Dhyan Chohans there stands one Supreme Dhyan Chohan who is the Personal God of the cosmos. There is a constant assertion that there is a spiritual basis to all things; that verity is often emphasised to controvert Materialism. We are told that fundamentally man is an immortal and spiritual being, that the whole world is the expression of spiritual forces and intelligences at work. We are told that there is no such thing as chance, no blind mechanism, but a definite, purposeful direction, or self-direction if you will, of the universe, no chaos blindly trying to organise itself into a cosmos, but energy at work, so to say, *with a plan*. In other words, all the early teachings are full of a wonderful idealism, which tells us that the soul of things is the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. All this is asserted again and again. But also we are put on our guard against thinking of God as a Person.

I want to present to you this problem from the standpoint of the great mystery traditions of the past. Every religion tells us of the spiritual basis of all things, but we shall find that some of them present us the spiritual basis not all the time in terms of a Personal God. Hinduism is a religion which gives us the conception of Divinity both as a Person and as a Non-Person. It is as if the Personality of God and the Non-Personality of God are two poles, and as if the Hindu mind ever delighted in flying between the two. In the *Upanishads*, when dealing with the Personality of God, we find on the one hand such statements as this.

As mover He dwells in bright heaven, as pervader in what shines between, as fire He dwells in the altar, as guest He dwells in the house; in man He dwells, He dwells in those greater than man;

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He dwells in the rites, in aether He dwells; He is those that are born in the water, and those that are born in the earth, and those that are born on the mountains, and those that are born through the rites, great rite Himself.

And in another place the Personality of God is thus clearly revealed in magnificent words:

Within this universe, He comes and goes, 'tis He who is the fire, the water He pervadeth. Him and Him only knowing one crosseth over death, no other path at all is there to go.

Yet we have the other conception in Hindusim, which is always described by that significant word TAT or "That". Hinduism is noted for the fact that while it tells us of God, Īshvara, the Lord, Personal God, that Īshvara is Himself only the appearance in a universe of time and space of the Absolute, Brahman. Now "Brahman" the Absolute (quite distinct from Brahmā, a masculine word, which describes the creator aspect of Īshvara) is always a neuter word, so that we cannot say "Brahman" is "He"; Brahman is always "It".

Thither comes neither sight, nor speech, nor mind; we know not, we see not, how one should explain it. Other than known is THAT, beyond the unknown too; thus have we heard from the ancients who gave us instruction upon it.

What no word can reveal, what revealeth the word, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below.

What none thinks with the mind, but what thinks out the mind, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below.

What none sees with the eye, whereby seeing is seen, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below.

What none hears with the ear, whereby hearing is heard, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below.

What none breathes with the breath, whereby breath is inbreathed, that know thou as Brahman indeed, not this which they worship below.

The teachings of the *Upanishads* thus give us two visions of the spiritual Substratum to all things; one of them can be stated in terms of Personality, the other cannot.

Now let us look at the way that same spiritual Substratum is presented in Buddhism. Buddhism is known as a

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religion which says not a word about God. In the description which I quote from *The Light of Asia*, we have a thoroughly Buddhist conception of the Substratum of the universe. The poet describes, according to tradition, how the Lord Buddha, when He was attaining His Buddhahood, saw the universe spread out before His gaze.

And in the middle watch
Our Lord attained Abhidjna—insight vast
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one, yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds
By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendours, star to star
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
From centres ever shifting unto cirques
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas—terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Gunga from her spring to the sea,
Measureless unto speech—whereby these wax
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfils its shining life, and darkling dies.
Sakwal by sakwal, depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking—behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fullness void, to form the yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best,
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods,
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme;
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use:
So that all things do well which serve the Power,
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well

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Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly
Globing together in the common work;
And man who lives to die, dies to live well
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small which suffer life.

Could there be anything more splendid, more intimate, more spiritual, more in keeping with everything that we are beginning to find in science, than this vast conception of a universe at work under Will and Direction? Yet that Power is not stated by the Lord Buddha in terms of a Personality.

Pythagoras also gives a similar teaching, though he attributes Personality of a kind to the Substratum.

God is one; and He is not, as some suppose, outside of this frame of things, but within it; but, in all the entireness of His being, is in the whole circle of existence, surveying all nature, and blending in harmonious union the whole; the author of all His own forces and works, the giver of light in heaven, and Father of all; the mind and vital power of the whole world, the mover of all things.

One of the most striking poems of the West, Tennyson's *The Higher Pantheism*, while all the time asserting the Personality of God, practically reveals a non-personal Divinity.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but that which has power to feel "I am I"?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom.
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise, O soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

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And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see:
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

Thus we have stated in Hinduism, Buddhism, in the teaching of Pythagoras and in a representative pantheistic creed, the conception of a spiritual basis to everything. But we may well ask, Is that basis, however, a Person?

What do we mean by a "Person"? One of the mysterious things of life is that the more we know a person the less we know him. We do know something of a person when we love him; one element of our loving is that we discover about him a mystery which does not exist in other persons. For this friend of ours becomes the centre of a great revelation, a mirror to reflect wonderful mysteries, a window through which we look into Infinity itself. We discover all kinds of mysteries about the one we love, which make him cease to be a person, at least like those normally around us.

Can we ever imagine it possible that whole universe should become a Person? Yet that was not difficult for many a painter in the Middle Ages, with his little conception of God. God was painted as an elderly gentleman with a white beard—so much so that now in Italy, when people see an elderly man with a long white beard, he is nicknamed a *Padre Eterno,* a "God the Father". But with our modern scientific knowledge, when we know the size of the solar system, how near is our nearest star, and how far all the others, how can we imagine God, "who is everywhere," in the form of a Person? But still people do. A child will imagine God in the image of a loving father. The child is right in so imagining, and he is gaining a vision of the Truth. But it would be no less right if we were to imagine otherwise. Let me read here a poem of W. B. Yeats, where he describes what Kanva, an Indian sage once saw.

I passed along the water's edge below the humid trees,
My spirit rocked in evening's hush, the rushes round my knees,

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My spirit rocked in sleep and sighs; and saw the moorfowl pace
All dripping on a grassy slope, and saw them cease to chase
Each other round in circles; and I heard the eldest speak:
"Who holds the world between His bill and makes us strong or weak
Is an undying moorfowl, and He lives beyond the sky,
The rains are from His dripping wing, the moonbeams from His eye."
I passed a little farther on and heard a lotus talk:
"Who made the world and ruleth it, He hangeth on a stalk,
For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling tide
Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide."
A little way within the gloom a roebuck raised His eyes
Brimful of starlight, and he said, "The Stamper of the Skies,
He is a gentle roebuck; for how else, I pray, could He
Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like me?"
I passed a little farther on and I heard a peacock say:
"Who made the grass and made the worms and made my feathers gay,
He is a monstrous peacock, and He waveth all the night
His languid tail above us, lit with myriad spots of light."

I think I like the peacock's creed best, for is not the cosmic tail visible to us every night? Why must we think that Divinity manifests itself to all consciousnesses in only one embodiment?

Wherever this Substratum of things has manifested itself, Himself—use what pronoun you will, *Herself* would be just as suitable a term—to mankind, it has been through various expressions or embodiments. In Hinduism we find the highest revelation of God as the Sage; in Greek civilisation it was as God as the Youth; in Christendom, even to-day, there are thousands who see the revelation of God in the Maid. To-day, if we had but eyes to see, we can see the revelation of God as the Child. And perhaps in the civilisation which we are building, we shall see, who knows, the revelation of God as the Friend.

C. Jinarājadāsa

(*To be concluded*)

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CONSCIOUSNESS AND SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

By H. P. BLAVATSKY

[*The following is evidently a rough commencement of an article in H.P.B.'s handwriting in the T. S. Records. It is printed exactly as she wrote it.*—C.J.]

THE *cycle* of consciousness. It is argued that there cannot be more than one object of perception at a time before the soul because soul is a unit. Occultism teaches that simultaneously our conscious[ness] could receive no less than *seven* distinct impressions, and even pass them into memory. This can be proved by striking at the same time seven keys of the scale of an instrument—say a piano. The 7 sounds will reach consciousness simultaneously; though the untrained consciousness may not be capable of registering them the first second, their prolonged vibrations will strike the ear in 7 distinct sounds one higher than the other in its pitch. All depends on training and attention. Thus the transference of a sensation from any organ to consciousness is almost instantaneous if your attention is fixed upon it; but if any noise distracts your attention it will take a number of seconds before it reaches consciousness. The Occultist should train himself to receive and transmit along the lines of the seven scales of his consciousness every impression or impressions simultaneously. He who reduces the intervals of physical time the most, has made the most progress.

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The names and order of the 7 scales are.

1. Sense-perception;
2. Self-perception (or apperception)
3. Psychic apperception—which carries it to
4. Vital perception.

These are the four lower scales and belong to the psycho physical man. The[n] come

5. Manasic discernment;
6. Will perception and
7. Spiritual conscious apperception.

The special organ of consciousness is of course the brain, and is located in the aura of the pineal gland in the living man. During the process of mind or thought manifesting to consciousness, constant vibrations of light take place. If one could see clairvoyantly in the brain of a living man one could almost count (see with the eye) the seven shades of the successive scales of light, from the dullest to the brightest.

What consciousness *is* can never be defined psychologically. We can analyse and classify its work and effects—we cannot define it, unless we postulate an Ego distinct from the body. The septenary scale of states of consciousness is reflected in the heart, or rather its area[1], which vibrates and illumines the *seven brains* of the heart as it does the seven divisions or rays around the pineal gland.

This consc[iousness] shows to us the difference between the nature and essence of, say, astral body and Ego. One molecular, invisible unless condensed, the other atomic-spiritual. (See example of smoker—ten cigarettes the smoke of each retaining its affinity.

[1] Word difficult to decipher; may be intended for "aura," though it looks like "area".—C.J.

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Idea of Ego the only one compatible with the facts of physiological observation.

The mind or Ego, the *subject* of all and every state of consciousness is essentially a unity. The millions of various sub-states of consc[iousness] are a proof of the existence of this Ego. Even the brain cells furnish us with those states which affirm to us that there is an immortal soul etc.

Every one of the five recognized senses was primarily a mental sense. A fish born in a cave is blind—let it out into a river and it will begin to *feel* it sees, until gradually the physical organ of sight evolves and it will see. A deaf and dumb man hears *internally*, in his own way. Knowing feeling willing not faculties of mind—its colleagues (p. 631.)

[H. P. Blavatsky]

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"NAIA MALENKAIA DOCHKA"

By ANON

The truth of the following chronicle, sent by a correspondent who wishes to remain anonymous, is vouched for in every detail. At the time she had not even heard of Theosophy, astral bodies, karma, etc.

* * * *

I was living on the Continent, and all the family had been ill with influenza during the winter. We decided on a change at the sea. On or about February 23rd, 1914, I went to Virazze, a small seaside resort near Genoa, to look for a house to rent for a couple of months. I went with a friend, and after a picnic lunch, we sat on the sun-parched piles of seaweed, enjoying the breeze and the quiet, after noisy Genoa. My friend dozed off, but as I looked into the deep blue of the water beneath me, a strange feeling came over me —a feeling difficult to describe in words—but I felt outside myself far away from time and space, and in a flash of thought I knew that a child was coming into my life—a girl child. I had already adopted a boy, who was then nearly nine years old, and about to be sent to England. When the experience left me, I thought a friend of mine, but lately married, was perhaps about to become a mother, but I found I was mistaken. I found myself, however, continually thinking of this strange experience.

In July of that year, we returned to England, and were detained there on account of the war and my mother's health.

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One day, as I walked down Queen's Road, Bayswater, I looked into the window of a small curio shop and among beads and other trinkets, I noticed a little bronze model of a child's hand. It looked like a good piece of work, of either late seventeenth or eighteenth century, probably of Italian or French origin. I told my mother I had set my heart on having this thing, and thought of it night and day, until she gave it me as a Xmas present. I asked the shopman if he knew anything about the history of this beautiful bit of work. He said he got it in a "lot" from a sale of objects belonging to a French family who had been for many, many years "over Pimlico way". Once I possessed it, I kept it in my hand-bag, for fear of losing it.

We returned to Italy in May, 1915, and soon afterwards I mislaid the little bronze hand, and, strangely enough, never thought more about it.

At this time I was studying Russian, and in April, 1916, I asked some friends to recommend me a teacher. They told me of a lady who was in great financial difficulties, and who would be grateful for work. I wrote and asked this person to call, but was out when she came. She waited, however, and when I first caught sight of her in our hall, I had a strange feeling that I had known her all my life, and was sure she held some strange and tragic secret. I knew, at once, that she was an abandoned wife. This was on April 10th.

I arranged to have a lesson every other day, but on the morning of the 18th, she did not appear. She came just as I was going out. During that night (17th to 18th April) I had dreamed I saw her in a poor and dirty room, lying on a narrow truckle bed, with a child of little more than a year old, nestled against her neck.

On my asking what had made her so late, Mme. X. answered in Russian "My little daughter cried so, she would not let me come away."

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"Naia malenkaia dochka," the words kept ringing through me all the lesson, and although I showed no outward sign of any interest, my thoughts kept straying to that baby.

When Mme. X. turned to leave, I asked her to bring the child next time she came.

On April 20th Mme. X. arrived, accompanied by a Serbian woman, who lived with Madame and gave voluntary service in exchange for the privilege of sleeping on Madame's floor at night.

She placed the sixteen-months-old baby on the ground, and it ran straight to me with open arms, much to the astonishment of mother and nurse, who both declared the child *very* shy and nervous with strangers. I shall never forget the child's smile. She sat on my knees and ate ravenously. While so doing, she placed her little hand on mine. I seemed to know it—where had I seen it before? Then the bronze model flashed before my memory. It was an exquisitely beautiful hand that rested on mine, with long supple fingers and square tips. I placed the child on its mother's knees, and went off to find the bronze hand. I had entirely forgotten what had become of it. I stood on the landing, perplexed and not knowing where to look. Suddenly I felt that I had to go into the maid's room and look in a certain drawer. I followed this suggestion, and found many of my things had been put away in that place by my sister—unknown to me. Among them I found the bronze hand. I took it down to the drawing-room, and found it to be an exact model of the child's hand, even to the lines on the palm.

On July 2nd of that year, I had a frantic 'phone call from Mme. X. The child was dangerously ill with dysentery. I rushed down, in the heat of the day, to the house in one of the worst slums of the city, where the Tsarist Government kept a hospice for its derelicts. Here I found the room I had seen in my dream, and on the truckle bed lay the child, in the most

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piteous rags and dirt. I did what I could and then returned home. My mother and I at once decided that the only hope of saving the child was to move it from its hideous surroundings, and we found accommodation for both mother and child in a neighbouring convent, where they soon both gained health and strength.

On August 19th, we went to our country estate, and took Mme. X. and child with us. Mme. X. stayed about 3 months. During this time, I twice dreamed I was introduced to Madame's father in an hotel in Paris. He was introduced as M. Semeneff. I looked at him and said:

"Why do you try to take me in? You are Prince Z. Mme. X's father."

Then he told me the whole story of his daughter's life and added:

"Warn her, warn her, that if ever she returns home, it will mean her death."

I told Mme. X. the first part of the dream, and I saw by her face that every word of the story was true, and when she asked me what her father was like, she even accused me of looking through some papers she kept in a drawer, where she secretly hid her father's portrait. I did not tell her of the warning, and many years afterwards I learned that "Semeneff" was Prince Z's *nom de plume* while in exile in France.

After three months we finally persuaded Mme. X. not to take the child with her back to town, but to leave it in my care, until she found some settled occupation.

Madame X. left her little daughter on December 6th, just before the child's second birthday.

On April 10th of the following year Mme. X. wrote asking me to be the child's Godmother. The child had not received orthodox baptism, and Mme. X. did not accept the rite as performed by a fanatical R. C. an ex nun, who one day happened to come while the child was being bathed. This

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woman had suddenly seized the infant, and splashed soapy water over its head, baptizing it by the name of Mary Magdalene.

I took the little one down to town, where she received her real name at the hands of the Russian priest. The summer of 1917 and the early part of 1918 passed uneventfully. Mme. X. never came to see her daughter, who grew more and more fond of me. The child was delicate and backward for her age, and could not speak clearly at the age of four years.

In the autumn of 1918 we sold the estate, and removed to a town in another part of Italy. Mme. X. decided she could no longer live separated from her daughter, so that finally I took the child to her, but the separation did not come until a month later, December 17th. No arguments could persuade Mme. X. to leave the child with us.

"In less than five years that child will come back to me," I said.

"Never, never," was her reply—but I knew I had to wait just five years.

I therefore decided to leave home and come to England, where I could prepare myself for the day of the child's return. I felt convinced my prophetic intuition would not fail me, and I took a course of pedagogy at the London University.

I had continued to correspond with Mme. X. On April 10th, 1920, she wrote me she had decided to return to her family in S. Russia.

She expressed a wish to see me again, as it might prove the last time. I answered her by an express letter in which I told her my dream of her father's warning, and I also added that I had a strong feeling that the Bolsheviks would shortly invade that part of the country. (Since then, the child has told me that her mother read this letter to her, and she remembers begging her mother not to leave Italy.)

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I journeyed to Italy late in May, expressly to repeat to Mme. X. the warning received in the dream three years before. I could only get a promise from Madame, that she would make a will nominating me the child's guardian. I never saw her again.

I received a letter on December 8th which enclosed the will, written and dated December 6th, 1920. After Xmas I returned to England and resumed my pedagogical studies.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of February 23rd, 1921, I was busy dressing, when I suddenly heard my name called three distinct times. I looked up and saw Mme. X. standing near me, her hair white and dishevelled, her clothes in rags, her hands stretched out towards me. As I looked, she gradually disappeared, until only her eyes remained, shining with tears.

I went down and told my experience to all at the breakfast table. The next day, I saw in *The Times* that the Bolsheviks had entered the town of W. at midday of the 23rd, which time corresponds roughly to 8 o'clock in London. (Later I learnt that Mme. X. had fainted at that hour and had lain in a state of coma for most of the day. Her hair, too, turned white in a few hours.)

I moved heaven and earth to learn what had become of the child and her family, and after much difficulty I finally got in touch, through the agency of one of the foreign Consuls in London. I heard that Mme. X. was ill with paratyphoid, and that she and the whole family were in the most terrible misery. I could get little or no help through to them.

During the night of September 12—13th, 1922 (the 13th was Mme. X.'s birthday) I dreamed I saw a funeral. The grave was sunk under a church wall, and at its head I saw the child, dressed in black rags, and I heard her call for me. I saw the coffin let down and I knew Mme. X. was dead. I

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even told other people it was so, without waiting for any further evidence, and I also knew she had died of phthisis, brought on by starvation. In October I received a letter from her, but I never answered it—I waited for confirmation of her death.

On December the 17th I suddenly made up my mind to return to Italy. It was the fourth anniversary of the day I had taken the child back to its mother.

On December 29th I received a letter dated November 21st from Mme. X.'s sister, begging me to remember my promise, as the child's mother had died of phthisis on September 10th and had been laid to rest on the morning of her birthday, September 13th.

I lost no time in setting about the rescue of the child. Several letters from unknown persons came from Russia, and different Relief Societies, all begging me to act quickly, as the child was reduced to a shadow, and I might be too late. The Relief Societies worked their hardest, but the child's relatives made every excuse for not parting with her. In the end, I sent a special messenger, and after still further difficulties she finally arrived on November 21st, just a year since the day her aunt wrote asking me to take the child, and all but five years after she had left me. She was legally adopted on December 16th. She was indeed a pitiable sight—a little living skeleton—I could only recognise her lovely smile. She has, however, regained all her strength and beauty during the time she has been with me. She is a bright and talented child, and strangely mystical. She has always been with Orthodox Greeks, and has naturally never been instructed in any of the tenets of Theosophy. Yet, she is always surprising me with her thoughts. Her relatives never gave her even the barest rudiments of religious instruction. The child was devoted to her mother, and she felt her death only too keenly, especially as her relatives had neglected her, and left her

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unkempt and uncared for. The child seems to have kept up her courage by seeing glimpses of her mother. She sometimes speaks to me of her beauty, and of her looking so well and happy. The child loves to talk of beautiful and mysterious subjects, and rather especially of Jesus, of whom, she says, she is very fond. One day, she asked me to tell her the story of the picture which hung over her bed. It represented Mary Magdalene and Christ at the empty grave. I told her the tale very simply, and with no comments. I expected the child to ask questions regarding physical resurrection, of which, as far as I know, this was the first time she had heard.

"How pleased Mary must have been to see her Jesus. But it was not the body which they had buried, that Mary saw, it was his second body, full of light."

A few days later, she asked me at what age Christ died, and I told her.

"Oh!"—she exclaimed—"that was too young . . . but has he returned yet?"

"No"—I answered, but told her that some people believed He would do so shortly.

"And how will He be known? Will He be as last time and will He do the same things?"

I repeated I did not know, but that perhaps He would come so unobtrusively that only a few would know Him, like the last time.

"But I hope He will not change much," she replied, "I hope He will wear His hair long, as last time. I should not be pleased if He changed much, I would like Him to be as I remember Him."

Although the child has *never* been told about Reincarnation, Astral bodies, etc., she often talks of these things with the utmost familiarity. One day, she brought me some dead leaves she had picked up off the road.

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"They are so beautiful," she exclaimed, "although they are dead. We become white and ugly when we die, but the leaves change to red, and are lovely."

I explained how the life-sap returned to the tree and goes out again, to form the new leaves next spring.

"Oh! that is just like us."

"Like us? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, don't we return to Heaven and redescend to earth as new persons—is that not like the leaves?"

Her love for her mother is still very deep, and she often likes to talk of her with me.

"Do you think my mother has been born again yet," she asked me.

"I do not think so, because mother has need of a long rest after her life of suffering. I hope she is still resting."

Another time she asked me:

"Where are the souls of the dead while they rest, and what do they do?"

Once she surprised me by saying:

"Next time I am born, I am not coming to this earth. I am going to Mars."

Another remark runs as follows:

"When one dies on Earth, one is born in Heaven; and when one is born on the Earth, one dies in Heaven—and so goes on for ever. It is great fun."

She has absolutely no fear of death or anything connected with it. Once, however, she asked me, whether there is any such place as Hell.

"No"—I said—"I think only the ancients really believed in such a place."

"It was the place for bad people, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I replied.

She waited a moment looking thoughtful.

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"But bad people," she began again, "the really bad people, instead, stay only a short time, even only a few days, perhaps a month or only 14 days in their second body, and then this falls to pieces and they enter their third body, only to be reborn at once; and perhaps in their new life they will suffer for their naughtinesses of the last life. The Earth, then, becomes Hell for them."

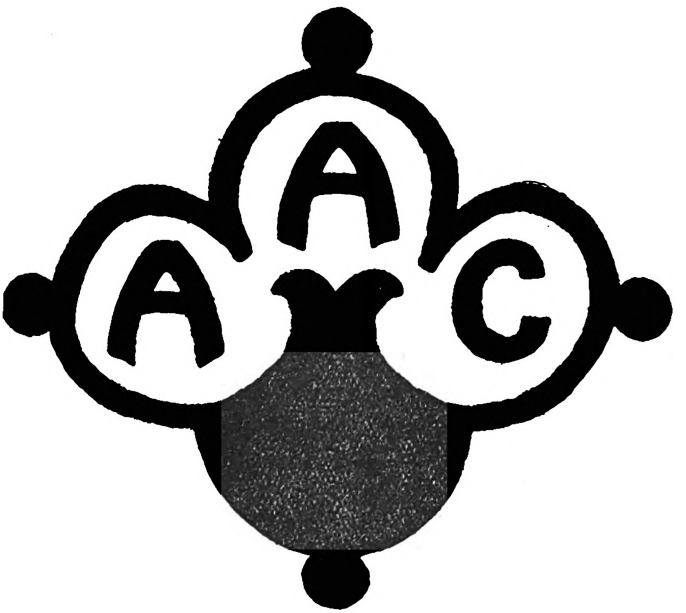
These sayings are those of a child barely ten years old. Unfortunately they are all in Italian and have suffered by translation. I will end by quoting one more, in the original. It is quite oriental in sentiment and rather suggestive of the Song of Solomon "Com'è bello il mio petto! Egli è il trono dell' anima mia!"[1]

Anon

---

[1] How beautiful is my breast, It is the throne of my Soul."

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"THE YOUNGEST OF THE SEERS"

THE POETRY OF NATHALIA CRANE, AGED TEN

By JAMES H. COUSINS, D. LIT.

NATHALIA CRANE was born in New York City on August 11, 1913. She began to write poetry before she was nine years old. Her parents found her verses in her private album. Some of them were sent to a Brooklyn newspaper. They were accepted, published, and paid for on their merits. A call at the office, by request, disclosed to the editor the unsuspected fact that the poetess was "none other than a little girl—a shy, unassuming youngster who was as embarrassed during the interview as I was myself". Her poetry up to 1923, when she was ten years old, was published in 1924 in a volume of

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fifty-seven pages of matter entitled *The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems* (Thomas Seltzer, New York)—and, accepting the facts as stated in the forewords and afterword to the volume, and reading the book with open ears and eyes, one can only conclude that the new era in English poetry is upon us.

Some of the poems in this profoundly moving book, if they had been discovered among discarded pages of manuscript by the authors of *Alice in Wonderland* or *A Child's Garden of Verse*, would have been hailed as masterpieces of child-poetry. To catch something of their significance we have first to realise that, for all their absolute mastery of expression within certain limits, they are the work of a girl of ten years of life; and then to drop extraneous consideration and take them for what they are. Happily Nathalia's poems made their first bid for recognition entirely on their own merits. The identity of their writer was an after-discovery which, while it could not alter verdicts given, gave them an atmosphere that made possible the phrase: "the miracle that is Nathalia Crane." An editor tells how he accepted certain of her poems. The first was *The History of Honey*. He speaks of this as "a whimsical piece of verse such as an editor rarely receives, a rhythmical, lilting production that would gladden the heart of anyone . . ." Here are some of its stanzas:

> *The History of Honey*—by an aged mandarin,
> And I bought it for the pictures of the burnished bees therein . . .
> . . . According to the mandarin, the Oriental bees
> Were the first to hoard their honey in the mountain cavities . . .
> . . . Many mountains bulged with honey stored before the days of Ming.
> From each crevice dropped the essence of a very precious thing.
> Imprisoned in this honey, aging as the aeons wane,
> Are the souls of all the flowers, waiting to be born again.

That from a girl of ten—with its burnished bees, bulging mountains, and the touch of the perfect Chinese connoisseur

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sipping "the essence of a very precious thing"! Little wonder that speculation got afoot as to the explanation of this new literary phenomenon. An unsigned note on the jacket of the book says: "If ancestry can offer any clue to the miracle that is Nathalia Crane, her lineage might partially answer the question, 'How—how did she, the little poetess, come to be?'" Then follows a list of ancestors—Mayflower immigrants, a family of Spanish poets, a Minister to Ferdinand of Spain, the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, a writer for newspaper syndicates, a father who *was* a journalist, Cranes who fought in various wars, a New York lawyer, an ambassador, an authoress, and an editor who "aided the Empress Eugenie in her escape from the French capital". After that Nathalia could hardly help being something. Yet there are a good many people of quite as eminent ancestry who have never penned a line of verse; and there are poets, like Burns, who, for want of such ancestry, have compelled their commentators to fall back on the Olympians. Nevertheless, this search for ancestral justification of the phenomenon of Nathalia Crane has its element of truth. The history of poetry is the history of the successive emergence of peaks from a submerged tradition, and it is nearer essentials to look back for hints than to take refuge in a mere exclamation of "strange insight for a comparative infant," or to utter "almost uncanny" of *My Husbands*—a poem that may be set alongside Shelley's *Ariel to Miranda* with its similarity of idea and lustrous phraseology, and its full utterance as of a mature woman of deep insight. The horizontal aspect of ancestry, however, is not sufficient to account for the Originals; neither are the expanding concentric circles of environment. Nathalia shares the liberty and articulateness of the modern American child, but there is not a hint of mere childish precocity in these poems.

Indeed, one of the striking features of the poetry of Nathalia Crane is its lack of childishness. Strictly speaking,

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there is not a purely child-poem in the book. The stage is set for child's-play, but it never quite comes off: something ancient (and frequently very modern) flashes out in a line of acute psychology, like her reading of the ardent character of her playmate, Roger Jones, the janitor's boy:

> He'll carry me off, I know he will,
> For his hair is exceedingly red . . .

or the glance of the Old Eve in *The Rovers*:

> And when I felt like swooning, John Paul Jones supported me . . .

or the touch of worldly wisdom in the poem on the play-ship, *The Swinging Stair*:

> The surf upon the sandbars called the price of sugar cane;
> It was mounting every moment down upon the Spanish Main.

The poem *Love* is an exquisite piece of irony, with pert nose in air and twinkle in eye in the last stanza:

> Now Marjory is seven years,
> And I am nine and more.
> We went a-strolling after cream
> Into a Flatbush store.
>
> The handsome clerk said "Ladies, yes,
> I'll serve you with a rush."
> He looked so very scrumptious that
> We both began to blush.
>
> He smiled at us, we smiled at him,
> And then we went away:
> We were so captivated, yes,
> That we forgot to pay.
>
> Of course we could have sauntered back,
> And settled, don't you see,
> But oh, we could not stain romance
> With monetary fee.

Modernity of the "sex complex" is vocal in *Jealousy*, in which she tells of the formation of a guard of young daughters being necessitated by the fact that

> . . . Some Papas are rather young, and need a daughter's care,

especially when senior girls gaze at them.

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Some day, of course, I will mature, and know a little more,
But now I am content to be my mother's Signal Corps.

And mother knows when I go out with Pa things are O. K.,
For I belong to the Flatbush guards—we don't let father stray.

Nathalia knows a few things already as to human nature, and presents them in little myth-poems like *Mid-day at Trinity* which not only gives us the striking figure of the pigeons partaking of their holy communion in the crumbs dropped by worshippers, but makes a shrewd stroke at others besides doves who flutter down from loyalty to the saints when tempted by secular dainties. There is something deliciously impish in her description of getting her clothes wet in *The First Snowstorm*; and in *Suffering* in which, through sitting in muslin on a bee, she gets to "know the tenseness of humiliating pain". She makes the chiselled image of *The Reading Boy* live

With the rapture of an angel up against a lively tale.

In *The Battle on the Floor* she describes a mimic fight set by her ex-soldier father, and throws the spirit of America into the verse:

The enemy's upon the rug,
We've fathomed their design;
So now we'll bring the doughboys up
And charge the whole darn line.

Mother steps in:

She says that war is bad enough,
And pretty rough, to boot,
Without a battlefield at home,
Or teaching girls to shoot.

Then Pa, he stops the battle, and
We put things in their place;
We know when we have fought enough
By the look on mother's face.

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There is a world of unspoken revelation of mother-criticism of warfare in that look. But there is also in the poem the commentary of the new element of free womanhood that will yet lift struggle from the gross physical realm to higher realms.

I think that father's quite correct
Describing things to me,
And all that war in rainy France
That lies across the sea.

For father feels that every girl
Should have some nerve and tone,
And know just how to manage in
A battle all her own.

Technically also there is nothing of the mere child in the poetry of Nathalia Crane. She stumbles a couple of times in rhyming *saw* with *floor* and *more*; but Emerson rhymed *draw* and *proprietor*. There is a too frequent use, perhaps, of seven foot couplets. But apart from these negligible flaws, she has what one of her sponsors calls a "simple finality of phrase" that places her at once among the masters, as distinct from the slaves, of the English language. Take *The Vestal* as an example of extraordinary economy yet sufficiency of speech, with a decorative visual accompaniment and an *obligato* of masterly, because inevitable, alliteration. The poem is also an expression of a point of view entirely grown up. It has not the warmth and wistfulness of *The Blessed Damosel*; but it might be discovered without surprise in George Meredith's poetry drawer—the Comic Muse in serious vein, turning the *Hymn to Colour* into a homily against false asceticism.

Once a pallid vestal
Doubted truth in blue;
Listed red as ruin,
Harried every hue;

Barricaded vision,
Garbed herself in sighs;
Ridiculed the birth marks
Of the butterflies.

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Dormant and disdainful,
Never could she see
Why the golden powder
Decorates the bee;

Why a summer pasture
Lends itself to paint;
Why love unapparelled
Still remains the saint.

Finally she faltered;
Saw at last, forsooth,
Every gaudy colour
Is a bit of truth.

Then the gates were opened;
Miracles were seen;
That instructed damsel
Donned a gown of green:

Wore it in a churchyard,
All arranged with care;
And a painted rainbow
Shone above her there.

There are individual lines and phrases scattered through the book that show the virtuoso of language, but to cull these would overload our study. The significance of this aspect of the matter in its bearing on the historical development of English poetry is indicated by an editorial comment in a New York paper: "The modernists will be pained to find that she is not of their number." She simply takes the tradition of poetry in both her young hands and with a laugh closes up the hiatus of the free verse interlude.

The examples that we have quoted show the strong humanity of the young poetess. In *Prescience* she carries it upwards:

A precious place is Paradise and none may know its worth,
But Eden ever longeth for the knickknacks of the earth.

The angels grow quite wistful over worldly things below;
They hear the hurdy-gurdies in the Candle Makers' Row.

They listen for the laughter from the attics of the earth;
They lower pails from heaven's walls to catch the milk-maids' mirth.

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The last line quoted is a pun of visualisation. A child might fancy angel's lowering pails, but the purpose here stated is a convolution of sight and speech far beyond the "creation" of the purely child mind.

There are poems in the book that fall from heights of the inner consciousness far above the peaks of a child's present life. I shall not soon forget the thrill of reading *To-morrow* for the first time. It is now a precious possession of memory.

> The sun shall shine in ages yet to be,
> The musing moon illumine pastures dim,
> And afterwards a new nativity
> For all who slept the dreamless interim.
>
> The starry brocade of the summer night
> Is linked to us as part of our estate;
> And every bee that wings its sidelong flight
> Assurance of a sweeter, fairer fate . . .
>
> When you return, the youngest of the seers,
> Released from fetters of ancestral pose,
> There will be beauty waiting down the years—
> Revisions of the ruby and the rose.

I am not aware of the intellectual environment of Nathalia. References in her poems to Oriental books and toys may infer some knowledge of Oriental ideas, and even an oblique hint of reincarnation which the eager mind may have caught up even without knowing. But there is something in the foregoing lines (even in the grammatical crevasses that one has to leap across) that has the touch of revelation. The instrument of the higher consciousness is young enough not to be afraid of setting its foot on a platitude as a stepping-stone towards truth that lies beyond the frontiers of its own intellectual area. All philosophy in the East declares the necessity of dropping the curtains of prejudice as a preliminary to clear vision of reality. But this process is one of life after life, as the poem indicates, and the new aspects disclosed by the infinite Beauty are not revisions in the sense of change in

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the objects of Beauty, but re-visions in the sense of added faculty of perception. A world of experience has been thrown into a verse by a child. But is it a child? Whose is that voice mixed with hers that calls her "the youngest of the seers?" Have we a clue to it in *My Husbands*?

I hear my husbands marching
The aeons all adown,
The shepherd boys and princes—
From cavern unto crown.

I hear in soft recession
The praise they give to me;
I hear them chant my titles
From all eternity . . .

To some I gave devotion,
To some I kinked the knee;
But there was one old wizard
Who laid his spells on me.

He showed me like a master
That one rose makes a gown;
That looking up to heaven
Is merely looking down.

He marked me for the circle,
Made magic in my eyes;
He won me by revealing
The truth in all his lies.

So when I see that wizard
Among the marchers dim,
I make the full court curtsy
In fealty to him.

To those who have gone deep into the problems of the psyche, especially as they are dealt with in Vedāntic thought and experience, the paradoxical statements of the fourth and fifth stanzas will bear indications of an expansion of consciousness beyond the one-life experience of the ego and a simultaneous association with another ego in the relationship of neophyte to hierophant. Sometimes this relationship is sufficiently close to the normal consciousness to remain stable through

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life. Sometimes it shows itself at a particularly favourable time, but fades out as the external mind becomes opaque with the dust of life. Whether this high level of inner experience will remain with Nathalia or not, time will tell. If it does, then poetry is destined to something far beyond its previous achievements, something akin to the momentary realisations of Wordsworth, and the constant vision of Blake and Shelley, A.E., and Tagore, but with the difference that comes of expression through the instrumentality of a seer-singer born in a woman's body in the special environment of America. If the high level does not remain, we are still in possession of " the essence of a very precious thing ".

I am inclined to think that Nathalia is not merely an infant prodigy, but one of those young old souls so familiar in tradition and life in India, who come into life equipped through spiritual heredity (not merely human heredity) with specially responsive instruments of vision, thought, feeling and expression, and with the capacity for keeping them responsive despite the dulling tendencies of normal environment. Her greatest test will probably be misunderstanding on the part of her counsellors, or even direct antagonism as she develops her declarations of inner experience and vision. One sees the beginnings of frigidity in even the apparently complimentary accompaniments of her first book. There is a tendency to patronage in them, and to attribute her achievement to a vaporous something called " sheer instinct ". One sponsor denies her phrase of herself as " the youngest of the seers ". Another speaks of her as possessing " a talent that springs, a little too boldly, perhaps, ahead of its years ". I think, however, that Nathalia will win through, for, beyond the special overt references to Oriental things that are in her poetry, which any girl might have in these days of cross-relationships between the various countries of the world, there are certain covert allusions which seem to me to come from the Orien:

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within herself. *The Salamander Isles* externally is a phantasy of search and frustration by "snaring lights" and "false soundings". I have the feeling that it is a criticism of modern life, or indeed of life at any time that omits the illuminating East.

> Yet we won to realisation that the ports long sought in vain
> Were illusive as the May moths or the madrigals of Spain;
> And that only charts from China, drawn by wizards full of wiles
> Would give the proper bearings of the Salamander Isles.

This poem might easily be set down as a simple romance of childhood, but there are poems which reflect upon it an inner light, and justify the feeling of esotericism that hangs about much of her work. *The Symbols* is one such poem.

> The sign work of the Orient it runneth up and down;
> The Talmud stalks from Right to left, a rabbi in a gown;
>
> The Roman rolls from left to right from Maytime unto May;
> But the gods shake up their symbols in an absent-minded way
>
> Their language runs to circles like the language of the eyes,
> Emphasised by strange dilations and with little panting sighs.
>
> There are symbols set as signals for unbarricaded lips,
> Emblems manifesting merits thrilling to the finger-tips.
>
> The very serpents bite their tails; the bees forget to sting,
> For a language so celestial setteth up a wondering.
>
> And the touch of absent-mindedness is more than any line,
> Since direction counts as nothing when the gods set up a sign.

One of Nathalia's introducers writes of this poem, "As to exactly what she is trying to say in *The Symbols* I am in doubt, but it is hard to forget the Talmud stalking like a rabbi in a gown." The essence of the poem is her vision of the spherical nature of truth as distinct from the various aspects of truth that move in special directions (symbolised by the various directions of the Chinese, Hebrew and Roman scripts) and are held as exclusive, or at least superior, directions by those born on these particular paths. If she can retain this vision and

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keep away from the blandishments of sectarianism in thought or feeling, she will herself become more and more a speaker of the celestial language through unbarricaded lips. She will fulfil her own promise of herself in *The Choice*, but in ways as yet not anticipated:

Thus I pay no tribute,
Heed no tallier's call;
Only sound of kisses
From a waterfall . . .

Only broken whispers
Tracing themes unsaid;
Soft as tread of visions
O'er a poppy bed . . .

and she will not only add a new glory to literature, but will help the human spirit out of darkness and inarticulateness many degrees towards realisation and utterance of the Great Life of which she is herself in our day a sign set up by the gods.

James H. Cousins

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CERTOSA DI PAVIA
PAVIA, ITALY

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OUR ILLUSTRATION

OUR illustration shows a small-sized cloister, and behind it, as seen from one side, the great cathedral called " Certosa di Pavia ". This building is a part of the ancient Carthusian Monastery near Pavia, Italy. The cathedral is one of the most famous in all Italy. It was begun in 1396, but was not completed for several centuries. We have thus in the building a combination of several styles. The body of the Church was begun in Gothic style with a nave and aisles. But, when the rest of the Church began to be constructed, the influence of the Renaissance style slowly began to dominate, till the Certosa to-day is one of the best examples of Italian Renaissance.

We see the Roman arch appearing again and again, not only in the cloister, but also in the external galleries of the cathedral. The cathedral contains the tombs of several of the great Dukes of Milan. As usual with a monastery, there is a cloister; but at Certosa, there is not only the small cloister which we see, but also a second and a much larger one.

One of the most striking parts of the cathedral is its façade, which is not shown in the photograph. Thirty of the most distinguished architects and sculptors from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century had a share in beautifying this façade. Visitors to Lombardy usually focus their attention on the great cathedral at Milan, which is in Gothic. But the Gothic was always a foreigner in Italy. The Renaissance style at Certosa di Pavia, near Milan, is in some ways an unusually fine embodiment of the objective phases of religious feeling and decorative art which are found far and wide in Italy.

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A POEM ON CORNELIUS AGRIPPA BY THOMAS VAUGHAN

WITH A NOTE BY H. S. GREEN

IN *Man: Whence, How and Whither,* it is said that Thomas Vaughan, 'Eugenius Philalethes,' is now one of the Masters, and he is referred to throughout that book under the name Athena. In view of this fact the following poem written by him and addressed to Cornelius Agrippa is of interest, and I suggest that it should be reprinted in THE THEOSOPHIST, for it will probably be as new to many readers as it was to myself. It is copied from a small volume entitled *Secular Poems by Henry Vaughan, Silurist; Including a few pieces by his Twin-brother Thomas ("Eugenius Philalethes"),* edited by J. R. Tutin. The Biographical Note says that the twin-brothers were born about 1622 at Lower Newton on Usk, in Brecknockshire. Both were educated at Oxford University. Henry qualified as a medical man and followed his profession for nearly half a century in his native county, dying in 1695, aged 73. Thomas became a clergyman and was presented with the living of his native parish, Llansaintfread, which he lost at the close of the Civil War, having been on the side of the King, and having even fought for him. "He was a great chymist, a noted son of the fire, an experimental philosopher, a zealous brother of the Rosie-Crucian fraternity, an understander of some of the Oriental languages, and a tolerable good English and Latin poet." He died February 27, 1665, and it has been said that he was buried at Albury, but the registers of the place supply no information.

AN ENCOMIUM ON THE THREE BOOKS OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, KNIGHT

Great glorious penman! whom I should not name,
Lest I might seem to measure thee by fame:
Nature's apostle and her choice high-priest,
Her mystical and bright evangelist.
How am I rapt when I contemplate thee,
And wind myself above all that I see!
The spirits of thy lines infuse a fire
Like the world's soul, which make me thus aspire.

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I am unbodied by thy books, and thee,
And in thy papers find my ecstasy;
Or if I please but to descend a strain,
Thy Elements do screen my soul again.
I can undress myself by thy bright glass,
And then resume th' enclosure, as I was.
Now I am earth, and now a star, and then
A spirit: now a star, and earth again;
Or if I will but ramasle [*sic*] all that be,
In the least moment I engross all three.
I span the Heaven and Earth, and things above,
And, which is more, join natures with their Jove.
He crowns my soul with fire, and there doth shine,
But like the rainbow in a cloud of mine.
Yet there's a law by which I discompose
The ashes, and the fire itself disclose,
But in his emerald still he doth appear;
They are but grave cloths which he scatters here.
Who sees this fire without his mask, his eye
Must needs be swallowed by the light, and die.
These are the mysteries for which I wept,
Glorious Agrippa, where thy language slept,
Where thy dark texture made me wander far,
Whiles through that pathless Night I traced the star;
But I have found those mysteries, for which
Thy book was more than thrice-piled o'er with pitch.
Now a new East beyond the stars I see,
Where breaks the day of thy divinity:
Heaven states a commerce here with man, had he
But grateful hands to take, and eyes to see.
Hence you fond schoolmen, that high truths deride
And with no arguments but noise, and pride;
You that damn all but what yourselves invent,
And yet find nothing by experiment;
Your fate is written by an unseen hand,
But his three books with the three worlds shall stand.

THOMAS VAUGHAN

On the word *Ramasle* in line 17 the editor remarks—"May be a **nisprint**. It is impossible to say with certainty what the author **neant** by it."

H. S. Green

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ALEXANDRA POGOSSKY

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND AN APPRECIATION

By K. PISSAREV

ALEXANDRA POGOSSKY was born in the year 1848, and came of a family of Vikings: I use the term in its widest sense, because her parents, who were landowners of the Government of Iver, and her four brothers were all stalwart in build, physically strong, and bold; powerful and dauntless types.

Two of her brothers were revolutionaries; they were sentenced to penal servitude, and died in Siberia. Her 3rd brother, who escaped and who for a long time led the life of a wandering exile in foreign lands, I knew personally: He and his gifted wife (known in Russia as the collector of Russian Cradle Songs) were just such active idealists as A. Pogossky, ready to sacrifice self-interest on the altar of their ideals.

A. Pogossky spent her childhood on her father's estate, in the healthy atmosphere of country life, where she was taught by different tutors engaged to prepare her brothers for the Public Schools. Being a high spirited and healthy girl, she kept pace with the four brothers in their studies, and games.

Her girlhood coincided with the period in Russian life when hosts of young educated men and women were enthusiastically taking up the cause of the people. They dreamed of sacrificing everything, their strength, knowledge and fortune, to get into touch with the people, and bring about an amelioration in the conditions of peasant life. If was an epoch of enthusiasm, spiritual service, and sacrifice in the cause of the people, whose misery and hard lot appealed to the generous heart of youth.

Many of the best of the younger generation were fired with the spirit of revolution, they yearned for the emancipation of the peasants and plunged into the fight heroically and joyfully.

A. Pogossky was swept along by the current, left her father's home, and became a village school-teacher, teaching the children by day, and in her leisure hours getting into touch with the peasant

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women. In that way A. Pogossky learnt to love the hardworking peasant woman. Her constant intercourse with them gave her an insight into their psychology and creative powers, so mightily linked up with the manifestations of nature.

During the long hours spent in the peasant's huts, she traced the patterns of their embroidered towels, and figures on their household utensils, their holiday dresses, back to those designs copied from the frost-covered windows ages ago, and handed on from generation to generation. From that time her love for the peasant folk never flagged; in spite of her twenty years of life in London, she never forgot them, nor ceased to take a warm interest in all that concerned them.

She and her brothers became ardent revolutionary propagandists, under constant risk of being arrested. When her brothers were at last thrown into prison, awaiting their trial, she lived through moments of bitter anxiety. Permission to visit persons under trial for revolutionary activities was forbidden; all sorts of rumours were circulated of the hardships they were undergoing, and the sister trembled for their lives. They were finally condemned to long terms of hard labour (in Siberia). Her favourite brother, Ivan, perished in Siberia.

***

The next phase in Anna Pogossky's life began when she met her future husband, K. Pogossky. This meeting decided her future life, for she fell in love. When married, she became one of the most devoted of wives. Energy, activity and initiative are characteristics usually assigned to man; she possessed all three in a marked degree; under the influence of love however, spirituality which is an essentially womenly trait, came uppermost. She was a very tender and loving wife, full of abnegation, and although her superior mind and personality made her at once the centre and soul of her household, she, with womanly and wifely tact, always ceded the precedence to her husband. Her marriage proved unhappy, for her husband failed to appreciate her devotion. The family life ran its course during the years of reaction which marked the reign of Alexander III, who succeeded to the throne after the assassination of his father, Alexander II.

It soon became a trial to parents to send their children to the public schools, where the system was a tedious one for the young people, but parents continued to send their children, as there were no other schools. Mme. Pogossky however, decided to get her children away by persuading her husband to go to America, the land of freedom.

***

A hard struggle for bare existence awaited them in the U. S. A. They had just enough money for the passage. Arrived there, they got permission from the Government to work in the virgin forests of

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Florida. There were four tiny children to be fed and clothed, and Mme. Pogossky's life, on arrival in Florida, was that of a veritable Robinson Crusoe. She and her husband had to do everything, literally, with their own hands. They cleared their plot of land, built their house (her husband was an architect) and laid out a plantation of oranges. The whole story of their life in those days reminds one of Mayne Read's romances;—it was one ceaseless fight against fearful adds: continual want, helplessness, wild beasts, even the very elements. They set about building their cabin, and got one corner covered in to protect the children from the torrential rains, while the parents slept in the open under an umbrella. One night they were surprised by the visit of a panther. When after labouring to get their orange trees planted, it was just finished, a forest fire broke out in the wood near by. The grass all round took fire, and when that happens, unless it can be stopped, the fire spreads and spreads into a sea of flames. As soon as Mme. Pogossky, heard the sinister crackling sound, she placed her little daughter near the edge of their plantation, and giving her a broom, told her to beat the burning grass while she ran for water. When she returned, her little girl was literally surrounded by the flames, waving the broom round and round, in vain efforts to keep them back. She had just time to spring forward and to save her little one.

Things went so badly that Mr. Pogossky went to work in a factory, not far off, and his wife was left to carry on alone, as the eldest girl was attending school, and the youngest not strong enough to work.

The people round about were mostly negroes and they had became Mme. Pogossky's best customers, for to make both ends meet, she made their clothing. She also grew vegetables, which she had to carry five miles to the nearest market, and later on, when she managed to get a piano, she gave music-lessons . . . When to all this we add the work of a household, cooking, washing and mending for the whole family, one gets an idea of the valiant work carried through during her life in Florida.

Her husband returned to Russia, where he regained the post he had previously held in Rural Administration.

His wife would have carried on, had not her health given way. She fell seriously ill; strength returned but slowly, and she felt she would be unable to feed and educate her children under such conditions. She therefore went back to her mother-country, only to find that she was unwelcome, as her husband was living with another woman, by whom he had children. She was therefore faced with the problem of how and where to start life again. Her youngest brother was at that time living in London, so she decided to join him. She was unable to take all the children with her, and one of the bitterest moments she passed through was when she had to decide which to take, and which to leave with the father. Finally she decided to leave the two youngest, in the hope that the father's heart

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would soften to them rather than to the two elder ones, who by this time understood her and clung to her.

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Arrived in London, she at first supported herself and her two daughters by making ornamental pieces for interior decoration, in hand work, carved. Her power of observation, her quickness in seeing real values, and the deep inspiration she brought to bear on everything she handled, soon attracted the attention of that Master of arts and crafts, William Morris, who became her friend, as did also the writers Kropotkin and Carpenter, and the great leader Keir Hardie.

She then conceived the idea of introducing into England the beautiful needlework done by Russian peasant-women, and she set to work to familiarise the public with that branch of Russian home-industries. To that end, A. Pogossky went to Russia to work out her project with one of the foremost authorities on rural matters at that time, Princess Fenichev, the well known philanthropist and ardent patron of peasants' handwork. She also got into touch with many artists, amongst whom was the famous illustrator of Russian Fairy-tales and nursery rhymes, Bilibine. Bilibine gave his valuable assistance in fitting up a Museum of Peasant-handwork, which A. Pogossky opened at Moscow.

Perhaps the most creative period of her life now began. She travelled the length and breadth of Russia, organised the production of home industries, peculiar to each province, for export to England. She went to the Universal Chicago Exhibition as representative, where she set going cleverly organised propaganda on the subject so dear to her. She went about the whole day long, from one building to another, showing samples and explaining methods to the representatives of all nations. The work was tiring, but she went on and on, in spite of many rebuffs, many unpleasant incidents with government officials, and in spite of the tiresome routine. The result of it all was that she at last came into open conflict with officialdom, which meant failure to all her cherished dreams, and the only thing left for her to do was to leave Russia, which she did, and settled in London.

In London, she opened a shop for the sale of Russian needlework and different articles made by hand, which she had sent from different Russian provinces. Her son, Logerin, was her right hand in this undertaking. Her daughters were also a great help to her, in managing the different depots in Russia.

In her life it is easy to distinguish those three different periods or stages : (1) aspiration, seeking, struggle and protest—known in literature as the "Sturm and Drang Period," (2) creative work, (3) spiritual progress and Self-knowledge, the summing up of what had been lived through.

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My personal acquaintance with her, which speedily developed into a lasting friendship, began when she had attained the zenith of the second stage, and was entering into the third. In the second period she had achieved the path of the pioneer, and was becoming more and more concerned with things Eternal.

From the first moment I knew her, I was struck by her originality, and as time went on, I was drawn to her by the greatness of her nature, mind and heart, which seemed to work together in equal strength. What she had once conceived to be true and beautiful, she loved inspiringly, and once she loved, her attachment never altered. There was something so strong in her character, so faithful as to make her altogether remarkable.

Her long residence in England and constant intercourse with well-known cultured people, lent to her enthusiastic Russian nature and Russian idealism a sense of proportion, of duty and business-like habits of life, which to some extent kept at a distance those who did not know her intimately. To those on the contrary who knew her well, there was revealed a loving hearted woman with a motherly tenderness, and a readiness to give her life for her friends. Her conception of life, in which her ideal of Work for work's sake, stands first and foremost, is given in her book, *International Fellowship of Work*. The main idea of which is that the basis of all social work must lie in the disinterested carrying out of some loved work; there must be a check to exploitation. The revolution with regard to work which we Russians are living through to-day, she lived up to of her own free will years before. She was convinced that the marked distinction between physical and mental work, and our habit of leaving all physical work to servants, could bring only bad results. A. Pogossky worked out her idea in her own life. She kept no servants. In later years, when she returned from Adyar, she told me that in dealing with the gentle Hindûs who waited upon her there, she had for the first time understood the beautiful intercourse possible between mistress and servant.

A. Pogossky became interested in Theosophy in 1909. In that year, during an interruption in her work, she heard that a Summer School for study was open to all those desirous of information on Theosophy, which she attended. She was so completely won over by the wide spiritual horizons revealed to her, that to the end of her life, Theosophy became all in all to her.

Of the many people she met at this School, two became her friends, Mr. Dunlop and Mme. Lesering. In his letters, Mr. Dunlop calls her "Delightful Comrade," and really it is difficult to imagine a more winning and original personality than hers. Mr. Dunlop said also that the name best suited to her was "Dana" (mother of the Gods in Celtic mythology); and we too, her Russian friends ever afterwards called her by that name. The friendship with Mr. Dunlop and Mrs. Lesering gave her the idea of "An International Union of arts and crafts," which came to an end when, in 1912, she went back to

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live in Russia. In that year, she first met Mme. Kamensky, who introduced her to the Theosophical movement in Russia. The principal writers and workers from all the Russian centres used to hold a Summer School in Podborki (gov. of Kaluga, near Moscow), on the estate of Mr. and Mme. Pissareff.

Podborki is situated in a lovely spot near Moscow. The house is very large, and stands on the summit of a hill with a view over river and fine woods, a spot peculiarly suited to meditation. The hosts were ardent Theosophists. The Theosophical gathering at Podborki in 1910 was the second of a long series, which were held there, continuing even after the outbreak of the great war, right up to 1917, when the revolution broke out, which was followed by Bolshevism, which took away the land and demolished all estates. Although these gatherings, owing to the conditions in Russia, were not official, they were really a Russian Convention.

The organiser of these meetings, and the soul of the Theosophical movement in Russia was Mme. A. Kamensky. She drew up the programme, and lent to the meetings such a spirit of discipline, charm and inspiration, that we were all carried away, and inspired to accomplish tasks of great importance. Mme. Kamensky possesses the gift of leading people to work on their own initiative, at the same time guiding them with singular tact, so that plans for the coming year were worked out in a way that gave to each branch its particular outline, while linking them all into a united whole. We worked out propaganda schemes, and marked out articles and books for future publication. Each worker carried away valuable material for the work of the coming season. In 1915 Mme. Pogossky removed to Kaluga, which henceforth became the centre of her activities. She lived in the wing of our house, organising peasant industries, supplying the peasants with materials, and receiving from them the articles ready for sale. At the same time she began to work out her idea of the preparation of vegetable pigments for dyeing handwoven thread. That meant reviving ways and methods which had been forgotten. She took a very active part in Theosophical work. She wrote and read important papers; she spoke at public meetings, and when a branch of the Order of the Star in the East was opened at Kaluga, Mme. Poushkine asked her to take charge of it. The work was carried out with great efficiency, leading to friendship between Mme. Poushkine and A. Pogossky.

There was at that time a younger member of the Kaluga T.S. Branch, called Claudia Trouneff. This charming young girl was one of the most selfless beings, and her devotion to A. Pogossky during the last four years of her life was very great.

In 1916, Mme. Pogossky went to Adyar with A. Kamensky. Her letters from India spoke of radiant happiness and spiritual light. To her this stay was a time of rest, a gathering in of the harvest of the soul, a satisfaction to which her life of faith in her ideals entitled

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her. India gave her the desire to work for the Hindū people, in the same way as she had worked for her own people.

On her return from Adyar, she went to live on the estate of her pupil, C. T. near Kaluga. There she was when the frightful Bolshevik revolution broke out, making conditions almost unbearable to a highly cultured woman, which shortened her life. All trade came to a standstill, and nothing could be bought except with cards which had to be presented at Government depots, where people were allowed to buy food of the worst quality, waiting for hours in the snow and the cold. When one realises what standing in the street for hours in the Russian climate means, one understands what it cost the Russian people to get their meagre rations. Light and fuel were as difficult to procure, while clothing reached only those whom, for some reason or other, the communists favoured. Those who were not communists went about cold, hungry, in rags, and had to spend the long winter evenings in the dark. Under those conditions she spent the last four years of her life, her office with all it contained was confiscated, and she herself was threatened with arrest, although she was confined to her bed. Her pupil offered herself in her stead, and was several days in prison. Coming back, she had to nurse A. Pogossky and her dying mother.

Nevertheless, even under such trying conditions, she continued the work; she opened a school, where the village girls were taught to embroider. The school soon became a centre of busy and harmonious work, and a Golden Chain was formed for the children.

Claudia was the life and soul of this experiment, and but for her, I repeat, Mme. Pogossky would not have survived. What she did to keep her alive was marvellous. However her health soon began to give way, and heart attacks became frequent; she took to her bed and there remained, an invalid for two years, which was very trying to one who had always been so active. The autumn and winter evenings, lying in a room without any light, were long and dreary, and would have been worse but for her brilliant mind, always busy and happy. She dreamed of getting well, and of returning to Adyar, of serving India, of working with and for the women of India to give to the land she had learnt to love her experience, her keen insight into the beautiful, and her undying love.

As I watched her, I knew that her dream would never be realised, but I marvelled at her unquenchable longing to create and to serve. In the beginning of 1919 the Bolscheviks took Claudia's house and Mme. Pogossky was placed in a monastery which had been requisitioned and where she continued to work. A great trial befell her as the trunk which contained all the designs which she had collected during thirty-five years from out-of-the-way corners of Russia, was lost.

Next summer she moved to the state where A. Kamensky had gathered together some of her friends, including the most experienced

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Theosophical workers, to open a little community in central Russia. It belonged to a member of the T.S.; it was far away from the centres of Revolution, and far from railways. We were a little band of pioneers. The colony was to be a spiritual centre and at the same time a centre of enlightenment to the surrounding peasants.

A. Kamensky succeeded, and harmony and joy reigned in the little centre. We had all sorts of meetings—Sunday afternoons for the village children (an exhibition of arts and crafts under the auspices of Dana), a co-operative society for the benefit of the villagers, and a series of concerts and lectures arranged for the peasants. Into the beautiful atmosphere of Haravaietal, A. Pogossky was brought by C. T.

In the midst of loving friends, in constant intercourse with A. Kamensky whom she revered as a spiritual guide, A. Pogossky spent the last month of her life. She felt that we are not alone, that karma is in the hands of a supreme Power, and that the peace of the Master is not a dream but a glorious reality, that the time is drawing near when the Master will come again to help a suffering world, and all is well. Her state of mind may be expressed in two words: submission and gladness. Though unable to leave her bed, she took a lively interest in our work. She passed away in February, 1921.

Death has no power to sting when a soul passes beyond earth light in such a way. Any expression of grief would seem to violate the wonderful mystery of that moment, when the soul leaves the body. We were able to stifle our grief, and to rejoice in her liberation. We felt the immortality of love. We buried her in the little village churchyard near the village church, on the 14th of February. It was a frosty day, and soft snow was falling when the funeral *cortège* started on its way. The simple coffin was covered with blue linen and had a yellow cross upon it. As there was no rope to be had, Mr. Poushkine sat beside the coffin and held it with both hands, while C. T. sat with a large crucifix at the head. It was a pathetic and beautiful little procession, following in the snow. The scenery was just in keeping with the character of our dear Dana, who so loved the open *void* of a Russian landscape the little hamlets, the working peasantry.

We got a friendly priest to read the religious service, and after the *requiem* we saw the coffin put into the grave. We felt that Dana was already in the glad consciousness of spirit, that her dear soul had risen into realms of light, that it was not a time for tears, but for a glad hymn of joy for the resurrection of the dead into everlasting life.

K. Pissarev

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THE THEOSOPHICAL FIELD

LEAGUE FOR PROHIBITION OF CRUEL SPORTS

President: Sir George Greenwood. *Hon. Treasurer*: Ernest Bell.
Secretary: Henry B. Amos

FOR some time it has been felt by many humanitarians that a special society was needed in order to give cohesion and greater strength to the scattered forces throughout the country which are opposed to blood-sports. It has now been made possible to go forward, and the above society has been formed.

The principle underlying the object of the League is that it is iniquitous to inflict suffering, either directly or indirectly, upon any sentient animal for the purposes of sport. Thus, Rabbit and Hare-Coursing, Fox, Otter, and Stag-Hunting, and Beagling, are all included.

A strong representative Advisory Committee is in process of formation, and already the following have joined: Sir Herbert Barker; Alderman M. Conway, J.P. (ex-President, National Union of Teachers); Canon Donaldson of Westminster; Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton; Mr. Donald Macleod (member, British Olympic Council); Mr. E. Rosslyn Mitchell, M.P.; Mr. Henry W. Nevinson; Mr. Percy E. Scholes; Miss Sybil Thorndike; Rev. Dr. Walter Walsh.

A number of leaflets, of which a list will be found on p. 673, have been printed, and others will be added as occasion offers.

Particular attention is being directed, at the outset, to rabbit-coursing and the hunting of the carted stag, which are covered by the Protection of Animals Bill now before Parliament. The specific objects of this Bill are to protect those animals which, though nominally wild, are, in fact, kept in captivity or confinement and released for the purpose of being hunted or coursed. The Bill does not apply to any form of sport which is concerned with wild animals in their natural condition of freedom.

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A Bill along these lines was introduced into the last Parliament by Mr. Isaac Foot, M.P. for Bodmin. It got through both the first and second readings and was sent to Committee when Parliament was dissolved. Owing to Mr. Foot not being returned to the present Parliament, a new sponsor had to be found. Mr. H. G. Williams, Unionist M.P. for Reading, has undertaken this duty, and the Bill is backed by Dr. Drummond Shiels, Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, Sir Philip Richardson, Mr. Robert Smillie, and Mr. R. J. G. Boothby, and has passed the second reading in the present session.

Meantime a vigorous campaign against *all* other blood-sports will be undertaken. The many callous cases of cruelty to foxes during the past season have brought this form of hunting particularly to the front. One such case only need be noted: that of the fox driven to take refuge in a dwelling-house at Petersfield, Hants, in February. Our readers will recall the circumstances, printed in papers all over the country, and satirised in *Punch* in a scathing article, since reprinted, how, the fox, dead-beat after a fifteen-mile run, sought sanctuary by jumping through the window of the house and hiding in the chimney-flue.

Every effort to dislodge the quarry, even to the extent of smoking him out, was tried, but without avail. Finally, workmen were called in, bricks were removed from the chimney, and the fox grabbed and thrown to the dogs.

This is only a specimen of what hunting men consider legitimate "sport". The same spirit is manifested in the other blood-sports, as reports in the Press and our leaflets show.

In order to prosecute the work of the League effectively, the co-operation of all our friends is needed. Not only in writing letters to the Press, by the distribution of leaflets, by forming groups interested and by keeping us fully informed of cruel sporting incidents in their district, so that the same may be followed up, but also—and this particularly—financially. Without the sinews of war no movement can succeed, but with it a definite onslaught can be made forthwith on what is one of the most deeply entrenched citadels of cruelty, in our land—*viz.*, the blood-sports.

A special "Spread-the-Light" fund has been opened, and gifts—no matter how small—will be warmly welcomed by the Treasurer, Mr. Ernest Bell, at York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C. 2.

H. B. A.

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THE CHASE OF THE WILD RED STAG ON EXMOOR

The following article is printed with the kind consent of Lord Coleridge and of the Proprietors of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, in which it was first published.

On a bright, cold, sunshiny October day I started from Lynton on my way across the moors to Portlock Weir. The sea upon my left was flecked with the foam of curling waves, and upon my right the brown hills stretched in ridge after ridge, their sides "enfolding sunny spots of greenery". As I was scanning the middle distance I became aware of a number of moving dots on the outskirts of a deep wood which runs down to Badgeworthy Water. The faint winding of a horn came up upon the breeze, and from the edge of the woodland burst forth a noble stag. His antlers were laid flat upon his back, and with incredible speed he made away across the open moor. I watched him as he ran. He must have felt a tingling triumph all along the blood, for he was unpursued. In time he came to cultivation. He leapt the hedges in his pride, raced across the open fields and was soon lost to view.

I then knew what there was in store for him. To get him thus to break away from covert had needed all the resources of the hunter's craft. Doubtless he had been "harboured" by the harbourer. The tufters, the old sagacious hounds, who are not easily diverted from their quarry by the crossing scent of other deer, had tracked him in his efforts to force others from the wood while he remained within the shelter. And now he had been driven forth, the tufters had been whipped off, and the hounds, which had been waiting at a little distance, were being sent for to be put upon his track.

The field were content to wait; there was no need of haste. To the inexperienced spectator nothing could be fairer. The hunted stag was given a noble start before the pursuing pack was put upon his scent.

And yet his chance of escape was but small. When once a stag is forced into the open it is not likely that he will live to see another day. He is a big, wild beast; he cannot run to earth. And unless he manages to reach a wood like Horner Wood, which not only covers a large area of ground, but which swarms with other deer, and even then has wondrous luck, his fate is sealed.

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I saw the pack laid on,

> Bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
> Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls.

Instantly their full-mouthed baying came singing to me on the wind as they raced across the russet moor.

"Chime, ye dappled darlings," says the Rev. Charles Kingsley. So did their music sound in the ears of a hunting man, a clergyman of the mid-Victorian age. Did he ever pause, think you, to consider how this "music" struck upon the heart of the haunted quarry and turned it to stone?

The stag meanwhile had one goal he strove to reach—the sea. In its welcoming billows would he shake off this fell pursuit. But hunting man prevented him. Along the summit of the moorland parallel with the coast he had erected a high paling, inexorable to deer, to prevent the baffling of the hunt by that escape. Besides the paling, then, he sped until it ended, and then once more he sought the sea. In the woodland through which I passed he crossed my path, a wearied, panting thing, and after an interval the dogs in Indian file, with long and tireless loup, each giving an occasional tongue as their nostrils caught the exhilarating scent.

With that mysterious rapidity by which news travels, the people at Porlock Weir, on the seashore for which the stag was making, got wind of his approach, and in numbers they had congregated, not to render aid to the animal in his distress, but to drive him back into the jaws of the pursuing hounds. They succeeded. But the sea would have been no harbour of refuge. A stag puts out to sea, but not with the intention of swimming across a bay and landing in some safer cove. No, he puts to sea, but seldom, if ever, comes he back. He pushes into the water in his terror to escape, and swims straight out. He knows not, cares not, whither he is going. He will swim till he can swim no longer, but he will not turn to face the fangs of his pursuers. So, unless a boat puts out and captures him for a prey to the expectant hounds, he buffets with the waves till they close over him. And to-day, with the white horses curling on the crown of every billow, he would soon have been "full fathom five".

Once more the stag was driven back upon the hounds. He was hunted up and down through the coppice clothing the steep hills rising abruptly from the sea. The coppice was too thick to be traversed by the riders, so down they clattered upon the shore by a wide route to watch the closing scene. The whole countryside was

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out. I scanned the riders closely. They were of either sex and every age. Boys and girls on ponies. Women, young and elderly. Men, lay and clerical, white-haired, and those with down upon the chin. They were all intent on one thing only—the death of the hunted stag. I listened for one expression of sympathy. I looked for one sign of compassion. I heard and saw none. I thought that a certain hardness of feature was common to them all. Two elderly spinsters drove up in a small pony-carriage and joined the crowd. In these tender, ancient hearts at last, I said, the poor deer will find his friends. Not so; they had driven up in hot haste to say that the deer had leaped into the road just before their pony, thinking that their imformation might be useful to the hunt. "He cannot run much longer," they said in triumph; "he is dead-beat."

I thought to myself, have centuries of civilisation changed mankind, or are these the same people to-day who in ancient times turned up their thumbs in the amphitheatre at Rome? Once more the stag made his last and desperate effort to reach the sea. He fled into a small orchard on the level of the beach, and then the end was come. There was the lassooing, the throat-cutting, the disembowelling, and the rest of it, witnessed by the crowd, but which I did not see.

I climbed the hills on my return. The golden glory of the waning sun lit up the woods, which glowed with autumn colours. But the day was spoilt for me. The happy, hearty sportsman will tell me that I am sentimental. It may be so. I do not judge him. Let him think kindly in his turn of me.

I only place on record some sights I saw, and some thoughts which those sights aroused. The hidden mystery of cruelty and pain I do not seek to solve.

I have spoken of the pursuit of the mature and powerful stag. The hinds are likewise hunted. They have no weapons of defence. Nor have they the courage of the male. They are sometimes pulled down slowly by the dogs. Moreover, they are often hunted when they are in kind.

An animal about to become a mother may, I think, with some excuse arouse the chivalric instinct in man. Likewise, I seem somewhere to have read of a good shepherd who gently leads those that are with young. Your sportman, as he reads this, mutters to himself that clearly it is manliness that I lack, and that it is, after all, only of sheep that the ancient tale is told.—From the *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1907.

Price ½d. each or 50 for 1s., post free

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THE CRUEL SPORTS QUESTION

Pamphlets, 2d. each, post free

Sport. By Sir G. G. Greenwood. A review of the chief blood-sports: Fox-Hunting, Wild and Tame Deer-Hunting, Rabbit-Coursing, etc.

Morality of Field Sports. By the late Prof. E. A. Freeman, Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford.

Drag-Hunting and its Possibilities. By Basil Tozer, Author of "Practical Hints on Riding to Hounds".

Leaflets, 4 pp., ½d. each, or 30 for 1s., post free

The Chase of the Wild Red Stag. By Lord Coleridge.

Morality of Field Sports. By the late Prof. E. A. Freeman, Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford.

Killing for Sport. By G. Bernard Shaw.

Blood Sports Condemned. By Eminent Authorities.

The Much-Maligned Rook. By. F. S. Hawkins.

Leaflets, 2 pp., ½d. each, or 50 for 1s., post free

Cruelty in Sport. A letter by Donald Macleod, Member of British Olympic Council.

Another Bad Fox. Reprinted by permission from *Punch.*

The Drag-Hunt and Its Advantages.

Rabbit-Coursing near London. By H. B. A. Personal experience of an onlooker.

Rabbit-Coursing Condemned. By Public, Pulpit and Press.

Weighty Protests against Rabbit-Coursing, etc.

Is Hunting Sport? By A. G. G. (A. G. Gardiner).

The Eton Hare-Hunt. By Etonensis.

Sport and the Otter. By J. Collison.

Donations in aid of the work are needed and will be warmly welcomed. Cheques and money orders should be made payable to Mr. Ernest Bell, Treasurer.

LEAGUE FOR PROHIBITION OF CRUEL SPORTS

York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C. 2.

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JUBILEE CONVENTION, 1925

ARRANGEMENTS FOR INDIAN DELEGATES

Rooms in Bhojanasala and Quadrangle. Only a few rooms will be available in these two buildings, and the rooms in them will be allocated by the President in November.

General Accommodation. A certain number of general huts will be erected as usual, some for men and some for women, where delegates can put up without charge.

Special Accommodation. On previous notice being given, special huts will be erected as follows:

1.	Cubicle, 12×7 ft. for 2 persons,	Rs. 6
2.	Hut, 12×12 ft. for 4 persons,	,, 12
3.	Hut, 12×24 ft. for 8 persons,	,, 24

Request for cubicles or huts, with the necessary money, must be sent *at the latest by October 1st,* to B. Ranga Reddy Esq., Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras. Each member who has ordered special accommodation will be notified about two weeks before Convention the position of his cubicle or hut. He should therefore when ordering, write legibly his name and full address. The huts will be of cadjan, with a brick floor, and will contain a few mats only. Each hut will be lit by electric light. There will be no bed or chairs or furniture of any kind. If a cot is required, it must be specially ordered, *before October 1st,* and its cost Rs. 5 remitted with order.

Delegates: All members of the Theosophical Society are welcome as delegates. They must register their names as delegates not later than November 15th; delegates unregistered at this date cannot be guaranteed accommodation on their arrival. Intending delegates should notify Yadunandan Prasad Esq., Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.

Non-delegates accompanying members: Only the following non-delegates, when accompanying a member, can, as an exception, be accommodated during Convention: father, mother, husband or wife, and children if under 16.

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Registration Fee. Every delegate to Convention, whether a visitor to Headquarters or a resident therein, must pay a delegate's fee of Rs. 2. Each non-delegate accompanying a member must pay Rs. 3. Children under 16 are exempted from the non-delegate's registration fee. No name will be entered as a delegate or non-delegate desiring accommodation, unless previously the name or names have been registered before November 15. Registration fees must be sent to Yadunandan Prasad Esq., Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.

Meals. These will be obtainable at Bhojanasala at 8 annas a meal. It is hoped to arrange meals palatable to members from the north as well as the south. All meals will be strictly vegetarian.

Provided that enough donations are received by October 1st, two free meals on each of the four days of Convention Lectures will be given to delegates only, at Bhojanasala. A sum of Rs. 3,000 has already been collected for this purpose, but without a further sum of Rs. 2,000, it will not be possible to offer free meals to all delegates at this special Jubilee Convention, where a record number of delegates is expected. Contributions should be sent to Mr. B. Ranga Reddy.

Any delegate not desiring meals at the Bhojanasala can, on previous intimation to the Superintendent of Leadbeater Chambers, obtain them at the restaurant in Chambers, at the prices of that restaurant. No meals however will be sent out, either from Bhojanasala or Leadbeater Chambers.

Refreshments. Morning and afternoon tea and coffee and other light refreshments will be obtainable at a specially licensed stall under the management of the Boy Scouts.

Cooking. In order to safeguard against fire, no cooking will be allowed in any hut, or in the open. Only under exceptional circumstances and for reasons acceptable to the Executive of the T.S., will special kitchens be allowed; where permitted, they will be constructed under the supervision of the Fire Protection Committee, and a special charge made for their construction. Bhojanasala will not supply fuel or food-stuffs, but arrangements will be made to open a stall for this purpose.

General. Members must bring with them their bedding, such drinking vessels as are necessary, and a lantern. These cannot be provided at Headquarters.

Inquiries. All inquiries regarding Convention should be sent to Mr. Yadunandan Prasad, who is in charge of the Inquiry Department.

Convention Lectures. These will be delivered on December 24, 25, 26 and 27. Subjects and speakers will be announced later.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA,
Vice-President, T.S.

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CONVENTION COMMITTEES

1. *Building:* (*a*) Leadbeater Chambers; (*b*) Indian Quadrangle: Joint Committee: Mr. K. Zuurman, Rao Sahib S. V. Kanagasabai Pillai, Mr. S. Raja Ram, Rao Sahib G. Soobiah Chetty, Mr. B. Ranga Reddy, Mr. S. Seshadri Iyer. 2. *Food:* (*a*) Leadbeater Chambers: Mr. C. V. Shah, Mrs. I. Stead, Mrs. D. Jinarājadāsa, Miss A. J. Visser, Mrs. M. H. Stanford, Miss E. S. Banks, Miss J. Taylor, Miss B. van Motman; (*b*) Bhojanasala: Mr. J. Srinivasa Rao, Rao Sahib G. Soobiah Chetty, Mr. B. Ranga Reddy, Mr. C. Subbaramayya, Mr. V. Ramachandra Naidu, Mr. K. Venkataramiah, Mrs. Raja Ram, Mrs. Mahadeva Sastri, Mrs. Mudaliandan Chetty. 3. *Sanitation:* In sole charge of Dr. G. Srinivasamurti, with assistants selected by him. 4. *Inquiries:* In charge of Mr. Y. Prasad; Assistants: Mr. G. B. Verma, Miss E. Orr, Miss S. Ware, Mr. L. B. Raje.

The members of the following Committees will be appointed later. 5. *Conveyance.* 6. *Reception.* 7. *Housing.* 8. *Decoration.* 9. *Printing,* 10. *Entertainments.* 11. *Art Exhibition.* 12. *Fire-Protection.*

On all Committees, the Sub-Committee of the T.S. Executive, consisting of the Vice-President, Recording Secretary and Treasurer, are members.

Each Committee may add to its number, with the consent of the Sub-Committee.

New Committees will be appointed as necessary.

The Convention programme will be arranged by the President, in consultation with the Executive. The dates for the four Convention Lectures are December 24—27.

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE MAN BORN BLIND

n the Watch-Tower notes of May, 1925, p. 143, the statement is ade: ". . . the Christ accepted the idea of a man having sinned before s present birth, and merely negated it in the instance named, and ve another cause." But did He negate it? Is not the sense of the assage this: "Never mind, whether it was he or his parents who nned; see what God's power will do, in opening his eyes!" No eed to waste time arguing about it, when the next moment the man ould have his sight.

ULLIN

MARS AND MERCURY

HERE appears to be a mis-statement in Mr. Bennett's very fascitting article under the above heading in your June number. He ves the distance of the nearest fixed star as twenty times the disnce of Neptune. It is really 9,000 times that distance, or 27 million, illion miles. From it the earth's orbit 186 million miles in diameter, btends an angle of less than one second of a degree, which is about e size a penny piece would assume if removed to a distance of ree miles!

As a matter of interesting comment, I have calculated the apparent sizes of the sun when viewed from Mercury and from Mars spectively, as compared with its apparent size from the earth. From ercury it would appear 2·6 times bigger in diameter, and from Mars out ⅓rd smaller, than we see it. A sun more than 2½ times bigger diameter than ours would make things hot for the Mercurians, less it stayed very near the horizon, which according to . Bennett it does on the inhabited strip.

H. L. S. WILKINSON

WOMAN AND HOLY ORDERS

HILE many of your readers will appreciate the arguments, in article under the above title, in May, 1925, THEOSOPHIST, p. 201, and npathise with the writer, the one fundamental objection, as stated *The Science of the Sacraments*, p. 350, has been overlooked: that this

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particular type of force in the Holy Eucharist, is not adapted to work through the feminine organism. "As some of us hold that it will not be long before His advent, the question may be finally settled on unquestionable authority in the near future; but until He comes we have no choice but to administer His Church along the lines laid down for us.

JOHN BARROW

"FUTBOLISMO"

I VENTURE to send you the following notes from a couple of recent articles in *The Times*, on the spread of football in Europe, as I think that their interest to Theosophists, especially to those residing on the Continent of Europe, will be self evident.

Of first importance, perhaps, is the well attested fact that in Spain the cult of "Futbolismo" is becoming a serious rival to bull-fighting, while from Rumania we learn that the Jockey Club finds that football provides a formidable counter-attraction to horse racing on Sunday afternoons. In Poland, "There is now even a "Court Official's" team, and an all Jew club, whose matches are watched by thousands without producing riots—a remarkable testimony to the influence that the game is having in the spreading of a feeling of sportsmanship. There is, too, an all-German team which actually consents in international matches, to play in Polish colours. "From Austria it is reported that matches are regularly played with all the neighbouring States who won their independence during the war, this fact being regarded as an extremely hopeful sign, while again in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, the game is said to be a great unifying influence. We also read of a recent exchange of visits between Paris and Berlin.

In Portugal, where the game has been long established, "only veterans remember the match in which the victorious British side was attacked by the mob and defended by its beaten opponents; and at the following match a soldier with fixed bayonet was stationed at each goal-post. But such precautions as these have long since been rendered wholly unnecessary, not only in Portugal but in all the countries where football is played. With the spread of the game there has also spread among the players and spectators alike, the spirit of fair play."

A movement such as this which affects the masses, tends to good fellowship among the different races and leads men away from cruel amusements, is surely one which we will all wish the greatest success.

PAUL S. ARUNDALE

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BOOKS RECEIVED

The following books have been received and will be reviewed in n early number:

Onions and Cress, by Valentine Knaggs, L.R.C.P. (C. W. Daniel, ondon); *The Evolution of Man Individual and Social*, by Percy Luel; *he Theosophical Society for the First Fifty Years*, edited by Basil '. Howell; *Fairies at Work and at Play*, by Geoffrey Hodson; *The rinciples of Astrology*, by Charles E. O. Carter (The Theosophical ublishing House, London); *Rāja Yoga: The Occult Training of the indūs*, by Ernest Wood (Theosophical Publishing House, 27 Bligh treet, Sydney, Australia); *Apologia Alchymiae*, by R. W. Councell; *strology*: the Link between Two Worlds, by Elizabeth Hall, M.A. ohn M. Watkins, London, W.C. 2); *The Life After Death in Oceania*, y Rosalind Moss, B.Sc. Oxon (Clarendon Press, Oxford); *Religions the Empire*, by William Loftus Hare (Duckworth, 3 Henrietta reet, London, W. C.).

The following Pamphlets have been received:

The League for Prohibition of Cruel Sports, Eight pamphlets; *Nuga*, he Official Organ of the National University Grads. Asso., Madras.

OUR EXCHANGES

We acknowledge with many thanks the following:

The Servant of India (May, June), *Theosofia* (May), *Theosophy in uth Africa* (April, May, June), *Theosophy in New Zealand* (May), pyrus (May), *Revista Teosofica Chilena* (April, May), *Teosofi*, *The eosophical Review* (June), *Bollettino Ufficiale* (May), *The Canadian eosophist* (May), *The Messenger* (June), *Theosofie* in *Ned. Indie* une), *Light* (June), *The World's Children* (June), *The Indian Review* une), *El Loto Blanco* (March, April, May, June), *Theosophy in stralia* (June), *Bulletin Théosophique* (June), *The Herald of the Star* ne), *The New Era* (April).

We have also received with many thanks:

The Vedānta Kesari (June), *The Beacon* (May, June), *Theosofisch andblad* (June), *Koinonia* (April), *Pewarta Theosofie* (May), *Nature* ne), *Teosofisk Tidskrift* (May), *Teosophia* (June), *De Theosofische weging* (June), *The Cherag*, *The Vedic Magazine* (June), *The Nation* ne), *The Non-Subscribing Presbyterian* (June), *Revue Théosophique* ay), *Association Théosophique* (May), *Der Mendeprinpt* (June), *Revista sofica* (May), *The Round Table Quest* (July), *Nation's Magazine* (June).

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REVIEWS

Amen, *The Key of the Universe*, by Leonard Bosman. (The Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Road, Clapton, London, E. 5, England. Price 3s. 6d.)

This little book is small in size, but wide in its scope. It is interesting to all students who care for the inner meaning of things.

The headings of the chapters are most alluring.

"The Fundamental Principles of the Universe," deals with the finer states, or conditions of Matter, the root substance of the Universe. The inner structure of the atom is also dealt with, and mention is made of our old friend W. J. Keeley of Philadelphia, and the marvellous power which flowed through his hands, but which he was unable to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the general public. The author evidently believes that some of the power locked up in the atom may be used safely. This part of the book is extremely interesting.

Second Chapter—"The Virgin-Mother of the Universe" takes up the Mother aspect, the root from which all things spring. This chapter is very fine.

The Third Chapter—"Letters and Their Meanings"—goes very fully into sound, as well as letters and words. The origin of Egyptian, Hebrew, and Hindū *words of power* is given, comparing them with other words in other ancient languages, and the pronunciation is given also to help the student sound the word, and to understand the inner meaning thereof.

Fourth Chapter—"The Sacred Word of East and West."

This last chapter deals with the words—"Amen or Amn pronounced as O-mein by Hebrews." In India it is Om, or A-U-M, a word of power, or *Mantra*, used by all Hindūs and Buddhists from time immemorial.

A SERVER

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Book Notices

How to Enjoy the Bible, by Anthony C. Deane, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

In this study of the Bible, the Old and New Testaments are exhaustively dealt with, and attractively presented to the reader.

Many of the most beautiful quotations are given to prove points brought forward and the author truly says that: "The English Bible is the chief glory of English prose."

A strong caution is given to the reader not to accept the whole Bible as inspired, yet inspiration is to be found therein. The Bible should be treated with the reverence due to all sacred books, and also with delight as there are in it "tidings of great joy," for all people. The author truly says: "It teaches, it inspires, it consoles, it heartens."

The authorised version of the Bible is recommended to all students, and not the Revised Version, which has not the rhythm, and cadence, of the old version. Many instances are given of this difference to illustrate the author's points of comparison.

As at the First, by John A. Hutton. (Hodder & Stoughton, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

In this book we are introduced to the early chapters of the Book of Acts, which are made most interesting to the reader by an author who loves this part of the New Testament, for he speaks of the Acts as full of "gladness and fullness of life" for the reader.

The characters of many of the disciples are fully gone into, and one gets a glimpse of what each one really was, though so dissimilar in showing their devotion to their Master, the Christ, and in their services to Him. Peter, James, John, Andrew and Thomas are drawn with a sure and loving pen, also how, and why, they severally served their Master, and the services they rendered to Him, while He was with them.

The amazing choice of Judas, by the Christ, as the treasurer, is spoken of, and the inner meaning of such a choice is shown. Thomas, "the doubter," is done justice to, and called a fine, staunch man, at bottom, cautious, and slow, but true to the Christ, for it was he who said to the other disciples—"Let us go also, and let us die with Him."

This author does justice to the women devotees, as well as to the men, and he speaks of the women as being ever near the body of their Lord, to serve him.

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This book is full of life and freshness.

Diet and Good Health. A Popular Treatise on the Food Question, by Dugald Semple. (C. W. Daniel Company, London. Price 1s. 6d.)

This popular treatise on food is clear and to the point in every particular, its common-sense directions would be very easy to follow in all cases by the person who needs help in choosing the best and most nourishing foods for the body, in all climates. It recommends entire abstinence from meat and stimulants.

The author offers the following good advice to his readers—"Aim at possessing radiant health, and try to be of more real service in the world".

Self-Expression; The Perfect Realisation, by E. Geraldine Owen. (L. W. Fowler & Co., London. Price 5s.)

This is a practical book writtten for those seeking health and happiness. The laws of vibration, and of growth, are clearly and concisely put, as are those on mind, health, sleep, meditation, and mystic power and should interest readers along new thought lines.

An Epitome of the Science of the Emotions. A summary of the work of Paṇḍit Bhagavan Das published under that title, by K. Browning, M.A. (Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd., London. Price 1s. 6d.)

This epitome is clearly and well written, and all Theosophical students should study it, as it will help them to better understand the more involved treatise of Paṇḍit Bhagavan Das on which it is based. We heartily congratulate Miss K. Browning on her successful effort.

The Mystery-Teaching of the Bible, by Daisy E. Grove. (Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The ideas in this book are carefully and wisely worked out. The chapters on the meaning of names, that on numbers, and also the two on Initiations, being especially fine, and well worth the study of all Theosophical students. There is a fine atmosphere about this little book, and we can highly recommend it to all inquirers on Christian lines of thought.

The Sorrows of God and Other Poems, by G. A. Studdert Kennedy, M.A., M.C. (Hodder & Stoughton, London. Price 6s.)

A typical Y.M.C.A. book, God and "Jesus" being made to appeal to the masses. Verse with an easy swinging rhythm. Personally we cannot appreciate this style, but there are some fairly good poems in the volume.

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William Carey, by J. H. Morrison, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The book deals with the life of a Christian missionary in India in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

A biography is always interesting. This one shows us the character of a sincere, devoted, hard-working, gifted man. He loves God and loves his fellow-men. He believes the Bible to be the only book of divine revelation and learned all the dialects of India in order to translate the Word of the Lord. He did, in a magnificent, selfless way, what he believed to be right. He suffered any amount of hardships for the cause of his Ideal. All this is worthy of admiration, of course.

But we, for one, do not believe in missionary work and do not consider Hindûs as "heathen."

The British Empire, New York, and Other Poems, by Hewson Cowen. (Arthur H. Stockwell, London. Price 4s.)

A most ambitious title for a small book of commonplace verse. Mr. Cowen is endowed with a fair amount of idealism, unfortunately, strongly tainted with sentimentality. Sentimentality is the last thing wanted when attempt is made to describe New York City, to comment on the war, or to praise the charms of Sappho.

But mediocre poetry has a wide appeal. I suppose Mr. Cowen's poems are being read, appreciated and memorised by many.

Observations of a Progressive Religionist, by Aaron Wirpel. (Published by the Author, 2130 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio. Price $1.)

"When it became imperative that I have a personal teacher, I chose Jesus because he was a Jew and because I believed he was a Master of the 'Wisdom'." The same clear simplicity runs through all the pages of this little book. The author, in short paragraphs, comments on life in general. He brings everything back to a Universal, non-sectarian God. There is a sincerity, a kindness, and, at times, a depth of understanding which gives to the booklet a definite moral and ethical value. It is an excellent *livre de chevet* and will prove most helpful to people who have seen only the darker side of life.

E.

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A Psychological and Poetic Approach to the Study of Christ in the Fourth Gospel, by Eva Gore-Booth. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. Price 8s. 6d.)

A truly beautiful book, developing a twofold essay. Following her own poetical temperament and as a result of some personal experience of the much more real and intense life of the inner world, the authoress analyses man's reaction to the three divine aspects of the Christ, namely, Love, Truth and Life as the one and inseparable whole. The work of Christ, she says, is to call forth a new spirit and a new nature in every man, so as to transform our individual lives by adjusting ourselves to that spirit; (Love thy neighhour as thyself.)

From this point of view which is based on personal intuitions, the author gives a poetical interpretation, chapter after chapter, of S. John's Gospel and its mysterious words and metaphors.

Her phraseology is eclectic and is never used in its preconceived technical, Theosophical or theological sense, thus making the book intelligible to readers of every kind.

A. P. G.

Splendor Solis, Alchemical Treatises of Solomon Trismosin, Adept and Teacher of Paracelsus. (Kegan, Paul & Co. Price 21s. net).

This is, first and foremost, a book for the Alchemist, very little of it being intelligible to the lay reader, even with the aid of the Editor's "elucidations." But quite apart from its matter, the form of the book will delight all who like antique drawing and design, for the pictures, even in black and white, are beautiful, and the description of the original colours given by the Editor helps the reader to realise what he misses by not seeing the original.

A student of symbolism might find much interest in the pictures even though he knew nothing of alchemy, while anyone with artistic taste, will find them an endless joy.

E. M. A.

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SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts, from 11th June to 10th July, 1925, are cknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss E. Wilder, Tientsin, China, part payment of Fees and Dues of new members, per 1925	31	11	0
Krishna Lodge, T.S., Calgary, Canada, Diploma Fee, £0-1-9	1	2	0
T.S. in England, 265 members, per May, 1925, £8-16-8 ...	116	4	8

DONATIONS

Madrid Lodge, T.S., "White Lotus Day" Gift, £3-18-10 ...	51	11	7
Mrs. M. I. Standen, U.S.A.	14	0	0
Mr. E. S. Craighhill Handy, Honolulu, Hawaii, £1-4-4 ...	15	15	0
	230	12	3

Adyar
11th July, 1925

J. R. ARIA,
Ag. Hon. Treasurer.

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OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts, from 11th June to 10th July, 1925, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

T.S. in England: "White Lotus Day" Collections from:

	£	s.	d.		Rs.	A.	P.
Theosophical Society in England	8	7	7				
Bournemouth Lodge	1	1	0				
Birmingham (Annie Besant Lodge	0	15	3				
Letchworth	1	4	0				
Bacup Centre...	0	10	0				
Wakefield Lodge	0	7	0				
Bath	0	13	6				
Blackpool	0	7	6				
				£13 5 10	175	5	2
Ahmedabad Lodge, T.S., for Food Fund					5	4	0
Mrs. Shantabai Y. Sanzgiri, Bombay No. 2, for Food Fund					5	0	0

T.S. in Scotland: "White Lotus Day" Collections from:

	£	s.	d.				
Leven Lodge, T.S.	1	0	0				
Dunfermline Lodge, T.S. ...	0	16	6				
Fair City (Perth)	0	6	0				
St. Andrews	0	10	0				
Aberdeen	0	10	0				
Forfar	0	10	6				
Kirkcaldy	0	5	0				
Donation from Olcott Lodge, T.S., Edinburgh	3	0	0				
Christian Rosenkreutz Co-Masonic Lodge, Edinburgh ...	2	2	0				
				£ 9 0 0	118	11	2
Headquarters...	4	16	0				
Dundee Lodge, T.S.	0	15	2				
				£ 5 11 2	73	4	5
Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, "White Lotus Day" Gift for Food Fund					100	0	0
Mr. W. D. Koot, Madioen, Java					331	14	3
T.S. Lodge in Wales, "White Lotus Day" Gift, £2-2-0 ...					27	9	5
Glasgow Lodge, T.S., „ „ £2 ...					26	4	6
Donations under Rs. 5: Mr. Laurits Rusten, Minneapolis, U.S.A., for Food Fund, through T.P.H.					4	8	3
					867	13	0

Adyar
11th July, 1925

J. R. ARIA,
Ag. Hon. Treasurer, O.P.F.S.

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NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of Issue of Charter
Schenectady, N.Y., America...	Schenectady Lodge, T.S.	1-12-1924
Pensacola, Florida, America...	Pensacola „ „	10-2-1925
Jackson, Mississipi, America	Jackson „ „	26-2-1925
Cartagena, Spain	Besant „ „	28-2-1925
Montgomery, Alabama, America...	Montgomery „ „	10-3-1925
Savannah, Georgia, America...	Savannah „ „	18-3-1925
Columbia, South Carolina, America...	Columbia „ „	25-3-1925
Asheville, North Carolina, America...	Asheville „ „	7-4-1925
Rome, Italy	Alcyone „ „	8-4-1925
Richmond, Virginia, America...	Richmond „ „	27-4-1925
Ghent, Belgium	Vrede „ „	April, 1925
Antwerp, Belgium	Olcott „ „	May, 1925
Malaga, Spain	Maitreya „ „	3-6-1925

Adyar J. R. ARIA,

10th July, 1925 *Recording Secretary, T.S.*

LODGES DISSOLVED

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of Return of Charter
Rochester, N.Y., America	Rochester Lodge, T.S.	May, 1924
Albuquerque, N.M., „	Albuquerque „ „	13-2-1925
Savannah, Georgia, „	Savannah „ „	1-3-1925
Nashville, Ten „	Nashville „ „	do.
Pittsburg „	Nirvana „ „	do.

Adyar J. R. ARIA,

10th July, 1925 *Recording Secretary, T.S.*

Printed and published by J. R. Aria, at the Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

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Our Forthcoming Publications

1. **History of the T.S.** By Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, M.A.

2. **Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom.** Second Series. Collected by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, M.A.

3. **Release.** A New Book. By Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. (A Sequel to Wonder Child.)

4. **Last Annual T.S. Convention Lectures of Bombay.**

5. **Creation.** By Van der Leeuw, with a preface by Bishop Leadbeater.

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