Registered M. 91 October 1924

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 PUBLISHING HOUSE

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

Price: See inside of Back Cover

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE THEOSOPHIST

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BISHOP WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN

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VOL. XLVI No. 1

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE expectation of the first paragraph in the September issue of *The Theosophist* has been realised, and here I am once more, seated not in Adyar, but in Simla. So greeting to all my readers, near and far, as I resume my interrupted work, to appear on October 1st, the day on which I shall see our earthly light for the 77th time. It is a long span, and yet, with my inborn perversity, I feel quite young. I apologise, but I cannot help it, so, good readers, you must take me as I am.

***

And this is also the birthday of *The Theosophist*, which enters on this October 1st on its forty-sixth volume. We have marked it by taking a venturesome step forward in establishing an Art Section, that we may place our offering on the Altar at which we worship not only the True and the Good, but also the Beautiful. The great Greek Trinity, expressing the three Divine Aspects, worshipped by the

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The Cleveland News has the following:

Can the whole Christian Bible be accepted literally and without question of doubt? Or must the church interpret only parts of it literally and other parts symbolically? And, which parts can be so classified, if the latter is answered in the affirmative?

These, in a nutshell, are the basic principles to be settled in Cleveland on Tuesday at what is considered the most spectacular event in the Christian church since the Protestant reformation.

On that day, at 2 p.m., Bishop William Montgomery Brown, member of the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will go on trial at Trinity Cathedral, charged with heresy, the first minister in his church to face such charges since the historic reformation.

Practically all of the intellectual brilliancy of the church, as well as many other churches, will compose the audience of eager witnesses to the trial that will fill Cathedral Hall. For in this trial, for the first time, the Christian orthodox fundamentalists and modernists will be pitted against each other for a verbal hearing. To date, the quarrel between these two factions has been conducted through newspapers and magazines.

Bishop Brown, who retired from active ministry in his diocese in Arkansas ten years ago, has been studying and writing in his home, Brownelia Cottage, at Galion, O. And in each subsequent publication, he has, according to his fellow bishops, become more radical in his views against orthodox teachings.

His retirement from active church work ten years ago closely followed the publication of his volume *A Level Plan for Church Union*, in which he recommended a plan for uniting all Protestant churches into one big church. This met with such heated disapproval from his fellow bishops over the country that he took advantage of a period of illness to retire.

The charges of heresy, brought by three members of the governing 125 bishops, composing the House of Bishops, are based on twenty-three alleged heretic statements, alleged to have been made in Bishop Brown's recent publications.

Rather than deny any of these alleged statements, the accused bishop has prepared a list of 425 theological questions which he will direct at the 125 members of the House of Bishops, the answers to be made by depositions. This right is said to be granted him under the rules of church trial procedure.

The questions are calculated to prove that if he (Bishop Brown) is guilty of heresy under the orthodox belief, then every one of the members of the House of Bishops is a heretic . . .

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Briefly, Bishop Brown's contention is that he is being tried for refusing to accept certain parts of the Bible literally. He countercharges that his fellow bishops have not accepted other parts literally.

"How," he declares, "can I then be selected as the one minister of my church to be charged with heresy, when on the same basis every other bishop of the church is guilty?"

The bishop will further contend in his defence that he was made a "bishop of the church of God," as are the other bishops and that, consequently, his fellow bishops cannot sit in judgment over him.

"I believe I can prove beyond a question of a doubt," he declared in a statement recently, "that every bishop of the church is independent of all other bishops. To assert now that my fellow bishops can sit in judgment upon my doctrinal utterances is to repudiate the fundamental principle of the Protestant reformation!"

"The church," he further declared, "has never defined what constitutes heresy. The English state did that. Heresy was a state and secular offense. In order to find what constitutes indictable error of doctrine, my accusers will have to go back to a statute passed by the English Parliament in the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth—1558."

When that definition of heresy was framed, men were still burning witches; they believed in sorcery, "black magic," compacts with the devil, devils with horns and forked tails, the "king's touch," and that God's wrath caused lightnings, storms, earthquakes, plagues and comets and a thousand other absurdities which the light of science has swept away.

If the church is now so blind to modern thought and science that it will hark back to the bigoted and superstitious age of Elizabeth for authority and means of condemning me and my utterances, it will not be I, but the church, that will be condemned and destroyed by my trial.

I intend to put on record my fellow bishops as to whether they accept the following from the Bible literally:

That God made the world in six days.

That he caused vegetation to grow on earth before creating sun, moon or stars.

That he made Eve out of Adam's rib.

That the serpent tempted Eve to eat the forbidden fruit.

That God made coats of skins for the guilty pair.

That the sons of God married the daughters of men.

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That God gave Noah instructions how to build an ark.

That Noah took into the ark pairs of all living creatures.

That the flood covered the earth and drowned all except those in the ark.

That God came down and confounded man's speech at Babel.

That Jesus was literally born of a virgin.

That he raised Lazarus literally from the dead.

That he literally performed such feats of magic as walking upon the water, turning water into wine and feeding 5,000 people upon five loaves of bread and two small fishes, leaving twelve baskets of broken pieces.

That he literally descended into hell and then literally and bodily, in the sight of many who watched him going up, ascended into heaven.

In short I mean to make the clergy admit either they are hopelessly at outs with modern science and common sense, or are themselves rejecting large portions of the scriptures (as literally interpreted) and giving to such passages only a symbolic meaning.

If I succeed in thus making my accusers and the others admit that the Bible cannot, as a whole, be literally accepted to-day my cause is won. Whether I win or lose the verdict of the tribunal afterwards, I shall have won a moral victory. They cannot themselves reject a literal interpretation of some parts and then expel me for rejecting others.

It strikes me that the bishop-judges have found a stalwart resister of hypocrisy and orthodoxy in this gallant champion of truth, and that the 425 questions which he has prepared for his accusers will transform the trial of Bishop Brown into the trial of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

***

Bishop Brown is a communist, like the members of the original Christian Church in Jerusalem, and he thinks that he is being tried for his ecumenical more than for his religious heresies. That is very likely. But the Episcopal Court, however much it may desire to condemn the former can only punish him for the latter. The only result of the trial will be

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to drive all intelligent people, if they are honest, out of the Church, and to leave to it only the thoughtless and the ignorant. Both classes may be honest, but, as Origen said, a Church must not only have medicine for the morally sick, but also the Gnostics, the knowers of God, if it is to continue to exist.

***

The picture we reproduce shows the magnificent head and the firm jaw of this twentieth century heretic. It recalls the similarly shaped heads of his forerunners Charles Bradlaugh and Colonel Ingersoll. *The Cleveland News* illustrates its account with some quaint French woodcuts of the hangings and beheadings of Middle Age heretics. I have received a pamphlet entitled *Heresy*. It is marked Vol. I, No. 1, as though it is intended to continue it. It bears date, March, 1924, but I have not received anything more. If the trial comes off—the Bishop expected it in September or October—I hope that some American Theosophist will keep me informed. I see that some of the Bishop's enemies pretend that he is "crazy," "mentally warped". He does not look like a lunatic.

***

There are not many civilised countries in the world which have not a single Lodge of the Theosophical Society to shed abroad the Light. I am glad to announce that Peru—which was in that condition—has wiped away the reproach. A letter has come from Señor General Francisco da Rosa Villanueya, Lima, announcing the foundation of the H. P. B. Lodge, thus fitly doing homage to the great Messenger from the White Lodge. May other cities follow the good example thus set, until we have a National Society of the T.S. in Peru. For the present the Lodge will be in touch with the T.S. in Argentina.

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The work in England has been satisfactory, for the Deputation was cordially received by the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for India, and by other Cabinet Ministers, while the outside public was enthusiastic wherever we went. There was a very general recognition of the fact that the deputation had changed the attitude of the Cabinet, the hostile journals commenting angrily on the fact, while the few friendly ones rejoiced. The fact that we were preparing material for the framing of a Home Rule Constitution for India was generally approved, as placing a definite issue before Parliament. The one strong objection raised was the impossibility of knowing what India wanted, there being so many parties; and this determined me to work, before all else, for a United National demand,. backed up by all the political parties that claimed Swarāj. To that I have addressed myself since my return, and have been cordially welcomed. I hope that before this is in our readers' hands, an invitation, signed by leading representatives of the political organisations will be agreed to.

***

The June course of lectures, in the Queen's Hall, London, was very successful, if crowded halls may be taken as a criterion. In other parts of the country the case was the same. I presided over the Annual Conventions of England, Scotland, Wales, Germany and Holland, spent the inside of a week in Paris, was present and spoke at meetings of the Order of the Star in the East, the Order of the Round Table, and to the Young Theosophists. In every country these last are remarkable for their energy and enthusiasm, and the bright young faces are a joy to see.

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TO A MASTER

I DO not yearn for England,
Of which the poets sing,
Her woodland ways and cooling days
No raptures to me bring;
But O I long for India,
Though scorching suns may shine,
For India is Thy Homeland,
And I would make it mine.

I do not yearn for riches
Or paths that lead to fame;
I would but help my fellows on
And serve them in Thy Name;
For Thou, in all Thy greatness,
In Thy Himālayan home,
Dost humbly tend the lowly shrine
Where rustic nomads roam.

I do not seek for passion
Or Love's enchanted flowers,
To drown the weariness of life
In its most toilsome hours.
But O I hope for Friendship
As perfect as may be,
For hast Thou not a Comrade
Who lighteth life for Thee?

I seek not liberation
From life's relentless wheel,
For Thou hast left Nibbāna's shore
Our suffering world to heal.
Could I, in all my blindness,
Crave rest that Thou didst shun?
No liberty be mine, save this,
One day to be Thy Son.

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TO DR. ANNIE BESANT

THE WELL-BELOVED

By A WELSH BARD

GREAT Soul! strong Warrior for the right,
Foe to injustice, Friend to all
Thine eagle eye doth pierce each wrong:
Lover of good both great and small,
Imperial toiler for the race
We plead for thee the Masters' grace.

For fifty years by voice and pen,
The poor, the suffering and oppressed
Have found in thee their shield and tower,
A mighty Mother now confessed.
We bless thee on this festive day
And at thy feet Love's tribute lay.

Ystwyth

(R. EDWARDS JAMES)

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SIXTH SUB-RACE ECONOMICS: HENRY FORD

By H. L. S. WILKINSON

SIXTH sub-race economics is not a philanthropist's dream, to be realised some seven hundred years hence in an ideal community in California. It is a sober reality, the achieved life-work of Henry Ford, the richest man in the world.

Ford has made his enormous fortune—nearly two hundred million pounds—by taking the golden rule as his guiding principle of business, plus brains, vision, initiative, ingenuity, and indomitable resolution. He has put into practice, not as a religious but as a business principle, Christ's teaching, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." And he has reaped the promised reward, "Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

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He did not do it with the deliberate fore-knowledge and intention of earning this enormous reward. He does not value profit at all, except as a driving power for his business, a means of further extensions and of further service to the community. He found the world doing business in the wrong way. His sixth sub-race brain knew, without argument, that it was wrong, and he determined to show what was the right way, and has devoted his life, and the tremendous voltage of his Napoleonic will, to that purpose.

His motto is *Service*, first, last, and all the time. But he is not a Sunday-school kind of server; he knows that service requires constant supplies of money, which can only be got by obeying economic laws, and working at a profit. But where the old school of capitalist stops short at a good round profit, spending it in dividends, or piling up a big reserve fund as a tribute to fear—born of the gambling element in business—Ford sacrifices the greater part to build up further business, buy labour-saving plant, produce his own raw materials and so eliminate rival profits, all with the object of cheapening his beloved motor-cars, and bringing them within the reach of an ever wider buying public. He caters for the 95 per cent of the public who are poor, and neglects the five per cent who are rich, and pay big prices and want fancy cars. Common sense tells him that ninety-five profits of ten per cent each come to a good deal more than five profits of fifty per cent each. As his object is to coin money ever more and more, with the object of extending his field of operations, he goes straight for the ninety-five per cent lost sheep outside the fold, and neglects the five per cent elect inside—they do not interest him. Rather, they bore him! He cheerfully resigns them to the profiteers whose brains strike work the moment they net their fifty per cent.

Henry Ford is interested in only one thing—work. Swallowing and digesting profits does not interest him. He

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knows that if he were to allow himself to become greedy, his business would stop growing, which to him would be an unthinkable disaster, notwithstanding that it has brought him more money than one man can possibly spend (on himself) for the rest of his life. So he sternly keeps down his weight, and his profits. He uses the latter to buy railways, coal mines, steel works, and all the outside industries which feed his business with raw materials. His cars therefore get cheaper and cheaper, sales ever extend and extend, and more and more money comes in.

Experts calculate that if his business grows at its present rate he will be worth six hundred million pounds ten years hence. By this time he will be seventy-one, and may, perhaps, retire. What will he do with his money? Well, unless he is false to his own sixth-race nature (which is unlikely, for in that respect he behaves like an automaton), he will hand it over to successors who will extend his operations until the whole of America is Ford-ised, and perhaps Europe too: a consummation devoutly to be wished! For it will mean the inauguration of fair-dealing in business, and the reconciliation, at long last, of Capital and Labour.

Ford's first successful motor-cars came on the market about the year 1909. Their price was $ 950, and in that year he sold 18,664 cars, mainly to rich customers. His profit was comfortable, and he very soon became a rich man, but he remained a poor one for the sake of getting more work and more service. He saw instinctively that an invention such as this, which operates to free human beings from the shackles of gravity to a considerable extent, *should* be available for *all*, even the poorest, and not only for a favoured class. This seemed to him in harmony with the nature of things, and therefore with sound business. How to cheapen it so that everybody could buy it—everybody in the world—not merely Americans, but ordinary poor folk in all countries?

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He set to work to study this problem. He used vanadium steel, which is very light and strong, so as to reduce the weight. Then he studied the muscular effort of his workmen, and found that most of their time and labour was occupied in stooping down to pick things up, and in fetching and carrying things. Time was also lost in changing from operations of one kind to operations of another kind, for at each change a fresh mental adjustment was required.

He therefore designed ingenious machinery for doing all the fetching and carrying, or as he calls it, "assembling" the different parts; and he had everything placed breast-high, and within arm's reach of the workmen. At the same time he subdivided the labour into a great number of simple operations or movements allotting only one or two of these to each man, and increasing the number of workmen to correspond. When each workman had performed his stage of the operations he placed the part on the mechanical carrier, and it went on to the next, to be treated at a further stage. At the same time he standardised all the parts, so that they could all be manufactured in exactly the same manner, in *ad libitum* quantities, in all his factories. This process of subdivision and specialisation of operation went on until, instead of each factory turning out a complete car as at first, he had whole factories devoted to manufacturing one or two parts only, and other factories doing no manufacture at all, but simply "assembling" the various parts, and putting them together to form a car.

In this way, by simplifying the human share of the labour, and transferring as much of it as possible to specially invented machinery, he enormously economised time and cost, and trebled or quadrupled the output of work by a given number of men. He was therefore able to increase the men's wages very considerably, while at the same time reducing the selling price of his cars to the public. His factories spread all over the world, and the sales of cars increased from 18,664 in 1909

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to $1\frac{1}{4}$ million in 1920, while the price went down from $950 to about $ 400 apiece—less than half!

When he first began cutting the price of his cars, his rivals prophesied disaster within six months. When disaster did not come, but money came instead, they raked up an old patent, and induced the patentee to prosecute Ford. At the same time they spread a report that customers buying Ford cars would render themselves liable for damages. Ford's reply was to insert big advertisements in all the principle papers stating that he was fighting the case for all he was worth, and was prepared to issue a special guarantee to every purchaser of his cars who required it, promising him indemnity against damages. He won his case, and only had to issue 50 guarantees, while his sales leaped ahead by thousands. That litigation was, as he said, one of his most lucrative advertisements.

Ford's way of looking at business, and his outlook on life are set forth with true American raciness and "punch" in his book *My Life and Work*. His methods are the exact reverse of those pursued in orthodox business circles. He regards industry with the vision of one who has mastered it, and thereby gained the power of detachment from it. He views industry as an edifice supported by three main pillars, the buying public, or body of consumers, the workmen, or producers, and himself, the capitalist or manager—the unseen yet omnipresent directing agency. This trio form an indissoluble partnership; but Ford, having eliminated himself, sees in the whole edifice only the other two partners, especially the consumer, whom he regards as the mainstay of the whole. He stalks this wary personage with unwearying perseverance, never tempting him with false advertisements, never allowing him to buy in haste and repent at leisure; but *to buy so as to induce his friends to buy*, because of the honesty and profit of the deal. Ford *will* have it that honesty *pays* in

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business, and that a disappointed or cheated customer is to be dreaded worse than earthquake or fire. The idea that competition *forces* a tradesman to be dishonest he laughs at. It may be so with fools he admits, but a determined man with brains in his head and money at his back can, he considers, defy any trade ring in the world.

Ford's second big pillar, the workman, he studies and caters for scarcely less than the first. His one object is to enlist the willing intelligence and initiative of this partner, who, he will have it, is his equal, although strategically subordinate to his command. He does not fetter him with meaningless and arbitrary restrictions. He will not give him a title or designation if he can avoid it, nor does he tie him up with red tape. He gives him an area of work within which the man's own intelligence finds its level and prescribes his scope. In the mysterious brotherhood of the factory he discovers infallibly the precise manner in which he can best gear in his efforts with the others, whereas if he were given a title with authority, Ford thinks, he would get too big for his job and do nothing. As for wages, Ford prefers to pay so liberally that the workman has no money worries—no need to *think* about money, or anything else but his work, and the joy of it. And if wages get so high that they cut into the profit, he will neither reduce the wages nor increase the selling price, but he sets his brains to work to find out methods of increasing output and saving waste. Economy results from increasing efficiency, and as regards efficiency the Ford maxim is—"Nothing is being done so well that it cannot be done better."

Ford does not pry into his men's affairs, or over-patronise them. He gives them co-partnership without conditions. He takes men on without characters, and keeps them if they work well. He even employs cripples, finding them as efficient as sound men at certain classes of work. In fact he is a wholesale innovator, and pays absolutely no regard to authority

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or tradition. He even encourages his men to do the same, and keeps no records of past experiments for fear the failures should deter future enterprise. Some of his best results, he says, have been got by allowing "fools to rush in where angels fear to tread".

If one begins quoting from his book the difficulty is to avoid quoting it all. There is so much profound and practical wisdom, so beautifully and racily expressed on each page, that one can scarcely exercise selection. The following, however, will serve as a sample of what may well prove a bible of sixth-race methods in industry.

Waste and greed block the delivery of true service. Both . . . are unnecessary. Waste is due largely to not understanding what one does, or being careless in the doing of it. Greed is merely a species of nearsightedness . . .

In the process of manufacturing I want to distribute the maximum of wage—that is, the maximum of buying power. [Ford, like Major Douglas, considers wages to be buying power, the producers being also the buying public.] Since also this makes for a minimum cost and we sell at a minimum profit, we can distribute a product in consonance with buying power. Thus everyone who is connected with us—either as manager, worker, or purchaser—is the better for our existence. The institution that we have erected is performing a service. That is the only reason I have for talking about it. The principles of that service are these:

1. An absence of fear of the future and of veneration for the past. One who fears the future, who fears failure, limits his activities. Failure is only the opportunity more intelligently to begin again . . .

2. A disregard of competition. Whoever does a thing best ought to be the one to do it. It is criminal to try to get business away from another man—criminal because one is then trying to lower for personal gain the condition of one's fellow men—to rule by force instead of by intelligence.

3. The putting of service before profit. Without a profit, business cannot extend. There is nothing inherently wrong about making a profit. Well-conducted business enterprise cannot fail to return a profit, but profit must and inevitably *will* come as a reward for good service. It cannot be the basis—it must be the results of service.

4. Manufacturing is not buying low and selling high. It is the process of buying materials fairly and, with the smallest possible

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addition of cost, transforming those materials into a consumable product and giving it to the consumer. Gambling, speculating and sharp dealing tend only to clog this progression.

It ought to be clear from this how Ford builds his profit upon the profit of the community, not upon plundering the community. Here in Britain we build ours upon plundering our customers, and then wonder, when the wretched buyer is bled white, that trade is paralysed. And so we sit down and wait hopefully for "foreign markets" which never come, despising the market clamouring at our doors, and never lowering the prices in our shop windows.

These are our terms; we have got to live, and if the public will not buy, that is their look out. Ford's method is different. He says "If business slacks, cut prices, not wages." If no orders come, he would rather sell his cars at a loss than not sell at all, trusting to the good law of "service first".

He has a good deal to say of modern financial methods which result too often in money forming a barrier to trade and exchange instead of being a means thereto. He says the present money system results in

> the astounding spectacle of a world hungry for goods and an industrial machine hungry for work, and the two—the demand and the means of satisfying it—held apart by a money barrier.

And again:

> Finance is given a place ahead of work, and therefore tends to kill work, and destroy the fundamental of service. Thinking first of money instead of work brings on fear of failure, and this fear blocks every avenue of business—it makes a man afraid of competition, or of changing his methods.

In fact, it is clear as daylight that if Ford's method of "service first" is the true basis of prosperity (and he has 200 million pounds in his pocket to back his argument,) then the methods hitherto pursued in all western countries are, and have been for years, fatally wrong. "Profit first" has resulted in world-wide gambling, in appalling waste, in a world-war followed by financial disaster and trade paralysis on an

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unprecedented scale; and threatens unless it is changed to end in universal bankruptcy. But we have to learn sixth-race economics of our own volition, and meanwhile it is significant that sixth-race America will not make a move to teach us. Perhaps she has not quite learned the new economics herself.

Ford's criticisms of modern finance, and his distrust of bankers' control in industry, irresistibly reinforce Major Douglas's arguments as set forth in his various credit reform books and pamphlets.[1] Major Douglas would introduce a money system based on credit-power instead of gold, his theory being that the brains and muscles of the community are the only real "money" that exists, whatever currency—whether gold, silver, or paper—is used to represent it. This "credit-power" is the real basis, and he would harness that power to feed and clothe and house the nation before doing anything else. Foreign markets should wait until home needs are catered for, and private capitalist enterprise must also wait its turn. His arguments and Ford's are substantially the same, and they both look upon buyers and sellers as practically the same people—hence the more money paid out in wages the better the buying power of the public. This strange new doctrine is slowly making its way into reluctant fifth-race brains in England, judging from a letter recently published in *The Times* by Mr. McCurdy, M. P. This is what he says:

> The home market absorbs 71 per cent of our total trade. Of all the wealth we produce, more than two-thirds is produced for exchange between the producers in Great Britain. The people who produce are the people who consume. Their purchasing power is their productive capacity, and their productive capacity is their purchasing power. The more one set of workers produce, the more goods they have to exchange for the products of other workers.

Unemployment in a country where twelve million people are on the verge of poverty is not due to general

[1] See *Credit Power and Democracy*, and other books and pamphlets issued by the Credit Power Press, 70 High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

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over-production, but to *under*-production, which leaves those twelve million with insufficient purchasing power.

Lord Hugh Cecil says:

> If labour was cheaper so would production be. This is a doctrine which may have been true at some stage of the world's history, but is untrue to-day. When Henry Ford decided to pay double the union rate of wages to the annoyance of his competitors, he found it no obstacle, but a help to halving his costs of production, and incidentally making profits for himself of thirty-seven million pounds a year . . .
>
> The concerted effort to lower wages in this country since the armistice has been an economic blunder. Every lowering of wages has been a lowering of purchasing power and a consequent decreased demand in the home market, and it means also in practice lower output and increased cost of production, and a consequent decreased capacity to compete in foreign markets. We threw away, without an effort to retain it, the vast increase of productive capacity attained during the war. We had better start to get it back again . . .

Mr. McKenna has still more recently addressed a speech to the Midland Bank shareholders throwing out a feeler that it might be advantageous to British banks to consider the advisability of financing production for the home market with the view of reducing unemployment. And various suggestions appear from time to time in the city columns of the "capitalist" organs discussing the feasibility of cutting adrift from gold and stabilising a paper standard. Straws like this show which way the wind blows.

Money is supposed by theorists to be a commodity, valuable in itself, which conveniently functions as a standard of value for other commodities while gaining little or no extra value in the process. If this were a true definition of money, everything would be beautifully simple and work as smoothly as possible. Unfortunately the growth of modern commerce and the aggregations of capital in the hands of a few individuals, more greedy and less intelligent than Henry Ford, have utterly changed this definition of money. It is now an enormously over-valued commodity which has stolen, and continues to steal, value from other commodities which require

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its service before they can be exchanged. Supplies of money are in the hands of financiers who make their own terms. This worship of the calf of gold, whose bloated image has to be stamped on all goods before they can be exchanged, may well be the worship of the Beast spoken of in The Revelation. It is the "suckerbees" of modern life! Money is not intended to be used in that way. God intends it to flow steadily and fertilisingly through the community like water, or gas, or electricity, always ready at hand when required, always doing uniform useful work like the blood in the human body, which no healthy man would allow to become congested in one or two organs while the rest of his body remained starved and anæmic.

A perusal of Henry Ford's book shows conclusively that the horrors of modern industry, which have disfigured civilisation so abominably that it stands condemned in the eyes of every truly patriotic person, are no proper concomitant of it, but are due to laziness, greed, waste, bad management and inefficiency. The profits of industry, developed on Ford's lines of mass-production and standardisation, are enormous—practically illimitable: sufficient to satisfy the utmost demands of owners and workers alike. There is simply no need for, or sense in, the present deadlock and general paralysis all over Europe. Mr. Ford and Mr. Hoover, if they were given the power, could put Europe on its feet in a week.

"If they were given the power!" A big "if"! But it is up to governments to give suitable men that power over finance and industry instead of allowing the Beast of The Revelation to become a Power behind all thrones. When the Germans were battering at the gates of the British Empire, Lloyd-George *had* that power, and used it for one short week. Since that week Britain's credit has been sold to Britain by the banks as if it was their own—first stolen, and then sold back to the owner. The credit of the banks evaporated in the first

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week of war, as Norman Angell prophesied it would. Lloyd-George substituted Government credit, on which we have been living ever since. Why did he not make his own terms in doing so, and muzzle, once for all, the unjust power of the banks?

It may still be done. A fully alive League of Nations may yet achieve it, and stabilise the delirious riot of the exchanges at the same time.

The pity of it all meanwhile! The waste, the futility, the agony, the stupidity, with the means of salvation ready at hand, and only one word requiring to be spoken to render it available! The way to peace and prosperity, such as Europe has never known before, is plain, and literally stares us in the face.

Henry Ford is not only a Napoleon in industry, but a writer of rare vigour and delicious epigram. Some of his maxims, derived from his experience in the factory, read wonderfully like the occult maxims in *Light on the Path*. This gives one a shock of delicious surprise—as if one heard the familiar and loved tones of one's Teacher issuing from the disguise of a figure clad in the grimy garb of the factory, and fresh from its humble daily task! It may be so—who can say?

H. L. S. Wilkinson

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THE OCCULT HIERARCHY, INITIATES AND HUMANITY

By WOODRUFF SHEPPARD, M.D.

THIS article is essentially a plea for the great orphan humanity, for the orphan for whom the Hierarchy stays in contact with men, for the orphan who needs the utter sacrifice of every dedicated life, for the orphan in whose service man can swiftly pass through the great portals to liberation for fuller service. This, for those whose vision has revealed the line of their parentage and who have set out determinedly to establish their proofs to a rightful place in a great and noble family. The subject obviously requires common-sense treatment. It is a question of understanding relationships and orderly succession in the unfoldment of consciousness, together with the functions of initiates as regards the Hierarchy and humanity. We need to supplement what we actually know by intelligent reflection and thought; thought impregnated with abstract idealism, metaphysical perception and intuition to the degree available. We need to know or consider evolution as a fact. This method of approach will yield a practical survey of the relationships in terms of spiritual service. Service consciously rendered is the function of the Hierarchy and initiates in contradiction to the blind groping and the near circular coursing of humanity.

The Occult Hierarchy may be considered as a group of graded intelligences, entities if we wish, who having passed the human stage of evolution remain in touch with

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humanity (and inter-related evolutions) to teach, train and guide, in various ways, the human units until their consciousnesses have expanded to the light; until their feet have found the road on which there is no turning back.

An initiate is one who has entered a contract for the complete sacrifice of the life and is liquidating outstanding obligations in the three worlds to satisfy its terms. Initiates are accepted servers of the Hierarchy in the world of men. They are those who are stepping consciously out of the human stream, those who have deliberately and by their own volition made a grade. This is a very definite relationship, indicating graded expansions in consciousness under law. Or, it can be considered as a series of repolarisations of an ascending order.

Humanity, collectively, is in essence the fourth creative Hierarchy. On earth it is those units still groping in the darkness of the three lower worlds, within the higher reaches of which there has been developing a degree of protective intelligence, guiding discrimination, and spiritualising standards of conduct in service, in ethics and in morals.

There are three points to keep in mind. First, that the human problem lies open to the Hierarchy. Second, initiates of the first four grades are still within varying ratios of human weaknesses and illusions, and have seen, in a measure, the human problem. Third, the light of wisdom is not the portion of ordinary humanity. Reflect carefully on this picture of relationships, the responsibility it places and on whom that responsibility rests.

Let us now propound a question: How does anyone know an initiate? First, by claims of the initiate himself. Second, by claims of others announcing the status who have heard or who themselves really know the man to be an initiate. The above is testimony as to fact. The credibility of the testimony is in direct ratio to the character of the witness. Initiation is

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a matter of *fact*. Claims are not proof of fact nor do contrary opinions disprove fact. Then third, the life and faculties of a man being of a standard and quality sufficiently above the human standard to infer a consciousness of a higher order. The third is the only criterion by which humanity can check the evidence of the first two to protect itself from deception and fraud. An initiate in fact, where he falls below evolved and sound standards, thereby misleading his brothers or causing them to be misled, is not an initiate in influence on humanity nor in service to the Hierarchy.

The stage of initiate while still bound to the wheel of birth and death is a stage of unbelievable difficulties. It is a stage in which the man not yet grown perfect stands in a relationship to humanity that makes him measurable and accountable in terms of perfection. It is the stage in which the daring aspirant fain would withdraw from the world while battling with his imperfections, yet those very world contacts are his nurture and sustenance. We need to reflect well that initiation does not mean perfection. It means birth into a new possibility in states of consciousness with its concomitants. It means purgation by fire of all dross not belonging to the state born into. It marks a struggle to polarise consciously and become stable in a new state. An initiate finds himself, so to speak, suspended between the human and spiritual evolutions. Powerfully drawn to the lower, powerfully drawn to the higher, a surging conflict of energies. All inertias are thrown to the surface by the quickening life, the tendency being with sentimentalists to shift the blame for the friction and disorders affecting the initiate from the initiate to humanity; or plainly put, to make the blind responsible for the troubles of those with a clearer vision. The writer suggests that responsibility for the reaction caused by a man's action in pulling ahead of the normal rate, rests not on the normal course but on the disturber of that course. Strains on initiates are due to stresses in consciousness

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owing to attempted, rapid, abnormal adjustments and not to extraneous pressure *per se*. The initiate is not defenceless as is sometimes weakly taught, but, his defence is in the good law and his fortress is the hall of wisdom. The aspirant to great privileges for service who turns from expediency to truth finds peace his lot, and holding his consciousness within the greater consciousness of the One Beloved, a glorious radiance illumines the life.

Ill-founded sentiment the initiate does not need. He does need understanding. Untrue half-truths, extenuation of defections the initiate does not need. He may need the corrective of public opinion at times. The stifling garlands of personal worship and bigoted following the initiate does not need. He does need a fearless friendship in those of clear vision, knowing the good law, loving ceaselessly, helping in integrity and comforting the harassed soul, neither covering nor accentuating the ills, yet yielding renewed strength for the onward march.

A very real danger to initiates lurks in the tendency in adherents to develop a reverence deemed worthy of enforcement on less (?) favoured humanity. It is well to note that a critical period in the history of philosophical, religious and other movements is reached when the tendency to invest leaders with an enforceable reverence appears. This is a subtle, enduring and dangerous human trait, subtly used by the shadow side of nature deftly to carry movements into an innocuous desuetude and shunt aspirants from an untrammelled and adequate service. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, 507 (534)[1] well indicates both the danger and the remedy in the following words. *But theology seems to have lost sight of the human capacity for discriminating and finally analysing all that is artificially forced upon its reverence.*[2] Further saying that it is "a natural impulse to exalt" one's

[1] 1888 edition. Revised edition page number in parenthesis.
[2] Italics are mine.—W. S.

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own. "Natural impulse" does not move one while cognisant of his inner divinity.

In treating of the vital relationships of the Hierarchy, Initiates and Humanity, together with the status of individual units, a careful differentiation between what we have been told, our individual opinions, and what we *actually know*, will enable us to stand before the world in an integrity not hitherto attained by organisations designed for leading men to truth. It will enable us to render an *intelligent service* to humanity worthy of the ideals and postulates of Theosophy. It will enable us to render a service that will do honour to Those for Whom to do less, in Their name, is but to blaspheme.

The child humanity—dependent and wilful—needs a guardianship of wisdom and the steadying hand of fortitude and patience. It needs men on the line of spiritual service *consciously* rendered. It needs the ringing call, the self-effacing love, the tireless efforts of those whose feet have found the Path. It needs those who have lost the self within the radiance of the Divine Heart, and who, filled with that radiance, turn a tender and compassionate understanding to the problem of service for humanity.

Woodruff Sheppard

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VEGETARIANISM IN THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF ALL AGES

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, B. MUS., J.P.

AS Asia is the source of all the religions of all the ages it is but fitting that any review of the physical basis through which the religious life manifested should start from Asia as its centre, with the earliest records in the world—the Veḍas, as its dietary textbook, and the oldest race of the Āryan stock, the Hinḍūs—as its exemplars.

It is acknowledged by all unprejudiced world travellers, and research scholars in sociology, philosophy, and comparative religions, that in no country on earth is religion so interwoven with every detail of daily life as in India, therefore it is that "*Lux ab Oriente*" (Light from the East) may possibly be shed on the title-subject of this article by one living on India's sacred soil. Looking from this Eastern civilisation towards the West and down the ages from the times of the Ṛṣhis, one sees the growing darkness of love of power, self-indulgence, superstition, ignorance, cruelty, followed by a revival of learning and knowledge, divorced alas, from religion, and leading only to that orgy of egotism that culminated in the Great War—all saved from self-annihilation only by the transmuting power of the white fire of the purified lives of scattered individuals whose spirituality burnt up the dross around them in the alchemical crucible of their religious life.

From the Himālayan peaks of detachment one sees that religions rise and fall, that they are suited to times, localities,

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and peoples, that they are the spiritual soil best fitted for the blooming upward of the souls of their devotees; but one sees also that the *religion* and the *religious life* are not synonymous terms and that only the intuition can act as the discriminator of that mode of life which gives "life more abundant".

What, however, is the teaching of the East regarding the importance of food in the religious life? In one of the most deeply metaphysical of the ancient Indian Scriptures, the *Katho Upanishaḍ*, it is taught:

> Food indeed is lord of creation; from that indeed is seed of generation virile; from that are all these creatures produced.

In another section food is made the basis of the worlds themselves. "Food is Brahman," says a third. The great commentators do not include animal flesh in this "food". It is always translated as corn, grain, rice or vegetables. The Laws of Manu are explicit on the subject of food:

> The man who forsakes not the law, and eats not flesh-meat like a bloodthirsty demon, shall attain goodwill in this world, and shall not be afflicted with maladies.

Furthermore the whole priestly caste of Brāhmaṇas in India hold purity of food and abstention from all forms of animal food as an essential basis of their spiritual status, and pay the penalty of excommunication from their caste for any infringement of this code.

The ethics of Hinḍūism teach very clearly the relativity of morality. Believing as Hinḍūism does in the evolution of the soul towards perfection through many earth lives, it recognises that the standard of good is a growing one, and consequently it makes provision for a different mode of life and outlook on life at the different levels to which the soul has attained. Its caste system is the result and its laws regarding food, the basis of life, are codified to caste which is looked upon as the symbol of spiritual development.

The *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* classifies food as *Sāṭṭvic* (spiritual), *Rājasic* (sensational) and *Ṭāmasic* (gross) in character, each

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kind being in affinity with the spiritual rank of the caste and the eater. *Sāṭṭvic* food

> increases their length of days, their power and their strength, and keeps them free from sickness, happy and contented. It is pleasing to the palate, nourishing, permanent, and congenial to the body. It is neither too bitter, too sour, too salt, too hot, too pungent, too stringent, nor too inflammable. The food that is coveted by those of the *Rajo-guṇa* giveth nothing but pain and misery; and the delight of those in whom the *Ṭamo-Guṇa* prevaileth is such as was dressed the day before, and is out of season, hath lost its taste and has grown putrid; the leavings of others, and all things that are impure.

Jainism, a great offshoot of Hinḍūism, made abstinence from animal food binding on all its followers, and had such fear of bringing about the death of any of the numerous flying insects which crowd around the floor lamps of India that the Jains will not eat any food after sunset. Buḍḍhism also, the Protestantism of Hinḍūism, was explicit about the non-killing of animals as an essential principle of the religious life. The following are two out of the Five Rules given by the Buḍḍha, the great Lord of Compassion, to be kept by all who wished to live aright;

> Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
> Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.
>
> Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
> The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Zoroaster is said also to have laid down similar rules of diet.

The Christian scriptures reiterate the doctrine of a bloodless diet when they tell of the ideal state of humanity, first in the pristine purity of the race in the Garden of Eden; second in the redemption of the race after its fall as given in the vision of Isaiah when in this perfected earth

> they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord . . . The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them

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and finally in the Garden of Paradise where twelve manners of fruit form the Heavenly sustenance.

In the Laws for the Chosen People it was twice promulgated thus:

> It shall be a perpetual statute throughout your generations in all your dwellings that ye shall eat neither fat nor blood. Ye shall eat no fat of ox or sheep or goat[1] . . . And ye shall eat no manner of blood, whether it be of fowl, or beast, in any of your dwellings.[2]

Again, in the New Dispensation the Christ instituted no blood feast but a Love Feast of consecrated food from the yellow corn and the purple grape. His commandment "Thou shalt not kill" is as emphatic as is the Buḍḍha's and the spirit of all His teaching of Love, gentleness and compassion is utterly at variance with the appetite in His devotees to-day that demands the pain and cruelty to beast, and the moral degradation to man inherent in a flesh dietary, such as characterises the Western Christian nations.

The Greeks, while not religious in the sense of the Hinḍūs or the Jews, proclaimed in their Mysteries the necessity of a pure body as a preliminary qualification for Initiation. At one time they looked on the perfection of the body as a religious cult in itself. The æsthetic of human fitness as an expression of the manifesting God within was to them a spiritual objective and the exclusion of animal food as a means to that end is upheld by Pythagoras, Ovid, Plutarch, Empedocles and others, while along the line of philosophical idealism Pythagoras, the Stoics, and Plato all demand an abstention from flesh foods as an essential condition of purity. On the purely physical plane alone the dietary of the Grecian athletes, the greatest the world has known, proclaims the superiority of a vegetarian basis for obtaining fitness in strength, speed, endurance, flexibility, mobility, and obedience of the organs to the demands of the will. Their regimen consisted of figs, nuts,

[1] Lev., III, 7.
[2] *Ibid.*, 17, 23.

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cheese and maize bread only, without wine. The great soldier heroes of the Roman times, the Spartans, and the Turks of later times also followed their religious teachings by abstention from animal food and intoxicants.

Why is this consensus of teaching in the world religions about the importance of food to their devotees? Again the East gives the direct answer. It was stated in the Upanishaḍs by the Ṛṣhis out of the fulness of their clear realisation of Being and of the processes of involution and evolution that Ishvara (the omniscient Lord of creation) created *Prāṇa*; from *Prāṇa* faith, *ākāsa*, air, fire, water, earth, senses, mind and food; and from food, strength, contemplation, manṭras, karma and the worlds; and in the worlds, name also. Food for this reason is considered so important in India that the preparation and serving of it is hedged round by all kinds of purificatory rites, such as bathing, dressing, recitation of manṭras, offering of it to the gods, magnetic insulation, meditation and silence during eating, in short a whole ritual of food as a religious service, a whole occult science of food as the basis of a spiritual transmutation and transubstantiation, common to every family of the three higher castes in India in a manner unimagined in Western countries. A fundamental reason for the Hinḍū attitude is a belief in the sanctity of all sentient life, a teaching upheld by all religions. To kill *unnecessarily* is to commit murder. The fact that more than half the inhabitants of the world belong to vegetarian races and that there are happy and healthy vegetarians in every country to-day shows that the slaughter of animals for food is unnecessary, and therefore the customs of non-vegetarians are excuses for appalling hecatombs of slaughter of the innocents. There is no shadow of doubt also that the demand for animal food involves a vast amount of pain if only through the difficulties connected with the transport of the creatures, through the emotional strain to be observed in driven animals,

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and through the processes connected with the actual slaughter. One firm in Chicago slaughters eight million animals—cattle, sheep, pigs—per year, and employs 18,433 men to deal with them. The Royal Commission of Agriculture compiled statistics which showed that one million of animals were killed each day for food in Christian countries! The numbers relating to the slaughter of fish for food in Eastern countries must be quite as terrible, for in Japan, China and Burma the ideals taught by the Buddha are as flagrantly violated as are those taught by the Christ and the great Christian saints like St. Francis of Assisi.

The expiation of all this unnecessary cruelty and pain must be worked out by every individual who acquiesces in it or who forms part of the demand for it. Religion in its purity can be no party to it and therefore is it that each of the religions from its aspect of the realisation of the sanctity of life and its vision of the unity all sentient life commands

> Thou shalt not kill . . . Blessed are the merciful . . .
>
> Henceforth none
> Shall spill the blood of life, nor taste of flesh;
> Seeing that knowledge grows and life is one.

Religion recognises the duty of mankind not only to the subhuman creatures as their protectors and not their exploiters or their bullies but to its own fourfold nature—physical, emotional, mental and spiritual.

The East proclaims "There is no Yoga (unity) without health," therefore foods must be chosen which are free from danger of disease. This prohibits at once all flesh foods which contain uric acid, the root of most of the common diseases. Meat also includes alcohol which brings about excitation or restlessness, desire for either further stimulation or narcotics—all these being states antithetical to the condition of calm equipoise of body and mind aimed at by the follower of the Prince of Peace or the Self-Harmonised One. Everyone

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knows how processes of digestion affect for good or ill the power to think. Heavy food clogs the brain. Inventors, writers, thinkers, even when flesh-eaters, prefer fowl and fish to beef or mutton. But why stop at these when there are the still lighter and more easily digested vegetables, fruits and nuts available from which to obtain equal nourishment without interference with the sentient life of the bird in the air or the denizen of the waters? The whole mental organism works more subtly in organisms built up of elements derived at first hand from the bosom of Mother Nature. Intricate metaphysics such as those of the Indian are impossible of elaboration, full elucidation, or understanding by any but vegetarian races. They are the intellectual fruits of generations of purely nourished bodies, of lines of ancestry carefully guarded from pollution of slaughtered animals and even from the physical touch of members of a lower caste who might at any time have partaken of flesh.

In regard to the emotional nature of man there is a love of the Beautiful in every soul which is outraged by the ugliness that is a concomitant of bleeding flesh, quartered limbs, smelling skins or entrails. Fish is supposed to be cold-blooded (how the very term offends one!) and non-sentient, yet that nature must indeed be hardened that can stand at a fishing wharf and watch the women gutting the fish for packing without feelings of the utmost repulsion.

There is nothing in the whole vegetable kingdom that necessitates the coarsening of the naturally fine æsthetic of a cultured mind. The finest lady in the land need not shrink from entering a greengrocer's shop as she will from even passing a butcher's. She will shock no susceptibilities in washing the earth off potatoes, though her whole being will revolt at the first demand to "draw" a chicken. In the beginning God did not stock a farm for food. No, God planted a Garden. The human being rejoices in an environment of

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beauty; he becomes morose in the grasp of the unlovely. Therefore it is that the highly sensitive, the imaginative, the artistic leaders of life both in East and West have voiced the appeal to the higher intelligence and intuition of the race for the purity and loveliness of the Food of the Gods—Shelley, Wagner, Goldsmith, Tagore, Thoreau, Voltaire, Garibaldi, Milton, Linnæus, Ovid, Plutarch and a numbers of others. Consider the Golden Age imagined by Shelley:

> Their feast was such as Earth, the general mother,
> Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles
> In the embrace of Autumn; . . .
> Such was this Festival, which from their isles
> And continents and winds, and oceans deep,
> All shapes might throng to share, that fly, or walk, or creep.
>
> Might share in peace and innocence, for gore
> Or poison none this festal did pollute,
> But piled on high, an overflowing store
> Of pomegranates and citrons, fairest fruit,
> Melons, and dates and figs and many a root
> Sweet and sustaining, and bright grapes ere yet
> Accursed fire their mild juice could transmute
> Into a mortal bane, and brown corn set
> In baskets; with pure streams their thirsting lips they wet.

There is, in addition, the aspect of animal diet connected with the sensational or astral nature of humanity which looms large in the thought of the religious, magical East, but which does not receive enough attention in the West, namely, the occult effect of blood sacrifice. In India the higher castes dread the few days in the year when the lowest caste sacrifices large numbers of animals to its gods and goddesses and partakes later of the consecrated flesh. The occult science of the East has taught the evolved that on such occasions the fumes of blood attract hosts of evil spirits who reinforce all the evil tendencies in the living. The effusion of blood is the invitation to phantasms and misleading influences in all times, lands and religious teachings. The sacrifice of animals on the altar of the human palate is the pouring forth of a bloody

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oblation to the tendencies of the lower nature. As a modern mystic has expressed it:

> The Interior Life and the clear Heaven are not attainable by men who are partakers of blood; men whose mental atmosphere is thick with the fumes of daily sacrifices to idols. For so long as these shadows infest the man, obscuring the expanse of the higher and divine ether beyond, he remains unable to detach himself from the love of Matter and from the attractions of Sense, and can at best but dimly discern the Light of the Spiritual Sun.

Finally it is on spiritual grounds that the religions commanded a vegetarian diet as the only basis of sustenance consistent with the aspiration for spiritual perfection. Renunciation of the desires of the flesh include renunciation of desire for the flesh. The hermits and the holy men and women of the East live on the smallest quantity of the simplest food,—milk, plantains and the roots and fruits of the forest. The body must be kept in subjection to the soul; the mind must apply its growing realisation of the unity of each with the All and therefore avoid anything that would bring pain or harm to either man or creature; the life must be lived in accordance with the will and provision of Mother Earth and Father Sun if the true doctrine is to become known. The ideal is not asceticism but perfect harmony and efficiency between the inner and the outer.

Notwithstanding the defection from the ideals, commands and reasons of the religions for a reformed diet which is seen in the masses of their followers to-day owing to sophistication, misrepresentation, ignorance, self-indulgence or materialism, yet there have been throughout the ages and there are to-day, Orders which kept the faith purely, such as the Nazarites, the Therapeuts, the Neo-Platonists, the Gnostics, and certain Orders of the Catholic Church like the Franciscans.

And as individual vegetarian exponents of the religious life in the highest degree there are such inspiring names as Daniel the Prophet, St. John, Appolonius of Tyana, Origen, St. Chrysostom, St. Francis, Swedenborg, Cardinal Newman,

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Anna Kingsford, Swāmi Vivekānanḍa, General Booth, Dr. Peebles, Annie Besant, Gandhi, and all the saints of India. These all testify to the truth that

Paradise can never be regained, Regeneration never completed, man never fully redeemed, until the body is brought under the law of Eden, and has cleansed itself thoroughly from the stain of blood. None will ever know the joys of Paradise who cannot live like Paradise-dwellers; none will ever help to restore the Golden Age to the world who does not first restore it in himself.

Margaret E. Cousins

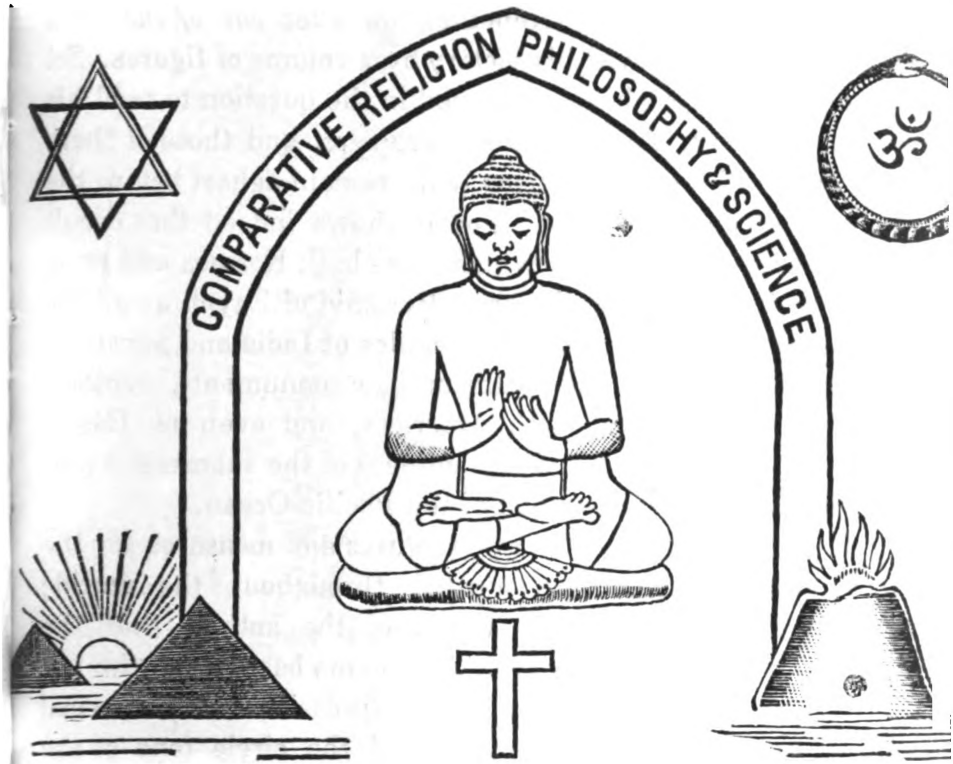
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ONE ḌEVA TO ANOTHER

IN patience wait upon the hour above
Decreed and won, when all is overborne
Before the Lord. Then listen for the horn
To call, that re-awakes the Power of Love.
Around the sea and quiet silent grove,
Alike, we gaze expectant for the dawn
Of this New Age, when He shall walk at morn
Once more on earth. Hush! For the Word to move
The stillness waiting for the note to swell
Across the smooth, pale, water wonderful.
Hark! For though hardly heard, a long low call
Blows on the morning air, then dies. The spell
Descends. Reflect it, silent sea, and cull
The gift! The Lord hath spoken for us all.

LEONID

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SYMBOLISM

By An Indian Student

(*Continued from Vol. XLV, September, p. 735*)

In a brief and rapid survey we have tried to catch a bird's-eye view of the trend of investigation and the extent of study of symbols carried on by two eminent men in the West. We have seen how, by unfailing patience and perseverance, the unrivalled genius of Ralston Skinner succeeded in achieving certain definite results from amongst

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the various traces and vestiges left behind by correlated and successive life-histories of symbols all the world over. It was he who "succeeded in wrenching for ever *one of the seven occult Keys*" and proved his victory by a volume of figures. Set any of our Theosophists interested in the question to read his wonderful work, *The Source of Measures*, and those of them who are good mathematicians will remain aghast before the revelations contained in it. For it shows indeed that occult source of the measure by which were built Kosmos and man, and then by the latter the great Pyramid of Egypt, as all the towers, mounds, obelisks, cave temples of India and pyramids in Peru and Mexico, and all the archaic monuments, symbols in stone of Chaldæa, both Americas, and even of Easter Island—the living and solitary witness of the submerged prehistoric continent in the midst of the Pacific Ocean.

It shows first that the same figures and measures for the same esoteric symbology existed throughout the world; secondly it shows, in the words of the author, that the Kabbala is a whole series of developments based upon the use of geometrical elements, giving expression in numerical values, founded on integral values of the circle (one of the Seven Keys hitherto known but to the Initiates) discovered by Peter Metius in the sixteenth century, and rediscovered by the late John A. Parker in his work *The Quadrature of the Circle.*

Moreover, that the system from whence all these developments were derived was anciently considered to be one resting in *nature* (or God) as the *basis* or *law* of the exertions practically of creative design; and that it also underlies the Biblical structures, being found in the measurements given for Solomon's Temple, the Ark of the Covenant, Noah's Ark, etc.—in all the symbolical myths, in short, of the Bible.

The author of *The Source of Measures* does not, of course, himself know as yet the whole scope of what he has discovered. He applies his key, so far, only to the esoteric language and the symbology in the Bible, and the Books of Moses especially. The great error of the able author, in my (H. P. B.'s) opinion, is that he applies the Key discovered by him chiefly to post-Atlantean and quasi-historical phallic elements in the world religions; feeling intuitionally a nobler, or

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No. 1 EASTER ISLAND

The living and solitary witness of a submerged pre-historic continent in the midst of the Pacific Ocean.

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Prostrate Figure and Tufa Crown.





No. 2 **FRONT AND BACK VIEWS OF THE STATUES ON EASTER ISLAND**

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higher, a more transcendental meaning in all this—only in the Bible—and a mere sexual worship in all other religions. This phallic element, however, in the older pagan worship related, in truth, to the physiological evolution of the human races, something that could not be discovered in the Bible, as it is absent from it (the Pentateuch being the latest of all the old Scriptures).

It appears from the above that there are :

Seven Occult Keys for obtaining knowledge.

That there is an *Occult Source of Measure* for the whole universe as well as for everything that it contains.

That this *Primal Measure* is embedded in and could therefore be ascertained from old rock-cut temples, pyramids and earth constructions.

That these ancient monuments are found spread all the world over for the use and benefit of humanity if it is so inclined, to take advantage of information safely locked up therein.

Before proceeding with an attempt—an attempt in its very nature halting and hesitating owing to a complete indefiniteness about it—to pick up and gather the scattered threads of the mysteries of symbolism, it would be helpful, as a first step, to determine some practical explanation of the Seven Keys to the Mystery Tongue. It is said that :

These Keys have always been in the keeping of the highest among the initiated Hierophants of antiquity, and India, including its ancient boundaries, is the only country in the world which still has among her sons Adepts, who have the knowledge of all the seven sub-systems and the Key to the Entire system.

In ancient times, countries which are now known to us by other names were all called India. There was even during the comparatively late period of Alexander, an Upper, a Lower and a Western India, the latter of which is now Persia-Iran. The countries now named Tibet, Mongolia, and Great Tartary were also considered by the ancient writers as India, including the Caspian Sea. This goes to prove that somewhere in Central Asia there is a Brotherhood of priests of a very high order of evolution who possess knowledge of all the systems

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and sub-systems of physical and spiritual sciences to which man is heir. It is from this source only that humanity can draw inspiration stage by stage according to the degree of its attainment and preparation to receive the same.

As can be gathered from *The Secret Doctrine*, which is itself a precious gift from these very Hierophants of Central Asia, the classification of these Seven Keys is as under:

1. Spiritual.
2. Psycho-cosmic or Akāshic, embracing (*a*) Inter-etheric Forces, and (*b*) Sound or Vibratory Forces.
3. Astronomical, including Planetary and Inter-Planetary correlations, extra-terrestrial Forces such as the Sun Force, the Vital Force, the Magneto-Electric Forces and Gravity, also Astrology.
4. Numerical, including Quantitative Chronology, Alphabetical and Literal valuations, as also Analytical and Synthetical computations in Chemistry, Physics, Dynamics, Hydrostatics, Acoustics, Pneumatics, Aeronautics, Arithmetic, Algebra, Trigonometry and cognate subjects.
5. Geometrical, embracing its Dimensional and Structural aspects, including Architecture, Geology, Seismography and Crystallography.
6. Mythological, including Qualitative Theology, Scriptures, Allegories, Folklore, Parables, and Fables.
7. Anthropomorphic, including Racial, Physiological, Biological, Embryological and Ethnological systems.

These classifications reveal at a glance the stupendous vastness of conception in totality and detail of ancient symbolism. Their marvellous co-ordination and comprehensive sweep are a bewilderment to mankind, whose limited intellect stands staggered at the manifold expansiveness of symbolism hand in hand with the Science of Correspondences.

Even the known Scriptures of the world at present do not possess these Keys in their entirety, since even the *Vedas* are not

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No. 3 ONE OF THE STATUES ON EASTER ISLAND

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No. 4 VIEW OF A PART OF EASTER ISLAND

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complete. Every old religion is but a chapter or two of the entire volume of archaic primeval mysteries; Eastern Occultism alone being able to boast that it is in possession of the full secret, with its *Seven Keys.*

This enumeration of the various aspects of (*Vidyā*) the Sacred Science, or the summation of knowledge which humanity is aspiring to, lays bare the directions in which students could carry on investigations in line with their inclinations and proclivities. It affords a free scope to the development of the faculty to cognise knowledge through investigations by self-effort. It establishes the unity of source, the unanimity of expression, and the uniformity of development of human intelligence. It affords a foothold upon the ladder of self-upliftment and provides a finger-post on the path of progress. With the help of the Law of Correspondence, these Seven Keys afford an insight into the avenues of mysteries, spiritual mystery excepted, for which the direct help and guidance of a Master are necessary to lead the pupil by the hand as it were, teaching from mouth to ear being imperative at that stage of progress. As hinted by Subba Rao:

> It is this spiritual light which is transmitted from Guru to Disciple when the time of real initiation comes (*Guruparampara.*)

Over and above the Seven Keys the worthy aspirant can successfully search for the Master-key. For,

> within the mystical precinct of the Cross lies the Master-key which opens the door of every science, physical as well as spiritual.

The Highest Hierophant in whose keeping are the Seven Keys is spoken of as the Chief Lord of all the Sacerdotal Colleges. He is known in the Kabbalah as the *Java Aleim* or the Mahā Chohān in another tongue. He, with "the last remnant" is supposed to be living in an unknown place called the Sacred Island (*Dvīpa*) which

> according to belief exists to the present hour as an oasis surrounded by the dreadful wilderness of the great Gobi Desert—whose sands no "foot hath crossed in the memory of man".

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This island called by the Tibetans Scham-bha-la (mark the similarity of pronounciation with the word *symbol*), the Happy Land, which has no rival in the world for its unparalleled beauty, was once upon a time surrounded by a vast inland sea—where now are but salt lakes and desolate barren deserts—which extended over Midland Asia, north of the proud Himālayan range, and its western prolongation. There was no communication with this fair island by sea, but its subterranean passages have communications in all directions. The majestic ruins of Ellora, Elephanta and the caverns of Ajunta once belonged to the Sacerdotal Colleges. Delhi and Allahabad (formerly known as Prayāga) in India, and Florence in Europe, are some of the cities which are supposed to be built on several other cities which lie underneath like so many underground stories with communicating corridors. The tiers and passages of the Egyptian Labyrinth are well known and the crypts and cave-libraries cut in rocks of the Tibetan Lāmāsaries and the monasteries of Central Asia are freely spoken of and referred to in folklore. The Yogīs and the initiated Brahmins of India are fully aware of their existence, and they use them as subterranean passages, linked as they are with the cave-temples all over the land.

This island of Scham-bha-la was inhabited by the last remnant of the Race which preceded ours and this race could live with equal ease in water, air or fire, for it had an unlimited control over the elements. This last remnant were the "Sons of Will and Yoga" otherwise known as the "Sons of God," not those who saw the daughters of men. They it was who imparted Nature's most weird secrets to men, and revealed to them the ineffable and now *lost* word. Now this word which is no word, *has travelled once round the globe*, and still lingers as a far-off dying echo in the hearts of some privileged men.

From what we have examined above, it appears that from Scham-bha-la, the Land of the Gods the Āiryana Vaejo of the Mazdean *Vendidād*, knowledge and revelation have spread all over the world from times immemorial. With the result that continents, whether now outstretched over the

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surface of the oceans, or continents lying submerged beneath, or continents upheaved from ocean floors, all bear ample evidences of the propagation of teaching by the Heavenly Man, the *Java Aleim.* Embedded under the various strata of the crust of these continents from end to end of the boundaries of our earth, the antiquarian is able to trace various symbols which proclaim in an undying method the various designs devised by them to promulgate handy means of imparting knowledge to those who were ready to understand and interpret them. That never-failing and long-lived process of instruction is symbolism, the rudiments whereof are the point, the circle, the diameter and the cross or the svastika which include the triangle and the square. The combinations of the line, the triangle and the square are the very foundations of Creative Art, whether it be of architecture, or of the building of the planet, the solar system or of the Visible Universe. All the highest speculations whether of the best human intelligence, or of the highest Planetary Spirits cannot go beyond the contemplation of the Ring-pass-not or the *Dhyānipāsha* which is graphically spoken of as the Rope of the Angels. The Universal Cosmos and its evolution do not fall within the range of our present objective consciousness. So that the World Process, whether represented symbolically by a perfect Circle with the point (Root) in the centre, or elaborated in lengthy cosmogonical dissertations, can have reference to the reawaking *Visible* Universe only. Our Visible Universe is spoken of in the *Rig-Veḍa* as "Āditi in That" or potential space within abstract space.

In esoteric symbolism Space (Chaos) is called the "Seven-Skinned Eternal Mother-Father" denoting thereby that it is composed of seven layers from its undifferentiated to its differentiated surface. This Visible Cosmos is the manifestation of Brahmā, the Creator (Theos), who dies or disappears *temporarily* from the manifested plane of existence extending

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over a period of 100 Divine Years or 311,040,000,000,000 human years or, if preferred, astronomical or sidereal years. This inconceivably long life-period is called the Age of Brahmā (*Chronos*) which is *Shatarūpa*, that is, of a hundred forms. One new form for every new year, complete disappearance at the end of every 100 years, and then the Deity reawakes in quite a different manifestation from the previous one. This ever-recurring manifestation of world-process and its ultimate disintegration is what we call the Law of Periodicity (*Anukalpa*).

The germ of periodicity or better still of creative potentiality, omnipresent in a state of latency (*Ālaya*) is represented in symbology as an uncircled point (*Anu* in Samskṛt) the centre of energy of a potential circle. This centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere. This latent germ, *Anu*, when worked upon or caught hold of (*Anubandh*) by the *Dhyāna* or cumulative thought-process of a *Dhyāni* (Celestial Thinker) who is co-existent with countless Anūs in time and space, becomes active (*Anuvartan-Universed*) and begins to unfold or liberate its energies held in abeyance. The static *Anu* thereafter becomes *Anu* dynamic. It begins to throw out vibrations in all directions (*Anukampan*), manifests its energies in various forms and movements (*Anupadina*), and ultimately enters on self-limitation (*Anusvara*) by circumscribing itself into the shape of the *Chakra* (the Disk of Vishṇu) known by its mystical designation of *Anupāḍaka* the First Born. The Wheel, the Serpent holding its tail in its mouth, the *Dhyāni-pāsh* or the Rope of the Angels, and the Ring-pass-not are all symbolic expressions of the symbolic representation of the Circle (*Chakra*) with a Point or Germ in the Centre. At this stage of our study we seem to be approaching the path which Skinner, unconsciously to himself, began to tread in search of knowledge guided by the hints that he obtained from the Hebrew Kabalah, of which he was an erudite exponent. Just

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as we have begun to requisition Samskṛt terms to understand the formative aspect of creation, we are face to face with words representing the Circle and the Centre, the very symbols which put Skinner on the right track for the comprehension of their hidden meanings by the help of the Hebrew Kabalah. If *Anu* is the germ, *Sūnyan* is the nought or the circle in Samskṛt. As said above, it is the *Ḍhyāni* or Ideator who with the galvanic shake of his ideation rouses the slumbering germ to activity, liberating its locked-up potentialities, and makes them manifest one by one within the circumscribed space, expressed symbolically thus ⊙. This encircled point is very appropriately and explicitly described in the Hebrew Bible where Jehovah says to Moses:

The summation of my name is *Sacr* the carrier of the germ.

The reader should take note of this exquisite expression "carrier of the germ," as it will help him very much, further on, in the elucidation of the mystic sense of very many words. By a process of transformation, the Samskṛt word *Chakra*, otherwise known as the Disc or Wheel of Vishṇu, became Sacr in Hebrew from which the words *sacred* and *secret* have originated. If reference is made to the *sacr-factum* of the Roman priest, or to *sacr-fice* or to *sacr-ment*, one has to take his memory back to the far-off past when the word *Chakra* was used and uttered by the Ḍevas who passed it on to men to use in their varied dialects. It is to be borne in mind at the very outset that symbolic terms and their interpretations drawn by us here during the course of our study, whether in Samskṛt, English, Hebrew or Arabic would not be acceptable as such to the modern lexicographer or the philologist.

An Indian Student

(To be continued)

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TRIPLICITIES IN EVOLUTION

By L. A. COMPTON RICKETT

(*Continued from Vol. XLV, September, p. 752*)

IT has long been the fashion to speak of Hegelianism as dead, but as the logician of Theosophical evolution Hegel is one of the immortal dead, and his high titles cannot be overlooked. On being asked by a Frenchman to summarise his philosophy he replied that its principle was "Die to live," and Theosophists see at once that this is the law of physical and spiritual life.

The first and final triads of the *Dialectic* give an insight into the philosophy. As stated on page 2, his opening triad is that of being, non-being and becoming. Affirmation of some kind is imposed upon man by the necessity of thought. In so called total scepticism, in the very denial of reality to all things, man is unconsciously affirming the validity and reality of his own judgment. If he *knows* life to be unreal, his knowledge of this fact must be real; therefore his own consciousness becomes reality. Descartes had previously recognised this truth when he said "I think, therefore I am." Although Hume had tried to prove the self as non-existent by saying that when he tried to catch himself in thought he was only able to catch an idea, and therefore only the flux of ideas existed. The invalidity of this argument may be shown by

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stating Hegelianism in another way; if only the flux of ideas exists, the awareness of the flux would not be possible, because to be aware of the changing necessitates the changeless. The self is not the fleeting idea of the self or any combination of mental qualities but the principle of continuity joining all the mental states; the thread-spirit. To be consciousness of change means that there is that in the mind which abides and links moment to moment, manifesting as memory. Throughout life "godlike reason" rests on godlike memory, and man's very sense of the fleeting is his warrant of the eternal. Memory is the mark of unity, and the greater the memory the greater the manifestation of self-affirming reality.

Both Hegel and Bergson have shown that negation is veiled affirmation. It will be recalled that in the triplicity—like, dislike, love—dislike is the negative expression implying the positive like. "Not red" implies red, "nothing exists" implies the existence of the speaker, "all is changed" implies continuity of consciousness.

In this way Hegel first establishes the ground of reality as man's own being (his inevitable self-affirmation) and then shows that he could not be conscious of this being without non-being. The apparent non-being is the foil or background that enables him to be self-consciousness. Moreover it is the negation that is an implicit affirmation of himself, because and if he can only realise himself by what is not himself, the two are bound together. Being and non-being, affirmation and negation co-exist: the separation is only relative, for they are seen to be the two principles contained in the synthesis of becoming or the life movement, and that embraces the self and not self in the all self.

Hegel is logically restating the ancient triplicities which Mr. Bhagavan Das has expounded with the mastery of his genius in *The Science of Peace*, *The Science of Social Organisation*, and *The Science of the Emotions*. As stated by

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Mr. Bhagavan Das, the formula of the life process or Sacred Word is

I	...	This not	...	Am
Affirmation	...	Negation	...	Affirmation-in-negation.
Being	...	Non-being	...	Becoming expressed finally as Unity-in-difference.
Consciousness	...	Self-and-not-self-consciousness	...	All-self-consciousness.

Life reaches its comprehensive affirmation through negation. Matter, resistance and limitation constitute the dual negative stage through which life passes and in which, as it were, it dies to eventually find its resurrection-realisation in all-self-consciousness.

Though his bark cannot be lost
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.

Hegel's final triad consists of religion, philosophy, art. There is a correspondence here with the good, the true and the beautiful of the Greeks, and the higher triad of Theosophy. Ātmā is the Will that reflects itself in action, conduct; the "goodness" of ethics having direct affinity with "the Good" of religion, *buḍḍhi* or wisdom corresponds to the true which is the aspect of philosophy, and (higher) *manas*, creative activity, to the beautiful of art.

Hegel made philosophy the synthesis of this final triad. His unity-in-difference was expressed by "the Absolute Idea," while Dr. MacTaggart assigns the highest place to art as identified with love.

Religion	...	Philosophy	...	Art.
Ātmā	...	Buḍḍhi	...	Manas.
The Good	...	The True	...	The Beautiful.

Although no mention has been made of the Theosophical doctrine of involution it must be noted that the order given as will, wisdom, and creative activity is that of the involutionary process. The evolutionary world-process is the opposite, namely, love or the desire-feeling nature, wisdom or thought, will or co-ordinative action. Thus the "religion" of Hegel,

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"the Good" of the Greeks and *ātmā* of Theosophy becomes the synthetic term which emphasises the unity, but is only the unity in relation to the other two terms. This psychological necessity is the beginning of the mystery of the Trinity, and the Three Persons are principles none of which may be confounded or separated. The mystical doctrine of the Tree with its roots in Heaven and branches on Earth is the symbol for the involutionary process. First the primordial Seed-Will, then the branching and exfoliation of Wisdom or thought's multiplicity, and then the fruit of love that is dropped on earth containing the seed that springs up and finds fruition in heaven.

There is a reason for the common criticism against philosophy that it is not *practical*: the practical man feels he might as well throw metaphysic to the dogs.

In this seeming hair-splitting, head-spinning dilemma M. Bergson endeavours to help us. He has said that, if we wish to contact reality, we must plunge our minds into the flow of the feelings which is the real life, casting away "static concepts," for conceptions are ideas abstracted from actual experience and fixed as a picture for examination. A system of thought which is a static whole, made of static parts, cannot, he says, help us. If by a mental tension we can intuitively merge ourselves into the flow of existence then we realise life which is change.

His philosophic-psychology however, as formulated, presents two difficulties. Firstly, he does not inform us how we can key ourselves up to this pitch, this tension; he does not give us "the particular go of it".

Yet it is a valuable reminder of the mystic experience of transcending mediating thought, and the Hegelian expression of "collapse into immediacy" is another way of presenting the same idea. But neither has Hegel shown us how to collapse, without it be by overstudying his *Dialectic*.

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Secondly Bergson's philosophy on the conceptual side shows us a world the reality of which is change. He dissociates himself from the "close system" of the Absolutists that presents life as endless repetition, and argues for what William James calls "real novelty," life as creation. Yet he "throws away the baby with the bath" for in relegating changelessness to the unreality of conceptional thought he loses in the same moment change. Life is a growing snowball to Bergson, but addition without the principle of continuity or changelessness does not give progress.

It has been noted that what is changeless is not the concept of self, which Hume saw was fleeting, but the feeling background of continuity which threads together experience, gives us memory, and through memory distinction, comparison, anticipation. The more the mind develops, the more the present moment is stamped with the reality and vitality of its relation with the past through memory; our mental span increases and the present is lived more and more in the light of the past and the future. We do in fact live increasingly in the past and the future.

In Buḍḍhism this continuity is recognised as a property of *ākāsha*, the finest form of vivified matter in the universe. Buḍḍhism therefore recognises the essence of Self, for Self is the I, and I is identity and identity is continuity, and continuity is unity of consciousness.

Individuality is therefore also the principle of unity, of which universal self-identity is only an extension.

It is possible to say with Whitman:

> You are not blown to the winds
> You gather certainly and salety round yourself,
> Yourself, yourself, yourself,
> For ever and ever.

The gradations of the cyclic movement, falling into the threefold division of gross, subtle and pure, may be applied to the final complementary terms of continuity and change.

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The principle of *continuity* in its gross form is the sense of Self experienced by the savage, which is largely a matter of physical craving. In the subtle stage it is the pride of possessions, pride belonging to the emotions and thoughts associated with talents, culture and breeding, (pride being the dualistic stage of Self and not-self.) In the pure form Self is continuity of consciousness and does not particularly identify itself with any special phase of consciousness, all changes of consciousness being threaded together by continuity and being therefore equally the individual life. It is the silent witness united to the *Devi-Shakṭi* or feminine flow of form. In Theosophical terms the three stages are denoted by personality, ego, monad; physical presence, individual influence, and that which stamps the coinage of moods with the King's image of Identity.

The gross form of change is substitution. A new mental state substitutes itself from moment to moment for an old, the old retiring into the background of consciousness and becoming partially or completely forgotten. The adult mind is largely a substitution for the child mind and the sequence of normal thought is this substitution, the coming out of oblivion and the retiring into forgetfulness.

In the subtle stage there is a greater admixture of the old with the new. The process is more largely one of addition as in reasoning when there is a chain of thought; in planning for the future, in which sequent thoughts and actions are related to one retained, added to an original idea. All purposeful action represents change as partial addition. It is the secondary dual stage of conflict and adjustment.

Pure[1] change is perfect addition, harmonising new with old which corresponds to synthesis. The second and third stages are only possible by increase in memory, and result from a development of the principle of continuity.

[1] The word is not used as synonymous with absolute.

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Change is the aspect of creation, activity, life, freedom, infinity. At the contemplation of infinite change, humanity reaches the boundary of its thought-world, the mind is overwhelmed, imagination boggles, for we can only imagine an indefinite series which as Hegel says is " false infinity ".

Infinity transcends the quantitative, and in some way becomes the qualitative. Man is in the presence of that which leads him beyond himself and yet does not lift the veil. Only the mystic can say " Hold infinity in the palm of your hand." The undetermined unlimited nature of the individual self or continuity resembles zero, while life as changing creation resembles the world of numbers and quantities that springs from zero and passes into infinity, infinity being like the higher correspondence of the unlimited zero stands for the All-Self which the continuity-self really is. The I that is identity-in-diversity is not like the integer I, a formal object among objects. It is the formless subject among the formal objects of the world of quantities. This zero-self however by the glamour-attraction of creation feels itself limited by the limited nature of objects and has to re-emerge into the ocean of allness and become the one in the many, transcending particularity.

Applying the triad of the Sacred Word we find the correspondence to be :

I	...	This not	...	Am
Nought-self	...	Quantitative change	...	Aught-self or All-Self Infinity.
Seed-one	...	Creation-elaboration	...	Fruit-One.

As negation is only veiled affirmation so the nought-self is the veiled aught-self.

Perhaps a clue may be gained as to the nature of Infinity in the idea first of all of freedom, for freedom in every imaginable phase is at least approximately the qualitative equivalent to the idea of quantitative infinity, and perfect

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freedom or the ability to satisfy the totality of consciousness is bliss.

Only in so far as we are imperfectly satisfied do we seek change. Therefore the nearest idea to the nature of the infinite is bliss. As pleasure is the gratification of desire, and as we have seen love is the culmination of desire, so love is the fullest expression of bliss. It is one of the commonest facts of experience that the perception of time diminishes as happiness increases, which means that the sense of time or change tends to pass into unconsciousness with increasing consciousness of bliss. Therefore infinity with reference to time, eternity or pure duration seems to depend on the fullest expansion of bliss, *ānanḍa*.

This love nature of infinity or freedom suggests the perfection of that liberty with which life begins when "wild in woods the noble savage ran".

Man is being initiated into the mighty mystery of love. He is not yet initiated. He associates love principally with goodness and morality and he is right in doing so, but the present line of thought as well as that of such writers as Ouspensky and Edward Carpenter suggests to the imagination that the category of goodness or morality is quite inadequate for the spiritually adult apprehension of love. Love is synonymous with liberty, the higher octave of abandonment. It may be said that humanity has to learn once again to go wild, to reach forward to a post-moral ecstasy, or that which in Greek is allied to our word madness. A tendency exists to think that there is such a thing as a psychological cul-de-sac, forgetting or unwitting that all experiences persist through the phases of gross, subtle and pure. Love as sex, love as the joy of sacrifice, love as fullness of life, love as intellectual and emotional creation, love as worship, love as tenderness, each of these expressions is developing towards its pure essential spirit of uniqueness combining in closer

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union with every other aspect. Creation becomes increasingly the morning-sense of freshness and marvel; adoration a deeper solemnity; tenderness the world-wide wings of compassion outstretched in healing and uplifting; sex the Deva-thrill and mystery of rushing solar forces and concords of dualities in cosmic love, ever and never consummated. Love is in every aspect a mighty prelude, a "wild surmise".

Goodness, badness, morality, immorality are the pairs of opposites which man has to transcend to reach the greatness which is not goodness but "The Good".

Pan the all, is wild, and the satyr God of Greece is the reflection of that wild love which in its prime manifests as Nature and in its perfection as Spirit.

It may be that the social cataclysm that is taking place before our eyes, and which has been suggested as the passing into a new synthetic phase, is also the reaching forward to this freedom of the Spirit that is the true, free, love. One expression of what is happening is that "the heart-centre of humanity is being opened". Many there are who seem to be seeking instinctively, and a few deliberately, another consciousness.

The pursuit of mysticism, occultism, spiritualism, hypnotism during the last fifty years shows that man is turning to that which is outside of his normal consciousness. William James's famous *The Varieties of Religious Experience* is a landmark, and later came Freud's and Jung's investigation of dreams. In this last study the little isle of man's conscious individuality is supposed to be surrounded by a treacherous sea of sub-consciousness in which human complexes are like maelstroms and currents. In feeling out beyond its present mind is humanity or a portion of humanity preparing to plunge into this dark ocean of subconscious life? The principle that has been traced hitherto would not lead to this conclusion. This sub-consciousness has been likened to the sea because water is associated with the beginning of life, physical and

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mental; the organism commencing in water and the formless fluidic feeling-consciousness resembling the nature of water. If according to the Theosophical view the subconsciousness is the submerged consciousness of the sympathetic nervous system governing feeling, then complexes may be taken as certain specialisations of a past era of life dominated by simple feeling and belonging to astral consciousness. We recoil from such complexes because they belong to another age, the virtue of the past becoming the vice of the present. This formless feeling-consciousness, a non-moral stage, may be also called chaos or "the deep"; and, as water is a fertile element, so formless feeling is the creative agency that produces the fixed forms of thought's creations. The astral feeling life, however, is only the denser medium of the true creative element, air, that corresponds to *buḍḍhi*. As the simple organism moves from sea to land, so the formless feeling of the astral consciousness gathers and hardens into the static concepts and separative clear-cut thoughts of the intellect which correspond to the sharp outlines and fixed equality of land. In Theosophical terminology this is the lower mental world; and the dry land that we now inhabit has its correspondence in this sharp, set, separative thought-life, the antithesis of the formless; the dual stage of morality and immorality.

The third stage of consciousness that we appear to be passing into corresponds to the sky, the freedom of air (note our present conquest of air, and see Mr. Algernon Blackwood's *The Promise of Air*). This is the octave of water, the finer, freer unifying medium; and as it is the oxygen of air that imparts the life-giving quality to water, so the air-consciousness of buḍḍhi is the creative intuition that works through the astral or feeling nature. It is the unifying consciousness but is the synthesis of the preceding phases because it contains the archetypal *forms* of higher Manas,

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unified forms. It is the greater deep, the higher chaos, the freedom and love that is post (or trans) morality. The summary of these stages is only a fresh application of the principles of triplicities:[1]

The past consciousness (now sub-consciousness). Astral or sea, Fluidic instinctual feeling. Lower medium of creation unifying Nature-Love and freedom. Non-morality. The Great Deep. Chaos.	The present consciousness. Lower mental. Land. Separative intelligent thought. Order, morality and immorality.	The future consciousness (now supra-consciousness). Higher, mental and buḍḍhic. Air, true Creative agency. Units-in-difference. Spiritual ecstasy and freedom. Trans-morality. The greater Deep.

If we call water the feminine principle and land the masculine, then the all-embracing air will be the mighty father-mother from which we come and to which we return, the pneuma, the breath, the spirit. As psychologists have been plunging into the sea of the subconscious, so probably the next great discovery for academic psychology will be when it thrusts up and finds the supra-conscious, the sense of life's unison, expansion, freedom; the love that is the "Call of the Wild" to humanity.

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes." The following is an extract from Mr. D. H. Lawrence's *Psycho-analysis and the Unconscious*, and in this quotation he means by unconscious what we have classified as supra-conscious.

> It is no good trying to super-impose an ideal nature upon the unconscious. We have to try to recognise the true nature and then leave the unconscious itself to prompt new movement and new being —creative progress.

This is to remember that there is no convention, no morality, no ideal that does not after a time become a prison and hinder the prompting of man's creative life. In the end he cannot stop the greater life, for his personal consciousness

[1] I am indebted to Mr. Brian Ross for additional suggestions respecting the coming consciousness.

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is lived by this greater life and is an effect more than a cause. His endeavour to harmonise the incursions of the sub- and the supra-conscious with his present consciousness constitutes morality.

> And though thou fightest be not thou the Warrior. Look for the Warrior and let him fight in thee.[1]

Thus reason shadows forth the future from the logic of present experience, but it is powerless to give us in advance the realisation of the future.

The weighty findings of grave metaphysics may inform us that reality is summed up in the formula "I this not am," but does this assist us any more than by calling life "a fortuitous concourse of atoms" or "a permanent possibility of sensation"? The limitations of philosophy are twofold. Firstly, life slips out of every intellectual formulation. We may repeat "I this not am," but the tragedy of life surpasses the utmost triumph of the intellect. Call life the sport of Brahmā or a purpose to be attained through a process (teleology), we are still standing asking life's question. The solution of the problem is only referred back or, as Wm. James puts it, is "ever not quite". Secondly if philosophy wholly satisfied the intellect and logic could cope with life, if it proved as it does indeed suggest that the great world-process is rational and therefore good, it is unable to give us this truth as experience.

Is then the only practical use of philosophy to afford a living for certain professors or is it one of the highways to reality? We may surely regard it as such a highway if it strengthens and clears the mind, carries the problem of life to the boundary of thought and holds it in its logically ultimate form, logical according to data of experience, to the expansion of consciousness.

Philosophy leads our feet up into a high place and shows us the Promised Land from afar flowing with the

[1] *Light on the Path.*

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nectar of the gods, the sweet waters of immortal life, but it can go no further. If we are to reach the promised land of heart's desire we must not look to the stern Mosaic law, philosophy, but to another leader without, and to another principle within. We are travellers who are separated from the Canaan of our hearts by a broad flood which the feet of thought may not tread. In the mysticism of the nature-mystic, in the mystery-teaching of every religion, in the Science of Occultism as set forth by Theosophy, in external teaching and internal intuition, perhaps in these will be found the leader into the Promised Land.

It may be said of many a seeker what Spenser says of his knight in *The Faery Queen*:

> Long way he travelled ere he heard of aught.

Yet the seeking soul must continue the quest with a good heart, however long the journey be. Men have died in cold and darkness just outside the shelter they sought because, unknowing they were so near, endurance failed them. When life is such an adventure the dawning of the most dull and unpromising day may bring the magic moment.

> For some there be who by due steps aspire
> To lay their just hands on that golden key
> That opes the Palace of Eternity.

L. A. Compton Rickett

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LOVE OF GOD AND ISLAM

By ZUBAIDA KHATUN, B.A.

MANY Christian writers erroneously suppose that the Islāmic conception of the Supreme Being is one of awe-inspiring majesty of God, and terror of the Almighty, and that according to Islām every human being ought to stand in constant fear of Him whose overwhelming power pervades the whole universe.

They say that the God of Islām is not a God of love and compassion.

It is true that Islām, like Christianity, does not establish any relation of Fatherhood and Sonship between God and man. Nor has it, like some other religions, tried to conceive the idea of Divine love, in forms of human love as that of father, mother, husband or wife.

Islām teaches us to realise Divinity and the Divine love through abstract ideas, and hence, instead of addressing God as *ab* (Father), Muslims call Him *Rab* (Nourisher or Lord) with the same intensity of love and ardour. The grievous misconception that Islām is devoid of such a noble sentiment as love ought to be removed.

A critical study of the Qurān and the life of the Prophet will enable us to realise that the God of Islām is not only a God of fear, but also a God of infinite love.

Islām is not a utopian religion but is a practical religion for this practical world. God has created man, a social being, and every individual in this world has some contact, some relationship with other individuals.

This relation can only be maintained through love and fear. The absence of either would prove disastrous and ruinous

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to human society, and mutual dependence, on which Society rests, would have no stable foundation to rest upon. Even in ordinary working departments, if the principles of management are not based on love and fear, the work cannot satisfactorily be carried on.

Discipline would disappear, if the happy combination of these two is not brought about. This is an obvious truth and needs no elucidation. So in our religious relation with God, these two essential principles are always present in our minds.

Primitive people, we know, conciliate those gods and goddesses whom they fear and consider malevolent and at the same time they pray to and love those whom they believe to be benevolent and whose favour is zealously sought.

Now, the pre-Islāmic religions, for instance Christianity and Judaism, have emphasised only one to the exclusion of the other of these two essential factors. Christianity proclaims that God is love, while in strong contrast, the Law of Moses threatens the people with and warns them of the wrath of God. The result is evident.

Islām strikes the golden mean without inclining to the two extremes and inculcates that God is not only a god of love or fear, but He is Lord of us all, whom we must love as well as fear. He is all powerful, He is wrathful, but at the same time He is merciful and compassionate. He is just, but His justice is tempered with mercy. He punishes as well as loves His people. Thus the Holy Qurān describes the attributes of God in simple and plain terms and such grave misconceptions ought not to arise.

Next to the Holy Qurān the life of the Prophet of Islām gives the best illustration of the Islāmic teachings. His life reveals to us that he was the one person above others in those days of ignorance, in Arabia, who loved and feared God in the strictest sense of the terms. He desired that other Muslims too should follow in his footsteps.

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A religion which is based on the sentiment of dread and fear will certainly tend to harden the hearts of the people. Islām is far from it. Muhammad (O. W. B. P.) was fully aware of this psychological fact and so he fully and repeatedly proclaimed that God the Almighty is loving, merciful, compassionate and just.

The Muslims call Him Allah which means the beloved. This word, short but pregnant with the noblest thought, is chosen by the Prophet as the fittest attribute that can be applied to the loving God whom we adore and worship. We are asked to love Him more fervently than we love our dear ones.

Surely the God of Islām is a loving God to us all.

The first words that greet us on opening the Qurān are "In the name of God the merciful, the compassionate."

In order to make the Arabs realise their significance and importance, this formula is prefixed to one hundred and thirteen chapters of the Qurān. Is this not enough to instil the love, mercy and compassion of God into men's minds?

Moreover ninety-nine names are used and repeated by the Muslims describing the sublime and beautiful attributes of God. Out of these excellent names (Asma-ul-Husna) the greater number denotes His love and kindness to Human beings. He is also called the Bestower of gifts and the Refuge of the helpless.

The first commandment of Islām is to have faith (Iman) which manifests itself in love. The same holds good in our human relations. We cannot love a person unless first of all we have faith in him.

"Love God and you will win His love" is the emphatic message of the Holy Prophet. God loves the righteous, the repentant, the faithful, the just, the patient and the pure.

Muhammad conveys this happy tidings to the people, that "Verily God is forgiving, and those who repent and turn to

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Him will be pardoned". Thus the worst sinner according to Islām, need not despair of His Mercy.

The Prophet says:

Our love for our friends, parents and children in this world is but a part of the love of God which manifests itself in innumerable ways. Who can deny His infinite love which transcends human comprehension?

The Prophet always prayed for the love of God, and lived and worked to secure it. His short though sweet prayer "O Lord give me thy love, and the love of those whom thou lovest" shows us how earnestly he yearned for this inestimable Gift—this Sublime Bliss.

In one of the traditions it is related that God says "I love a man who seeks My love and union with Me and tries to gain it by prayer, devotion and meditation. It is through Me that he sees, hears and works in this world. I am ever with him."

On one occasion, when a fierce battle was raging, a woman lost her child in the confusion and bustle. In her utter bewilderment and disappointment she took up any child that met her and kissed it. Seeing this, the Prophet observed to those around him: "Would this mother ever think of throwing her babe into a burning fire?" They all said "No, certainly not." Thereupon the Prophet said: "Verily I tell you, God loves His people more than mothers love their children."

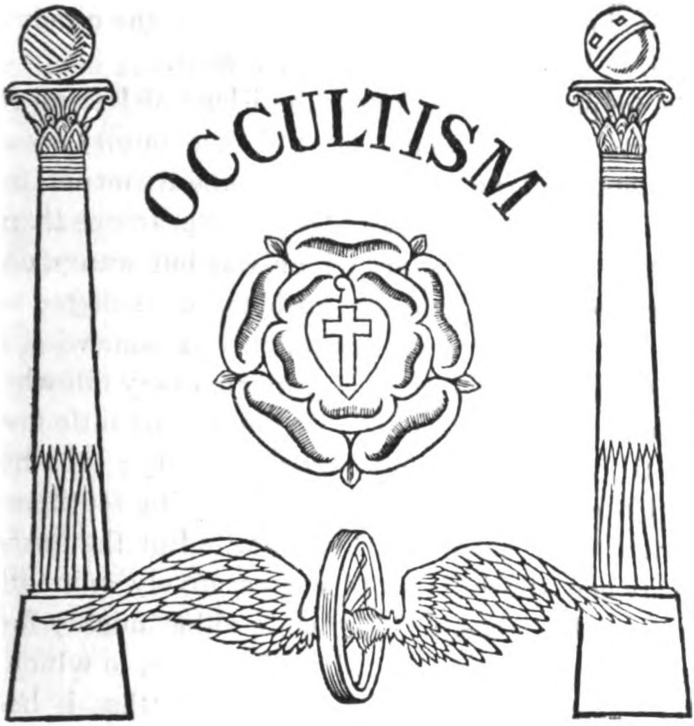
On his death-bed, Muhammad said that he had no friend except one and that was God. His last words were "O Lord the best of friends"—and he expired.

The above few facts will show that Muslims believe in the love of God, as much as the Christians or any other people do, but they also fear Him.

To say that the God of Islām is a God of fear only is to betray one's gross ignorance of the Islāmic teachings. Before making any such allegations one must study Islām thoroughly, carefully and with an unbiased mind.

Zubaida Khatun

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THE LIVES OF ALCYONE

(*Continued from Vol. XLV, September, p. 781*)

XIII

THE next life of our hero introduces us for the first time in this series to ground which is now part of the United Kingdom, though the surrounding conditions were then so different that localities can be recognised only with difficulty. There were no British Isles then; the North Sea, the Irish Sea, the English Channel were practically non-existent; the Thames was a tributary of the Rhine, which flowed into a

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northern ocean somewhere near the Shetland Isles; one could walk dryshod to Norway, to Spain or to China, and the inhabitants had all the advantages and all the disadvantages that attach to being part of a great continent.

It is to part of what is now the island of Ireland that our story directs our attention. Most of that country was then a kind of plateau of no great elevation, and its mountains were somewhat higher and more rugged in appearance than at the present day. The population, which was but scanty, clustered round the mountains, or rather gathered in sheltered spots on the southern side of each mountain. A somewhat curious effect was produced by this arrangement; every hill which was high enough to give adequate shelter had its little township, built on the lines of the modern garden-city; each house on its own bit of ground, all religiously facing south and lying open to whatever sunshine there was. But the unsheltered spaces between the hills were comparatively uninhabited, at least by the ruling race, for they were either mighty forests or desolate wind-swept downs. The ruling race, to which all our characters belonged, showed by its habits that it had come from a southern clime; its members had an unconquerable love for sunshine and fresh air. It was a branchlet of that fifth Atlantean sub-race from whose ranks had been selected those who were led into Asia by the Manu to become the ancestors of the Aryan race. Its people shared the country with an earlier race—smaller and darker men, with broad Mongolian faces, who lived in villages of huts within the forests, and supported themselves partly by hunting and partly by a very primitive form of agriculture. In earlier days these forest villages had been continually at war with one another, and raids were frequently made in which the flocks of goats which represented almost their only form of wealth were driven off by the victors as spoils of war. But since the white race had invaded the country, they had insisted upon

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the maintenance of peace, and compelled the men of each village to confine themselves within certain prescribed limits, appointing from among the people a captain or headman who was held responsible for the maintenance of order among his fellows, and for collecting from them a small yearly impost as an acknowledgment of the over-lordship of the new-comers. Under this new regime the villages of that earlier race had become prosperous, their population and their primitive forms of wealth increasing rapidly. They accepted the domination of the white strangers without difficulty, believing them to be a semi-divine race, the recipients of many favours from their wholly divine ancestors, and holding them to be invincible in battle. The white men were kindly in their bearing towards their inferiors, but there was little intercourse between the races, and almost no intermarriage, though there was no law to forbid it. The country, though wet, was fertile, and not over-populated, and the tastes of both its races were simple, so that there was general contentment and much rather primitive comfort.

Not many decades before this time the white race had moved into the country from the south, and had assumed the position of superiors over the darker race practically without opposition. Their leaders had been, as ever, a King and a Priest—men regarded as to a large extent set apart from their fellows, so that their families intermarried in preference to seeking spouses among the ranks of their followers. Thus two great lines were formed, and from their younger branches a nobility sprung into existence. The offices were hereditary, and at the time that our story opens the holders were Mars and Surya. King Mars had married Vesta, a cousin of Surya; but Surya himself had gone farther afield to find his consort, having been led thereto by a strange and haunting vision. Among this race visions were common, and much importance was attached to them; and this one constantly recurred, and

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so made itself known as a veritable message from the Gods. Surya was but ten years old when it first came to him, or rather when he first clearly remembered it. In his sleep it seemed to him that he was floating high in the air, looking down upon a city of marvellous beauty—a city larger than any that he had ever seen with his physical eyes, or imagined as possible in his physical brain; a city on the shore of a great lake, in which near the shore was an island covered with glorious white buildings which seemed to his entranced gaze like the very courts of heaven itself.

Yet not to the wondrous island was he drawn, but to a large, low rambling house, which stood in an extensive park of its own a little way outside the city. And in that park he saw a little girl perhaps eight years old—a little girl of rare beauty, whom he somehow knew quite well and loved with an intensity of affection which astonished him. She stood all alone at the edge of a tank with massive stone walls, watching the sporting of some bright-hued fish that dwelt therein; and even as he floated low to see her face more clearly she leaned over too far, and fell with a cry of fright into the water. Obviously she could not swim; there was no one near to help her, and the wall rose sheer and smooth several feet above her head; but before she could sink a second time Surya somehow found himself in the water beside her, holding her up, and trying to swim with her across the tank to some steps which ran down to the level of the water. It was a tremendous strain upon him, for she threw her arms round his neck and impeded his motions; indeed, she all but drowned him, for his strength was going from him when after a last despairing effort he felt his feet touch the steps. Somehow they staggered up them, and threw themselves upon the grass; and the girl, who had not yet unwound her arms from about his neck, looked deeply into his eyes and gave him a long, loving kiss. And then—he woke in his own bed in far-away Ireland with that

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kiss still upon his lips, and his clothes all dripping with the water of that Central Asian tank!

So excited was he by the adventure, and so certain that it was a real occurrence and no mere vision, that he rushed at once to the room of his father and mother and waked them to hear his story, showing his dripping garments in proof of it. They were much amazed, and could not comprehend how such a thing might be; yet they did not disbelieve, for among their race there were traditions of rare events not quite unlike this —of priests who had had the power of appearing and disappearing mysteriously, of showing themselves at a distance from their sleeping bodies, and sometimes even of striking or of saving men who were physically far away. And Surya's mother was already predisposed to believe wondrous things of this noble and fearless son of hers; so, like another mother in later history, she kept all these things and pondered them in her heart. But Surya wondered greatly how he knew that girl so well, and loved her so intensely, and even then as a little boy he vowed that to her and to no other should his life be devoted—that she and no other should be his wife when he grew up to manhood.

The memory of his strange adventure remained fresh and clear-cut in his mind; and as he had some skill in drawing, he drew several portraits of the little girl, and also made a drawing of the tank and the house which he had seen. He had no idea in what part of the world these places were situated, nor could his father the Chief Priest help him in discovering this, for though the priests were the principal depositories of the knowledge of the nation, geography was not a strong point among them.

But though he did not know where she lived, he thoroughly believed in the physical existence of the heroine of the story, and resolved that when he became a man he would find her. He was a boy of many day-dreams, and she always

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played a large part in them. He liked much to be alone, and often spent hours quite contentedly walking or lying in the sunlight, and telling himself interminable stories in which he and she passed through all sorts of stirring adventures. By thus constantly dwelling upon her perfections he naturally fanned the flame of his love, and at last he resolved to make a mighty effort to leave his body and reach her once more by definite materialisation. He had long before questioned his father as to the possibility of doing this; but the High Priest had dissuaded him from attempting it, saying that such power could only be attained by a long and severe training which could be safely undertaken only by an adult of great strength of will, and not by a boy of tender years.

But at last his yearning became too strong to bear; and so one night, after an earnest prayer to the Sun-Deity, he cast himself upon his bed and entered into the great endeavour, determined to succeed or die in the essaying. After long strain it seemed to him that something snapped, and at once he was free from the body and floating in the air. Startled at first, he quickly steadied himself, and as he fixed his will once more strongly upon his objective he began to move with great rapidity. He retained enough self-command to notice the direction of his flight, orienting himself by the stars, as he had been taught to do in the physical world. The journey seemed to him a long one, and before its rushing ended the stars which had been just rising upon his horizon when he started were well beyond the zenith, showing that he must have swept round a quarter of the circumference of the globe. And then —to him all unexpectedly—he came out into rosy dawn, and saw by its sweet light the city and the island that he knew so well.

Quickly he found the long low house, the garden and the tank; beside the latter he alighted, and stood wondering what to do, yet willing strongly that his love might come to him.

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And so, surely enough, she presently did, for she came running through the garden and dancing lightly over the grass, followed more soberly at a little distance by a stately yet kindly lady who was evidently her mother. His girl-friend had grown taller and more beautiful, and when she caught sight of him she stopped for a moment, startled, and then rushed towards him with a cry of glad recognition and threw her arms round his neck. With a wild outflow of long pent-up feeling he held her to his breast, amply rewarded now for the weary waiting of the last four years; and it seemed to him that earth could hold nothing more of bliss for him, if but that moment might be prolonged for ever. But all too soon it passed, for her mother came up and stood looking at the children with an expression of intense though by no means unfriendly amazement. Releasing him from her embrace, but still holding him by the hand, the little girl excitedly poured out a torrent of information in a language entirely unintelligible to him, and the smiling mother drew him into her arms and kissed him warmly. He spoke to her in terms of respectful salutation, such as he had been taught to use to the great ladies of his own land, but it was evident that his new friends could no more understand his language than he had comprehended theirs. The mother spoke to him with several different intonations, probably trying various languages, but none of them conveyed anything to him; and seeing this, she took him by the hand and led him towards the house, her daughter clinging closely to his arm on the other side.

While full of the deepest happiness, Surya was acutely conscious of the fact that he was attired only in a single night-robe, while his companions wore garments of rich materials which, though quite unlike any he had ever seen, were obviously their ordinary costume. But he was fortunately consoled by the thought that, as they must regard him as a foreigner from some unknown country, they might suppose

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the customs of that country in the way of dress to be simpler than their own. The house into which they brought him was more sumptuously furnished than those to which he was accustomed, and when presently they took him into a room where food was served, he found both the provision and the mode of eating strange to him. He was an observant boy, and by covertly watching the methods of his entertainers he was able to get through the meal creditably, and he found the victuals palatable, though their flavours were entirely new to him. Just as breakfast was finished, a tall commanding-looking man entered, and was effusively greeted by the little girl, who at once presented her boy friend to him. He first placed his hand on Surya's head as though in blessing, and then held him by the shoulders and gazed long and earnestly into his eyes with a piercing look that seemed to read into his soul. The scrutiny was satisfactory, for he drew him to his breast, enfolded him in a warm embrace, and then again blessed him. He also spoke to him in several languages, but in none which he could comprehend; and after listening to a long story excitedly told by the girl with occasional confirmatory interjections from the mother, he smiled kindly upon Surya, and left the room.

The little girl then drew him out into the garden, guided him to an exquisitely carved stone seat, sat down beside him and began to try to establish some sort of communication with him. First she pointed to herself and recited several times a word which he took to be her name, and she seemed much pleased when he repeated it after her. Then she pointed to him, and evidently asked his name; he spoke it, and after several trials she was able to say it accurately. Then she began to point to various objects, evidently giving him the names of them in her tongue, and he picked them up quickly, although the intonation of the language was quite different from his own. Many other words she made him

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learn, at whose meaning he could only guess ; but in the course of two or three hours he had accumulated quite a number of detached words and several little phrases about the signification of which he was by no means certain. Presently the mother came out to them ; and when she heard what they were doing, she joined in the attempt to explain. Suddenly, while all three were deeply interested in his efforts to pronounce some unusually difficult word, an extraordinary feeling overwhelmed him ; he sunk into a few moments of curious whirling rushing unconsciousness, and awakened out of it to a sense of weakness and lassitude such as he had never before known. He found himself lying on his own bed at home in Ireland, with his own mother bending over him, evidently much perturbed at his condition.

It was some minutes before he was able to speak, and then he asked faintly where the little girl was. At first no one understood him, but presently his mother realised that he must be referring to what they had called his dream. He was anxious to tell his story, yet felt too weak to talk ; seeing that, his mother soothed him, and in a little while got him to sleep again ; but if during that sleep he returned to his friends in the garden, he had no recollection of such return when he awoke. Clearly his violent and persistent efforts had over-strained some part of the brain-mechanism, for it was several months before he completely recovered, and his father and mother insisted that he should promise never again to risk his life and his reason in the attempt to force his way where it was manifestly not natural that he should go. He promised, though reluctantly, but declared his unalterable conviction that his young love really existed, and his intention to search the world for her. He carefully wrote down as well as he could the words and sentences that he had learnt, and asked all the learned people he encountered whether they recognised them ; but none ever did.

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Three years later, however, there came into that land a traveller of unknown race, who did not understand the language of the country; and because none could converse with him, they brought him to the Chief Priest as the most erudite of their people, hoping that he might be able to communicate with him. The Chief Priest was helpless; but Surya, who happened to be present, thought that he recognised the intonation, and tried upon the stranger some of his well-remembered words and phrases. The traveller's face brightened immediately, and he began to speak rapidly in the very tongue of Surya's friends. Of course, Surya could not follow him, but he obtained leave from his father to receive the stranger as a guest, and devoted many hours each day to working hard with him until each knew a good deal of the other's language, and they were able to exchange ideas.

He gathered that far to the south, on the shores of another sea, were many who spoke that other tongue; and because men of his race had not infrequently travelled to the Mediterranean, and some had even settled there, he hoped by going there to find someone who knew perfectly both that language and his own. So he asked his father's permission to make that journey; but his father suggested that he should wait a year, until he had fully entered the priesthood. He assented to this, but did not forget his resolve; and so in due course he found his way to a certain great southern city, where he had no difficulty in obtaining a teacher who could do what he wanted.

Now for the first time he acquired some definite information about the country of his experience; he met with men who knew the city and the island which he described so minutely, and were able to give him some idea of its direction and its distance—both of which agreed very closely with the results of such calculation as he had been able to make from his childish observations of the stars. But he told no one the details of those strange early visions or visits, keeping the

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memory of them to himself as a sacred thing. Only before he returned home he learnt the Manoan language so that he could speak it like his own, in preparation for the visit which he intended to make to Central Asia.

His father and his mother were reconciled to his undertaking this long journey, though the latter begged him not to go quite yet, but to postpone it for a few years. The date of his departure was eventually determined by yet another vision, though it was of a different kind from the others. This time he found himself not in the garden but in the house, and in an inner room of it which he had not previously visited. He had had no special intention of going to Manoa that night (though the thought was always in his mind); nor had he any recollection of the journey; simply he found himself watching and listening to a conversation between his beloved (now a tall and beautiful woman) and her mother, and his newly-acquired familiarity with the language enabled him to understand every word. He gathered that they were discussing an offer of marriage which had been made by some suitor of high rank, who was evidently considered specially eligible. The mother was half-heartedly pressing his suit, or at least enlarging upon its advantages; but the daughter would have none of it, and declared that she had no wish to marry. After the affair had been presented from various points of view, and the young lady still remained uninterested, her mother remarked:

"My dear daughter, I know exactly what you are feeling; you have never lost the memory of your spectre-suitor, and you cannot bear the idea of unfaithfulness to him. I sympathise deeply, yet I also feel that we have absolutely no certainty that he really existed, that he still lives, that he on his part is faithful to you. Even if he lives, even if he still loves you, he may have been forced into a marriage in his own country; we know nothing of its customs; we do not even know where it

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is. Is it well to sacrifice your life to what may after all have been only some strange kind of unusually vivid dream? You know that your father and I wish to see you settled, and you will never have a better offer than this."

The daughter admitted that her heart was entirely devoted to her spectre-boy, and said quite frankly that though she did not know whether she should ever see him again, she would rather submit to perpetual spinsterhood than marry any one else, for she felt that the boy she had twice so strangely seen was her only true mate. Her mother acknowledged that the dictates of her own instinct agreed entirely with her daughter's decision, though on the physical plane such a course could not be defended as sensible.

"If only he would come to us again," she said, "we could perhaps discover something more about him, so that we might have a comprehensible reason to give for at least asking for a delay."

Surya heard all this, and burned with eagerness to manifest himself; but he remembered his promise to his mother, and so was torn between two duties. Suddenly it occurred to him to wonder why he was obviously invisible to his friends, though he could himself hear and see quite clearly. Without understanding the detail of the matter, he saw that the circumstances of his presence were somehow different, and he instinctively felt that even if he had been free to make the same effort as before, it could not have been successful. So he turned his attention in another direction. He had lately been studying what we should now call mesmerism, and so it came naturally to him to try to turn to account his newly acquired knowledge. He exerted all his strength to impress upon the mind of the girl the fact of his presence, and in a few moments he saw that he was succeeding. She started, turned towards him, and peered earnestly into the shadows in the corner where he stood. He redoubled his efforts,

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throwing his whole soul into his fiery glance, and directly afterwards she uttered a loud cry:

"Mother, he is here! Do you not see him?"

She rushed towards him, but her outstretched arms passed through him, and she cried:

"He is but a spectre indeed; I cannot touch him; alas, he must be dead!"

With all his strength he impressed upon her the reply: "Not dead, but living! Within a year I shall come to claim you."

And she heard and understood, and eagerly repeated his words to her mother. Then he turned the current of his will upon the mother, and for a moment she saw him too; then the strain told upon him, and he vanished from their sight. But he was still able to watch long enough to see them fall into each other's arms, weeping tears of joy, and to hear them speak of his noble appearance, and say that he had more than fulfilled the promise of his boyhood. Then he returned to his body, woke up in great excitement and high resolve, and as soon as it was light went to his father and mother and told them what he had seen and heard. They agreed with him that his destiny was manifest and that the will of the Sun-God had clearly declared itself in this matter. Indeed, his father publicly related the circumstances at one of the great religious gatherings as a gracious indication of the interest of the Deity in his worshippers, and he sent his son upon his long journey with an equipment worthy of his rank.

It seems evident that on his first visit to Manoa as a little boy, he was at first in his astral body in the usual way, and probably materialised himself by drawing what was needed from the surrounding ether; it may be that his intense desire to help was sufficient to enable him to perform that feat, or it may be that he was specially assisted by some passer-by, or by some Great One who was watching his struggle. The fact

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that when he awoke his physical garments were wet, seems to suggest that he borrowed matter from his own etheric double; yet we have no instance of such rapid action at such a distance. On the second occasion it is clear that he tore away much of the matter of his own etheric double, and thereby injured himself so that it took him weeks to recover. This however enabled him to maintain the materialisation for a much longer time than is usual, to eat and drink, and to repeat clearly the words which were spoken to him. On his third visit he did not materialise at all, but mesmerised the mother and daughter into believing that they saw him.

With such methods of physical transit as were then available, it took him almost a year to reach the city of Manoa, but when he arrived he soon found his way to the house and garden which he knew so well; and a very curious sensation it was to stand physically where before he had been only astrally. Enquiry in the neighbourhood had obtained for him the name of the lady of the house, so he boldly asked for her. When he was ushered into her presence, she recognised him immediately, and welcomed him with profound joy and many exclamations of wonder. Her daughter was instantly sent for, and when she entered the room she sprang into his arms with a glad cry of triumph and love. He was at once on the footing of a friend of the family, or rather of an honoured member of it; and he lost no time in enquiring about their side of the amazing story of their previous meetings. It agreed exactly with his own recollection in every particular; but naturally they had also to tell of the shock of stupefaction with which they had seen him vanish on his first and second visits. They had never doubted that he was a real living man, though only the daughter had been unshakably certain that she would one day meet him in the flesh.

Presently the father came in, and Surya was introduced to him; indeed, it was then that for the first time he really

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explained who he was, and from what country he came, for before they had all been too busy discussing his previous appearances to do anything else than take him for granted. His account of himself was accepted as eminently satisfactory, though his prospective mother-in-law looked very sober when she understood how far away from Manoa her daughter's new home would be. Surya was careful to explain that in Ireland there was less of luxury than in Manoa, and that their life there was lived chiefly in the open air; but of all this his lady-love recked less than nothing, caring for naught else now that she had at last found the lover who for so many years had been to her half myth, and yet at the same time the most vivid fact in her consciousness. Naturally she had filled up by her imagination the numerous gaps which inevitably existed in her knowledge of him; and she was surprised to find in how many cases she had guessed exactly right, so that eventually they began to see that some sort of clairvoyance or intuition had guided her when she thought she was giving rein to her maiden fancies.

There had been so manifestly an intervention of divine power in their wondrous story that it never even occurred to the parents to object to the departure of their daughter to a far-away and unknown country; but they did plead for some delay, and eventually it was decided that the marriage should take place immediately, but that the newly-wedded pair should reside in the bride's old home for a year, especially in the hope that the first child might be born under that roof. Surya gladly agreed to this, and despatched one of his suite to return to Ireland and bear to his mother news of his safe arrival, his marriage and his plans, and ask her to be ready in a year's time to welcome her daughter-in-law. The twelve months passed quickly, and before they were over the hopes of the elders were fulfilled, for a noble son was born—our old friend Elektra.

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When the time came the farewells were said, and the young couple, with their new-born baby, started on their way into what was to all intents and purposes a new world to the bride; yet so perfect was her love that she faced it without a qualm. The journey was prosperous, and a right royal welcome was accorded to the happy pair—literally royal, for Surya's parents had told the romantic story, and the King of the country had been greatly interested in it, and invited the travellers to pay him a visit. This was done, and he received them with every mark of favour, and would have had them stay long at his court; but Surya wished to get his wife home again quickly, to put her under the care of his mother. Soon Elektra had a little sister—Mizar, whom he had loved so well long ages ago, whom he was to love no less in the life now before them.

Thus it will be seen that Aryan blood was introduced into the family of the Chief Priest; and they further intermingled with the royal blood of their own country, for the King continued his friendship towards those whom he felt to be favoured of the Deity. He drew them into closer relations with him; his eldest son in due course married Mizar, while two of his daughters wedded sons of Surya, Elektra himself taking to wife Brihat, and Rama espousing Vulcan. Elektra and Brihat had three sons and four daughters, and the eldest of their family was our hero Alcyone, who was thus born directly into the succession to the position of High Priest, and had furthermore the advantage of a close alliance with the family of the reigning monarch. The work of the priesthood was very interesting, for it comprised not only the religious teaching of the people but the education of the children. All children in the kingdom learnt to read and write a curious rounded script, but hardly any of them except the Priests made much use of this accomplishment in later life. They had

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books written on rolls of parchment, consisting chiefly of epic poems and ascriptions of glory to the sun, which they worshipped as the source of all life and the symbol or manifestation of the Deity. Daily hymns were chanted to him at sunrise and sunset, and at certain seasons of the year special festivals were celebrated in his honour.

Elektra was a wise father, and contrived to retain the full confidence of his little boy, so that they were always very happy together. Alcyone was a great favourite also with his grandfather Surya and his grandmother Dhruva, and he loved nothing better than to sit at the feet of the latter while she told him wonderful stories of the city where his father was born, of its wide streets and its magnificent buildings, and above all of the marvellous beauty and sanctity of the mighty Temples, built who knows how long ago by the hands of giants and godlike men of old upon the mysterious White Island.

"Why have we no such temples here, grandfather?" he asked Surya one day.

And the great Priest answered: "My boy, each race has its own customs, and its own ways of worshipping God; and so long as they acknowledge Him, it matters but little how. We have no temples because our wise forefathers have taught us that our God is everywhere, and that we need not set apart one time or one place more than another in which to serve Him, because our love to Him should be always in our hearts, so that every grove or field or house is to us a temple of His service, and every day a holy day upon which to do Him honour. We think that the trees and the sky which He has made are grander than any human work, and so we make them the pillars and the roof of our temple. For the same reason we have few ceremonies, because we think that our whole life should be one long ceremony of devotion to His service. You do not remember how, soon after you were born, you were carried up the hill in the early dawn to the great altar-stone

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near the summit, and laid upon it to await the morning kiss of our Lord the Sun, and how, as the first glad beam of rosy light fell upon you, I blessed you in His name and offered to Him as a sacrifice the life-long devotion of your strength to His service, and of your body as a channel for His love. And if you so choose, later on there will be yet another ceremony which will dedicate you in a new sense to a still fuller service, when you become a Priest like me and like your father."

Alcyone was satisfied; but he nevertheless resolved that as soon as he grew old enough he would travel to far-away Central Asia, and visit the great city with which his fate seemed so strangely linked. This resolve he duly carried out, for he made that journey, bearing gifts from King Mars of Ireland to the Emperor of Manoa, and he spent two years in the city which long centuries before he had helped so much in building. Perhaps it was this latter fact, or perhaps it was only the many stories which he had heard about it, which caused him to feel that nothing there was really strange to him, but that he was almost as much at home as upon his own hill-sides. His great-grandmother was still alive, and delighted to see him, and to show him the tank from which his grandfather saved his grandmother, the room in which his father was born, and all such mementoes of earlier days as very old people delight in. She was much pleased with him, and heaped upon him gifts of great value, so that he returned home after two years' stay in Manoa a far richer man than he had been on his arrival. When he reached home, it was he who had tales to tell to his grandmother Dhruva—tales of the country which forty years before she had left for the sake of love, yet had never forgotten even for a day.

Soon after his return he married his cousin Mercury, with whom he had been in love ever since her birth, or at least since the day when, himself a tiny boy, he had

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been taken up the hill by his mother to see the consecration of the infant daughter of his uncle Rama. Not long after this came the ceremony of his own consecration and initiation into the full mysteries of the priesthood—an occasion of deep import, the memory of which abode with him through the rest of his life. The scene was, as ever, the great prehistoric altar-stone near the summit of the mountain which their repeated ceremonies had made so sacred; and the supreme moment was, as before, the falling of the first sunbeam of a new day upon the brow of the candidate, crowned with roses and lilies, to typify at the same time the love of God which he must preach, and the purity of the life which he must lead. The ceremony was performed by his grandfather Surya, and in the course of it he delivered the following exhortation:

"This is an important occasion in your life—perhaps the *most* important in this life, because it admits you to the brotherhood of those whose duty it is to keep alight the fire of devotion in the hearts of the people, and to hold up before them the shining light of a good example. See to it that you never falter in these duties, that you exercise worthily the power which I have this day entrusted to you. Remember always that this life is but one of many lives—one step on a vast staircase, leading up to the portal of the Temple of our Lord the Sun. When at last all the steps are trodden, when you shall enter the glorious portal, a splendid destiny lies before you. Servant of the servants of God shall you be, to help them on their way to Him, to guide their feet into the path of peace and happiness.

"But for an office so magnificent the preparation is arduous. For many lives in the past you have lived among us, among the Kings and Priests of the earth who are your true spiritual kin, in order that their spirit might permeate you, that you might become one in heart and mind with them; for a

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few lives yet you will do this, but before the end there must be times of trial, lives in which you stand alone and away from us, lives spent in lower walks of life and among those who are less evolved; for only so can final debts be paid, only so can uttermost sympathy be developed, only so can be gained the power which enables a Prince of Life and Death to pour out his own life in final self-sacrifice for the saving and the blessing of the world. For ever shines our Lord the Sun; keep your mind ever fixed on Him, and learn to see Him through the darkest earth-born clouds, so that His reflection in you may be ever steadfast, and in you His people may find an ever-open gate through which they may reach His feet; so that through you they may be saved from their sin and sorrow and ignorance, through you the little streamlets of their lives may reach at last the shoreless sea of His infinity, the ocean of eternal bliss which is the life of God."

Alcyone and Mercury had nine children—all of them characters whom we have met many times before. His first was Sirius—a daughter this time; but his eldest son was Corona. In due time Surya passed away, and Elektra became the Chief Priest; and at about the same period Mars also died, and Viraj succeeded to the throne, thus making Alcyone's aunt Mizar queen of the country. Now that our hero was next in succession to the office of High Priest, he frequently acted for his father, and ranked next to him in power and importance. The residence of the Chief Priest was not at the capital, so the civil and religious centres of the country were not the same—much as, in England, Canterbury is really the seat of the ecclesiastical head of the Church, though London is the capital of the country. There was, however, no suggestion of rivalry between the two powers, as each had its own sphere, with which the other did not interfere.

The spot where the capital city stood in those days is not now identifiable, for it has been whelmed beneath the sea in

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the changes which took place at the time of the sinking of Poseidonis; but the mountain where Surya officiated still remains, and is now known as Slieve-na-mon, in Tipperary. The Priests of the Sun knew much of magic, and were well acquainted with the various orders of the nature-spirits, as well as the greater Angels; and it was Surya himself who first gave to Slieve-na-mon the sacred character which it bears even to the present day. The arrangements as they exist there now were made by the Priests of the Tuatha-de-Danaan just before the Milesian conquest; but it is to Surya that the inception of the great scheme is due, for he first conceived the idea of establishing in the country a number of centres from and through which power might be radiated. Elektra and Alcyone understood these plans, and each in his turn carried on the magnetisation, and handed on the tradition to his successors.

The life of the times was spacious and leisurely, for there was plenty of room in the land and every one had plenty of time, and so it often happened that such Priests as felt so disposed climbed the hill and sat in meditation near the altar-stone. The common folk came there but rarely, though sometimes one who had some trouble, or some difficult problem to solve, would sit alone in that sacred spot and wait for an inspiration, taking what came into his mind on such an occasion as the response of an oracle, as suggested by the guardian spirits of the place. This custom is eminently characteristic of the whole attitude of these people. Their entire life was permeated with the knowledge that close around them and in intimate relations with them was another world, unseen, yet ever present and always to be taken into account in every word and action. Indeed, that world was hardly regarded as unseen, so frequently did some token of its presence obtrude itself upon the physical senses.

The dead were not considered as absent, but as present in a slightly different way; it was fully recognised

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that many of them remained very closely in touch with mundane affairs, and were for some time after death deeply interested in the health of their friends, the progress of their crops, the well-being of their horses and cattle. The living did not fear the dead, but regarded them with a certain reverence, as possessing new powers and having in some respects a wider outlook. Sometimes people invoked a departed relation, but it was considered a dangerous and selfish act, and was discouraged by the Priests, who taught that when the dead could speak, and wished to speak, they would try to do so, and that when they did not, it was rash and presumptuous of the living to thrust petty earthly concerns upon them. Nevertheless, manifestations of some sort from the departed were by no means uncommon; and, as the race was on the whole distinctly psychic, there were many who constantly received strong impressions as to the wishes of the dead, and these were almost invariably carried out.

The existence of Angels and nature-spirits was universally accepted—indeed, to most of the people it was a matter of first-hand knowledge, for such beings were often seen, and all sorts of strange adventures with them were on record. I have mentioned that though every one knew how to read and write, but little use was made of these accomplishments. To a large extent their place was taken by story-telling, which was elaborated to a degree of which under modern conditions we have no conception—elaborated until it became both a custom and a science. They had no such things as balls or garden-parties, but instead of them they had what can only be described as orgies of story-telling. The neighbours met somewhere or other for this purpose every night, usually taking the houses of the district in turn, and the party settled down round the fire and composed themselves to listen or to narrate. There was a vast store of legend and of supposed history—mainly the personal adventures of certain great heroes—and

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another huge department of accounts of angelic or fairy intervention; all these were recognised and accepted tales, which had to be told according to tradition, from which no departure would be tolerated, and the persons who knew most of these, and had a reputation for reciting them dramatically, were sure of an enthusiastic reception anywhere. Besides these classics, there were constantly new narrations of present-day adventures and happenings—stories which had their vogue, and then either died out and were forgotten, or took their place among the received body of such romances.

Alcyone himself had some experiences of that kind, having seen the fairies at their gambols more than once; but the great fairy story of the family was a visit paid to some sort of underworld by his youngest daughter Yajna. When the child was about seven years old she disappeared one day, and though the distracted family searched the whole hill they could find no trace of her. Wild beasts, though rare, had not been entirely eliminated, and the first fear was that she had fallen a victim to some of them. But there was no evidence for this theory, and no such creatures had been seen in the neighbourhood for years, so presently suspicion took another turn, and it began to be whispered that perhaps the fairies had taken her, as she was an especially beautiful child, and it was known that in the past such children had been coveted and captured by nature-spirits. Her father immediately employed certain arts of conjuration with which he was acquainted, and soon obtained confirmation of this surmise, and a promise that his daughter should be returned to him unharmed if he would seek her in a dell which was indicated by his informant. He promptly repaired to the appointed place, and found the little girl asleep under a tree.

When aroused, she told a strange tale. When wandering on the hill, quite near her own home, she had come upon a little hollow in the hillside which she had never seen before, and

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had found in it the entrance to a cave. She had hesitated whether to go farther, because of the darkness; but while she stood looking, a handsome boy came out of the cave, and with a deep bow invited her to enter. She was flattered by the deference with which he seemed to regard her, and asked him who he was, and where he lived. He replied that the cave was the entrance to his home, and that he would gladly show her the beautiful gardens which were but a little way within. She wondered much, but curiosity triumphed, and she put her hand trustingly in that of her guide, and let him lead her into the darkness. He seemed to be able to see quite well, and led her unhesitatingly forward; and after walking for a few minutes they came, quite suddenly and round a corner, upon a hall so vast that it was as though they were again in the open air. Yajna had no recollection of seeing the sky, but had the impression of a pleasant warm light like sunlight. They seemed to be in a garden, full of the loveliest flowers and trees, yet none of the flowers or trees were exactly like any which she had ever seen before. The boy led her forward through the garden, and presently they came upon a number of other children, who seemed to be playing some sort of game, in which both she and her guide joined; but she was never able to explain quite what the game was, except that it was not like any played on earth. The merry party played and danced for hours without the slightest feeling of fatigue, and varied their proceedings by wandering hand in hand among the gorgeous vegetation, and on one occasion plunging into a crystal lake and splashing about in deliciously warm water. Yajna was deliriously happy, and earnestly wished that her brothers and sisters and friends could share her enjoyment; indeed, she asked her boy friend whether she might come again and bring them all with her. He laughed joyously, and said that they would be heartily welcome if they could find the way—a cryptic utterance which Yajna did not

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understand, but she asked no more, lest she should seem rude. Nevertheless, in the midst of all her play curious little twinges of longing for her mother obtruded themselves into her mind—doubtless the result of the anxious thoughts of Mercury while the search was going on.

Suddenly there came to them through the garden a shining form to whom the playing children paid great deference; he spoke earnestly to the boy who had befriended Yajna, and then passed rapidly away. The boy called to Yajna, and told her that her father wanted her, and that he would take her to him. She ran to him at once, and he led her away from the garden, and up a curious stairway, which led them out among the roots of a great tree, and so into the old familiar world of daily life. But somehow that world seemed strangely dull, and the very sunlight itself looked pale after the golden light of the cave. The boy asked her to sit down beside him on the ground, and when she did so, he put his hands upon her shoulders and looked long into her eyes. His gaze was kind though compelling, and under it she found herself sinking into sleep. Her last remembrance was that he stooped forward and kissed her as she sank to rest, and after that she knew no more until her father's touch awoke her.

She made repeated efforts to find the entrance to the cave, and the head of the stairway which came out among the roots of the tree, but could never come across the least trace of either, though she and her father and her uncle Naga spent many hours in the search. She was much impressed by what had happened to her, and tried again and again to get back into that beautiful underworld, but without success.

One day Naga sat meditatively upon the hill-side alone, and presently fell asleep in the sunshine. When he woke he found standing near him a radiant young man who looked upon him benignantly; and it was somehow impressed upon him that this was the shining form of which his niece Yajna had spoken. He accosted the man, and asked if this were so, and the visitor smiled assent. Naga continued:

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"My little niece was so strongly attracted to the boy who led her into the garden, and it makes her sad not to see him again; cannot this be arranged? May they not meet and play sometimes as they did on that occasion?"

The young man answered: "Tell her that just as she loves that boy, so does he love her, and desires earnestly to see her; yet it is better that they should not meet, for they are of different worlds, and it is not meant that these worlds should intermingle too freely. If she came to us she would be lost to you; and she has work to do in your world. Believe me, things are best as they are. The boy will continue to love her and watch over her unseen. See, I will call him."

In a moment a handsome boy stood beside him. Naga held out his arms to him, and he came forward and gravely allowed him to embrace him; his look was full of longing, but he spoke no word. Naga kissed him on the forehead, saying:

"Take that as a greeting from her who loves you."

Then in a moment the figures were gone, and Naga tried to persuade himself that it had been but a dream. Yet he knew well enough that it was nothing of the kind; and Alcyone and Yajna realised it too as soon as he told them the story. Many times Yajna dreamed of her boy friend, and often unexpected and inexplicable help was given to her in sundry childish difficulties; and she always attributed such help to his watchfulness. She clung tenaciously to his memory, and always said as a child that she meant to find him and marry him; but as she grew up the impression gradually wore off, and she finally married Muni—though she said that she did so only because he reminded her of her fairy boy more than any one else.

Alcyone lived as usual to a ripe old age, loved and reverenced by all the thousands who knew him.

(To be continued)

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THE LIFE SIDE OF ASTROLOGY

THREE STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL ALCHEMY

By LEO FRENCH

I

SOME ASTROLOGICAL TRANSMUTATIONS

I speak of a certain Art by which a Particular Spirit may be united to the Universal; and nature by consequence be strangely exalted and multiplied.[1]

FEW assumptions are more incorrect than the glib and vain repetitions of the superficial-material "observer," that astrology is unpractical.

The truth is, astrology is all too practical for the majority of enquirers to do more than tap idly on its rock-surface (for the road *to* the stars is a steep hard rock-road).

The life side of astrology, as every student-practitioner knows by experience, consists of

1. An arduous course of study—wherein the scaling of one knowledge-peak invariably reveals another in the immediate foreground. "Alps upon Alps arise, and I must on"—the "motif" for the planetary pilgrim.

2. A life of spiritual progressive self-perfectibility, wherein one ordeal, test, trial, succeeds another, as the true nome, and gauge of the aspirant's sincerity. To live either fog-bound (if an Aquarian) or rock-bound (if a Taurean) by individual or personal planetary difficulties, inhibitions, or limitations, is not to use but to abuse astrology. To degrade an art to a cluster of repression-complexes; to lower a science to a series

[1] Vaughan. *Animo Magia Abscondita*, pp. 10, 11.

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of mundane directions concerned with everyday vicissitudes and the change-and-chance aspects of this mortal life is to bring astrology into disrepute—a leaving of the word of God to serve tables on the part of those destined for Sanctuary-Service.

Purification of the "mortal instrument" and the "physical vehicle," this is the first necessity, if the hope of direct planetary inspiration (from those burning and shining lights which encircle the brow and overshadow the path of every human being) is to blossom into certainty and bear visible fruit.

The golden apples of the Sun, the silver apples of the Moon.[1]

These can never "fruit," unless the trees, though planted by Gods, receive human cultivation, each according to its true and proper individual-arboreal nature and character.

The purificatory processes combine and unite within themselves pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow; they necessitate courage and endurance, valour and fortitude, each contrast, every pair of opposites in the galaxy of labourers, miners, agriculturalists, craftsmen, artificers, scientists and artists which together make up the sum of servers and masters whose "answer" is planetary perfection. "Perfection, nothing less" is the watchword of every planetary aspirant. For this the stars sparkle, scintillate, shine and burn: to this they incite, invite, beacon and beckon their votaries and office-bearers here on earth. Shall not, must not, then, every earth-born vessel who is yet the lamp-shrine of these immortal ones, having this hope in himself (of radiating forth his planetary godhead from within) proceed to "purify himself, even as He (his own Planetary Genius) is pure"?

But earth does not like being broken up, nor water being deflected through conducted channels, from the earth it so loves that it reduces it to marshes and boys! Air objects to being cheated of its prey, when, having seized some luckless

[1] Yeats.

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little mortal frame, it proceeds to make thereof a "bent" for possession by tempest-mænads and furies.

The delight of the fire *daimon* group-soul and of each member thereof, is to rage, tear, burn, scorch, and blaze its devastation-tract through some human fire-world, leaving naught save a wasted, blasted remnant of mortality, victim of Moloch.

The conflicts between the substances (bodies) and essences (spirits) of the four elements, constitute the field of manifestation for one complex after another—each a divine psychological opportunity for that redemption of the body which cannot be accomplished to-day, any more than in the Pauline age, without mental hard labour and spiritual "groanings that cannot be uttered".

This alchemical aspect of astrology is indeed [1]

> an arduous spiritual and intellectual task, only to be achieved by patient and deliberate labour and much daring. Yet therewith we are only at the beginning.

The correspondences of the four elements with the human vehicles of consciousness, physical and subtle; that of earth, water, air, fire, with terrestrial, emotional, mental, spiritual, can be proven by any student who will submit himself, to the experimental tests and trials of these alchemical doctrines, provided he bring to the task will-power, ardour, continuity and perseverance, these qualities and attributes being equally requisite and necessary for the pursuit and practice of any other art, science, philosophy, or religion.

Astrology is neither a universal panacea nor a philosophy that appeals to every type of mind. It makes no sort of claim save that of interplanetary gravitation, and the attraction of cohesion, "Like to like" applies here, as everywhere. Those who are "on fire" with planetary enkindlings, whose minds are alight with planetary illuminations, whose emotions are

[1] Havelock Ellis's description of "The Art of Uniting". From *The Dance of Life*, p. 174.

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attuned to receive the gold and silver star-waters within their own channels and aqueducts, these, realising that Destiny is one, though three Fates, these take the Planetary Highway, making each his own star-road according to the interior word within him.

The will to power liberates the higher fiery elemental powers, and likewise provides the superior magic to set over against desire and those "fiery darts" which prove all too potent for the fire-neophyte unless a more compelling force constrains both flames and red lava, silencing them with the creative life-breath of white fire.

The will to unify and the grace of harmony, these the aerial conjurations whereby if uttered aright, the wildest tempests gradually subdue their cacophony and release the mind from anarchy, substituting the breath of life, air of freedom, light of reason, mind's Trinity of life, love, and light.

Regeneration and Self-Direction. Water's wildest most devastating furies obey emotion's word of power. When the will to spiritualise works within the breast of one who feels deeply and intensely, then only "The wild waves and wilder human breast" obey the strongest director of tides and currents, and "a miracle" is performed.

The waters divide—stand on an heap, and the Israelite passes through, dry-shod.

Emotion purified, re-directed, re-generated, is the strongest force liberated by the average human being to-day. Renunciation of the lower must precede realisation of the higher, ere Jordan's waters find their true level as the baptismal element for the regenerated lover. Earth must be "broken," to the crumbling of the last most obstinately resisting clod, stoned, weeded, planted, watered, aerated, fired. All the elements must work the will of their spirits on this terrestrial element, ere its canonisation as the body of the lord, the temple, the garden for celestial flora, fauna, and the fruits of the spirit.

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How brief the descriptions of these processes, how well-nigh unending, fraught with what divine and demonic perils and vicissitudes, their working-out.

Adventures befall only the adventurous. Temptations increase, and assume ever more horrific and terrific shapes and dimensions, with the aspirant's increase in will-power, wisdom, and a love that dares and bears all things.

It is the swirl and whirl of the commingling of the lower elemental forces that sets up the individual complex-resistance in the physical, psychic, lower mental vehicles, culminating in the temporary apostasy of Manas itself, going over to the enemy, held to ransom by Kāma-Manas, till higher Manas and *buḍḍhi* "pay the price" and liberate their kinsman from the bondage of lead (Saturn) and the tyranny of iron (Mars), *Gold* must be the sole object and purpose of every alchemist, naught else, less, other, save this, the extraction of pure gold from base metal. No apparent waste of substances, nor most lavish expenditure of spiritual, mental, emotional and physical energies and properties must be grudged, if a true alchemical life is to be led and practised. Nothing niggardly, neither short-sighted values on the mental stock-exchange, nor "light-weight" in the renunciatory-oblations offered in His Name whose life is the one offering and oblation for the sins of the whole world, the Lord of Love.

Crucibles must be fed, aerial mills must not lack sacrificial grain, nor water un-harnessed to fertilising and purifying ends. Earth must be tilled, worked, or left fallow, according to its state and stage of progress and education. To over-work any element, to neglect reparative and recreative operations, defeats its own end, by producing decadence in the system with characteristically deplorable symptoms and consequences!

The rest in the tomb, before the descent to the spirits in prison, is as much and as essential a part of the plan, as the work in the carpenter's shop, the ministry with and to the

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disciples, the scourging, agony and bloody sweat, with crucifixion-culmination of one epoch, inauguration of the new era.

Alchemy is a great, a master-process, and as such every operation must be done and performed in that spacious manner which distinguishes great from small work, and the artist from the dilettante in all worlds. The miracles and marvels performed by Joy are no less than those wrought under sorrow's auspices. Expansion and contraction are equally great and sacramental rituals, on the spiritual side, no less than transformers in the spheres of psychic and mental structure and architecture.

The miraculous transmutations of Love—the gathering together of the dry bones, followed by re-vitalisation, the work of the great Life-Breath of love, invoked from the four winds by those who know the secret and most mighty spells of love's incantations, and adjurations: these are no less epoch-making in their consequences on all planes than the experiences gained "far down the naked shingles of the world," when the tides retreat and the soul of the one submitted to this "ordeal by retraction" finds itself solitary, naked, shivering, amid the ruins of an anonymous universe, exposed to those revelations of the ebb-tide which try the strongest spirit to the uttermost.

In this life alchemical, lived out under the stars, the student-neophyte must cultivate an attitude of "preparedness," before anything, holding himself in readiness for the descent of those mighty and mysterious powers which it is worse than idle to invoke if when they reply to an invocatory-summons by descending, the invocator flees terrified, imploring them to postpone their arrival: "Be not deceived. God is not mocked," either in the alchemical or in our world.

Leo French

(*To be continued*)

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STAR OF THE MORNING

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

TOWARDS that seven-starred constellation known as the Seven Sisters, the Seven Elders or the Great Bear, the consciousness of humanity has at all times been directed. The Scriptures extol this celestial sign and Buḍḍhism's sacred *Tripitaka* consecrates to it an imposing hymn. Ancient Magi and Egyptians carved it upon stones. And the black faith of Shaman of the wild *taiga* paid obeisance to it.

To another of heaven's miracles, the constellation of Orion, which the wisdom of astronomers has named the "Three Magi," were dedicated the ancient temples of mystery in Central Asia. As a pair of iridescent wings, these two constellations are spread out across the firmament. Between them, darting headlong towards earth, is the Star of the Morning, the resplendent abode of the Mother of the World. And by its dominating light, by its unequalled approach, it foretells the new era of humanity.

The dates recorded æons ago are being fulfilled in the starry runes. The predictions of the Egyptian Hierophants are being invested with reality before our eyes. Verily this is a time of wonder for the witnesses. And also predestined and also descending over humanity is that Satellite of the Mother of the World—the living raiment of beauty. As a garment of purification must the sign of beauty glorify each hearth.

Simplicity, Beauty, Fearlessness, so it is ordained. Fearlessness is our guide. Beauty is the ray of comprehension

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and upliftment. Simplicity is the "open sesame" to the gates of the coming mystery; and not the menial simplicity of hypocrisy, but the great simplicity of attainment encircled in the folds of love: Simplicity which unlocks the most sacred and mysterious gates to him who brings his torch of sincerity and incessant labour. And not Beauty of conventionality and deceit which harbours the worm of decadence; but that Beauty of the spirit of truth which annihilates all prejudices: Beauty alight with true freedom and attainment and glorious with the miracle of flowers and of sounds. And not the Fearlessness of artifice; but the Fearlessness which knows the unsounded depths of creation and discriminates between self-confidence in action and the presumption of conceit: Fearlessness which possesses the sword of courage and which smites down vulgarity in all its forms even though it be adorned with riches.

The understanding of these three covenants creates faith and support of the spirit. For within the last decade everything has been endowed with motion. The most hardened clods have become mobile, and the greatest dullards have comprehended that without simplicity, beauty and fearlessness, no construction of the new life is conceivable. Nor is the regeneration of religion, politics, science or the revaluation of labour possible. Without Beauty the closely-inscribed pages, like withered and fallen leaves, shall be whirled away by the winds of life, and the wail of spiritual famine shall shake the foundations of the cities, deserted in their populousness.

We saw revolutions, we saw crowds, we passed through the mobs of insurrection, but only there did we behold the banner of peace waving overhead, where beauty was aglow and by the light of its wondrous power evoked united understanding. We saw in Russia how the apostles of beauty and collectors—the true collectors, not those who were the incidental possessors of some inheritance—were

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singled out for honour by the crowd. We saw how the most inflamed youth, in breathless vigilance, stood in prayer under the wings of beauty. And the remains of religion were revivified there, where beauty did not perish and the shield of Beauty was most stalwart.

The Master Institute of United Arts, and Corona Mundi, the International Art Centre in New York, have upon their shields respectively the two following quotations:

Art will unify all humanity. Art is one—indivisible. Art has its many branches, yet all are one. Art is the manifestation of the coming synthesis. Art is for all. Everyone will enjoy true art. The gates of the 'sacred source' must be wide open for everybody, and the light of art will influence numerous hearts with a new love. At first this feeling will be unconscious, but after all it will purify human consciousness, and how many young hearts are searching for something real and beautiful! So, give it to them. Bring art to the people—where it belongs. We should have not only museums, theatres, universities, public libraries, railway stations and hospitals, but even prisons decorated and beautified. Then we shall have no more prisons.[1]

Humanity is facing the coming events of cosmic greatness. Humanity already realises that all occurrences are not accidental. The time for the construction of future culture is at hand. Before our eyes the revaluation of values is being witnessed. Amidst ruins of valueless banknotes, mankind has found the real value of the world's significance. The values of great art are victoriously traversing all storms of earthly commotions. Even the "earthly" people already understand the vital importance of active beauty. And when we proclaim love, beauty and action, we know verily that we pronounce the formula of the international language. And this formula, which now belongs to the museum and stage, must enter everyday life. The sign of beauty will open all sacred gates. Beneath the sign of beauty we walk joyfully. With beauty we conquer. Through beauty we pray. In beauty we are united. And now we affirm these words—not on the snowy heights, but amidst the turmoil of the city. And realising the path of true reality, we greet with a happy smile the future.[2]

By practical experience we can affirm that these words are not the Utopia of a visionary. No! these are the essence of experience gathered in fields of peace and of battle. And this manifold experience did not bring disillusion. On the

[1] *Paths of Blessings*, 1921.
[2] *The New Era*, July, 1922.

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contrary it strengthened faith in the destined and in the near, in the resplendence of the possibilities. Verily it was experience which constructed confidence in the new ones who hasten to help in the erection of the Temple, and whose joyous voices resound over the hill. The same experience directed our eyes toward the children, who, untaught, but only permitted to approach, begin to unfold like the flowers of a beautiful garden. And their thoughts become crystal; and their eyes become enlightened; and their spirits strive to proclaim the message of achievement. And all this is not in nebulous temples, but here upon earth—here where we have forgotten so much that was beautiful.

It would seem incredible that people could wantonly forget the best possibilities—but this happens oftener than one can imagine. Man lost his key to the symbols of the Rig-Vedas. Man forgot the meaning of the Kabala. Man mutilated the glorious word of the Buḍḍha. Man with gold defiled the divine word of Christ and forgot, forgot, forgot, the finest keys to the gates. Men lose easily; but how to find again? The path to recovery permits everyone to have hope. Why not? If a soldier of Napoleon discovered in a trench the Rosetta Stone, key to the understanding of the complete hieroglyphs of Egypt? Now, when verily the last hour strikes, men—still too few—begin hurriedly to recall the treasures which were theirs long since, and again there begin to clink upon their girdles the keys of faith. And in dreams clearly and vividly they recall the abandoned but ever-existing beauty. Only accept, only receive, and you shall discern how transformed shall be your inner life; how the spirit shall quiver in its realisation of unbounded possibilities. And how simply beauty will envelop the temple, the palace and the hearth where a human heart is throbbing. Often one does not know how to approach beauty—where are the worthy chamber, the worthy raiments for the festival of

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colour and of sound? "We are so poor." is the reply. But beware lest you screen yourselves behind the spectre of poverty. For wherever desire is implanted, there shall bloom the decision.

And how shall we start to build the Museum? Simply, because all must be simple. Any room may be a museum—and if the wish that conceived it is worthy, it shall grow in the shortest time into its own building and into a temple. And from afar will the new ones come and knock—only do not outsleep the knocking.

How shall we commence our collecting? Again, simply, and without riches, only by unconquerable desire. We have known many very poor persons who were very remarkable collectors, and who, although limited by each penny, gathered art collections full of great inner meaning.

How can we publish? We know also that great art publications began with almost negligible means. For instance, that tremendous ideal publishing project of art-postcards, the Saint Eugenie, began with $5,000 and in ten years afforded hundreds of thousands of profit yearly. But not by the financial gains was the value of this work measured. Rather was it gauged by the quantity of widely-spread art-publications which attracted a multitude of new young hearts to the path of beauty. The coloured post-cards which were artistically published, and in a decided method, penetrated into new strata of the people and created young enthusiasts. How many new collectors were born! And, measuring their approach to new hearts, the publishers sent into the world reproductions of the most progressive creations. Thus through fearlessness, in the simplicity of clearness, were created new works of beauty.

How can we open schools and teach? Also simply; let us not expect great buildings, or sigh over primitive conditions and lack of material. The smallest room—not larger that the cell of Fra Beato Angelico in Florence—can contain the most

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valuable possibilities for art. The smallest assembly of colours will not diminish the artistic substance of creation, and the poorest canvas may be the receptor of the most sacred image.

If there comes the realisation of the imminent importance of teaching beauty, it must be begun without delay. One must know that the means will come if there be manifested the enduring enthusiasm. Give knowledge and you will receive possibilities. And the more liberal the giving the richer the receiving.

Let us see what Serge Ernst, curator of the Hermitage in Petrograd, writes about the school which was started in his day by private initiative in one room and which later grew to an annual enrolment of two thousand :

> On a bright May day, the great hall in Morskaya conveys to the eye a bright festival. What is lacking? A whole wall is covered with austere and shining ikons; whole tables are dazzling with polychrome rows of majolica vases and figures; finally here are painted ornaments for the tea table, and further off, luxuriantly embroidered in silk and gold and wool, lie rugs and pillows and towels and writing-pads. Furniture, cosy and ornamented with intricate handcraft, stands here, and show cases are filled with lovely trifles. Upon walls hang the plans for the most various objects of home decoration, beginning with architectural plans and ending with the plans for the composition of a porcelain statue. Architectural measurements and drawings of monuments of ancient art are the interesting illustrations from the class of graphics; on the windows in coloured and succulent spots are exhibited the creations of the class in stained glass. Farther off, in front of the spectator, stands a white company of the productions of the class of sculptors, of the class of drawings of animals; and on the top awaits a whole gallery filled with paintings in oil and still life. And all this variety of creation lives, is motive with full young enthusiasm. All the happy discoveries of art in our day receive here their due reflection which proceeds in close relation with the artistic questions of the present. And what is finer, or can recommend more highly the art school, than this precious and rare contact.

In these contacts of enthusiasm, and in the economy of all precious achievements, the school work quickly progresses, and yearly new forces are gathered as the most worthy guardians of the future culture of the spirit. How to recruit these new ones? This is most simple. If over the work shall glow the Sign of simplicity, beauty and fearlessness, new

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forces will readily assemble. Young heads long deprived and expecting the wonderful miracle, will come. Only, let us not permit these seekers to pass by us! Only let not one of them pass by in the twilight!

And how to approach beauty ourselves? This is the most difficult. We can reproduce paintings; we can make exhibitions, we can open a studio, but where will the paintings of the exhibitions find an outlet? To what parts shall the products of the studio penetrate? It is easy to discourse, but more difficult to admit beauty into life's household. But while we ourselves will deny entrance to beauty in our life, what value will all these affirmations possess? They shall be meaningless banners at an empty hearth. Admitting beauty into our home, we must determine the unquestionable rejection of vulgarity and pompousness, and all which opposes beautiful simplicity. Verily, the hour of the affirming of beauty in life is come! It came in the travail of the spirits of the peoples. It came in storm and in lightning. That hour came before the coming of Him Whose steps already are sounding.

Each man bears "A balance within his breast": each weighs for himself his karma. And so now liberally the living raiment of beauty is offered to all. And each living rational being may receive from it a garment, and cast away from him that ridiculous fear which whispers, "this is not for you." One must be rid of that gray fear, mediocrity, because all is for you if you manifest the wish from a pure source. But, remember, flowers do not blossom on ice. Yet how many icicles do we strew, benumbing our worthiest striving through menial cowardice!

Some coward hearts inwardly determine that beauty cannot be reconciled with the gray dross of our day. But only faint-heartedness has whispered to them—the faint heartedness of stagnation. Still among us are those who repeat that electricity is blinding us; that the telephone is enfeebling our

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hearing; that automobiles are not practical for our roads. Just so timorous and ignorant is the fear of the non-reconciliation of beauty. Expel at once from our household this absurd unsounding "No" and transform it, by that gift of friendship and by the jewel of spirit to "Yes". How much turbid stagnation is there in "No"; and how much of openness to attainment in "Yes". One has but to pronounce "Yes" and the stone is withdrawn, and what yesterday still seemed unattainable comes to-day nearer and within reach. We remember a touching incident, when a little fellow, not knowing how to help his dying mother, wrote a letter as best he could to St. Nicholas, the Miracle-maker. He went to put it in the letter-box, when a "casual passer-by" approached to help him to reach it, and perceived the unusual address. And verily the aid of Nicholas, the Miracle-maker, came to this poor heart.

And through the work of heaven and earth, consciously and in living practice, will the raiment of beauty again be enfolded about humanity.

Those who have met the Teachers in life, know how simple and harmonious and beautiful They are. The same atmosphere of beauty must pervade all that approaches Their region. The sparks of Their Flame must penetrate into the lives of those who await the Soon-Coming! How to meet Them? Only with the worthiest. How to await? Merging into Beauty. How to embrace and to retain? By being filled with the Fearlessness bestowed by the consciousness of beauty. How to worship? As in the presence of beauty which enchants even its enemies.

In the deep twilight, bright with a glory unequalled, shines the star of the Mother of the World. From below is reborn the wave of a sacred harmony. A Tibetan ikon painter plays upon a bamboo flute his lay before the unfinished image of Buḍḍha-Maiṭreya. By adorning the image with all the

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symbols of blessed power, this man, with the long black braid, in his way brings his utmost gift to Him Who is Expected. And thus shall we bring beauty to the people: Simply, beautifully, fearlessly!

Nicholas Roerich

BEAUTY

WHERE is Beauty and what is Beauty? Tell me, my Beloved.

The sea, a wide expanse of blue, the sky that shows us the glorious dawns and sunsets; the flowers and trees, the beautiful workmanship of kindly spirits; the lovely streams that echo to us the music of the woods and dales.

These are the outward expressions of Nature that thrill our being and evoke a reverence for Her.

Thus by reverence does Man commune with Her.

Then reverence thy Self, that thou mayst commune with thy Self. Great indeed will then be the Beauty that opens up in thy heart—and great the joy of finding no self therein.

For Love shall be the music thou shalt play to soothe the pains and sorrows of the world;

And Bliss shall be thy companion.

G. P. WICKRAMANAYAKA

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THE SECRET DOCTRINE

A SOLITARY PAGE OF THE MS.—C.J.

(without a parent) (8)

Commentary, or Stanza I.

[In order not to break the Stanzas by making the comments too long, the reader is referred for further explanations to the glossary in the Appendices attached to every chapter.]

The Secret Doctrine postulates three propositions:—

(a) An Omnipresent, Eternal & boundless Principle, beyond the reach of words or thought, or in the words of Mandukya "unthinkable & unspeakable." In the Aitareya Upanishad this Principle is referred to as the Self, the Only one — as just shown.

(b) The Eternity of the Universe as a fixed abstraction, with periodical appearances & disappearances of objective manifestation; like a regular tidal ebb of flux & reflux; coeval with, as being in one sense, identical with the One Principle.

(c) The unity of all the Souls with the Over Soul or the unknown Root, & the continuous transmigration of each ray of the One infinite Light, in accordance with cyclic & Karmic Law, during the whole Cycle of Necessity, that is to say from the beginning of Manvantara to the at of Pralaya, the Mayavic "Self" starts as a pure Emanation from Absolute Chaos or Angels and returns as a purified Para-mâtmic Self, merged in the Over Being (or Non-Being) — the absolute "Paramârthika."

In its absolute abstraction, the One Principle though seemingly dead (Parabrahman & Mulaprakriti) is sexless, unconditioned, absolute. Its periodical radiation it as a primal Emanation One, and roggagous & finite. When the "radiation radiates in its turn, all the Secondary radiations are also androgynous to become male & female principles in their lower aspects. Pralaya, whether the great or the minor, which leaves things status quo — the first that reawakens The "Eye of Siva", the inner or spiritual Eye of the Seer or clairvoyant Enigma — a purified Soul, the highest adept. & Mayavic Self is the term given to the divine Ego of man, who labours under a delusion of a mistaken his Self, as separated from the One Self, the absolute. earth-born it is his own, individual & unimpersonal Self throughout the Manvantaric Eternities that returns into the absolute Self, like a drop of water to its Ocean, to re-emerge from it at the following Manvantara. It is not the physical, organized body that remains status quo, not even the Soul things during the great Cosmic or even Solar Pralayas, but only their abstract ideal photographs. But during the planetary or minor pralayas, one overreached by the night, the planets remain intact though dead, "like a huge empty cask of Eternity the Universe stands forever."

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and glossary, using in preference Sanskrit or Tibetan proper n
(whenever there cannot be avoided) & those given in the original m
use of only among the Masters & Chelas. These names are alr accepted s

In view of the abundant comments & explanations required, the
ticks for references in the foot notes will be given in the usual m
while the sentences & glossed upon in the Commentaries shal
appended Brevey Stanza, marked with figures, corresponding
order they are given in them. These (1) (2) (3) the additional
glossaries in Appendices complete the work, & they are the most imp

Stanza — I.

The Eternal Mother (space) wrapped in her seven infinite
(Cosmic premordial matter) had slumbered for seven Eternities
Time was not. for it lay asleep in the infinite bosom of Durat
Universal Mind was not; for there were no Dhyan Chohans & Cre
(hence & Manifest) &c. The seven Ways & Bliss (Moksha, or N
-vana) - were not. & The great causes of Misery (Pisacha & (
& Maya). were not; for there was no one to produce & feel sam
by them. Darkness alone filled the boundless All. for Fat
Mother alone were one once one & the Son had not awakened
yet for the new Wheel (3). The seven habitations Tattwa, and t
seven Truths (4) had ceased to be, and the Universe, the Son
of Necessity, was plunged in Paranishpanna (absolute perfe
Paranirvana which is Yong-gnas) - to be outbreathed by the
Which is, and yet is not (5). Naught-ness. The causes of existen

Lippang, in China; Neithon, in Burmah; or Moksha, in Ind
The "12" Nidanas (in Tibetan Ten-brel chug-nyi) the chief cause of exist
effects generated by a concatenation of causes produced. (See Comment: (2)
Male & Female principles in nature, & the Universe, (the Son) as the manifested
are "one more one" when in the "Night of Brahma" during Pralaya, when all
objective Universe has returned & its one primal & eternal cause, & sleeps
& the following Dawn — which it does periodically.

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THE TURNING POINT

By WERNER PLAUT [1]

FRANCE is carrying on a policy of hatred against Germany. A burning desire to humiliate or even to destroy the other Nation is working itself out. The world looks with horror on what is happening and none of the peoples who look on dare do anything to change it. For they believe they ought to express indignation and cannot do so, feeling somehow that they are accomplices.

And we Germans, who suffer the Nation who has conquered us to treat us before the eyes of the world, without any of that noble pride of the true spirit of the victor, expressing nothing but the miserable spirit of usury and profiteering, we who love Germany have been suffering for a long time, rather because such a thing does happen at all, than because it is happening to us. And we have known for a long time that France is not really the victor otherwise she would be more dignified.

We Germans were accustomed to call France the hereditary enemy. We were brought up to do so. And the French saw the hereditary enemy in us, for they were brought up to that. But, it seems to us modern Germans, that the fact that in 1914 Germany and France were at War again is a proof that man reaps what he has sown—but we do not take it as a proof, that an eternal repetition of this fate will be for ever our inheritance. We do not believe that such a blind fate hangs over us, but we believe that in ourselves are the stars of our destiny, and that we shall now sow what we wish to reap in the future.

Europe has sown national hatreds and has reaped national hatreds. But not only the leaders of the Nations but humanity itself was living a life of great selfishness, egoism, envy, avarice and greed, and it would be foolish to be surprised that the harvest now corresponds to the seed. But it would be criminal not to consider, with a trembling heart and with prayer, with our whole heart, how the life of the Nations may flourish again, for it would be our ruin to continue to live in that spirit which was the cause of all our misery. A change must be accomplished.

[1] *Die Wende*, translated by Miss M. Steinbart, London.

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A spiritual ice-age of humanity, in which nothing good could bloom, is coming to an end. A new spring-time begins.

Let those who carry autumn and winter in their blood doubt that spring is coming—it is coming! It is the will of the ever rejuvenescent Nature who sees in the obstinacy of winter no danger, but only foolishness.

Spring is coming! And the first sun-rays of Spring are falling into the hearts and minds of men, thawing and relieving, whatever wintry thoughts and feelings they touch. If even yesterday you believed that things could never be different in the world, that hatred, greed and falsehood rule to-day, you feel a peculiar inner excitement: the spiritual spring-sun is working in you, and you see that there are people in the world whose eyes are not cold and hard, but warm and longing to do good. Perhaps you never noticed them before. Now you see they are there and you feel that one must keep near them, in order to strengthen them in the world, and one must become like them.

The sun continues to do his secret work in you, and you begin to recognise much misfortune is caused by the fact that people do not dare to admit and to live out before everybody their ideals. See how good most people are, but when they begin life and notice that they are treated with respect, but expected to be common, and if they tried to be outwardly as good as they really are, they would make themselves ridiculous. So they pretend to be common too and only try to hold fast to the good within, and to preserve it—so they try at least to be good secretly, if they have to be common openly, in order not to lose the respect of others. But in doing that they are going against nature. The good in them falls asleep, for it will not be cuddled on Sundays and ignored on other days, we must live it out in act and worship every moment.

This is the spirit of spring of the new age; man is himself only in so far as he makes real the good in him. That is the man of the Spring: the balance point of his Ego is in his highest possibility. With it he stands and falls, with it he lives on earth, or he passes on with it into infinite spaces, when the earth becomes too narrow for him. The man of Spring prefers to die in the realisation of the highest than to be content with the second best.

Where has been until now this spirit in the leaders of Nations? Ancient periods of civilisation know it well. It was unknown to the periods which we desire to leave behind. It will again be known in the age that is approaching. Deep within the soul of the Nation, it is already active and the time will come when it will work itself out in the outer circles of the life of peoples and Nations. Also those who have the administration of the outer destinies of peoples in their hands, will one day express this spirit.

But at this moment we are not yet there. On the German side, the courage for the unceasing devotion to the Spirit of Good is not yet strong enough, in order to stand as the only answer to all

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oppression. Some consider the Spirit of Good as a flood without a bridge and do not dare to cross the floods. But to us the Spirit of Good has become a town of golden streets, walking along which we are not conscious of our own weight, and whose powerful breath makes us capable of the boldest deeds.

We want to exercise and practise this capacity in every relationship of life. Especially do we want to practise it as Germans in our relations with the French, for this capacity has the power to redeem from hatred. Never must we desire in will or prayer a good destiny for Germany, which is not at the same time a good destiny for France. We must not seek an outer, but rather an inner destiny.

We must desire that in France the power for moral renewal may awake. It would be quite wrong if we were to rejoice over the signs of moral renewal in our own Nation and were secretly glad not to see anywhere in France these signs, or if we should take them as proofs of our unbroken force and were glad if France could not give such proofs also. We must act quite differently. The victory in the World-War of 1914 was in a minor way only a struggle between different Nations, in reality it was an upburst and a struggle between dark forces which had accumulated in humanity, for in the daily struggle between the forces of darkness and those of light, one made use of the powers of darkness, and therefore came under their sway—the victory in this War consists in this: to have the courage, to stake one's all for the forces of light, and to open one's heart to them, so that they can work out their pure life-forces therein.

The victory of 1914 has not been given to any of the warring peoples. It has still to be won! And if Germany wishes and longs that the soul-force of noble French hearts may succeed in winning this victory in the national soul of France—a victory which consists in the triumph of the good in the human heart—if Germany wishes this as the most cherished bliss of its own being, then Germany itself has a part in this victory.

The World-War of 1914 was mainly not a War between peoples, but a War of spiritual powers, and the victory consists in the realisation of the forces of purity in us. The World-War of 1914 is a War whose victory we all must try to win together, a victory which every one must win for the common good of all. Either we all have won the victory, or else the spirit of darkness has conquered us and forces us all under its fatal sway.

But it is a spring-time in which we live, and although feeble hearts do not dare to take the decisive step on the side of the good—there are stronger hearts who accomplish the deed and thus change the fate of the time. The victory of darkness may exist in our imagination, but it can no longer take place, for in the invisible worlds the struggle is already decided. God's brightest angels are at work, to bring about a new dawn. Our part is to serve their creative power, by working with them in inner freedom.

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We have inherited from our forefathers a hereditary enmity, to whom a combat between peoples meant courage and heroism. We respect their stage of development.

We have to show nobility and heroism on a higher plane. We must transform this inheritance of the German and the French people, united in a courageous obedience to the Divine. We want to change it through deeds of love. Of the hereditary enmity we will make hereditary love.

And this is the main task for all peoples: to build up themselves a united knowledge on the foundation of God. God is the centre of the star, and we are his rays. Every ray has its own characteristic, but every one takes it from the common centre, in which we different individuals and peoples are all related and united with one another.

Individual difference must no longer strengthen in us the spirit of division, but in the knowledge of the central unity, the individual difference shall be for us a wealth that must serve to create a brilliant Star with rays, in which the different individual forces of individuals and of peoples shine in their own colour; where every one loves the whole as his own inner Self.

Let each serve the other! Every individual, every people may serve the Godhead with the most perfect fulfilment of the law of his own being. Thus it will be possible to individuals and peoples, to express in a common culture its common mind.

When the storm of destiny comes, keep high in yourselves the force of purity. Then the storm will strengthen the active power of your force and purity.

Werner Plaut

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WHAT IS TRUTH?

By JACOB BONGGREN

WHEN Pilate asked the Christ: "What is truth," he did not wait for an answer. By the man he questioned he had already been told: "I came into the world to bear witness unto the truth." The mission of the World Teacher was to deliver a message of Truth, as applied to present time, life and action. For a Roman, who believed in the goddess Veritas, that divinity was the Truth, who forgave her worshippers their transgressions against her, in proportion to the greater or lesser value of their peace offerings. The Romans had materialised their virtues, as well as their vices, into a Pantheon of gods and goddesses; when those were properly propitiated, all was well. Veritas, made into the statue of a goddess, was to the initiated Romans the symbol of Truth, and to the uninitiated the Truth itself.

In our day of shallow intellectuality, ignorant and self-satisfied people might smile and look wise and say nothing, if they were asked what Truth is. It is foolish of people to smile knowingly and try to look wise when they are ignorant; but to keep silent is, indeed, the best thing they can do. "He that refraineth his lips is wise," says King Solomon in his Proverbs (X, v. 19). "If the ignorant knew enough to keep silent, they would be counted among the wise," says Odin in "Hàvamàl," that great pearl of wisdom in the Elder Edda.

Silence is a sufficient substitute for an answer, if no other can be thought of. In that case silence is golden. It is indeed the proper attitude of the ignorant to avoid uttering a falsehood. It is equivalent to the honest confession: "I don't know," and ignorance should be linked with humility. To give a false impression that the questioned person has knowledge which he does not want to share with others is trying to deceive and attempting to mock the sacred majesty of Truth.

The wise man will always gladly answer an earnest question in an earnest way; he is at all times willing to enlighten the mind of any inquirer who is sincere and eager to learn. But just because he is wise he will carefully fit his answer to the intellectual capacity of the man who asks. And also just because he is wise he will know when the questioner is insincere and should be reminded of that fact. In the case of such a one that is the best answer.

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Many people make no distinction between truth and opinion. There are those who think that opinion—their particular opinion for the time being—is truth, the whole truth, the only truth, and nothing but the truth, and that everything else is falsehood. They have in this way accepted a wrong synonym, instead of a correct one.

There are, of course, different synonyms of truth. They can be given as fact, reality, verity. Truth is, as the lexicographers put it, "conformity of thought with fact; conformity of a judgment, statement, or belief with the reality; exact correspondence of subjective and objective relations."

Every truth is a fact, a reality, a verity on some plane of existence, some time or place, in some connexion. But that which was true, being a fact, a reality, at a certain time or in a certain place, need not be so at some other time or in some other place. It remains, of course, a truth historically and geographically. It was true that Julius Cæsar lived once and in a certain part of the world, half a century before our era and in the great Roman empire which he founded; but he cannot be all of those mentally inferior and historically insignificant people who have claimed to be his incarnations at the same time and in different places, mostly insane asylums. China is a reality in one part of the world; but you cannot find it anywhere else, except on maps, and in books where that country is mentioned. Julius Cæsar is an historical reality, but not a geographical location, while China is a geographical truth and not an historical personality, nor anything else, except that it is one of the names of porcelain.

Existence is twofold: the Absolute, which includes all and excludes nothing, and the Relative, which includes only some part and is included among divisions and subdivisions in the Absolute. The Absolute Truth includes every relative truth everywhere and at all times, being the One All-inclusive Truth; the relative truths are many, each of them belonging to its own sphere or plane, its own time or space. That which is a truth in some connexion is no truth in another where it does not belong; that which is a fact in a certain time and place need not be a fact somewhere else and at another time.

The relativity of truth in our world of relativities demonstrates itself everywhere around us. Birth and death are well-known realities; but they do not happen more than once and at one place in each individual life. Sickness and health are realities everywhere and at all times, but do not coexist in one person at the same time. Noonday sunshine and midnight darkness are actual facts, but they are never present in the same place and at the same time. Summer is no less a reality than winter, but they never coexist in one place at the same time, except in the human mind, when they are compared there.

To accept a relative truth as one of the truths is right; to proclaim it as the Absolute and Only Truth is wrong. The Absolute Truth is larger than any and every relative truth; it includes them all. And the Whole is ever larger than any of its parts.

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There is always more than one point of view to consider in connexion with every question; it is right to call any one of them correct, as a part of the whole, but wrong to call it the only point of view and to proclaim it the single truth, unless this is done in teaching, simply to exemplify onesidedness and to point out its dangers. And yet, this one-sidedness is one of the most common mistakes. For instance, most of the followers of any one of the six different philosophical schools of India do probably consider their own system the only, or at least the best, expression of Truth, while the other five systems are looked upon as defective or false, whereas the fact is that they all express Truth from a certain point of view and on a certain stage of evolution and together make up the grand philosophical system, the seventh, which is the synthesis of the six. As a general rule, adherents of any of the world's religions consider their own the only true one and look upon all the other ones as false, even though their fundamental teachings are identical; and still, all religions are parts of the great theological system, whose particular parts are rungs in the ladder of evolution, each and all of them being expressions of the highest truths for some grade of humanity in the great school of life.

Jacob Bonggren

BOOKS RECEIVED

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

Rational Mysticism, by William Kingsland (G. Allen); *The Religion of the Ṛgveda*, by H. D. Griswold (Oxford University Press); *Studies in Vedānta*, by Vasudeva J. Kirtikar (Taraporewala); *The Lure of the Cross*, by S. Haldar (Mahā-Bodhi Society); *Amen*, by Leonard Bosman (Dharma Press); *Bibliography of Annie Besant*, by Theodore Besterman (T.S. in England); *Cancer*, by H. W. Anderschou, *Everyday Food*, by Hugh Wyndham, and *Unfired Food*, by Stanley Gibbon (C. W. Daniel Co.); *The Single Eye*, by Arjuna (Macoy Pub. Co.).

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The following pamphlets have been received:

Conference on Indian Art at the British Empire Exhibition, and *Some Reflections on an Indian Art Renaissance* (India Society), and two songs—*The World's Need*, and *True Charity*, words by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and music by W. H. Kirby.

Our Exchanges

We acknowledge with many thanks the following:

The Calcutta Review (June & July), *The Canadian Theosophist* (July), *El Loto Blanco* (August), *Isis* (May-June), *Light* (Nos. 2271, 72 & 75), *The Message of Theosophy* (August), *The Messenger* (August), *Modern Astrology*, (August), *The Monthly Summary of the League of Nations* (August), *The Mysore Economic Journal* (August), *O Theosophista* (May), *The Occult Review* (September), *The Papyrus* (September), *Revista Teosofica* (July), *Revista Teosofica Chilena* (July), *Shama'a* (July), *Theosophy in Australia* (August), *Theosophy in the British Isles* (August), *Theosophy in India* (July-August), *Vedānta Kesari* (July & August), *The Vedic Magazine* (August).

We have also received with many thanks:

The Beacon (July), *Blavatsky Lodge News* (July), *Boletin Trimestral de la Sociedad Teosofica de Espana* (April-June), *Gnosi* (July-August), *The Harbinger of Light* (August), *Heraldo Teosofico* (June), *Koinonia* (July-August), *The Panacea* (No. 1), *Pewarta Theosofie* (July), *Rincarnazione* (July-August), *Revue Théosophique le Lotus Bleu* (July), *Sofia* (August), *Teosofia* (July-August), *Theosofisch Maandblad* (August), *The World's Children* (July), *The Young Theosophist* (August).

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THE THEOSOPHICAL FIELD

Summer School in Denmark

From July 20th to August 2nd we had a Summer School in the town of Nakskov, in the South of Denmark, at the initiative of Mr. Augustus F. Knudsen and our two energetic members, Miss Anna Ornsholt and Mr. Otto Viking.

This Summer School was a great success. Every night Mr. Knudsen gave us a lecture.

The Vikings arranged their household so that all the guests could take their meals at their house, and about ten of the members slept there as well. Each of the members had his work to do and the true spirit of brotherhood and mutual helpfulness prevailing made us feel like one family; in fact, we called ourselves the Group-Soul. Five countries were represented, and 20 people sat round the family table every day.

This was our first Danish Summer School, and both Mr. Knudsen and the Vikings are willing to take the trouble to make it a permanent, yearly institution. We certainly hope that our members will appreciate it in the way it deserves by coming in great numbers, from all the adjacent countries as well. Next year Mr. Viking is likely to be able to accommodate about 50 people, and we can tell them that they will not regret having been there. As a beginning we find, we have made a good start.

Perhaps that delightful spirit of co-operation and brotherhood was the best of all we got, for one felt like being already a member of the Sixth Root-Race, and nothing better can be said of the assembly, I am sure.

All of us felt that the Great Ones gave Their Blessing to the work that was performed at Nakskov.

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The Rev. C. Spurgeon Medhurst (Sydney) writes that:

China is at present in a very precarious condition and it is hard to see what is coming out of all this unrest. There is a Party that is well represented in the U.S.A., as well as elsewhere among the progressive Chinese, which is called the "Neo-Sinicist Party". At present its Headquarters are in San Francisco, but will be removed to Shanghai in the autumn, where a large convocation will be held with a view to taking some definite action to bring about a New China. All ideas of force or war or anything but Reason will not be considered. A bloodless revolution in which Benevolence and righteousness are to be the only means made use of is the grand ideal in view. The party is publishing a newspaper in Chinese.

* * *

Youth Activities in India

A Youth Week Campaign is being held all over India in September and October, the exact date of the week in each area being left to be fixed by the local authorities. The campaign is being initiated by the International League of Youth, where this exists, and in other places by the All-India Federation of Young Theosophists. But especial emphasis is being laid on getting other organisations to co-operate, indeed Theosophists are keeping themselves as much in the background as possible. What we want to do is to create a great feeling of Brotherhood among the Youth, irrespective of politics and religion, two of the differences disrupting this unhappy land, or of any other separating labels.

The Youth week in Madras shows promise of great success. Joint meetings have been held at which representatives of many societies were present, and a committee has been elected. There are to be preliminary meetings held all over the city during September, to familiarise people with the idea. The week proper is in October. One preliminary meeting has already been held, at the Mani Aiyer Hall, Triplicane. Others are being arranged at the Mylapore Girls' School, the Y.M.I.A., the Y.M.C.A., and in other places. It is hoped that the colleges will co-operate. One day of the week is to be entirely set apart for girls. They are to have their own committee and make their own arrangements. Joint meetings with the boys are impossible to arrange in this hide-bound country, owing to the state of prejudice on the matter. This is one of the things which Youth will have to tackle.

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The following is the preliminary announcement of the week:

Federation of Youth Societies

With a view to focus the attention of the Nation on Youth as its chief asset, to co-ordinate the work of the various Youth Movements, linking them all up in the service of Mankind; to foster the spirit of Brotherhood in Social, National and International life by bringing young men and young women together on a common platform in Comradeship and loving trust and to set an example of world citizenship; it is proposed to conduct a Youth Week Campaign about the middle of October somewhat on the lines of the American "Boys" Week' held in April-May last. This proposal has been agreed to by representatives of the following youth organisations in Madras:

(1) International League of Youth.
(2) Inter-Hostel Debating Society.
(3) The Madras Christian College Brotherhood.
(4) International League of Youth (Kumbakonam Branch).
(5) Yuva Jana Samajam.
(6) Young Men's Crescent Society.
(7) Olcott Pañchama Schools.
(8) Youth Lodges, T.S., Madras city and suburbs.
(9) Y.M.I.A. Hostel.
(10) Boy Scouts, Madras.

A small Committee with a President and two Joint Secretaries as ex-officio Members has been elected to organise the Youth Week Campaign and vested with power to co-opt representatives of other Youth Movements.

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.[1]

As a poet tells us, the tragedy of our race lies in the fact "not that men are poor" or wicked or ignorant; but "that they are strangers". Youth shall now set the tone to the world; wipe out the sense of separateness, the root of selfishness and of all evil and purify everything it touches, Education, Religion, Politics, Economics, Customs, public opinion and so on *ad infinitum*. To put it in the words of Dr. Arundale "Youth is Hope, Understanding, Compassion, Generosity, Forgiveness and Love. Into such a fiery crucible of Youth let the world's problems be poured, that discord be burned away and solidarity emerge, purified, omnipotent."

We invite the co-operation of all Youth Associations and request you to send representatives to a series of preliminary meetings to be held on the dates and at the places which will be periodically notified in the papers.

E. N. Subrahmaniam,
C. Vasudevayya,

Joint Secretaries.

* * *

Economical Development of Czechoslovakia

The Czechoslovak Republic established at the close of the great war upon the ruins of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire has up to now been a "terra incognita" to an average foreigner notwithstanding its geographical position in the very heart of Europe and the important part which this young State is called to play in the successful solution of economic problems which the various Succession States present.

[1] A parody on these lines has appeared in some of the notices.

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Some people have been anxious from the economic point of view about the new order of things in Central Europe as instead of a single economic whole there suddenly appears a group of small States each of which seeks to solve every economic problem from its own narrow individualistic point of view of national policy. But the fact has been overlooked that the military reactional despotism of the Austro-Hungarian Regime represented by the German minority could not but hamper subject nations in their progress, and the natural process must necessarily result in destroying this middle-aged Empire which had no longer the right to exist. The new creative powers of liberated nations which were thus brought into play manifested themselves in carrying out reforms which have filled the whole world with admiration. This applies particularly to the economic and financial position of Czechoslovakia with which neither Austria nor Hungary nor Germany sustain any comparison.

The first duty of the Czechoslovak Government on taking over the control of the affairs of the country was to ensure the means of existence of the population which meant the import of foodstuffs, to recover the economical life and currency which was carried out through radical successful methods, so that the Czechoslovak crown counts to-day among the appreciated and most stable exchange in Europe: and last but not least to re-establish the export trade on which the prosperity of the country is mainly dependent. Czechoslovakia was never so egoistic as to forget that its own economic prosperity depended on the economic health of the neighbouring States. It has therefore sought by a series of commercial and other treaties to limit to the smallest proportions any hindrances to trade that are involved by the formation of the new frontiers, and took the initiative in supplying help towards the economic reconstruction of those neighbours whose political and economic policy did so much to bring Europe in difficulties. It has taken its full share in the international relief measures. Commercial treaties with all European States and with most of the overseas countries have already been concluded. The favourable results of this right commercial policy are clearly demonstrated in the Czechoslovak foreign trade which closed for the year 1923 with a balance in favour of exports amounting to 2,389,000,000 Kc which expressed in Dollars was by $9,500,000 more than in 1921 during the period of boom in Czechoslovakia. The total value of Exports during 1923 was 12,518,618,927 and that of Imports was 10,129,589,620 Kc. The exports during February, 1924, were 1,254,172, 930 Kc. and Imports during the same period were 809,787,818 koruna. The chief Imports are raw materials for textile industry, foodstuffs,

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fruits and vegetables, Colonial raw materials and produce, metals, metal ware, minerals. Principal exports are: fuels, textiles, sugar, ironware, glassware, malt, leather goods, earthenware and paper. According to countries of origin the principal import sources are: Germany, United States, Austria, Holland, England; the chief recipient countries are: Germany, Austria, England, Hungary, United States. The first position in Czechoslovak Foreign Trade occupied by Germany and Austria is chiefly due to the re-export and import through Hamburg and Viennese Agents which naturally increases the original costs.

Considerable efforts are made on both sides to eliminate those German Agents and establisb a direct contact between Foreign and Czechoslovak manufacturers and business-men. In this connexion particular attention deserves the organisation of THE PRAGUE INTERNATIONAL FAIR established three years ago under the patronage of the City of Prague and with the co-operation of the Czechoslovak Government, leading Trade organisations, and prominent persons in commercial and industrial circles.

The Fair, which is held twice yearly in March and September, is the most important economic event of the year. Its importance far surpasses the boundaries of Czechoslovakia and even of Central Europe and it is regularly attended by 2,500 Exhibitors and visited by 200,000 Buyers from all countries throughout the world. The value of transactions actually completed at the last Fair was estimated at three quarters of milliard of Czechoslovak crowns.

The presence of foreign exhibitors is extremely important for initiating trade relations with Czechoslovakia, Central Europe, the Balkan States and Eastern Europe from whence there is the greatest influx of visitors to the Fair. On the other hand the foreign Buyers have the most favourable opportunity to get a clear idea of the productive capacity of the new Republic which represents three-quarters of the whole of the manufactures of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire and to acquaint themselves with the best conditions for purchase. They are granted special advantages regarding the travelling reduction on C. S. Railways, reduced *visa* fees, facilities for accommodation, free use of interpreters, etc.

All information for intending Exhibitors and Visitors can be obtained from the Legation and Consulates of the Czechoslovak Republic abroad as well as from Representatives of the Fair throughout the world.

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The detailed particulars of THE PRAGUE SAMPLES FAIR can be obtained in India from the Official representative of the Prague Samples Fair at Post Box 3052, Bombay, India.

* * *

From *The Daily Telegraph* we read the following account of the discovery of the Sacred Cup and a new portrait of the Christ:

In 1910 Arabs engaged in digging a cellar or well in the city of Antioch came upon some underground chambers. Among the debris was found embedded certain treasure, which comprised six or seven complete objects in silver and innumerable silver fragments. Among these relics were a plain silver chalice of very early mediæval date, some silver book covers, two crosses, and a remarkable and unique silver chalice. This last has been named the Great Chalice of Antioch.

In 1914, on the eve of the Battle of the Marne, the chalice was removed for safety from Paris to New York, and in the following year it was shown by Mr. Fahim Kouchakji to Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen, who after several years of study and investigation has completed an elaborate monograph now published in two volumes at £35.

The result of Dr. Eisen's study of the chalice—a work in which he was assisted by a number of eminent persons—is to lead him to the conclusion that it is a Christian relic of the first century, and that its sculptures are the earliest known portraits of Christ and some of the Apostles. These figures, shown seated, are cut in high relief into the metal of the bowl, and with a twelve-stemmed meandering vine and other symbols form a band of decoration making three-fourths of the exterior of the chalice. Dr. Eisen places the exact date of the relic between A.D. 60 and 70. He is convinced that the portraits are authentic and actual, and were made at a time when most of the personages represented were yet alive. According to Dr. Eisen's identification there are two portraits of Christ, one showing Him in youth and the other after the Resurrection. The latter is utterly unlike any of the conventional portraits or those conceived by the great masters He is shown enthroned, in front view, with head slightly inclined to the left but with gaze directed straight forward. He is vested in a toga, falling in natural folds, and has His arms thrown wide apart. The figure is slender and delicate, and the face is possessed of the most arresting individuality. The hair is smooth and without locks. To quote Dr. Eisen, "it is a wonderful face, such as no artist has ever been able to create from imagination." It has a broad forehead, penetrating eyes, but most noticeable of all is the sweet expression of the mouth, which is at once smiling and serious.

. . . . . .

Dr. Eisen suggests that the chalice may have been one of the vessels hidden by Theodoritus, who was martyred for concealing from Julian the Apostate some object of great importance among the treasure of the Basilica of Constantine in Antioch.

But what strikes the imagination even more than the consideration of the chalice itself and the thought that it depicts Christ as He actually was is the further suggestion made by Dr. Eisen respecting the inner cup contained in the chalice. This inner cup is of crude workmanship, without decoration and not of fine metal, and the question naturally arises, why should so crude an object be guarded with such care, in such a splendid holder—the finest that human art could procure? Dr. Eisen answers that question by suggesting not only that the inner cup is a most precious relic, but that it is indeed the Holy Grail itself, the cup which Christ used at the Last Supper at the institution of the Sacrament of Holy Communion. Certainly it is difficult, if the genuineness of the chalice be allowed, to account for the presentation in such manner, intact and unaltered, of a vessel so imperfect, crude, and intrinsically valueless, except by assuming that the maker of the chalice believed the inner cup, for which it serves as a reliquary, to have been, in some way or other, a precious relic of the persons of Christ and His Apostles, too sacred to be altered, too precious, perhaps, to be even used.

J.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A HIGHLY interesting and useful article appears in the June number—"What is Theosophy?" It is a subject on which we must continually ponder, lest we get into an intellectual or spiritual rut; lest we fall into the error of dogmatism and fanaticism and go in the footsteps of theologians and materialists that we cry most against.

Above everything it is necessary to have the view-points of a great many people, and if you could throw your pages open to a series of articles on precisely this subject—"What is Theosophy"—in the course of a year or so you would have a Symposium of fascinating interest, which, if later published in book form, would constitute a monument in Theosophical literature of great illuminating and guiding value, especially as so many of us stumble amid pre-conceived and hastily formed notions.

There are, within the Theosophical fold, men of varied temperaments: devotees, philosophers, scientists, mystics, ritualists, occultists, poets, practical workers. What a wealth of colour! The possibilities of a symphony with all these instruments in tune staggers the imagination. And all these are bent on reaching one goal—Theosophy. And what is Theosophy? Ah, there is a question! I have laboured for many painful months in the deepest darkness because I did not know. I think I know now, and I would save others from doubt. So let us gather at an imaginary Round Table and give our views on this supreme question. The results are bound to be inspiring in the highest degree.

A. HORNE

[We have no objection to opening our columns to such a discussion, provided that each article does not exceed 850 words, is well written, is confined to the discussion "What is Theosophy?" and does not attack the Theosophical Society.—A. B.]

BRAHMAVIḌYĀSHRAMA, ADYAR

WORK for the third session is now in hand, and will begin as usual on October 2. In general the courses of study will follow the plan of the first two sessions, but with variety added by new lecturers and extended study of subjects already dealt with in outline. New students are coming from America, England, Mexico and New Zealand.

JAMES H. COUSINS,
Principal.

October 1st, 1924

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REVIEWS

The Worlds of Souls, by Wincenty Lutoslawski, with a Preface by William James. (George Allen & Unwin, London. Price 10s. 6d.)

This book was originally written during the year 1897, at a lonely hamlet on the Spanish sea shore, opposite Corunna, and is mainly the result of deep study of Platonic philosophy extending over many years. It was refused by publishers, but at last in 1922 an article appearing in *Mind* attracted the attention of the present publishers, and the book was published exactly as written in 1897. Therefore in reviewing this work, one has to bear in mind that much that was revolutionary in the philosophic thought of that decade is almost an ordinary acceptance of theurgic philosophy of to-day. The whole work is purely Theosophical in tone and almost in actual detail, although I am aware I shall call down on my unlucky head the author's wrath. His attack on Theosophy which is made, on page 148, is very funny. He states: "They are as unaware of the highest moral law, as they are ignorant of the metaphysical conception of the Soul!" I will just roughly go over his range of thought—and let readers judge for themselves. He admits the existence of a Soul, that *You* are not all those physical organs you are using—that the First Cause resides in a Soul. He states that power of thought does not depend on the size of brain.

That it is mysterious: intelligible in so far as it is known to exist, and cannot be denied. He then discusses dreams, telepathy, intuition, quite theosophically. Passing on, deducing, he credits animals with souls, although he has not contacted the idea of group-souls. Carrying it further, he says "Why not plants?" he seeks souls in stones, and so on down to the ultimate atom.

He has the idea of etheric worlds, although unable to express his thought through lack of knowledge of their construction. Then he realises the difference of level between souls, which seems to him to be permanent—a perfect exposition of our theory of younger and older brothers. He thinks that ultimately all our moral progress

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depends on intellectual training, and urges travel, with this difference, that instead of visiting countries for the sake of viewing buildings, etc., one should do so for the purpose of contacting souls. He foresees the value of philosophy permeating our schools and governments, tending to alter moral conditions of life, and render intellectual training accessible to all workers. Then he admits reincarnation, discussing it fully, gaining strength from the fact that "If such a great thinker as Plato believed that he had lived on earth before as a man, we need not be ashamed to share his belief". Then comes another dig—"thus both Spiritists and the wrongly so-called Theosophists are very far from the Truth—but their absurd conceits are preferable to the ordinary ignorance which sees nothing beyond this Life." He comes at last very near to our teachings. It is the hypothesis first started in European Philosophy by Aristotle, of an Inner Body ruling the visible body, and built, according to Aristotle, of Subtler Substance, or Elements. Reading through the chapters on his New Theory of Sex, I can find nothing new! in fact, it is very ordinary knowledge available to anyone interested in sex matters. Again I say, that what was new in 1897 is ordinary to-day. On the last page, in an article re-written in 1922, he says, and I quote him fully, "True Wisdom is now won on Earth by accident, and very much against all reasonable probability; nowhere on Earth exists an Institution for the deeper study of the real selves of some chosen thinkers, with all possible means for the thorough transformation of body and soul." This dream is an appeal to those few who might understand its meaning to join him, in order to build somewhere in the mountains, in a sunny climate, a peaceful retreat fit for those who would submit themselves to a thorough training of soul and body, in order to attain True Wisdom. Such an Institution, which has been called a Forge for Steeling Souls, would only need a few permanent workers and much smaller means than many existing splendid laboratories devoted to the study of "Matter". The essential thing which leads to the regeneration of Mankind is, however, not in books, but in the creation in a wisely selected spot, of a spiritual atmosphere helping individual Souls to understand themselves.

Such places exist, if searched for: the forge is there, the hammer poised; it only needs the matter to submit itself, and, may I remind Mr. Lutoslawski of his own words, that it is found "by accident, and very much against all reasonable probability".

M. H.

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Designation of Human Types (Puggala-Paññatti), translated by B. C. Law, M.A., for the Pāli Text Society. (Oxford University Press. Price 10s.)

This is a translation of the fourth and shortest book of the *Abhiḍhamma-Piṭaka*, or "extra teaching" of Pāli Buḍḍhism, which describes the different types of *puggalas* or persons, in sets arranged according to the possession of one, two, ten or more qualities, mostly moral, which have been pointed out by the Buḍḍha as *kusala* or *akusala*, good or bad. This is the first time the little work has been translated into English. It was done into German some ten years ago by the Bhikkhu Ñānatiloka, then living in Ceylon.

Paññatti, here translated "designations," generally means "notion about a thing," a conception of what it means, both as it is known and as it presents itself to the senses. Most of these definitions of persons are taken from the earlier book of the Pāli Canon, the *Anguttara Nikāya*, which is wholly arranged on the same plan, that of a numerical progression. For instance, "What is the one? What are the five?" etc., etc. The earliest specimen of this arrangement in Buḍḍhism is the *Kumāra-Paňha*, or Novice's Catechism, in the *Khuddaka Pāṭha*, and both alike show the leanings of Buḍḍhism to the Sāňkhya System, based on number.

The book, then, is a useful compendium of moral qualities to be memorised. As one would expect in a monastic work of this sort, the qualities are mostly those to be found in *bhikkhus* or applying to the life of brethren in the Order, as well as to those laymen who support them. The chief interest of the two parties lies in the giving and receiving of clothes, food, lodging and the simple necessaries of life, the goal set before both being *Nibbāna* or perfection. At the same time the moral traits here depicted are common to human beings of all times, and we are often reminded of the *Characters* of Theophrastus.

The book is well translated, and, it may be added, published at his own expense, by Mr. Law of Calcutta, who has recently issued a valuable work on Buḍḍhaghosa, the great Commentator of the Pāli Canon. The book is No. 12 of the Translation Series of the Pāli Text Society, which, in type, binding and scholarly arrangement is quite the most attractive of the several existing series of Oriental translations, and is due to the careful editing and supervision of Mrs. (Dr.) C. A. F. Rhys-Davids.

F. L. W.

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The Supreme Human Tragedy and other Essays, by Arthur B. Bullock, M.A. (C. W. Daniel Co. Price 3s. 6d.)

The first two Essays in this book deal with egoism, its cause and cure. Arising from the differentiation of the "Power," as the author designates the First Cause of the Manifested Universe, into separated organisms, each possessed of the Will to Live, egoism drives plants, animals and men to maintain their own life and to propagate their species at the expense of all other organisms, and when, at the human stage, intellect is added to egoism, the climax of the tragedy is reached. Optimism is egoism pluming itself on its success, while any attempt to show its ugliness is pessimism. The cure which might have been found in religion, had men acted upon the teachings given to them, instead of using those teachings to further their own ends, can now only be found in the teaching of ethics in schools, ethics based on the unity of life, and independently of all existing religions—or future ones. In this way, we are told, the world will be reformed in five or six generations—what the Christian religion has failed to do in twenty centuries will be accomplished in less than two, and religion will cease to exist. The missing factors in the programme seem to be two—the perfect ethical programme to be taught, and the people to teach it. Perfection can only be shown by perfect people, not *taught*, even by them, and so probably we shall continue for some time yet to try in our imperfect ways to lighten the world's burden, and hope for the Teacher, who Mr. Bullock assures us is not likely to come and could do nothing if He did.

E. M. A.

The Babylonian Epic of Creation, by S. Langdon. The Clarendon Press, (Oxford. Price 16s.)

We are glad to see that Mr. Sidney Langdon has brought our knowledge of the Babylonian Epic of Creation up to date by the publication of this book. It is indeed a most important story, though our knowledge of it still remains extremely incomplete. Thus of the highly important astronomical section we only possess a few lines, but enough to satisfy our curiosity as to what the remaining ones contained. The Epic is an occult document similar to the Egyptian Pyramid texts and other works, but probably rather distorted by invading peoples who did not understand its occult significance. In order to get the real

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story we shall have to wait until the Archæologists dig down further to the civilisations which Occultists tell us flourished in Babylonia ages before the first historical period. Nevertheless we can gather a good deal from this book. Thus it is interesting to see how exactly parallel the story of the primeval creation is with the Egyptian account. Thus in the beginning only Apsu "the fresh water ocean" and Tiamat "the salt water ocean" existed. They were mingled in one, the primeval spirit and matter which can never be separated. From the union of the male Apsu and the dragon of Chaos, Tiamat, the pair Lahmu and Lahamu were engendered, and after many ages Ansar and Kisar came into being. These engendered Anu the heaven god and Ea the water God. Thus we see that the gods appeared in pairs, primeval pairs of opposites, as in the Egyptian account. But then the story begins to change. The Gods begin to rebel against their progenitors, and eventually there emerges a God Marduk who defeats and kills Tiamat. Apsu is also killed. This really expresses the same truths as in Egypt, but in a slightly different style. But to go into the occult interpretation in detail is beyond the scope of a mere review. An important book.

L. E. T.

The Creative Experience, by William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This contains a lecture upon the subject of immortality, treated from the point of view of one who knows little or nothing of New Thought, Spiritualism, Theosophy, or of any real Revelation. At least, the author does not bring them into his lecture, and apparently has little faith in such things. He discusses immortality from the point of view of man's creative powers. Does man create anything so permanent that he deserves immortality?

On the basis of a psychological analysis of man as a "maker" of things which express and embody his dreams and bind him to his fellows in service, the author argues to the nature of God who made him thus, the kind of world fitted for such a being now, and the bearing of these facts on the great question of the soul's survival of the death of the body.

W. I. I.

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The Amateur Archangel, by T. C. Crawford. (Basil Blackwell. Price 5s.)

A peculiar jumbled up narrative, very difficult to follow, containing a theory that the world was created by an amateur student of the art, who succeeds fairly well with the universal and vegetable part of his work, but blunders lamentably over animals and men. The creator says of himself.

> I am a superman doubtless, but in a very low state of development,

and the story of his awakening and growth in realisation of his powers is not convincing. The author thinks that the redemption of the human race from its present state of futility will come through China, and to impress us with that fact, introduces two Chinamen into his company of speakers—for everybody orates at a greater or lesser length—and clothes them in "more than oriental splendour," perhaps as a contrast to an Archangel "conducting a judgment day" in

> a grey green khāki hunting suit, black stockings and dark brown walking boots, and smoking a cigarette.

With one sentence we are entirely agreed

> Those who know the least are the most ready with panaceas.

The book might be considered as a sermon on this text.

E. M. A.

From Luther to Steiner, by Ernst Boldt, translated by Agnes Blake. (Methuen & Co. Price 7s. 6d.)

A short sketch is given of the work and growth of religion in Germany, about 50 pages, and the rest, of 200 odd pages, is given to the work that Steiner has done.

He places Steiner among the world's greatest people and is at times (pardon the expression) almost a fanatic on the subject. Enthusiasm is good, very good to meet, but fanaticism sometimes leads astray.

> It is the "conscious" and the "superconscious" in whose spheres are rooted all "active realities" that project their leaves and blossoms into the realms of our limited daytime consciousness, it is *this spiritual basis itself*, and not the results of its activities, not any "waves" and "signs"—it is this that Steiner, by grace of his initiation, is able to include within his all-embracing consciousness. He has in very truth enlarged his "Self" (or Ego) until it has become a *World-embracing Self*, and he has realised in himself the "cosmic experience" concerning which Jellinek, in the same way as the late Franz Hoffmann, and Swāmi Vivekānanda, to say nothing of Omar al Rashid, Bo Vim Ra (neither of these was Turk or Italian, as their names are

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calculated to suggest, but Central European Germans!) Rudolf Steiner, Graf Keyserling and Johannes Müller descant with fine words and vague generalities. This cosmic experience *has been his, is known to him*; he therefore is the leader whom we elect to follow.

The author tells us that at length the Christianity that Christ would have taught has found its echo in the teachings of Steiner, who is the founder of Anthroposophy and it is "the German Idealists whom Steiner has called upon to line up under his banner in order that they may fight the Powers of darkness in Germany, as elsewhere in the world".

Boldt finds that there is no need for the "West to sit at the feet of the East" and he goes on to say that "we are not going to be humbugged by anything that may be imposed on us from that quarter, seeing that the Western world itself possesses a far deeper, far more comprehensive and 'living' Wisdom upon which to draw." "He refers to Mrs. Besant and the Theosophical Society as failures as far as the work done by them is concerned, in so far as there is a frequent tendency to treat the things appertaining to the soul and the spirit materially."

We have not read the book in the original and translations often take away the "life" and leave the writings cold. This may be so in this case, we do not know. But it is evident that there is a want of force throughout and one is left unconvinced and therefore indifferent.

LUNA

Natural Religion, the Ultimate Religion of Mankind, by J. S. Bolton, M.D. (Kegan Paul, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This is really New Thought clothed in a Christian Atmosphere. It will appeal to many, therefore, who may be put off by the ideas or associations of the New Thought movement. By "Natural Religion" the author means a man's religion after he has dropped all the doctrines in which he cannot believe. Every man has the right to decide for himself what he believes in and everyone has a religion which is inborn. The more a man can understand, the happier will he be. Heaven will be a hell to him who cannot appreciate it. But God is within all, being taught in everything, and "every new age will see man becoming more gentle, noble, manly, more truly Man".

W. I. I.

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The War of the Gods, by Mary O'Brien. (C. W. Daniel Co. Price 5s.)

A revelation of the Spirit Armageddon prophesied for the end of the Christian Era, it tells us. This is a book where "Voices" carry on a conversation from other worlds. It is not easy to review as imagination runs high and time will prove if the Voices are correct and that very soon. We will not go into the various prophecies herein told: each one who reads it must decide and "sift" for himself and draw his own conclusion.

The whole is not pleasing either from the point of view of the subject or from the style. One wants to get away from the thought of a God of Vengeance to One of Infinite Compassion and Infinite Love. One is almost glad that the style is lacking in beauty for this subject *alone*. This is admitting a great deal.

W.

The Book of Job, a Metrical Version, by A. H. Mumford, B. D., with an introductory essay by A. S. Peake, D. D. (Hodder & Stoughton, London. Price 6s.)

This book contains the book of Job put into metrical verse. We much prefer the stately English of the Bible. Dr. A. S Peake contributes an essay on the significance of the book.

A. L. M.

The Light of Astrology, by P. Gopalan Nair. (Burma Art Press. Price Re. 1-8.)

This is a condensed outline of the science of Astrology, with instructions for reading horoscopes. The weak point about it is that it treats the planets Uranus and Neptune as non-existent. Now that these planets are discovered, and since it has been proved that they are astrologically important, it seems a pity to leave them out altogether. It is a pity that Eastern and Western Astrologies cannot be combined. This book assigns much importance to Rahu and Kethu, the moon's nodes, and it would be a good thing if Western Astrologers would also pay some attention to them.

O. M.

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Two Mystic Poets and Other Essays, by K. M. Loudon. (B. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 3s. 6d.)

This small book consists of three essays on Crashaw and Vaughan, Malory and Tennyson, Tagore and Stevenson. It is prettily got up in a blue and white cover. If this first essay does nothing else but urge the reader on to further study of the Poems of Crashaw, it will have done good service. Crashaw was born in 1613 in London, and his Poems are essentially religious and mystical in tone. In 1634 he took his B.A. degree, and published his book of poetry, which contained the famous line on The Miracle at Cana of Galilee: *Nympha pudēca Deum vidit, et erubuit*—(The modest Water saw it's God, and blushed).

It is said that when Francis Thompson's Poems first appeared, the critics said, "This is Crashaw born again, and born greater." I give two quotations—the reader must then need no further urging;

> By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
> By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
> By the full Kingdom of that final Kiss
> That seized thy parting Soul, and sealed Thee His;
> By all the Heaven thou hast in Him,
> (Fair Sister of the Seraphim)
> By all of Him we have in thee;
> Let me so read Thy life, that I
> Unto all life of mine may die.

One more—of his Divine Epigrams,

> And He answered Nothing
> O, Mighty Nothing! unto Thee,
> Nothing, we owe all things to Thee that be;
> God spake once when He all things made
> He saved all when He Nothing said;
> The World was made of Nothing then;
> 'Tis made of Nothing now again.

Cowley speaks of him as "Poet and Saint". The Essay on Malory and Tennyson contrasts the different versions given by these two men of the Arthurian Legend; as given to us by Malory of the fifteenth century it is a Romance and more—it is a prose epic. Tennyson of the nineteenth century also strikes the note of pure Romance, but later gives place to the Moralist, and The Idylls become Allegories. The Essay on Tagore and Stevenson contrasts East and West—

> But there is neither East nor West,
> Border nor Breed nor Birth
> When two strong Men stand face to face,
> Though they come from the ends of the Earth!

So sings Kipling. Tagore is chiefly and principally mystic, and for such there is neither East nor West; of his yearning for union with the Divine he cannot say or sing enough.

The book is well worth a place in the bookshelf.

M. H.

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The Khamriyyah (Wine Song) of Ulmar Ibn-Al-Farid, paraphrased by L. Chalmers Hunt, M.A. (Simpkin Marshall Hamilton Kent & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

> Who hath two loaves against the morrow stored,
> In careful forethought for the festal board—
> Let him sell one, conscious of greater need.
> Let him buy lilies who his Soul would feed.
>
> —*Persian Proverb*, 4,000 years old.

This book consists of the above Poem, and 26 short ones. They are printed on thick paper and in very big type, making for great pleasure in reading and handling the book. Ibn-All-Farid's beautiful poetry and philosophy have been before Islām for seven centuries, and the study of the Khamriyyah will benefit the world at large. This Poem gives us a transfusion of Spirit between East and West, recognising points of contact rather than admiration of strength and bravery—they meet in the Presence of Nature Visible: the Sun and Moon make on them the same impressions—and so do many other things—including the grape! But Ibn Al-Farid takes the grape in its mystical sense,

> This Vineyard is not very far from each!
> Lift but the heart of Faith, and for it reach!
> Lo! doth the cup rest in the suppliant's hand!
> 'Tis his already! Waiting his command!
>
> —So let this Mystic tale
> Lift from Love's Chalice Cup—Faith's Altar Veil.

The Poets' Life of Christ, compiled by Norman Ault. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

Norman Ault has been at great pains in compiling, arranging, and decorating this volume of several hundred Christian Poems. He has searched through old miracle Plays, contents of mediæval, sixteenth and seventeenth century manuscripts. Elizabethan music books, old ballads, broadsides, and carols also have contributed their share—some of unique beauty.

They are arranged in the order on Christ's Life, so that they are not a miscellany or selection—but form, in very truth, a Poets' Life of Christ. The book is nicely illustrated, and would make a most interesting and valuable Xmas gift.

Of Life and Love, by T. H. E. A. (John M. Watkins 21 Cecil Court, London, W.C. Price 3s. 6d.)

This little volume consists of some fifty-seven poems. They express keen appreciation of Nature in her many manifestations; they are principally founded on subjective experiences of Life and Love. This style is peculiar, and one often chafes at the change of rhythm, and varying rates of vibrations of the words. One is especially

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struck by the redundancy of adjectives in the first few poems. "The Tribunal" and "Listen" are two of the most pleasing in this little book.

The Meaning of Dreams, by D. Greenside. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This book should be of value to the enquirer into the psychology of dreams, and is more suggestive and discursive than dynamic; the writer reviews Freud's and Bergson's ideas on the subject, using the classification "subconscious" and "conscious" mind, a method which is misleading to a new student, and which they have to shed before dealing with Dreams from the occult point of view. The author devotes some chapters to this, and seems more inclined to this way of thinking than to Freud's or Bergson's classifications, pointing out how hypnotism supports and furnishes the occultist with striking parallels in various cases. The volume should prove a useful introduction to anyone studying the subject, before passing on to more technical works.

M. H.

Poems, by C. F. Holland. (Grafton Publishing Co., Los Angeles.)

A book of peaceful thoughts cast into poetic language. Some of the poems are rather depressing. But there are many that by their simplicity give one much pleasure to read, although they may not be of much poetical merit.

> May I be strong to love,
> And loving, if not loved; or when
> In anger I'm reviled of men,
> May I return to each good will,
> Forgive the wrong and love them still.

T.

The Indian Problem, by C. F. Andrews. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Re. 1. Second Edition.)

This book may be regarded by historians of the future as a most valuable epitome of what a very large section of Indian public opinion is thinking to-day. It is a very clear and lucid statement of the position of the immediate followers of Mr. Gandhi, and it is a great indictment of the British Rule. The details given by the author as to the demoralising effect of the Anglified education are perfectly horrible. Mr. Andrews is very determined that with the advent of Home Rule there must be no more Opium trade, no more drunkenness, and above all, no more untouchables. Let us hope that when India gains Home Rule she may be able to rise to these ideals.

O. M.

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National Cyclopaedia, 1923. (International Printing Works, Karachi. Price Rs. 3.)

This is a handy work of reference, on the model of Pear's Encyclopædia, containing a great deal of useful information about India, with biographies of prominent people and various gazetteers and directories. The good thing is that everything is treated from the Indian point of view. It will probably be improved in the future, but it is a useful volume.

O. M.

Bureau of American Ethnology. Bulletin 40, Part 2, 1922. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

This Bulletin forms a portion of the Handbook of American Languages. This volume contains exhaustive monographs on the Takelma language of South-Western Oregon, on the Coos, on the Siuslawan (lower Umpqua) and on the Chukchee. The labour expended by the American Anthropologists on these monographs is simply colossal. The most important monograph in the book is probably that upon the Chukchee, proving conclusively that those features which are especially characteristic of many American languages are found also on the Asiatic continent. It will also help to determine the position of the Eskimo language in relation to its neighbours.

L. E. T.

The Birth of Psyche, by L. Charles Baudouin. Translated by Fred Rothwell. (G. Routledge & Sons. Price 5s.)

Charles Baudouin relates twenty-four incidents of his childhood as he understood them then. Each incident is a little story by itself. As pretty personal stories they may charm Charles Baudouin's admirers. The book should be helpful to students of child psychology, for it is practically a peep into the thought-world of children. Very pleasantly written and printed in large type, it can be read with ease and profit even by not very studious people.

D.

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(Formerly "The Asiatic Quarterly Review")

NEW SERIES. VOL. XX. No. 62
FOUNDED 1886. THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR

APRIL, 1924

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