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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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THE FRUITS OF DISCIPLESHIP

THE questions of King Ajatashatru, with the Buddha's answers, make up the Sutta called *The Fruits of Discipleship*. There is a certain likeness between the position of the king and that of the young man who had great possessions, in the history of the Western Master. Ajatashatru, already endowed with power and wealth, longed for spiritual wisdom, a wisdom deeper and better than could be gained from the accepted teachers within his kingdom. So he came to the great Eastern Master seeking enlightenment. The resemblance comes out vividly in the Buddha's comment at the end of the discourse, after Ajatashatru had departed, returning to his palace:

"Deeply stirred was the king, disciples; touched to the heart was the king. If, disciples, the king had not deprived of life his father, righteous, a righteous king, even here and now he would have gained the divine vision, passionless, stainless."

Because of the barrier of this old crime, committed through the desire for great possessions, Ajatashatru went away, seeking no further light from the Enlightened. Though the path was open before him, he did not set his feet on it, determined to follow it to the end.

It was part of the Buddha's fine courtesy that he did not rebuke the king when Ajatashatru, deeply moved, repented and confessed his sin of parricide, but sent him away with words of sympathetic understanding and consolation, recognizing in him one who earnestly longed for light.

That high, serene courtesy was habitual with Gotama Buddha, a part of his deepest nature; an unvarying graciousness of manner, and also the rarer intellectual courtesy, an attitude of sympathetic tolerance and forbearance toward views the very opposite of his own teaching. The editors of the Suttas have admirably described this mental and moral attitude in the Introduction to another Sutta:

"The Buddha, in conversation with a naked ascetic, explains his position as regards asceticism, so far, that is, as is compatible with his invariable method when discussing a point on which he differs from his interlocutor.

"When speaking on sacrifice to a sacrificial priest, on union with God to an adherent of the current theology, on Brahman claims to superior social rank to a proud Brahman, on mystic insight to a man who trusts in it, on the soul to one who believes in the soul theory, the method followed is always the same. Gotama puts himself as far as possible in the mental position of the questioner. He attacks none of his cherished convictions. He accepts as the starting-point of his own exposition the desirability of the act or condition prized by his opponent. He even adopts the very phraseology of his questioner. And then, partly by putting a new and a higher meaning into the words; partly by an appeal to such ethical conceptions as are common ground between them, he gradually leads his opponent up to his conclusion. This is, of course, always Arahatsip; that is the sweetest fruit of the life of a recluse, that is the best sacrifice, that the highest social rank, that the best means of seeing heavenly sights, and a more worthy object. There is both courtesy and dignity in the method employed."

The Sutta of *The Fruits of Discipleship* begins with one of those vivid, dramatically conceived pictures which so often introduce the discourses of the Buddha, graphically calling up before us a view of the India of his day and the personality and character of those to whom the discourse is addressed.

King Ajatashatru, ruler of Magadha, was seated among his ministers and friends on the upper terrace of his palace. It was the night of the full moon at the beginning of November, when the cold season had succeeded to the rains, the time when the white water-lily blooms. To his ministers and friends Ajatashatru spoke:

"Delightful is the luminous night; full of charm is the luminous night; fair to look upon is the luminous night; peaceful is the luminous night; auspicious is the luminous night. What ascetic or Brahman may we reverently visit, who, reverently visited, may fill our hearts with peace?"

The ministers, entering into the king's mood, named, one after the other, six teachers, each the head of an Order, with many followers, famed, revered, who had sought wisdom for many years.

As each was named, the king remained silent. The king's physician was seated near him. To him Ajatashatru said:

"And you, beloved Jivaka, why so silent?"

"Your Majesty, the Master, the Arahata, supremely enlightened, is now resting in our Mango Grove, with a great company of his disciples. This fair fame has gone abroad concerning the Master Gotama, that the Master is an Arahata, supremely enlightened, perfect in wisdom and holiness; happy, with insight into the worlds, guiding men to righteousness, giving the good law to gods and to men, an awakened Buddha. Let Your Majesty reverently visit this Master, for, visiting this Master, he will fill the heart with peace."

"Then, beloved Jivaka, bid them caparison the riding elephants."

So the elephants were caparisoned, and, surrounded by torch-bearers, they went forth into the luminous night. The Mango Grove belonged to Jivaka, the king's physician, and his inviting Gotama to abide there, makes it appear that Jivaka was himself an adherent of the Buddha. It may be noted in passing that it is still the custom to pitch a camp in the deep shade of a mango grove, where the tall, clean stems and thick covering of glossy leaves make an ideal shelter from the almost vertical sun, which is oppressively hot even in November, at the beginning of the cold season, as it is called by comparison with burning May.

Then comes a charming bit of literary art, through which the composer of the Sutta brings out the admirably quiet manners that were distinctive of the Buddha's Order.

The cortège drew near to the Mango Grove. As they drew near, there was fear, there was stupor in the heart of King Ajatashatru, so that his flesh crept. Alarmed and excited, he said to Jivaka:

"Are you not tricking me, beloved Jivaka? Are you not laying a trap to deliver me to my enemies? For how could there be so many disciples, and not even the sound of a cough or a sneeze?"

It is worth noting that Ajatashatru, who had ensnared and murdered his father, should in his turn dread a treacherous attack. But the good physician answered:

"Fear not, king! I am not tricking Your Majesty, nor laying a trap to deliver you to your enemies. Go forward, king! Go forward, for there in the pavilion the lamps are burning!"

So Ajatashatru, the king of Magadha, went forward as far as the elephants could go; then alighting, he proceeded on foot and came to the entrance of the pavilion. There he spoke thus to Jivaka the physician:

"Beloved Jivaka, which is the Master?"

"That is the Master, O king! That is the Master, seated at the central pillar, facing the east, in the midst of his disciples!"

As Ajatashatru stood there, looking at the assembly of disciples, still and serene as a quiet lake, he breathed this ardent wish:

"Would that my boy Udayi Bhadra might be endowed with quietude such as these disciples possess!"

"Your thought has gone, O king, where your love is!"

"I love the boy; therefore I would that he were endowed with such quietude as these disciples!"

Then the king, when he had saluted the Master, and with joined palms had saluted the Order, seated himself at one side, and addressed a question to the Master. This is the question which was earlier summarized thus:

"All practical arts and sciences show visible and immediate fruit. Thus the potter makes vessels which are useful to mankind, and the sale of which brings him money. So with the carpenter, the builder and others. Now, I wish to know whether there is in the life of the disciple any visible, tangible and immediate fruit like the fruit obtained by the potter, the carpenter, the builder!"

In the text, no less than twenty-five professions and occupations are enumerated, with the completeness of detail which is so characteristic of the Buddhist Suttas, even beyond the measure of other Oriental writings. Their visible rewards are detailed in the same way: they maintain themselves in happiness, they maintain their mothers and fathers in happiness, they maintain their children and wives in happiness, they maintain their friends and companions in happiness; to ascetics and to Brahmans they give gifts which bring a spiritual reward, which lead to heaven, which bring happiness, which have heaven as their reward. Can the Master make known a like fruit in the case of the disciple, a fruit visible even here?

The Buddha follows his almost invariable custom of answering a question by asking a question:

"Do you acknowledge, O king, that you have addressed this same question to other ascetics and Brahmans?"

"I acknowledge, Sir, that I have addressed this question to other ascetics and Brahmans!"

"Then, O king, if it be not displeasing to you, tell how they answered."

"It is not displeasing to me, where the Master or those like the Master are concerned!"

This is the introduction to a very full description of the character and teachings of the six ascetics who had been suggested to the king as worthy of a visit on that luminous night. It would be exceedingly interesting, did space permit, to study at some length the views of each one of them. For the present it must suffice to say that they were all in their way sincere. They had all set forth to seek the path of wisdom. They had all strayed from the Path. While some of them were materialists and nihilists with a degree of thoroughness of which we have hardly any conception, they were not materialistic in the modern sense. They were all ascetics. They had renounced the world with its pomps and vanities.

They were not ensnared by the allurements of the senses or the desire of wealth. They were ensnared by the processes of their own minds. Finding a keen delight in elaborate dialectics, they had fixed their whole attention on the workings of the mind machine, and had become altogether absorbed in its various and endless activities. And, as a result, they had quenched the light of the spirit. Each in his tragic way, they illustrate the mind as the slayer of the real. Since they had fallen back from the light of the spirit into the meshes of the mind, they had failed to escape from the domination of self. As a result, they are argumentative, dogmatic, self-assertive, egotistic.

Once more, the narrator takes advantage of this situation to draw a picture of Ajatashatru's considerateness. Let the king tell it in his own words:

"When I asked each of them concerning the visible fruit of discipleship, he set forth his own teaching. It was as though, asked about a mango, he had described a breadfruit, or asked about a breadfruit, he had described a mango. Then, Sir, I bethought me thus: 'How should such a one as I think of causing displeasure to any ascetic or Brahman in my dominions?' So expressing

neither approval nor disapproval, neither accepting nor rejecting his teaching, I arose from my seat and departed." It will be remembered that, when these same teachers were named to the king, as he rested on the terrace of his palace, he exercised the same forbearance, not even telling his ministers that he had already tried them all and found them wanting, but remaining silent.

In quoting the editors of the Suttas regarding the fine courtesy of the Buddha, we passed without comment the phrase: "One who believes in the soul theory." It is misleading, and therefore the complementary assertion, that the Buddha controverted the soul theory, is equally misleading. The word used is *Atta*, the Pali modulation of *Atma*, but in Pali the meaning is restricted to the personal self, the principle of egotism; *Atta-vada* is not the assertion of the supreme Atma, but self-assertion, self-centred egotism, self-love. What the Buddha taught, just as Shankaracharya later taught it, was that the personal self has no lasting being, no reality. He saw, with vision surpassing that of mortals, that, until the tyranny of self was broken, until this grasping egotism was completely overthrown and annihilated, the disciple could not advance upon the Path; could not safely draw near to the Path. It is the teaching of all Masters, and the most vital. When the author of the *Imitation of Christ* records his Master as saying:

"If thou knewest perfectly to annihilate thyself, and to empty thyself of all created love, then should I be constrained to flow into thee with great abundance of grace," he does not for a moment think that this self-annihilation means the final blotting out of consciousness, the end of spiritual life; it is rather the beginning.

The teaching of the Buddha is exactly the same, and with the same end in view. He knew very well that the disciple who had fought the great fight and won the victory, annihilating self, would make his own discoveries, and he was content to await that hour of illumination, rather than risk the carrying forward of the poisonous thought of "self" into a wider world. The Buddha is not controverting "the soul theory," he is denying the reality of the "self." But the soul, in his teaching, is not a circumscribed being, changeless throughout eternity; it is not static but dynamic; not an iceberg or a landlocked pool, but a flowing stream that shall become a river, a mighty river moving toward the ocean of Being, and losing there its last limitations.

To come back to the questioning of Ajatashatru; he asks the Buddha, as he had asked the six teachers, whether the Buddha could show him any visible fruit, in this world, of the life of the disciple.

The Buddha again answers with a question, and his answer appeals to a feeling, profound, deeply rooted in the heart of every Oriental: the instinctive reverence for those who have entered the religious life, a feeling only the vestiges of which linger in our western lands, as when Sisters of Charity go confidently into the slums of a city, where even the law goes armed and alert against some treacherous attack.

He asks Ajatashatru to imagine one of his own people, a slave, busy with the king's work, rising earlier, going to rest later than the king, one faithful

in act, pleasant in word, watching the king's every look. Should such a one, contrasting his slavery with the king's power and wealth, bethink him that the king was reaping the reward of great merit, and, to win merit for himself, determine to enter the religious life, would the king, hearing that he had donned the yellow robes, wish him to return and become once more a slave?

The king answers that he would greet such a one with reverence, rising to receive him, bidding him be seated, and bestowing on him such things as a religious may use.

This, the Buddha comments, is a visible fruit of discipleship. It is impossible not to recognize the art, as well as admire the sympathy, with which the great Teacher begins at the point of Ajatashatru's common experience and habitual feeling; impossible not to see also that he is seeking to touch the king's heart, to awaken in him the latent homesickness for discipleship, and to strengthen it until it becomes intolerable. Therefore he goes on to instance another who has entered the path, this time a freeman, a householder. Would the king wish such a one to renounce the path and to return to his village?

The king makes the same reply. On the contrary, he would greet such a one with reverence, rising as before, and giving him gifts. This also is a visible fruit of discipleship. So far, the Buddha has spoken only of the liberation of the religious life and the reverence paid to the religious, things instinctively recognized by Ajatashatru, as by all Orientals.

The Buddha now goes further:

"Suppose, O king, that a Tathagata is born in the world, an Arahata, fully awakened, endowed with wisdom and righteousness, benign, knowing the worlds, unsurpassed as a guide of men, a teacher of bright beings and of mortals, a Buddha, a Master. He of himself thoroughly knows and sees face to face the universe, the world of bright powers, the world of dark powers, the world of the formative divinities, the world of ascetics and of Brahmans, the peoples of the earth, the bright powers and mankind, and declares his knowledge to others. He proclaims the Law, lovely in its beginning, lovely in its progress, lovely in its consummation, in the spirit and in the letter, he reveals the spiritual life in its fulness, in its purity. This Law a householder hears, or a householder's son, or one born in any other class. Hearing this Law, he gains faith in the Tathagata. Filled with faith in the Tathagata, he considers thus within himself: 'Hard is the life of the householder, a path of dust and passion; free as air is the life of him who has renounced. Not easy is it for him who is a householder to live the spiritual life in its fulness, in its purity, in its perfection. Let me then be shaven and, donning the yellow robes, let me leave my dwelling and enter the way of renunciation.' Then in no long time leaving his portion of wealth, be it small or great, and his circle of relatives, be they few or many, he is shaven and, donning the yellow robes, departs from his dwelling and enters the way of renunciation."

This brings us naturally to the question whether the literal abandonment of home and family, and of the ordinary means of livelihood, is indispensable, if the life of discipleship is to be complete. A living Aryan Master, who looks up

to the Buddha as his supreme Master and Lord, writing to one who was a householder with wife and child depending on him, gives a profound and inspiring answer:

"Does it seem to you a small thing that the past year has been spent only in your 'family duties'? Nay but what better cause for reward, what better discipline, than the daily and hourly performance of duty? Believe me my 'pupil,' the man or woman who is placed by Karma in the midst of small plain duties and sacrifices and loving-kindness, will, through these faithfully fulfilled, rise to the larger measure of Duty, Sacrifice, and Charity to all Humanity; what better paths toward the enlightenment you are striving after than the daily conquest of self, the perseverance in spite of want of visible psychic progress, the bearing of ill-fortune with that serene fortitude which turns it to spiritual advantage, since good and evil are not to be measured by events on the lower or physical plane. . . . Your spiritual progress is far greater than you know or can realize, and you do well to believe that such development is in itself more important than its realization by your physical plane consciousness."

Yet there are serious difficulties in the path of the aspirant who seeks to combine the life of the householder with the life of the disciple. We have heard a good deal, of late, concerning the presence of carbon monoxide in our cities, and the injury it causes to the trees in the parks. Perhaps there is also a moral carbon monoxide in the inner atmosphere of a city which, while it is not an absolute barrier to the higher degrees of development, makes their attainment much harder. But it is certain that the grossness, the selfishness, the craving for excitement which our cities are full of, are absolute barriers to discipleship and to its fruits. The disciple may be in the world; he cannot be of the world. The Western Master expresses exactly the same truth, when he says:

"The sons of this world marry, and are given in marriage: but they that are accounted worthy to attain to that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: for neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are sons of God, being sons of the resurrection."

It would seem, therefore, that the "going forth" of the householder, like the shaven head and the yellow robes, is a symbol, and something more. Whether he dwell in a palace or a hermitage, he who would be a disciple must have renounced all grossness and sordid interests, all selfishness and self-seeking, with the completeness which is typified by the householder's going forth. He seeks to enter a new order of being, a new world, and he must comply with its conditions. So we come back to the Buddha's answer to the king:

"Thus he who has gone forth dwells obedient to the rules of the Order, rejoicing in righteousness, seeing danger in the least transgression, accepting and training himself in the precepts, righteous in word and deed, innocent in his livelihood, righteous in conduct, keeping the door of the senses, recollected in consciousness, happy.

"With heart and mind thus concentrated, purified, cleansed, free from stain, supple, active, steadfast, unwavering, he builds up a body of the substance of mind, concentrating heart and mind on the task. From the physical body he builds up another body, a form of the substance of mind, with all its parts and members, not lacking any power.

"It is as though a man were to draw forth a reed from its sheath, clearly seeing that this is the reed, this the sheath; the reed is one, the sheath is other; from the sheath, the reed has been drawn forth."

The Buddha is here quoting the very words of a famous passage in the *Katha Upanishad*:

"The spiritual man, the inner Self, dwells in the heart of men. Let the disciple draw him forth, firmly, like the reed from the sheath; let him know the spiritual man as the pure, the immortal."

As the spiritual man, thus born from above, the son of the resurrection, he then enters a new order of life, a new world. The remainder of the Sutta is devoted to an enumeration and description of the powers and faculties which he inherits, as the proper endowment of this new life. We have only space to outline them, leaving a fuller consideration for a future occasion.

"With heart and mind thus concentrated, purified, cleansed, free from stain, supple, active, steadfast, unwavering, he directs and concentrates heart and mind on the forms of spiritual power. He enjoys spiritual power in its various degrees: being one, he becomes manifold, being manifold, he becomes one; he becomes visible or invisible; he passes unhindered through a wall or a mountain; he descends and ascends through the earth as through water; he walks on the water as if on the earth; seated in meditation, he traverses space, like a winged falcon; he touches moon and sun with his hand; he attains even to the world of Brahma.

"He concentrates heart and mind on the power of divine hearing. With clear divine hearing, surpassing that of mortals, he hears sounds both divine and human, both afar and nigh at hand.

"He concentrates heart and mind on the insight which penetrates the heart. With his own heart penetrating the hearts of other beings, of other men, he understands them. He discerns the hearts and minds of others as clearly as a woman sees her face in a mirror.

"He knows his past births without number, as though a man, going from one village to another, and from that to another, and then returning home, should say, 'From my own village I came to that other. There I stood in such and such a way, sat thus, spoke thus, was silent thus. Then I came to that other village, stood thus, sat thus, spoke thus, was silent thus. And now from that other village I have come home.'

"With clear divine vision, surpassing that of mortals, he sees beings as they pass from one form of existence and take shape in another; he recognizes the mean and the noble, the well favoured and the ill favoured, the happy and the wretched, passing away according to their deeds; these he sees as clearly as though one should watch men entering and leaving a house, or walking on the street.

"He perceives the truths concerning misery, the origin of misery, the cessation of misery, the path that leads to the cessation of misery, as one, standing by a pool among the mountains, looking down into the pool, may see the sand and pebbles at the bottom, and the fish in the pool.

"These are the fruits of discipleship."

When the Master had thus spoken, Ajatashatru, king of Magadha, thus addressed him:

"Excellent, Lord! Excellent, Lord! Just as though one should set up what has been overthrown, or reveal what has been hidden, or show the way to him who has gone astray, or bring light into darkness that men might see, so by the Master has the truth been revealed to me.

"Therefore, I take my refuge in the Master, I take my refuge in the Law, I take my refuge in the Order of disciples. May the Master accept me as a lay disciple, come to him as my refuge, from to-day so long as life endures. Sin overcame me, Lord, a fool, deluded, beset by evil, in that, for the sake of sovereignty, I deprived of life my father, righteous, a righteous king. May the Master accept this sin confessed, that for all time to come I may have the victory over it!"

"Sin indeed overcame you, O king, as a fool, deluded, beset by evil, that you deprived of life your father, righteous, a righteous king. But as you see your sin and rightly confess it, it is accepted by me. For this is according to the rule of the noble one, that he who sees his sin and rightly confesses it, shall for all time have the victory over it."

Then said Ajatashatru, king of Magadha, "Now, Lord, we must go. There is much work, much for me to do!"

"Do, O king, as you think fit!"

Then Ajatashatru, delighted and rejoiced by the words of the Master, reverently saluting the Master, went his way.

When the king had departed, the Master said to his disciples:

"Deeply stirred was the king, disciples; touched to the heart was the king. If, disciples, the king had not deprived of life his father, righteous, a righteous king, even here and now he would have gained the divine vision, passionless, stainless."

When the Master had thus spoken, the disciples were rejoiced and glad of heart.

FRAGMENTS

THE sin against the Holy Ghost is the use of Light and Truth for the compassing of low or selfish ends. Because unregenerate man will inevitably do this, we can see clearly why all real knowledge must be kept secret, and only imparted to those who are trained and tested and pledged. Had the Lodge given its knowledge to man, man would long since have destroyed himself. The secrecy is not for the protection of the Lodge or of its knowledge, which need no protection, but for the protection of man. It is only the courtesy of the Lodge which puts it otherwise.

The Black Lodge seeks to give man knowledge because it seeks to compass man's destruction. Much of modern knowledge has been so given, and this accounts in large part for the chaos and misery in the world to-day. Man ate of the Fruit of the Tree at the instigation of the Old Serpent far back in the early days, when self-consciousness and free-will were emerging on the plane of manifestation. He has been eating, at the same instigation, ever since, only to find death and the loss of his Paradise as unfailing consequence. Were it not for the compassion and sacrifice that have sustained and thwarted him, he would long since have slipped from his "lake of fire," into that nether Void from which he came.

Interest yourself only in that which has immortality, and then interest yourself in its immortal part.

Peace is dual; like all else on this plane, higher and lower. Peace, therefore, is neither good nor evil *of itself*, but only as it belongs to the higher or lower side of nature. The peace of the lower nature is devilish; the peace of the higher nature is divine. The divine cannot have peace on the lower planes; the lower nature cannot have peace on the higher planes. Therefore there must always be war until the plane of duality has been transcended.

CAVÉ.

THEOSOPHY¹

AT the Convention of The Theosophical Society yesterday, much was said regarding the significance of the fact that the Society is completing the fiftieth year since its foundation in 1875. We looked back over the years that are gone. We looked forward to the years that are to come. It may be of genuine interest this afternoon to consider the past more in detail, that we may understand the present, and wisely and courageously face the future.

The history of The Theosophical Society might be summed up in three sentences:

Founded by the Masters of Wisdom;
Sustained by the Masters of Wisdom;
Leading to the Masters of Wisdom.

There is our history, past, present and future. At this point, it would be natural to ask, What do you mean by Masters? What is the meaning of Masters of Wisdom? That is the first question that I shall try, so far as quite limited capacity allows, to answer. I shall make use of two stepping stones, both of which originated on this continent: namely, Emerson's phrase "the Oversoul," and the phrase of a Canadian, "Cosmic consciousness." Those who are lovers of Emerson, as so many of us are, will remember that fine essay on the Oversoul, the collective soul of humanity, the great treasury of wisdom and beauty and truth and power, to which each one of us has access as "an inlet to the same and to all of the same;" with the result that, if we enter into the Oversoul, we shall thereby enter into Cosmic consciousness, into consciousness of the Cosmos as the Oversoul. To use a phrase of the Buddha, we shall see and know the universe face to face.

While "Oversoul" is Emerson's coinage, it exactly translates the Sanskrit term, Adhi-Atma, "Over-soul"; and the Eastern teaching is that there are, as it were, degrees, steps of the stair, graduated stages in our ascent to the Oversoul, perhaps thrice seven degrees, each of which has its proper powers, its insight, its wisdom, its knowledge, its view of the universe. At each stage, there is the manifestation of a fitting vesture for that stage. As Saint Paul says, there are natural bodies and spiritual bodies, there are terrestrial bodies and bodies celestial. As we ascend, each of these vestures has a larger measure of the Oversoul, a fuller degree of divine wisdom, divine love, divine beneficence, divine power, until we come to the degrees of the Masters who have attained, who have become as one with the Oversoul, while remaining individuals in the fullest sense, perfect god and perfect man.

Therefore we hold that the Masters are the decisive factor in all human his-

¹ A lecture by Charles Johnston, on April 26, 1925, on the occasion of the Convention of The Theosophical Society.

tory; in all history they stand out as mountain peaks above the plain of our common humanity. Take such a figure as Osiris in ancient Egypt, ten or twelve thousand years ago. Take a great figure like Krishna in India; or Siddhartha the Compassionate, Gotama Buddha; or Jesus of Nazareth; of so great stature that they have been first persecuted, then deified. There are degrees even in the stature of the Masters, because there is ever the possibility of added wisdom, added power, added love. The infinite is never attained. Every Master strives ceaselessly toward what he knows to be the unattainable infinite; we must do the same.

In our western intellectual world we find figures of the same type. At the very beginning of our detailed history, there stands the great personality of Pythagoras, to whom all our philosophical thinking goes back, with the word Philosophy itself, the love of wisdom.

We have spoken of Osiris. It would be well worth while to consider how far the famous wise men of Greece, men like Pythagoras, Thales, Solon, owed their wisdom to ancient Egypt, and to the Masters of ancient Egypt. The same principle, the tradition of a Master who brings illumination, is universal among the races and tribes of the world. One has heard this tradition from the lips of our own Cheyenne Indians, who speak of a mighty hero who went to dwell with the gods for a long period of years, and, coming back, taught them all that was suited to a primitive people, with the ideals of a true and sane family life, and of tribal order and discipline. So universal, indeed, is the tradition, that we have in anthropology the phrase, "culture hero", to express it. Some of our wise anthropologists speak of the culture hero as a myth. But we are convinced that the culture hero is more genuinely historical than much of the writings of our historians; he is the essential factor in the life of mankind, the Master teaching the arts of true human life to us who are only half human.

The Theosophical Society was founded by the Masters, and is sustained by the Masters. How came it to be founded? At the foundation of our Society, two great personalities stand out: Mme. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge. A good deal has been written, and perhaps most abundantly in the recent past, which purports to be the history of Mme. Blavatsky. Those who really knew her, and knew her for years, think that it is, perhaps, most charitable to say as little as possible about these modern histories, but to get back to the facts. Some forty years ago, Mme. Blavatsky was well described by W. Q. Judge, as the greatest woman living, and greater than any man living among men; a memorable characterization, profoundly true.

To touch for a moment on the personal side, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, of whom we often speak, using her initials, as H. P. B., came of the older noble families of Russia, on one side going back to the Princes Dolgoruki, the founders of Moscow. There was also old noble blood of France in her veins, an aristocrat of aristocrats in the truest sense, entitled in her own land to the prefix, "Her Excellency." Going back to my memory of Mme. Blavatsky, let me imagine for a moment that she were to hear me describe her in those terms. I

can picture the splendid, lion-like head, the big, blue, humourous eyes, the winning smile, and her comment, "My dear, that is all flapdoodle!"

She had indeed given up all, putting aside everything except her undying devotion to the Masters.

It has been the custom of some who never compared with her in true delicacy of heart, to speak of Mme. Blavatsky as a rough and rugged personality. In one sense she was, if a volcano may be described as rugged. In a room with her, one felt the room very small, and oneself very small, while the volcano was very big and tremendously active. One has met in many lands people of dominance and force, but for sheer dynamic splendour, not one of them could compare with Mme. Blavatsky.

Among her many gifts, she was an accomplished writer in three of the great literary languages of Europe, and a student of many of the tongues of the Orient. Of her Russian writings, I have several volumes, admirably written impressions of India, vivid, full of humour, excellent Russian prose; so that, before Russia sank into the depths, her books were widely known for their virtues of style and of substance. And, though contributed in the first instance to the literary papers and reviews as general correspondence, they are intensely theosophical. Single-hearted, she had but one interest in life, Theosophy, The Theosophical Society, the Masters of Theosophy. These appear again and again in her Russian writings. A section of one of her books deals with what students of Theosophy call the seven principles: the division of man into spirit, soul and body, with the further division of these three into seven; it is an interesting and somewhat surprising experience to find our theosophical terms in Russian letters. A wonderful book, a clear and powerful presentation of theosophical teachings, set amid vivid, magnificently coloured pictures of India, written for the Russian papers and magazines. An accomplished writer in three languages, French, Russian, English; and in all literature there are very few who have written with real distinction in more than one tongue.

But not for these gifts, valuable and exceptional though they be, do we hold in our hearts eternal gratitude for Mme. Blavatsky. For possessions other than these, we revere and admire her beyond measure: for her loyalty, sovereign, kingly loyalty; for her courage, invincible, indomitable valour; for her immense generosity, personal, intellectual, spiritual. In her relations with those who surrounded her, there were two factors: one was an insight penetrating into the very marrow of the inner nature; the other was an abounding generosity toward their personalities, with whatever gifts they might possess. In the finest sense, all her geese were swans: a royal generosity in dealing with her friends, with a devotion beyond measure for the Sacred Science to which she had given her whole life, for what we may briefly describe as Theosophy.

One gift more, which crowns and surmounts all else: she had the power, which she had earned by sacrifice, toil, discipline, aspiration, to reach her Master, her Masters, wherever she might be. Dwelling in Italy, France, England, Amer-

ica, she dwelt at the same time on the Himalayan peaks. Not for an hour, not for a moment, did she lose the vivid, open-eyed knowledge of the Masters.

There was at one time an idea, among some of those who were interested in the Theosophical Society in a dilettante way, that the Masters for whom Mme. Blavatsky worked were spirits, and that she was a medium in the Spiritualist sense. Certain evidence strongly militates against this: she dwelt in the house of a Master, with whom his sister and her child were living, and Mme. Blavatsky spoke of this Master as walking about the room in riding dress, and then going on a journey. So far as one has heard, this is not like the experience of a medium with spirits! Her Masters were solid reality. She knew them personally as men, but as men divine and glorified. Gaining, in that period of learning and discipline, the profound experience of initiation, and, with it, the power to remain continuously in the presence of the Masters; coming to Europe from Tibet, coming to America to found The Theosophical Society, she kept that full, unbroken touch with the Masters, and, in virtue of that power, directed by that power, founded, with others, The Theosophical Society,—W. Q. Judge towering above the rest of those who co-operated with her.

Thus Mme. Blavatsky brought to the western world, fifty years ago, a living knowledge of living Masters. In a certain sense, to speak of a living Master is to use a word too many. . . Since Masters are such because they are blended with the very essence of Eternal Life, there can be no such thing as a Master who is not living: a Master once, a Master for ever, an endless, eternal life. Therefore, when we, as students of Theosophy, see or hear discussions regarding the Master Christ, where he was born, in what year, some nineteen centuries ago, and whether or not certain events related of him are historical, we ardently desire to impart to those who are his genuine followers our conviction that the Master lives, and lives for ever. For a student of Theosophy, the resurrection is not something that is possible or even probable; it is something that is inevitable owing to the very nature of a Master. If he be a Master, he is alive, in the real and eternal sense. And to dwell for a moment on the teaching of the Master Christ: the essence of his teaching deals with this very thing, the birth of the spiritual man, and the growth of the spiritual man to the stature of a Master. What did he mean, one wonders what his devout but not always enlightened followers think he meant, when he said to the ruler of the Jews, "Except a man be born from above, he cannot enter the kingdom of God"? The thought was so strange to the earlier translators, that they have missed the meaning. The primary sense of the Greek word, *anothen*, is, "from above," while the secondary meaning is "again"; the earlier translators, not fully understanding, gave the secondary meaning; the revisers give the primary meaning, but in the margin. The Master himself made perfectly clear what he meant, when he expanded the phrase, and spoke of "that which is born of the Spirit." In the fifteenth chapter of his first letter to the disciples at Corinth, Paul tells the whole story of the birth from above: what is born, into what it grows, is set forth clearly, in scientific language. Except a man

be born from above, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven,—the kingdom of heaven being the spiritual realm which we have already spoken of as the Oversoul. Except a man be born from above, he cannot enter the life of the Oversoul. Surely, as clear as possible.

In parable after parable, the Master Christ speaks of the kingdom of heaven. I think that only the Sacred Science, only Theosophy, makes intelligible what he means. The flood of light which it sheds on the entire teaching of the Master Christ, and on every sentence of his teaching, especially the most enigmatic, is one of the vital facts to which the world has not yet awakened; we think the safety of Christendom depends on that awakening, which should not be long delayed. Seek through Theosophy what that Master really meant; seek rather what he means, for we know nothing of a dead Master. We know of a living Master, of living Masters, in their degrees of grandeur and of splendour.

To the Church, therefore, the Theosophical Movement has this to offer: a real understanding of the Church's mission, of the whole teaching of the Master Christ; a living understanding that is a part of our record, attained and maintained through these fifty years.

While the years have been passing, the world has not been standing still. Certain elements have been growing deeper, purer, more luminous. Other elements, more conspicuous, have been going from bad to worse. The keynote of this age of ours is anarchy based on egotism, self-worship,—an ugly thing, a deadly thing. Much is said in these latter days regarding liberty; much of it is an illusion. Many people mean, by liberty, untrammelled opportunity to worship themselves, to do what they please; the pursuit of their appetites, inclinations,—indulgence without limit. It is time that someone should say: This is not the path of liberty, it is the path of bondage. No man, or woman, or child, who is obedient to egotism, to self-indulgence, who thinks that life is given for the expression and expansion of these things, is anything but a bond-slave, manacled and fettered. Such a one, steeped in self-indulgence, has never breathed a breath of liberty. Not in that way is liberty found.

Quite other things are to be found there. When little men, or little women, worship their little selves, since egotism is a very weak thing, a very small thing, the results are, not unnaturally, small and weak and offensive, pitifully cheap and vulgar. So much in this age of ours is cheap and vulgar. It is an age of disintegration. There is nothing in these contending egotisms to bind them together. They must disintegrate: and they do disintegrate, in offensive ways. It is not necessary to cite illustrations,—that would be superfluous. We all have eyes. We need not read more than a few paragraphs of our newspapers, to become aware of this cheapness and vulgarity. In almost everything there recorded, we find uncleanness and corruption, the pervading activity of self-seeking and self-indulgence. These things, in a civilization, as we are pleased to call it, lead one way and one way only. They lead to destruction. Perhaps some day, ten thousand years hence, the sages

and historians will be debating, whether many of our modern lands were not mere myths, as some of our historians say of the lost Atlantis, which, because of its corruption, was engulfed in the ocean. Some of them think of Atlantis as a solar myth. We are more likely to be classed as a lunar myth. Our spotted satellite, "the moon that maketh mad," is the fit patron for us.

Just because the need of our age is so great, the work of The Theosophical Society is vitally important. Desperate maladies call for desperate remedies. In that sense, we are a desperate remedy. This task is something more than the duty of each one of us. It is a spiritual necessity—imposed upon us, not as separate selves, but as a part of spiritual humanity—to foresee this disintegration of our society, our civilization so-called, and to do what we can to save at least a remnant. There are splendid possibilities. We remember, some eight years ago, when this country was entering the World War and during the months that immediately followed,—we remember the superb ideal, the aspiration, the thrill of anger for outraged righteousness; the willingness to give up little things, the little self-denials which nevertheless loom large in the moral world; we remember the greater sacrifices, men willingly, gladly, triumphantly offering life itself, meeting with a smile the likelihood of being blown by high explosives into the blue ether, and knowing that that would be altogether well. These splendid possibilities live still, though they have been so thickly overlaid.

Sir Philip Gibbs has written a book in which he speaks of a spiritual collapse following the war. The phrase is painfully near the truth. We need a spiritual regeneration, a regeneration of those spiritual elements and powers in life which Masters teach and exemplify. This is the real purpose, the duty, the mission of the Theosophical Movement. Is this purpose alien to the interest of anyone here? Are there any here who can say, and honestly say, that the future spiritual life of humanity is not their concern? Are there any who cannot respond both to the dire necessity, the call for service, and to the thrilling summons of the Masters, to work, not for ourselves, but with complete self-forgetting? A Master has said, a living Master, that there is not one of them but is willing to be crucified daily, if he can thereby do any real good to another. That is the spirit in which Masters work and serve. Nothing but the guidance of the Masters, and the spiritual powers revealed in them, can save our age from deep damnation. The elements of corruption are active, far and wide, disintegrating forces of anarchy, which of necessity do not bind together, but tear apart. Only the healing, illumining power of spiritual life can bring the remedy.

One of the laws of spiritual life is this, that abstract spirit cannot act in human life. It must be embodied in a human being, the splendid truth of the Incarnation, which is so little understood. The Word must become flesh before it can dwell among us. Therefore it is not enough to say that there are abstract spiritual powers which are present, ready to work for man's redemption. They must be made concrete. They must be embodied in us, as they are in our Masters. We must ourselves respond. We must ourselves

learn, first the alphabet, and then the following chapters of the great spiritual science. We must learn what our powers are; in what conditions they can develop; how they should be rightly used. These are the problems with which The Theosophical Society is constantly concerned, with the purpose, for most of us a defined, clearly realized purpose, of co-operating with the Masters in the work of human salvation.

So we have our vision, we have our opportunity, we have our superb exemplars, beginning with Mme. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge. What response are we going to make? If we do respond, with the aspiration of an ardent heart, what can we do? What concrete action can we take? Perhaps we can find a good illustration in the French students of art, in an older Paris, when it was the tradition, as it may be still, that a student should try to do his best work in order to be admitted to the studio of a master. There is much that we may learn from the lives of those true devotees of art. They did not give with the tips of their fingers. They gave their whole lives. They devoted to their task every thought, every power, with imagination illumined by what they sought to do. They began by seeking a worthy master, and, putting themselves under his guidance, in his studio, to learn from him all they could. There is the same devotion among true students of science. The student does not give himself by halves. He gives his life, and then proceeds to learn the alphabet of his science from the masters of that science, to study their methods, to saturate himself with their spirit, to catch, so far as he can, their vision; to see, if it be astronomy, their vistas of limitless space; if it be geology, their vision of unmeasured time, inspiring himself with their enthusiasm for that science. We must do the same. We must give, not part of our time, some share of our attention, what we can readily spare from other concerns. Nothing less than all will avail: the whole life, the whole nature, the whole being, aspiration, will, love, every power. That is the only real service, and it can be rendered no matter what the outer circumstances of a man's life may be.

Mme. Blavatsky died in 1891. A few years before she died, she wrote *The Key to Theosophy*. A day or two ago, I was looking over this book, a gift from her, and reading the last pages: "What of the future of the Theosophical Society?" She was looking forward through the years to the time when The Theosophical Society should have completed a century of its life, and considering what the situation might be, in 1975, if success were attained and the Movement continued uninterrupted. She spoke of the age-old law that, in the last quarter of each century, the Lodge of Masters of Wisdom moves in a definite way to bring wisdom to mankind, to bring spiritual knowledge, spiritual life, spiritual power. Speaking of the Messenger whose coming in 1975 she foretold, she said that, if the Movement succeeded, he would find certain things ready to his hand, which would immensely lighten his task. Among these were an organized body of students of Theosophy, a rich literature of theosophical studies, and, as she hoped, something more of the light of Theosophy in the world at large, more of theosophical wisdom, more of the theosophical spirit.

If anyone here, who may never have heard of The Theosophical Society before, should ask, catching something of the light from beyond the hills: "What can I do?"—one might reply that a part at least of what Mme. Blavatsky hoped for has been accomplished, and that this is one of the reasons why we are celebrating our fiftieth birthday. There is an organized body of students of Theosophy who have given their lives to its service; who have followed it through dark days, through brighter days; who have made it their life work. I think that these students would say that, while in the nineteenth century there were many great and noteworthy persons, so far as they can see, of all those who were known among men, Mme. Blavatsky will stand as far the greatest. That can only be decided centuries hence, but it is the firm conviction of some of us that she, who brought to the western world the knowledge of living Masters, is the greatest. She has built the bridge; it is for us to keep it in repair. Hardly less great was W. Q. Judge; taking the torch from her hand, he bore it valorously forward; a man strong and wise as he was humble, full of the kindest, humane spirit, wiser than the wisest, gentler than the gentlest, with the starry wisdom on his brow.

We have, therefore, a living tradition, a literature of theosophical books, an organized Society of students of Theosophy: so much of what Mme. Blavatsky forecast for 1975, exists, firmly established in 1925. Those who seek may find.

I think that students of Theosophy would say to the seeker: Do not let the goal of your search be anything less than the wisdom of the Masters, and the Masters themselves. Let your motive be what the motive of the Masters is, what it has ever been, what it will be until the day of the great peace: the redemption of spiritual humanity. That is our task. That is our goal. That is the undertaking which, so far as human frailty allows, we are determined to accomplish. We are determined that The Theosophical Society shall be, in 1975, what Mme. Blavatsky declared that it ought to be. So that, while we celebrate a fiftieth anniversary, we do not count ourselves to have attained. We have reached a point where we can really begin. We may perhaps borrow a watchword from the Dean of Seville, who said, in the year 1401, of the beginning of the magnificent cathedral:

"Let us build a thing so great that those who come after us may think us mad to have attempted it."

A VIEW OF ELEMENTALS

THE word, "elemental," is often used as a synonym for "psychic complex," as when the lower nature is called a "congeries of elementals."

But this is a special use of a general term, a particular application to human nature of an idea equally applicable to every phase of Cosmic Nature.

As long as there is manifestation, and to the extent that there is manifestation, all being is polarized and assumes two aspects. At one pole is the Self, the Monad, *natura naturans*, the noumenon, the creative power; at the other pole is the non-self, the Dyad, *natura naturata*, the phenomenon, the product of the creative power. The source of all consciousness and of all substance is in the Self, in the Divine Will, so that the phenomenon, the creature, has only a borrowed or reflected existence. Such relative reality as it has, is given by the Self and may be withdrawn by the Self.

In an abstract and general sense, anything that is created is an elemental, whether its creator be divine or human or demoniacal. For an elemental is nothing but a form embodying some purpose of the creative power. This is demonstrably true of human elementals; is it not also true of the so-called Nature-Elementals which are said to inform the stars and planets and atoms and the lower principles of all organic beings from the Protista to Man?

In terms of such a broad definition, it is unreasonable to regard elementals *per se* as malignant or useless things, for they appear to be designed as the medium disclosing to the Self the reality of Its being through the three-fold mystery of creation, preservation and destruction. If some elementals, with which we are personally acquainted, fail to achieve that design, the fault must rest in some perversion of the creative power manifesting through them. An elemental is never a cause, but always an effect. It is a medium, a vehicle of creation, preservation and destruction, as we may discern by examining our mental consciousness, in which these three processes are always taking place.

Take, for example, some mental operation from which emotion is virtually absent, such an operation as may be illustrated by the faculty of ordinary perception. Thus, looking out through the eyes of the body, I see a tree. The optic nerve conveys to the brain a complex of vibrations originating outside my personal being, and the mind translates the complex into a visible shape which I attribute to the source of the vibrations. Of course, I only see with my physical eyes a part of the real tree, a fragment which belongs to the same three-dimensional scale as my physical consciousness. Bergson has described our sense-perceptions as representations of all the possible ways in which our bodies can act and move, so that we only see what is necessary for action. Omniscience is impossible without omnipotence.

This perception of a tree may generate a mind-image, an elemental, a more

or less enduring memory. But this is possible only if I lend will and attention to the perception, if I become interested in it, if I desire to understand it; otherwise, when the external stimulus is removed, it will disappear from consciousness. Suppose that I am a student of botany, eager to know the species of the tree, and that after attentively examining the leaves and bark, I identify it as a sugar maple. If I see another sugar maple next week, I shall recognize it promptly, for I shall be able to refer to the present experience, which will have become a memory.

An elemental is, therefore, an inevitable product of the interaction of will, imagination and desire. It is an incarnation, a manifestation of creative or imaginative force, and it preserves a vehicle for that force upon the plane of personal consciousness. In the presence of some experience analogous to that which brought it into existence and of which it is a memory, the elemental is drawn by a sort of induction out of the "subconscious." But no memory can thus become conscious without destroying itself and transmitting its life to a new and larger memory. Its content of imaginative force, its *sakti*, is instantaneously released, to strengthen and to make more intelligible its successor. In this way, each elemental, each memory in a series, passes through a process of creation, preservation and destruction, and signifies an increase of power and an enrichment of consciousness, since it gathers into itself all the elementals which have preceded it. The mystery of memory is an aspect of the mystery of creation.

Throughout Nature we observe this law. There can be no form which is not modelled upon past forms or which does not itself serve as a prototype for the future. The world is an orderly process, providing for the assimilation of the past by the future, of the less evolved by the more evolved, so as to establish a hierarchy, in which each entity contains the collective consciousness of the host beneath it.

So far, so good. But the creative power is not necessarily good in all its phases. Goodness, the perfect conscious attunement of the individual with the Universal, must be achieved by the will and choice of the individual. Evil, the heresy of separateness or egotism, is always possible so long as an individual being has not finally aligned its imaginative force with the purpose of the One Self. And the power to create, to preserve and to destroy, is not limited to the individual that is good.

We need not search far, to find an example of wrong creation. Assume that I am no longer a botanist contemplating a maple-tree; that I have a weakness for maple-sugar. It is obvious that a maple-tree will then convey a quite different meaning to my consciousness.

Let us contrast these two, the botanist and the sugar addict.

As a botanist, if I be at all worthy of the name, I desire Truth. My mental-emotional nature must be subject to my determination to *accept* the Truth as it is; I must be *willing* to sacrifice every predilection and preconception. Otherwise I shall not be desiring Truth, but only the confirmation of some prejudice. The history of science is a story of the struggle of the spiritual

intellect to subject the brain-mind,—not to destroy it, for its coöperation is indispensable, but to control its action. Unless the scientist can say as his daily prayer, "Let Truth prevail, though my heavens fall," he will not create new knowledge; for only the spiritual intellect, which loves the eternal verities, can reveal them. He who seeks the invisible within the visible, must become a self-conscious embodiment of Truth Itself, as this is reflected in his powers of desire, imagination and will.

But if I become a sugar addict, I reverse the polarity. Desire, imagination and will are no longer subject to Truth but to the impulses of the mental-emotional nature, which my personality has inherited from aeons of animal life. In other words, my self-consciousness is in the wrong place; I identify myself with a part of my being which is not *per se* immortal, and which can be immortalized only in so far as it can be brought into subjection to the purposes of the Soul.

Certain results follow. The image-making power, acting as the agent of the lower nature, cannot be dissociated from the objects which it creates. The forces released from a mental mould by an act of memory are not assimilated by some new and more perfect form, but are, in a sense, turned back upon themselves, being crystallized into habits and automatisms, to which the attention, the dynamic centre of consciousness, is fastened. Experience can then only be repeated; there is no progression. The creative power weaves for itself, by wrong self-identification, a vesture of animal appetites.

The normal animal nature is an elemental, the collective consciousness of many elementals. But the human animal is an elemental to which the Soul has delegated its most precious right, the power self-consciously to remember, to imagine, to desire, to will, to choose, to love. This elemental which the self imagines itself to be, is no longer an animal but a monster, a thing contrary to Nature, an embodiment of egotism and illusion. As Pythagoras said, the Soul then dwells in the body as in a tomb.

"As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me."

S. L.

However brilliant an action, it should not be esteemed great unless the result of a great motive.—LA ROCHE.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

XV

ST. TERESA

(PART II)

WHAT was there in Teresa's unpretentious little house, with its four obscure occupants, to excite vehement anger in the citizens of Avila? Why should a modest and unassuming woman arouse violent hostility among all classes of people there? Perhaps the conduct of her fellow citizens represents a simple case of reaction against the force of the Lodge manifested through a chéla.

At the Monastery of the Incarnation, she was questioned by the indignant prioress in the presence of all the nuns, the ecclesiastic who in the beginning had condemned her plan, acting as her judge. Teresa's complete humility and obedience saved her, the answers she gave satisfying her superiors, though not to such a degree that the prioress would sanction her residence at St. Joseph's. The townspeople were less easily mollified than the ecclesiastics, and for three days the fate of the new building was uncertain, as they clamoured for its demolition. Their first heat cooling somewhat, they launched a lawsuit, insisting that she vacate the building which had been erected with her own funds—an extreme penalty from which she was saved through the friendly interposition of a sympathetic Dominican who, while he did not know her personally, was convinced of her sincerity, and, in the law court, pointed out to the excited plaintiffs the path of rectitude that she had unswervingly followed. The lawsuit dragged along for six months, and then died, as the citizens were gradually appeased, and became as warm in demonstrations of friendship as they had been aggressive in hostility. As a crowning act of sympathy, the friendly Dominican persuaded the Carmelite officials to transfer Teresa's ecclesiastical residence from the Incarnation to St. Joseph's, and when she was ready to act upon that transfer, a further concession was granted—she might invite four fellow-nuns to accompany her to the new house,—an invitation that was gladly accepted. The reconciliation seemed complete.

Thus, before Easter of 1563, Teresa with eight companions (the four novices, and the four nuns who accompanied her from the Incarnation) was settled in her own convent, the house which had cost her so much labour and anxiety. Thirteen years later, writing her book, the *Foundations*, she says of that experience: "I remained five years, after its foundation, in the house of St. Joseph, Avila, and I believe, so far as I can see at present, that they were the most tranquil years of my life, the calm and rest of which my soul very often greatly misses."¹ She comments also, with warm praise, upon the zeal and obedience

¹ *Foundations*, p. 409.

of her associates: "I charged one with half a dozen duties, inconsistent with each other, all of which she accepted without saying a word, thinking it possible for her to discharge them." ² From that tranquil life with zealous friends, Teresa was drawn by a commission from no less a personage than Rossi, the Carmelite general, who asked her to undertake in other towns the formation of communities to observe the primitive rule. Such a request from the general-in-chief could be interpreted in only one way—as a vindication of her faith and courage, and a declaration of her success.

Rossi, who resided in Rome, had come into Spain in 1566, by the king's invitation, to supervise at closer range the affairs of the Spanish communities. In the course of his visitation, he reached Avila, and, during a stay there, received St. Joseph's convent in amicable surrender from the bishop, thus bringing Teresa and her nuns within Carmelite jurisdiction. When informed of the unintelligent opposition of his Castilian subordinate whose unfavourable attitude had driven Teresa to the expedient of seeking the bishop's aid, Rossi was greatly annoyed, and, in reparation for the injustice she had suffered, and to manifest publicly his approval, he gave her authorization, signed and sealed, for further communities. She was deeply gratified by this approbation, and, in expressing her thanks, begged the general to sanction communities of friars as well as of nuns, to which he assented, though he limited the prospective houses for men to two in number, specifying that all her communities should be within the province of Castile, and none in the neighbouring province of Andalusia.

For eight years, until 1575, she was actively engaged in the work of that commission. She went from place to place in Castile, usually after receiving an invitation with more or less urgency from a noble or an ecclesiastic.

Obstacles of some kind were encountered in every undertaking. When a gift of building and equipment seemed to smooth her path, to offset that obvious advantage, hardship of another kind inevitably made its appearance, as at Pastrana, twenty-five miles east of Madrid, where the Princess of Eboli offered a house. The Princess's husband was lord treasurer of Spain and also a close friend of the King, and Teresa was not blind to the advantage such a connection might be, should persecution come. No sooner was the offer accepted than trouble began, for, in the vocabulary of the imperious Princess, to give and to order were synonyms, and while Teresa was humble and punctiliously obedient to all in authority over her, she was also conscientious and courageous, and would not brook unwarranted interference in a work that was her Master's. Friction began when Teresa checked the effort of the Princess to place personal friends in the convent as novices, and another delicate situation arose when the Princess asked for the narrative of inner experiences which Teresa had written at her confessor's bidding. Though the lady did not seem trustworthy, the manuscript was given to her after she had vowed absolute silence as to the private and sacred matters which it contained,—a vow that

² *Foundations*, p. 410.

proved ineffectual, for, laughing at what she could not understand, she carelessly left the written sheets where they were read by servants who gossiped about them as the hallucinations of a witch. The connection with so dictatorial and fickle a person could be of short duration only, and the manner in which it came to an end is briefly told as follows by one of Teresa's early editors. "On the death of the Prince of Eboli, the Princess would become a nun in her monastery of Pastrana. The first day she had a fit of violent fervour; on the next she relaxed the rule; on the third she broke it, and conversed with secular people within the cloisters. She was also so humble that she required the nuns to speak to her on their knees, and insisted upon their receiving into the house as religious whomsoever she pleased. Hereupon complaints were made to St. Teresa who remonstrated with the Princess, and showed her how much she was in the wrong, whereupon she replied that the monastery was hers; but the Saint proved to her that the nuns were not, and had them removed at once to Segovia."³ Infuriated by the check to her self-will, the Princess sought revenge by denouncing Teresa's narrative to the Inquisition, but, contrary to expectation, this appeal to the dreaded tribunal proved advantageous in the end to Teresa, as of the commissioners appointed by the Inquisition to inquire into her narrative and conduct, one (luckily, or providentially?) was that very Dominican, Bañez, who was so singularly drawn to defend her at Avila, when St. Joseph's was under attack. His official pronouncement is written in the blank space at the end of Teresa's manuscript, where it can still be read, a rare example of sincere good will in a theologian. His expression is moderate, and he is careful to point out that possible error *might* lurk in what she had done and written; but his caution and discretion only add weight to his explicit declaration that the doctrines illustrated by her experience are thoroughly wholesome. A few examples of his fairness and open-mindedness deserve quotation. "I have not found anywhere in it anything which, in my opinion, is erroneous in doctrine. On the contrary, there are many things in it highly edifying and instructive for those who give themselves to prayer. The great experience of this religious, her discretion also and her humility, which made her always seek for light and learning in her confessors, enabled her to speak with an accuracy on the subject of prayer that the most learned men, through their want of experience, have not always attained to. Judging by the revelations made to her, this woman, even though she may be deceived in something, is at least not herself a deceiver, because she tells all the good and the bad so simply, and with so great a wish to be correct, that no doubt can be made as to her good intention. I have always proceeded cautiously in the examination of this account of the prayer and life of this nun, and no one has been more incredulous than myself as to her visions and revelations,—not so, however, as to her goodness and her good desires, for herein I have had great experience of her truthfulness, her obedience, mortification, patience, and charity towards her persecutors, and of her other virtues, which any one who

³ *Life*, Preface, p. XXXV.

will converse with her will discern; and this is what may be regarded as a more certain proof of her real love of God than these visions and revelations. I do not, however, undervalue her visions, revelations, and ecstasies; on the contrary, I suspect them to be the work of God, as they have been in others who were Saints. I am of opinion that this book is not to be shown to every one, but only to men of learning, experience, and Christian discretion."⁴ Teresa was so deeply grateful for this second championing of her cause by Bañez that she used to speak of him, playfully, as the founder of her convents.

Rough as her pathway was, there were spots of solace, and one of those was St. John—St. John of the Cross. She first met him at Medina in 1567, after she had opened her heart to an old prior, telling him of her longing to form a community of friars. The old man had immediately volunteered as a candidate, and mentioned as another possible adherent, a fervent young novice, John Matthew, who had just taken his vows. Teresa doubted the prior's physical fitness, on account of advanced age, so deferring acceptance of his offer, she asked to see the youthful monk. John Matthew was just twenty-five. The rule of his Carmelite monastery did not afford sufficient opportunity to his ardour, and he was preparing to join the stricter Carthusians, when he was won by Teresa's fervour, and he agreed to enter her monastery, if she would open one without delay. With complete detachment from the false prestige of numbers, she answered that a start would be made when there were two suitable candidates. A year passing, however, before direct action could be taken, the prior used it as a probationary period, showing himself equal to the austere requirements. A beginning was then made feasible through the donation of a small outbuilding at Duruelo,—a hamlet of twenty souls to the west of Avila. In her account of what was done there, she calls the out-building a house (she had to be guarded in her words, never knowing who might read them); but her reserved comments give the impression that it was a ramshackle cowshed rather than a house, as she would not enter it on account of its filth, when she went to investigate her new possession. She was entirely frank with the prior and with John Matthew about its condition, but her candour could not dampen their zeal—their reply being that they were ready to live in a pigsty, if, by so doing, they could more closely imitate Christ's life of self-denial and sacrifice. As no fund was available for an outfit, Teresa had to tell the prior to be sparing in his purchases, an injunction which the old man heeded literally, for he bought five hour-glasses to assure due marking of the Canonical Hours, and he bought nothing else, not even straw for bedding. In September, 1568, John Matthew went to the cowshed, vesting in the habit of the primitive Carmelites, and taking as his monastic name, John of the Cross. For two months he was solitary, since business, attendant upon his resignation of office, detained the prior at Medina; but at last he, too, came, bringing a companion, and thus the longed-for house of friars was realized. In the eloquent story of her visit to them (which follows), Teresa aptly called the

⁴ *Life*, Preface, p. XXXVII ff.

place a Bethlehem, because the flame of love which burned in that shed made it appear to her like Christ's manger. Her words, "church" and "choir," must not mislead, as long habit brought these terms quite naturally to her to distinguish the parts of the shed where Mass and the Canonical Hours were respectively observed. The true condition of the place may be inferred from the mention of snow falling through the cracks upon the men's garments as they knelt in prayer. She writes thus: "On the first or second Sunday in Advent of the year 1568—I do not remember which of the two Sundays it was—the first Mass was said in that little porch of Bethlehem; I do not think it was any better. In the following Lent I passed by on my way to Toledo for the foundation there. I arrived one morning; Fra Antonio of Jesus [the former prior] was sweeping the door of the church with a joyful countenance, which he ever preserves. I said to him, 'What is this, father?—what has become of your dignity?' He replied in these words, showing the great joy he was in: 'I execrate the time wherein I had any.' As I went into the church I was amazed to see the spirit which our Lord had inspired there; and I was not the only one, for two merchants, friends of mine, who had come with me from Medina, did nothing but cry, there were so many crosses, so many skulls! I can never forget one little cross of wood by the holy water to which a picture of Christ on paper was fastened; it seemed to cause more devotion than if it had been made of some material most admirably fashioned. The choir was the garret, which was lofty in the centre, so that they could say the office in it, but they had to stoop very low to enter it and hear Mass. In the two corners of it next the church they had two little hermitages⁵ filled with hay, for the place was very cold, in which they must either lie down or sit; the roof almost touched their heads. There were two little openings into the church, and two stones for pillows; there were also crosses and skulls. I understood that when matins were over they did not go back to their cells till prime but remained here in prayer, in which they were so absorbed that they went and said prime when the time came, having their habits covered with snow, but they did not know it. They used to go out to preach in many places around where the people needed instruction, and that also made me glad that the house was established there, for I was told that there was no monastery near, nor the means of supporting one, which was a great pity. They gained so good a name in so short a time as to give me the very greatest pleasure when I heard of it. They went as I am saying, a league and a half and two leagues barefooted to preach—for at that time they wore no sandals which they were afterwards ordered to wear—and that in the cold, when the snow was deep, and when they had preached and heard confessions came home very late to their meal in the monastery: all this was as nothing because of their joy."⁶

The settlement at Duruelo is a very happy incident in the nine years of itinerancy that followed upon the tranquil period at St. Joseph's, though her com-

⁵ Another euphemism. Hermitage was the name used in a monastery for a secluded place of retreat. Often it was an arbour or grotto in the cloister garden.

⁶ *Foundations*, pp. 482 ff.

mission to establish new houses brought much joy as well as varying degrees of hardship. With 1575, however, there began a five year period of grave anxiety that must have dwarfed some of her earlier impressions, casting doubt as it did upon the stability and permanence of her reforms. For two years of that period, though she was not incarcerated, she was virtually a prisoner within the convent at Toledo;⁷ and John of the Cross was actually imprisoned for nine months in a filthy cell.⁸ The uncertain fate of her houses, the persecution of her friends, the charges brought against them and against her, made it a time of martyrdom. The history of that period is much involved, and cannot be given here. It was the age-old contest between zealous reform and the established order, complicated by political and personal feelings, and by questions of jurisdiction between contending ecclesiastical authorities.

During the five years of altercation, Teresa was forbidden to make any establishment, but when peace was restored, her foundations were recognized as an independent jurisdiction, thus crowning her work with success, and making it possible for her to dedicate several more houses for women in the northern part of Spain. Sometimes, she is mistakenly credited with founding additional houses for men also, which, in truth, represent the effort of associates to extend the ranks of the Discalced friars. She continued her journeys and her work until a few days before her death, which took place in 1582. "Oh, my Lord," she prayed as she lay dying, "now is the time, now is the hour when we shall see each other. My tender Lord behold the hour when I come. It is time for me to leave this place of exile; time for my soul to be made one with Thee; to enjoy all that it has desired."

C. C. CLARK.

⁷ "I have been informed of the decree which forbids my leaving the convent in which I reside. . . . He thought it would wound me deeply as these fathers intended that it should." *Letters*, I, p. 249. *Foundations*, ch. XXVII, par. 18.

⁸ "The treatment undergone by John of the Cross is ever in my thoughts. During the whole of the nine months he was imprisoned in a cell hardly large enough to hold him, small as he is, and for all that time he never changed his tunic, though he was almost dying." *Letters*, III, p. 147.

Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself and not your words preach for you.—AMIEL.

VAKYA SUDHA

THE ESSENCE OF THE TEACHING

ATTRIBUTED TO SHANKARA ACHARYA

THE power of vision in the eye sees form; the mind sees the power of vision in the eye; spiritual consciousness, the Witness, sees the changing moods of the mind; but spiritual consciousness is seen of none.

The power of vision in the eye, remaining single, beholds manifold forms, whether blue or yellow, gross or subtile, short or long.

The mind, remaining single, recognizes differing characteristics of the eyes, whether blind, or dim, or keen. The same thing is true of the other powers of perception, like hearing and touch.

In the same way, the spiritual consciousness perceives the differing characteristics of the mind, such as desire, imagination, doubt, faith, disbelief, firmness, indecision, shame, understanding, fear.

Spiritual consciousness neither rises nor sets, neither waxes nor wanes; self-luminous, it illumines the other powers, without using any instrument or means. (5)

When the ray or reflection of spiritual consciousness penetrates and pervades the mind, the mind is illumined with consciousness; the mind has two forms: the personal sense of "I," and the instrument of thinking.

The ray or reflection of spiritual consciousness is infused into the personal sense of "I" as radiant heat is infused into a lump of red-hot iron. As the personal sense of "I" is infused into the body, the body acquires sensibility and consciousness.

The sense of "I" is manifested in the three: in the mental reflection of spiritual consciousness, in the body, and in the Witness. It is innate in the mental reflection of spiritual consciousness; in the body, it is the result of works done with attachment to the body; in the Witness, it arises through the illusion of separateness.

Since the sense of "I" is inherent in the mental reflection of spiritual consciousness, it remains in it. The attribution of the sense of "I" to the body ceases when works done with attachment to the body cease. As the sense of separateness in the Witness, it ceases when illumination is attained.

When the sense of "I" dissolves, the man goes to sleep, and the body becomes unconscious; when the sense of "I" is half awake, the man dreams; when it is fully manifested, he is awake. (10)

When the sense of "I" is manifested in the mental reflection of spiritual consciousness during dream, it evokes the mind-images of dreams; when it

is manifested in waking, it evokes attraction toward objects of sense perception.

The body of form is compounded of the sense of "I" and the mind; it is essentially material; it enters the three fields of consciousness, waking, dreaming, dreamlessness; it is subject to birth and death.

Maya, World Glamour, has two modes of activity: expansive dispersion, and veiling through limitation. The power of expansive dispersion brings all things into manifestation, from the body of form to the sphere of the Cosmos.

This creative manifestation is the cause of individualized existence, expressing itself as name and form, in the Eternal, which is in reality undivided being, consciousness and bliss; just as in water are manifested individual bubbles and foam, with their names and forms.

The other power of Glamour, the power which veils through limitation, acts to hinder the inner discernment between the perceiving spiritual consciousness and the manifold mental states which are perceived, and to hinder the outer discernment between the Eternal and the manifested worlds. This power is the cause of recurring birth and death. (15)

When the light of the Witness, entering the body of form as a ray or reflection of the spiritual consciousness, is united with it, the ordinary self comes into being.

So long as the Witness, the Spiritual Self, is held by the power of delusion, it identifies itself with the ordinary self; when the power that veils and limits is overcome, the distinction is perceived, and the Spiritual Self is revealed.

In the same way, when the power that veils and limits is overcome, the Eternal is revealed as distinct from the appearance of the manifested world, and it is perceived that change belongs to the manifested world and not to the Eternal.

There are these five: being, light, joy, name and form. The first three are the properties of the Eternal; the last two are the properties of the manifested world.

In the five elements, ether, air, fire, water, earth, and in gods, animals and men, being, consciousness, and bliss are undivided, while name and form only are divided. (20)

Therefore, setting aside these two, name and form, and intent upon being, consciousness and bliss, let the disciple practise spiritual contemplation concerning both what is in the heart within, and what is without.

The contemplation in the heart within has two degrees: the lower, where the sense of separateness is present, and the higher, above the sense of separateness.

Contemplation with a sense of separateness has again two degrees: the penetration of the meaning of mind-images or forms, and the penetration of the meaning of words or names.

The contemplation with a sense of separateness which penetrates the meaning of mind-images is a viewing of the images of desire and fear in the light of the Witness, the spiritual consciousness.

A realization of the truth by affirming that "I am being, consciousness, bliss, free from attachment, luminous, undivided," is the contemplation which penetrates the meaning of words. (25)

When the disciple, rising above mind-images and words, enters into the essence of immediate spiritual experience, this is contemplation without the sense of separateness, in which the Spirit is quiet as a lamp flame in a windless place.

As there are three degrees of contemplation within the heart, so there are the same three stages regarding any outward thing. The setting aside of distinctions of form, and the recognition that it is Being only, is the first, the contemplation with the sense of separateness, which penetrates the meaning of outward appearances.

The affirmation and recognition that the outward object is in reality partless essence of Being, whose properties are being, consciousness, bliss, is the contemplation of outward things which penetrates the meaning of words.

Contemplation of outward things without the sense of separateness is a steadfast condition of the Spirit which directly experiences the essence of the Eternal. Let the disciple give himself continually to these six degrees of contemplation.

When the false attribution of selfhood to the body has been completely destroyed, and the Supreme Self is realized, then, in whatever direction the mind may turn, these stages of contemplation will arise. (30)

The knot of the heart is severed, all doubts are solved, the bonds of works are destroyed, for him who has beheld the Supreme Eternal: thus the Scripture declares.

Three forms of Life are to be known: first, the Eternal appearing as the individual, which is the Higher Self; second, the ray or reflection of spiritual consciousness in the body of form, which is the personal self; third, the self built up of dreams. The first is the eternal, transcendent reality.

The limitation of the Eternal as the individual is built up by the illusion of unwisdom, through which the Eternal appears to be limited. In the individuality, the limitation is superimposed by the power of unwisdom; in reality, the individual is the Eternal.

The essential oneness of the individual life with the infinite Eternal is taught in such Scriptural sayings as, "That thou art." This essential oneness is not true of the other two forms, namely, the personal self and the self of dreams.

In the Eternal, Maya, World Glamour, exists in two forms: the power of expansive dispersion, and the power which veils through limitation. By veiling the partless infinitude of the Eternal, this power builds up the separate world and the separate life. (35)

The ray or reflection of spiritual consciousness in the body of form is the experiencer, the doer of works. This whole phenomenal world is the field of its experiencer.

The immemorial division between the experiencer and the world of experi-

ence continues until final liberation is attained. Thus the self of habitual

Dream, in which also the two powers of expansive dispersion and veiling through limitation are active, spreads itself over the ray or reflection of spiritual consciousness; veiling the habitual self and the habitual world, it builds up a new self and a new world.

As these last only so long as dreaming lasts, they are called the apparitional self and the apparitional world; the same dream self and dream world do not recur after the man has once awakened from his dream.

The apparitional self believes the apparitional world to be real; but, once the man is awake, the habitual self knows that the dream self and the dream world are unreal.

In the same way, the habitual self believes that the habitual world is real; but the real, transcendental Self knows that it is unreal.

The real, transcendental Self perceives and experiences its real, transcendental oneness with the Eternal, and perceives nothing else except the unreality of all other things.

As sweetness, fluidity, coldness, and other qualities of water enter into the wave on its surface, they likewise enter into the foam that forms on the wave.

In like manner, the being, consciousness and bliss of the spiritual consciousness, the Witness, are transmitted to the habitual self and to the dream self.

When the foam melts away, its properties, like fluidity and coldness, return to the wave; when the wave sinks to rest, these same properties return again to the water.

When the dream self melts away, its properties return to the habitual self; when the habitual self melts away, its being, consciousness and bliss return to the spiritual consciousness, the Witness, the Universal Spirit.

C. J.

(The End)

It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of God.
—BACON.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Convention of The Theosophical Society still filled our minds and hearts to overflowing. As soon as we assembled, the Student burst out with,—

"The Convention comes first. We ought to discuss that. The 'Screen' cannot possibly reflect anything of greater interest or importance. Why not tell your readers what a member suggested at the last meeting of the New York Branch,—about compromise?"

"A good idea," said the Recorder. "Will you be good enough to refresh my memory?"

"As I recall it," the Student responded, "the speaker asked us to consider the attitude of 'No Compromise' as a possible synthesis of the message of the Convention. He pointed out that the spirit of the times, even in its better aspects, is essentially a spirit of compromise; that business is based upon it; that all political and international questions are settled avowedly on that 'principle'—after the give and take method of the trader; that the same spirit permeates every department of human life, good women compromising with the indecencies of fashion and with the laxities of servants, just as men constantly 'let things go' to save themselves time and trouble, though excusing it on the ground that 'perfection is impossible.' Having convinced us that we, too, were guilty in fifty different ways of this cardinal sin, he then spoke of the Armistice and of the Versailles Treaty as notorious instances of compromise, the chief result of which was to prolong the agony of the war, while insuring the outbreak of other and worse wars. He reminded us, however, that exactly the same mistake had been made in the past, over and over again, and that the most serious feature of the situation is that the world appears to have learned nothing, seeing that it believes sincerely that compromise is a duty among civilized people. This, he said, was flatly opposed to the principles upon which Masters, in all ages, have acted: the whole burden of Krishna's exhortations to Arjuna in the *Bhagavad Gita* is, 'Do not compromise, but fight'; Christ proclaimed the impossibility of serving both God and Mammon, and acted accordingly in his treatment of the Scribes and Pharisees, of Herod, and even of his devoted follower, Peter,—while, in our own time, the uncompromising attitude of Master K. H., when asked to replace H. P. B. as Agent, must be remembered by all of us: 'ingratitude is not one of our vices,' or words to that effect. It should be clear, then, the speaker continued, that for those who desire to follow the Masters, an uncompromising attitude toward 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' is essential. The ways of the world and its motives must be examined remorselessly, and, as was said at the Convention, we must set our faces like flint against all that is evil, vulgar, degrading,—training ourselves to distinguish sharply between

good and evil, not only in their cruder manifestations, but in such subtle matters as the difference in spirit between shades of colour, one shade perhaps the embodiment of 'jazz,' and another, a nature-colour of pure beauty."

"The speaker at that meeting said nothing of the sort," the Lawyer interrupted.

"I am glad you notice my improvements!" retorted the Student.

"Peace, peace!" the Engineer expostulated; then, turning directly to the Student, he added: "I wish you would include what was said about reading from the Book of Life, with the 'Safety First' Parade as illustration. In my own mind the two themes hang together."

"The trouble with the 'Safety First' Parade illustration is that no one outside New York would know what we were talking about—they would have no mental background of those ridiculous 'floats,' representing children being run over by automobiles and so forth, or of the huge retinue of Police and Fire Brigade and Boy Scout and Military and Naval contingents, or of the suspension of traffic on Fifth Avenue for hours while the procession marched uptown, to be reviewed, as crowning honour, by the impossible Mayor of the city."

"I can give them your sketch of it," said the Recorder, as the Student concluded his objection. "And now, again, who will refresh my memory? Suppose you continue"—addressing the Student—"for we can stop you if we don't like it!"

The Student, nothing daunted, resumed his tale:

"As I remember the meeting, we had been advised by the previous speaker to read worth-while books during the summer, not with the idea of covering as much ground as possible, but for the purpose of assimilation and digestion. Various books were mentioned—Emerson's *Essays* and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* among them. Then came the suggestion about the Book of Life, and that we should strive ceaselessly to read it, looking to the Masters for their light on passing events. We were asked, first, to imagine a 'Safety First' parade in ancient Rome, or in Sparta! 'Safety First,' as an ideal held up to children, as an ideal honoured officially by a great city, obviously is unworthy,—is materialistic and stultifying. Looking, however, for the explanation of the phenomenon, it became evident that the cause of the parade was the desire of the individual parent to save himself trouble, and the willingness of the state or municipality, in the hope of catching votes, to assume every sort of parental or other function. It would be the duty of normal parents, not to preach 'Safety First,' but certainly to warn their children against the dangers of the streets and against running unnecessary risks. Too lazy to do this, or too self-indulgent to be willing to punish their children for disobedience, unless they, the parents, personally suffer from it,—they turn over their responsibility to the 'authorities,' just as they turn over the education and health of their children to one or another department of the city government. In this respect the rich are just as guilty as the poor, for the rich employ innumerable hirelings, one to perform this function, and

another, that, which parents themselves ought to perform and which they would perform except for their unwillingness to sacrifice their own pleasures. The farming-out of children is one of the surest signs of decadence, and whether they be farmed-out to foster-mothers, or to the state, or to college professors, or to expensive tutors, the sin is the same."

"You too are embroidering," protested the Lawyer.

"Best Bokhara," the Student replied cheerfully; "and if the original speaker"—pointing to him—"does not protest, why should you!" Then he continued:

"The result is described euphemistically as standardization. Children are brought up, are educated, wholesale,—just as pigs are turned into sausages in Chicago, and parts of cars and parts of chairs and tables are slapped together in Detroit or Grand Rapids. It is the modern ideal. Further, just as in the manufacture of chairs, one workman makes the front legs and another the rear legs and a third the seat and so on—none of them ever seeing or caring about the finished product, the chair itself—so the modern child is manufactured piecemeal, with a different teacher for each subject, each different teacher having a different notion of what the finished product ought to be, one trying to turn him into an Anarchist, another into a Socialist, yet another into a George Washington or an Abraham Lincoln. That it is left to no one person to teach him the importance of 'Safety First,' but that all the available forces of the Army, Navy, Police and Fire Departments are brought to bear upon him at that supreme point, is not without its significance.

"Moral: we should examine ourselves to discover if in any direction we have fallen into the modern wholesale habit, and if we have delegated responsibilities to others which we ourselves ought to be carrying. Are we, for instance, thinking for ourselves, or leaving it to others to do our thinking for us? I knew a man once who used to pray: 'Lord, please accept the prayers of all those good people as if they came from me.' He believed in prayer; he was 'all for it'; he believed in the prayers of his friends: so he waived to the Lord, as it were, and then returned to his newspaper. He was wholesale. If the Lord ever heard him, he must have laughed!"

"More Bokhara," said the Lawyer.

Then there was a pause. It lasted so long that the Recorder became worried.

"Has no one anything on his mind?" he asked.

"I have," the Philosopher responded. "Animals are on my mind. The Karma of suffering that man is piling up for himself, is enough to fill one with despair, and would do so, if it were not for faith in Masters and in their ability to hold back its sudden and terrible descent upon the human race, one's own head included. The torture which men inflict upon animals must drive the Spirit of Nature into deadly hostility, working its way into our lives—into the life of the human species—by every available channel, disease and death included.

"I was reading the other day that about two hundred old and broken-

down horses are exported every week from England to the butchers of Holland and Germany. If a horse-ship is caught in a gale, it means a pile of dead and injured at the port. Then there is the suffering of hunger and thirst—often prolonged for days—the weary tramp to death, and the brutal killing, usually by knife or hammer. The large proportion of the horses go for butchery, but some go to the bull-fights, while others are bought for the unrestricted vivisection of foreign veterinary schools, where a horse a day is given over to relays of students, who perform upon it every possible operation without anæsthetics until death ends its tortures. Blind pit ponies have gone to that fate.

"Can anything be more hideous! Should not every member of The Theosophical Society feel that animals in his own environment are a part of his responsibility; that he must protect them, and that he must do all in his power to arouse sympathy for them?"

"There can be no question about that," the Ancient commented. "It reminds me of something that the Maha Chohan is reported to have felt about Mrs. Anna Kingsford, more than forty years ago: that she was almost unendurable, but that her love for animals compelled him to endure her. Perhaps this should leave a loop-hole for us!"

Again there was a pause. "Your minds, please!" requested the Recorder.

"I have something that may have escaped the notice of your readers, and that ought to interest them," said the Orientalist. "They must know, as it is, that one by one the 'sun-myths' of fifty years ago are being proved to have been living men, as Madame Blavatsky declared they were; but in a recent article by Herbert J. Spinden, of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, the Mexican 'god,' Quetzalcoatl, whose Mayan name was Kukulcan, is definitely added to the list. Native historians, for referring to him as a real man, who became a god after death, can no longer be treated with condescending pity.

"Instead of being an allegory of the seasons, Quetzalcoatl, which means 'Plumed Serpent' (an Adept), is now said to have reigned over Mexico for twenty-two years, with the year 1191 A.D. as about the half-way period of his reign. He was not only a great warrior, a wise administrator, an astronomer and mathematician, leader in the revival of the ancient Mayan learning, but was so devout that the Spanish priests who followed Cortes insisted that he must have been a Christian. He was bearded and wore a long priestly robe; he built houses of penance and spent long hours in meditation and prayer; he used incense, and would not permit human sacrifices: such things could be explained only on the ground that he was a Christian, or, if not, on the theory that the devil had inspired him to anticipate Christian practice in order to confuse men's minds in the future!"

"I wish we were in Switzerland, preferably at Vevey," suddenly exclaimed the Student. "New York is becoming worse and worse as a place to live in."

"What has that to do with Quetzalcoatl? And why don't you count your

blessings? It might be easier to live in Vevey, but it will certainly be still easier to die in New York."

The Student enjoyed that, particularly as he recognized its Gallic origin. "My remark," he said, "had no least connection with Quetzalcoatl, but I introduced it deliberately because, as a rule, the conversations reported in the 'Screen' are inhumanly consecutive and coherent. People never stick to one subject when conversing; and I'm determined to show the Recorder how to do it. For instance, in an ordinary conversation, I might have thrown out a remark like that about Vevey, and no one would have paid the slightest attention, unless to seize the opportunity, while I breathed, to interject a dissertation on some subject that concerned themselves. In the 'Screen,' the Recorder rarely if ever shows that anyone is interrupted, but my own impression is that I have never in my life been allowed to finish a remark without interruption."

This was too much, and a prolonged Oh! from the rest of us ought to have shamed him. Instead, he continued briskly:

"Which reminds me: have you read *With Lawrence in Arabia*, by Lowell Thomas? It is a war book, badly written, with much repetition, but entertaining reading for hot weather, and it shows that Lawrence, a man of action and of very remarkable action, is a thinker whose philosophy of life—and whose humour—would have made him feel at home at our Convention. The author quotes him as saying:

"There is no reason to expect from the Arabian movement any new development of law or economics. But Feisal has succeeded in restating forcibly the vital doctrine of the Semites, Other Worldliness; and his ideals will have a profound effect on the growing nationalist movements in Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Palestine, which are the present homes of Semitic political life.

"It is like watching the waves of the Atlantic coming in and breaking themselves against the cliffs of the west coast of Ireland. To look at them you would say the cliffs were made of iron, and the waves quite futile. But when you study a map you see that the whole coast is torn open by the wearing of the sea, and you realize that it is only a matter of time before there will cease to be an Irish question. In the same way the successive Semitic protests against the material world may seem simply so much waste effort, but some day the Semitic conviction of the other world may roll unchecked over the place where this world has been.

"I rank Feisal's movement as one more protest against the utter uselessness of material things. I was only trying to help roll up the wave, which came to its crest and toppled over when we took Damascus. It was just rolling up the Arabs in a tremendous effort and joining the whole nation together in pursuit of an ideal object that had no practical shape or value. We were expressing our entire contempt for the material pursuits exalted by others, from money-making to making statues."

"On another occasion, in the desert, Lawrence remarked to the author:

"When you can understand the point of view of another race, you are a civilized being. I think that England (out of sheer conceit, and not because of any inherent virtue in my countrymen) has been less guilty in its contacts than other nations. We do not wish other people to be like us, or to conform to our customs, because we regard imitation of ourselves as blasphemous."

"That last touch is delightful," said the Englishman. "I must say for those of my countrymen who are civilized, that they have a genius for laughing at themselves. When an American criticizes America, he is inclined to be savage; and when a Frenchman criticizes France, he is distracted,—in that case, because of the intensity of his love."

"Speaking of England reminds me that we have two questions from there which ought to be answered. The first, about the nature and purposes of God, would need a rather long answer. I am afraid we shall have to postpone it until our next meeting. The second reads as follows:

"The modern leaders in Theosophical thought appear to regard the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist as very erroneous, yet they hail as truly enlightened souls the great mediæval saints who accepted that doctrine. Can it be that these saints, many of whom seem to have been directly taught by their Divine Master, were suffered to remain deplorably mistaken about transubstantiation? Who can decide when Adepts disagree?"

"Will the Philosopher volunteer?"

"It is one thing to volunteer a reply, and quite another thing to satisfy the questioner!" the Philosopher answered. "I shall not attempt to do that, however, because a complete answer would involve the teaching of the Mysteries. Transubstantiation is the work of Adepts, impossible to perform until Kama has been wholly *retrieved* by Buddhi. Just as the doctrine of Reincarnation has been perverted and materialized in many parts of the world, where it now survives only as a belief in Transmigration (a travesty), so the ancient occult doctrine of transubstantiation has been perverted and materialized until it survives only in the belief (a travesty) that bread and wine can be transformed into the actual body and blood of Christ.

"That the great mediæval saints were not told by their Master, in so many words, that the doctrine of the Eucharist was a travesty of the truth, should not surprise anyone who has studied that Master's methods. Saint Vincent Ferrier, from 1399 to the time of his death, announced far and wide that the end of the world was at hand. He believed it with all his mind and heart, and thus turned thousands from anarchy and licentiousness to lives of decency and order. No ordinary appeal, in that age, would have had any effect. Yet Ferrier was mistaken in his belief: the end of the world was not at hand. If it was the duty of their Master to enlighten his saints on the subject of the Eucharist, why was it not his duty to enlighten Ferrier—a real saint—about his particular misconception? Or take, as further example, the Transfiguration as reported by Matthew in the seventeenth chapter of his Gospel: Peter

took it for granted that the two men who appeared with Jesus were Moses and Elias—the two most famous Israelites. A nice mess there would have been if Jesus had told him he was mistaken, and that the two men were Master—— and Master——! He would have created hopeless confusion in Peter's mind, needlessly; yet, for the sake of future generations (knowing, doubtless, that his words would mean nothing to those who then heard them), he went on to say that Elias had already come in the person of John the Baptist, implying, as clearly as possible, that Elias had *not* been one of the two strange men they had seen.

"It is easy enough, as I see it, to understand that situation; why should it be any more difficult to understand the same Master's reticence when it came to the fixed ideas and mental limitations of his later followers? Common sense should help us solve that phase of the problem. It is safe to assume, surely, that there are degrees of enlightenment. In the second place, it is safe to assume that just as in the intellectual world, one man may be a great mathematician, and another, a great chemist knowing very little about mathematics, so in the spiritual world one man may be more highly developed in one direction than in another. No student of Theosophy is likely to maintain that a St. Teresa or a St. Catherine of Siena, in her personal consciousness, possessed anything approaching the understanding of a chela even of low degree, such as Damodar, thirty years ago. They may have known as much of their Master's *heart* as he knew of his, but he certainly knew more of his Master's *mind*. Their limitation may have been a sacrifice made prior to incarnation to enable them to work in a difficult and narrow environment. If they had known more, their usefulness might have been seriously impaired. Apart from that, however, to have told them that their Church and priests were mistaken in their doctrine of the Eucharist would have been just as bewildering to them, as it would have been to have told Peter the facts about the two strange men of the Transfiguration. Even as it was, Peter's bewilderment may be guessed from Luke's phrase,—that he knew not what he said. Who can wonder, or blame him! And what could Peter have accomplished in later years if his mind had been full of what we now call Theosophy—if, for instance, he had known of other Masters—while unable to say a word of it to his followers, seeing that the time for it had not come!

"It is impossible to read the lives of the saints without being impressed by two facts: first, that they were fearless in telling the truth as they saw it, and second, that if they had seen an inch further, they would have been rejected entirely by their Church, and the whole object of their work would have been defeated. Think what would have happened to St. Teresa had she tried to tell her confessor that the Lord had shown her the error of 'transubstantiation'! The truth is that most of them were persecuted by their ecclesiastical superiors, even as it was, for views or actions supposed to have been heterodox.

"That, in any case, would be my answer, though I am afraid the questioner may not find it to his liking."

"Whether he likes your answer or not, I like his question," said the Ancient.

"It reminds me of the age of faith, when the problems of religion tore men's souls. Compare it, as a question, with those which harass the average man: how can he 'score a point' over his associates, and thus climb another step up the ladder of his ambition—social, professional or what not—without exposing himself to the shafts of criticism? How can he 'collect' from his customers without losing their patronage? How can he, on his small income, keep up appearances in the eyes of his neighbours? How can he conceal such and such a blunder from his employer? The desire for truth for truth's own sake, not from curiosity but as a fierce craving of the soul, as a passionate desire for the light, is rare in this age. It has been compared with the desire of a scientist for 'facts'; but the desire for so-called facts is totally different from the desire for understanding, and there are not many scientists to-day of the calibre of Darwin or Huxley who, while respecting facts, used them merely as aids to the understanding of universal problems. Few things, in my opinion, are more important on the path of discipleship than a genuine and disinterested determination to know the truth about everything which might affect our action or our judgments, and a readiness to pay the price, in time, energy and thought, which always must be paid before the truth can be found and assimilated. We should cultivate a reverence for the truth, in little things as in big. It is a characteristic of the Masters. Scrupulosity and carelessness are opposite poles of the same vice. Intellectual integrity—an open mind, an eager intellect, an honest heart—is a spiritual power, without which we must continue to wander, far from them, 'in the region of unlikeness.'"

T.

An obedience worthy of the name, demands always a more scrupulous observance than those demand who give us orders.—M. SÉMER.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

November 14th, 1915.

DEAR ———

You are doing well—so well that it would probably puzzle you if I told you how well. There are plenty of mistakes; plenty of misunderstandings, of yourself and of others; plenty of misconceptions; much self-distrust; and occasionally some discouragement: but in spite of all this, you have done and are doing very well. And that makes me very glad. I think I told you once that you were one of my comforts; and I have been feeling recently as if I hadn't many;—which shows how bad I have been.

Do not minimize the importance of little things. Your physical penances, as to diet, etc., are not unimportant, trivial; on the contrary, Heaven itself is gained by just such things. Learn, however, to raise these little practices up a plane: you do not need much purely physical discipline (we all need some), but you do need mental and moral discipline, and do not yet know how to control your thinking sufficiently to get real results from mental discipline. Try it. Instead of giving up butter, give up some form of thinking. You are already doing it, but perhaps not quite so consciously, or from this point of view.

Do try to open out more to others. I do not mean a more cordial manner, I mean a more cordial feeling. Others need it, and you need it. Let the feeling come first: otherwise you offend, for everyone pierces through a cordial manner, and discovers the lack of feeling, if there be a lack.

Sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

November 26th, 1915.

DEAR ———

In reply to your letter of November 21st, I am directed to say that, even if there were a small element of self-pity mixed with the motives which caused your emotion, that element is of no importance in comparison with the importance of your besetting sin, which is, as you know, lack of self-confidence, lack of trust in your own instincts and good sense.

With kind regards,
I am, faithfully,
C. A. GRISCOM.

November 27th, 1915.

DEAR ———

You have my warmest sympathy; I am sincerely sorry that you should suffer so much. But it is only right that you should try to see the fact, namely, that what you call your "personal feeling" is purely and inexcusably selfish.

You have been told this more than once already, but I repeat it. You will never win what you want to win from ——— until you have completely surrendered that loved one to the Master. And although this may sound terrifying, all it means, actually, is that your love should cease to be selfish. At present it is a sort of idolatry, and, against that, God and all of life and nature, are jealous. In other words, you, by your idolatry, erect an insuperable barrier between yourself and your object.

Remember that the Master seeks our happiness, and that he knows what we desire. He wants to give it to us, but only in the purified form that will make it permanent and us really happy. . . .

What you need to do is not to surrender your love for ———, but to surrender ———'s love for you. Think this over carefully, for it tells the whole story of where you go wrong.

With best wishes,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

Christmas Day, 1915.

DEAR ———

You have written me such a sweet letter that I do not want the day to pass without thanking you. But you, yourself, are your best gift to anyone who loves you. I have already told you that you have made me happy by your steady progress and improvement. I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not continually rejoice as I see you grow.

I hope the New Year will see a steady walk forward towards the realization of all your heart's desires. I am sure it will, for that is what you want, and that is what the Master wants.

I return the last two records. You are getting, one way or another, answers to all your questions, and quite as much as you can use, in the way of advice and direction.

So I shall end, as I began, with thanks for your note, and an expression of my warmest hopes for your coming year.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 1st, 1916.

DEAR ———

I return the letters you sent me.

I do not think you could have heard one thing that ——— said last night;—to this effect: •

We all have things in our own past, in this life or in some other, that make it very difficult for us to be severe with the sins and delinquencies of others, and to deal with them adequately. He said that to suppress such feelings was one of the sacrifices we must make.

That is half your point.

The other half is that there is no *need* for me—for us—to know more than we do, to know particulars; they do not matter. The past is past. A disciple's past, especially, is as if it had not been. It is resurrected, if at all, only for its lessons, and for the use that can be made of it, as an experience, to help others.

You are not looking at it from this point of view.

On the other hand, if the thing is a sore spot that needs ventilation or drainage, and you want to have it out, why go ahead. I am sure that ——— would be willing to listen.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 14th, 1916.

DEAR ———

I have read this with interest and appreciation. You are doing well. Incidentally, this is an admirable example of what such a report ought to be.

I am sorry we could not make a more accurate diagnosis of the pain to which you refer. In our talk, which was interrupted, I suggested to you several possible causes. In thinking it over, I am pretty sure it is only the pressure your own soul is putting on you at this time of crisis.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 16th, 1916.

DEAR ———

There are half a dozen ways of answering the question on the third page of your last record—about keeping one's eyes down. What is its purpose? Obviously to prevent the religious from having her attention distracted from inner, by outer things; to assist recollection; to give outer expression to humility. Which of these phases of the same practice do you want the opposite of, or the higher expression of? Select the phase, think a moment, and you can answer your own questioning.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

March 10, 1916.

DEAR ———

You are incorrigible! For years, and especially during these recent months, we have urged and scolded and pleaded with you to stop these self-depreciatory

thoughts; and now you bob up serenely with the worst one of all; for this particular attitude toward Church Festivals and Easter not only argues lack of faith in yourself, but lack of faith in the Master. If you were not so good I should say you were very bad! As it is, I shall relieve my feelings by saying that you are very silly.

Forget it, and have some plain, ordinary, everyday common sense. You do not have to be perfect to be tenderly loved by the Master, or by your fellows; therefore accept your limitations and failings, vigorously attacking those you know of, particularly this one, and go on cheerfully, determined to conquer them and yourself, and especially to eschew all morbid, depressing, discouraging and self-depreciating thoughts.

You should read *Sœur Thérèse de Lisieux*, again and again. If you could really feel as little and as insignificant as she did, and could learn to rejoice in your nothingness, your heart would scarcely be able to contain your joy.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

March 20th, 1916.

DEAR ———

I return your record, with comments on your questions. I have not attempted to deal with your other inquiries, partly because they were more comments than real questions, and partly because you must learn to decide most points for yourself. If your desire, your motive is all right, as I think it is, usually,—it does not very much matter what particular action you take in many of these cases.

By all means, keep at your besetting sin. You will find it cropping out in strange places, as for instance, in asking questions about things you can decide perfectly for yourself. That does *not* mean that you are not to ask questions. I am glad to have you ask questions.

With best wishes,

As always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

October 10th, 1916.

DEAR ———

In comment upon your report for the period ending September 30th, I am directed to write you as follows:—

The object of formal prayer is to open the heart; therefore if in the midst of some formal prayer, the heart involuntarily turns, with some special comment or need quite its own, to the Master, that impulse should be obeyed, and then the prayer resumed.

The need of regular formal prayer becomes plain to us in periods of dryness, when the fountains of the heart cease flowing, and we realize the dust of which

mind and body are made. Then the habit of formal prayer is our refuge and our safety; and in time, by its help, the fountains flow again,—will and determination, combined with faithfulness, clearing away the debris which checked the streams of living water.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 6th, 1916.

DEAR ———

In your last report you bitterly lament that having been directed to speak frankly to one of your fellows, for the good of that fellow student, you could not carry out the assignment because you had nothing to say.

You are literally seething with things in your mind about that student: criticisms, if you like, for most of them are critical; and then you calmly announce that your trouble is not in saying things, but in having nothing to say!

You do not seem to make the connection;—you hunt around for some kind of thing which you imagine you ought to be thinking and that would sound well if spoken, and you ignore the criticisms you have been full of, and have been aching to express to anyone who would listen to you.

Get them out. Some of them you will be ashamed of when they get into the light; others will be of help. In either event, good will be done.

As always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

P. S. You are doing very well and do not need "talks."

November 23rd, 1916.

DEAR ———

By all means speak to the friend you mention, about ridding your mind of criticism of ———, and anyone or everyone else. Show him my letter if you like.

I return some recent and very nice records. I am glad to be privileged to see them. You are doing well. Go ahead.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

December 20th, 1916.

DEAR ———

I have read your recent report with interest. Point No. 1—that you are not doing your job at ——— properly. This is just "mental stewing."

We do not, any of us, do anything perfectly, but subject to this general limitation you are doing splendidly, and we are proud of you.

Point No. 2—about the position you hold. This is half a joke. I never knew one in that position who felt competent for the job. What kind of a one would you make if you did think yourself ideal? There is a good deal of "mental stewing" about this also.

3rd Point—being —— and wearing a habit. You say you "cannot get the feeling of it." That is the point: before positive outward steps are taken, you must have the feeling, in and of yourself, quite independently of any other person whatsoever. The *desire* to feel you have, undoubtedly, (the "wishing to be willing"), but you must have the feeling itself, want things for themselves.

Lack of imagination is one of your great barriers. I think —— told you that long ago; I know I have. Did not —— suggest that you read poetry and fairy tales? Imagination is the creative faculty.

You are really a "good child" doing very well, and must not be discouraged because you are not perfect in all particulars! We are not. (Not discouraged, I mean!)

With kind regards,

As always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

January 3rd, 1917.

DEAR ——

Have you any objections to my showing your last record to ——? I am confident that it would interest her, and I am hopeful that she might be willing to talk to you about some of the misunderstandings which the record shows. You are fighting windmills, and that is a pity.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 19th, 1917.

DEAR ——

I have no objections to your doing any or all of your list of penances. I have no suggestions of my own to offer. As a general rule it is wise to select penances that will lead the way to good permanent habits, not just things to do during Lent.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

January 17th, 1917.

DEAR ———

* * * * *

The Master is fighting the evil in the world; sometimes as personified in actual representatives of the Black Lodge, sometimes the general mass of evil in the human atmosphere; sometimes concrete evil in individuals, as their faults and weaknesses allow the other two to work through them.

We are the instruments he uses in this fight,—among others. Every human being who tries at all to be good is one of his weapons. When we actually and consciously volunteer for the fight, of course he uses us still more definitely and directly, even though he knows that we really do not understand what we are doing, and even though he knows that he will have to put up with our complaints that the service is too hard, and that we are called upon to suffer more than we can bear. So far as I know, *everyone* does this; but we never are called upon to suffer more than we can bear, or to do more difficult things than we can.

Again;—the marvellous wisdom of the Master is shown constantly by his use of available instruments in that part of the battlefield where they will get the kind of experience, the character of service which they need for their own development: therefore we know that we are not only fighting his enemies, but we are also fighting our own lower nature; and that keeps us humble, keeps us from ever really taking refuge behind the thought that we are called upon to fight an uneven fight, asked to do too much, given too hard tasks,—no matter how much our minds may occasionally play with such thoughts. Of course we ought not to permit such thoughts, and "*thinking as if*," or "*accordingly*," is our safety here.

Still another thing: your real self is perpetually leaning on the Master; you know no other life than one based on this, and are so used to it that you do not recognize the fact. What you want is that your lower self, your weak side, should feel his supporting arms. Well, it never will, because that is not the part of you he sustains.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR ———

March 5th, 1917.

* * * * *

I am glad to see that in the more important matters you are doing so well and being so sensible. We shall have that curious, twisted nature of yours untangled yet, if you are not careful!

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.



REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Morning Session

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order at 10:30 A.M. on Saturday, April 25th, 1925, at 64 Washington Mews, New York, by the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston. Temporary organization was effected by the election of Mr. Johnston as Temporary Chairman of the Convention, Miss Isabel E. Perkins as Temporary Secretary, and Miss Julia Chickering as Assistant Secretary. The first business of the Convention being to determine what Branches of the Society were duly represented, either by delegates or proxies,—it was moved and seconded that the Chair appoint a Committee on Credentials, with instructions to report as soon as practicable. The Committee appointed was: Professor Henry Bedinger Mitchell, Treasurer T. S.; Miss Perkins, Secretary T. S.; Miss Martha E. Youngs, Assistant Treasurer.

ADDRESS OF THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN

MR. JOHNSTON: While the Committee on Credentials is performing its duties, it is the privilege and the very genuine happiness of the Temporary Chairman to bid all delegates and members welcome. In fact we all welcome each other, with warm hearts and with rejoicing. A year ago, and two years ago, much was said about the fact that The Theosophical Society is completing its fiftieth year. The fiftieth year will really be completed—the Society will reach its fiftieth anniversary—on November 17th of this year. Nevertheless, I think it is not too soon to congratulate the Society on its fiftieth birthday, and to wish it very many happy returns of the day,—not less, at any rate, than fifty happy returns, which will bring us to 1975. This is an attainment upon which not only we, as members of The Theosophical Society, but the whole world, are to be most sincerely congratulated,—a spiritual attainment of immense significance for the present and for the future; something which has never been accomplished before in all past centuries of our civilization. Therefore there is the deep joy of attainment,—which should remind us that we have not yet reached the goal. We are half way round the course. There are still fifty years to run, and we should be wise to remember that, if we have won the war, we must take good care to win the peace also, and to secure every step of the way.

I was reading, just before coming here, the last pages of *The Key to Theosophy*, in which Madame Blavatsky speaks of the future of The Theosophical Society. Splendid pages! Splendid hopes! Splendid foreseeing of the future! I think every one of us would do well to study these last pages thoroughly, between now and the 17th of November, and to visualize clearly the way that is before us and the splendour of the goal. The last words of Madame Blavatsky's forecast are that if The Theosophical Society really fulfils its duty and its mission,—in the twenty-first century this earth will be a heaven compared with what it is now. Our

best preparation, therefore, is to make this a great Convention,—great in devotion, great in determination, great in unity, great in aspiration, and great, perhaps most of all, in gratitude for the help which is ceaselessly given us by the real Heads and Founders of the Theosophical Movement. Every one here, and every other member, shall and must contribute,—not so much with the words of our lips as with the meditations of our hearts—our earnestness, our selflessness, our devotion—everyone must contribute to make this the greatest Convention The Theosophical Society has ever had. Welcome, therefore. All joy for the future.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: On behalf of the Committee on Credentials, I beg to report that there are represented here to-day nineteen branches from six different countries, entitled to cast an even hundred votes. The Branches thus represented are:

Altagracia, Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela	Krishna, South Shields, England
Aussig, Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia	Middletown, Middletown, Ohio
Blavatsky, Whitley Bay, England	Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio	New York, New York, N. Y.
Hope, Providence, Rhode Island	Norfolk, Norfolk, England
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana	Pacific, Los Angeles, California
Jehoshua, San Fernando de Apure, Venezuela	Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
W. Q. Judge, Gateshead, England	Toronto, Toronto, Canada
Karma, Oslo, Norway	Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela
	Virya, Denver, Colorado

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

The status of the Convention and the representation of the various Branches having been determined, the next business was the permanent organization of the Convention. Professor Mitchell, President of the New York Branch, was nominated and duly elected as Permanent Chairman of the Convention, and took the Chair.

ADDRESS OF THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN

THE CHAIRMAN: One fact stands forth above all others in our thought and hearts to-day—the fact that The Theosophical Society has lived for fifty years,—that for a full quarter of a century the Lodge force has had an entrance into the world in a cyclic phase which has been impervious to it throughout all the past. It is something wholly new in the history of mankind. What has been the result? How are we to interpret the present time? What must be our aim and work for the future? These are the vital questions which we should consider to-day.

It would be hard to find in history another twenty-five years in which so rapid and profound a change has been wrought as that which we have seen since the opening of the present century. Look where we will—to science or religion, to literature or art, to the home or to business, to personal manners or public policies, to internal government or to international relations,—in all, the old order has passed away, all are in process of transformation, feeling a new stimulus, responsive to new forces.

It is not the world war which precipitated these forces. They were operative and in evidence for fourteen years before the war broke out. The war was an effect and not a cause. The cause itself was the entrance into the world of the new currents of the Lodge force. It is as though one poured a mountain stream into a stagnant pond. Everything would be changed. The mud, the rotting weeds, the decomposing refuse of the years, would be cast up from the bottom, would boil and eddy on the surface, as the water rose to find an outlet, and ulti-

mately would be cast forth upon the banks,—no longer to pollute the water, but to fertilize the earth in their decay.

It has been said that in a garden and in the nursery every principle of the inner life is illustrated and every occult truth revealed. Let me then use an illustration which was used to me, and which I found illuminating, interpreting the world about us by means of the age-old parable of the gardener and his garden, the "husbandman" and his "vineyard," thinking of the world as a fallow field, newly opened to the gardener, to be tended and made fruitful. Let us remember, too, that "a year of the gods is equal to a hundred years of mortals," so that, in this "year of the gods" we have now reached the vernal equinox, the very early spring, and the twenty-five years from the beginning of the century represent the months from the winter solstice. What is it that a garden shows us then?

It is the time for the enriching of the soil. Over all the surface, fertilizer is spread—manure, bone-meal and lime, compost with dead leaves, the decaying waste from a former growth which has bloomed and died. It is not a lovely sight. It is foul to every sense. But under the spring sun and rains it decomposes, and as the frost comes out of the ground, leaving the earth soft and permeable, fertilizing elements are drawn down, and worked upon by the earth's secret, purifying alchemy, until they are transformed into rich food for the growth that is to be.

We have, in that, a picture of our present time. We shall do well to dwell upon it. All about us, the new life currents from the Lodge have stirred our civilization to its dregs, casting up and spreading on the surface the decaying, decomposing products of the past, whose use and destiny is but to enrich the soil for future generations. They lie there for their brief allotted time, while sun and rain work their work upon them, until the gardener comes and ploughs them under.

Let us recall what we know of the great law of cycles, and that the early spring marks the movement of the life forces into matter, unlocking the hidden energies of nature, so that each sleeping seed and root awakes and presses up and outward to manifest itself according to its kind. Whatsoever thing the Lodge force touches, it quickens and intensifies. (When it kills—as kill it may and does—it kills by excess of life, quickening evil till it destroys itself.) Touching and mingling with this springtime current, the force of the Lodge intensifies it a thousand times. Never before in the history of the world has man been set so free to manifest the thing he is.

We have spoken often in these Conventions of the work of The Theosophical Society in breaking down the hard encasements that confined the religious and scientific thought of the past century. To-day the shells are shattered and cast aside. The aspirations of the mind and of the heart, for their own truths in science and religion, have been alike set free. We are right to see in this an evidence of the success of the Theosophical Movement, but we are of strangely narrow vision and dull of understanding if we see no more than this. We cannot claim the credit and disown the debt. Not only good but evil has been freed from external restraint,—the ambitions and envies, the desires and hates, the sloth and vulgarities of the dregs of the lower nature, no less than the aspirations of the higher. Never before has the compulsion of external nature and of circumstance pressed so lightly upon men. Never before has there been such widespread wealth, such leisure, such possibility for self-indulgence of whatever kind. Whatsoever thing is in a man's heart and nature, that thing he can act out in the world to-day, less hindered by external obstacles—whether of tradition or public opinion, poverty or the pressure of the necessities of life—than in any past age which history records. This, too, is fundamentally due to the Theosophical Movement,—to the fact that it was carried over the end of the century, and has worked for these twenty-five years in a cycle it never entered before. The gardener has manured his field.

As in ancient Egypt the fertility of the soil was due to the seasonal overflowing of the Nile, and the depositing of its silt upon the fields along its banks, so in the world to-day there is the overflowing of the greater Nile—of which the river is perhaps but a symbol.

Can we see, a little more clearly now, where and how we stand, and what the effects of the work have so far been? It has been said that the only right of the disciple is the right to be

tried—to be aided to reveal what he is, and to become what he wills to become. Every divine power is of necessity a divine judge. Every opportunity judges us according to the use we make of it. So it is that the unparalleled opportunities that are now open to men make of to-day a crucial day of judgment. There is none to stop us if we choose to cast our lot with the world—to surrender to the vulgarity, the cheapness, the self-indulgence, that we see all about us, to find our pleasure in its pleasures, to bask with it on the surface of life's fields, in the spring sunshine. We may do so if that be what we are, or wish to be. But let us face the facts with open eyes: if that be our choice, we shall be judged by it; we shall live but to manure the ground for what comes after us. We shall have our brief day in which to rot with the decaying waste from the past, and then—we shall be ploughed under, to serve the one use for which we are fit, to enrich the soil for something sound and vital.

At this time, more than at any other period of the cycle, therefore, the opposition between the inner and the outer world is most sharply drawn and direct. In the very early spring, it is not life that is found upon the surface, but death and decay—the waste that must be resolved again into its elements.

Therefore, if we are to draw from the garden an understanding of the spiritual principles which apply to our present need, the lesson it teaches is that, if we would live and not die, if we would continue to exist in the future, as part of the new growth that the gardener plants and tends, we must keep ourselves aloof from what lies about us in the world. Our work, our thought, our hope and interest, must centre in the inner world—not in the outer. We must live from the depths of our hearts and souls, where, as in the buried seed, we should feel the spring stirring. It is there that we must find our ideals and standards; and it is from there that we must live them forth.

I am concerned to make this lesson as sharp and clear as I am able to draw it. I would emphasize in every way our need to set our faces like flint against the present tendencies of the world—so that, if "everyone is doing it," our first and instinctive reaction shall be, "then I must not do it." I would drive home the necessity of imposing restraint upon ourselves, now that the world's restraints are lifted. There is no power without restraint, no form, no stability, no lasting life,—without it there is only disintegration. Therefore let me approach this need from another point of view and make, if I may, another appeal.

There can be none here to-day, I think, who is not conscious of a deep and lasting debt for what Theosophy and the Theosophical Movement have done for and given to him. We have been told that the Lodge was by no means a unit in its decision to make the popular appeal which was initiated in the last century, opening Theosophy to the multitude, breaking down barriers for the wise and the foolish alike. When we look back over the past twenty-five years, as we have just done, we can easily see why there should have been divergence of opinion—though once the decision was reached there was complete unity of action. Every use of spiritual power must be a two-edged sword; cleaving a way forward if it be driven forward, but wounding him who wields it if it be driven back. It must be so—and we can see how clearly it is so—with our Movement. Its success brings war, a challenging summons to evil, as well as the evocation of the good,—war of which the world war was but a shadow. That war is here and now,—in the inner world of causes, in your heart and nature and in mine, and in the heart and nature of the whole of our civilization and the world. The Masters foresaw that war. They knew it must be precipitated when the Movement was carried into the new cycle.

"What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

Do we realize that it is on us—on our ability to hold firm—that the issue of that war depends? Do we realize that if we fail, if we surrender to the world, then the very success of these past twenty-five years will be turned back like a sword against the Lodge?

Sometimes we counsel one another to have faith—faith in the great Lodge of Masters—and, to our shame be it said, there are dark times when in our pitiable cowardice we have needed that counsel. Do we think of the heroic faith the Lodge has placed in us—staking the

issue of this war on us—letting licence rise so that the human spirit may be freed, if only we stand firm? How are we to meet that faith?

But I have said enough of this. It is not by words that we shall be moved to the resolution that we need. Our resolve must be founded on clear vision of the facts. Let us come back then to our simile of the garden in the springtime, and let us use it now to look forward to what must lie ahead, remembering that the parallel applies not only to the world at large but to our own natures as well—to each individual heart and life.

The fertilizer will have been ploughed under; the soil enriched. In that rich soil there must be growth. It is impossible to keep it empty. If there be not good seed sown, then the seed of weeds left in the manure, or carried by the winds, will sprout and fill it.

We can take it that the seed has been sown in us. We know that Theosophy has been implanted deep within us. The gardener has cared for that. It will grow if we will let it; if we will keep the beds weeded, cultivated, watered. And this must be our work in the years ahead—for our own natures and for the world as a whole. If one bed be left full of weeds, the winds will spread their seed throughout the whole garden. We cannot live to ourselves—nor die to ourselves. We must be part of the whole, part of the living nucleus which The Theosophical Society is to form.

We shall understand the future if we really understand the present. I come back to that as our great and pressing need—that we should learn to see the present with the eyes of the Lodge—with the eyes of the gardener looking on his garden, working with nature, not against it, using decay to foster growth, fertilizing, ploughing, planting, tending and reaping, each in its season. There are those to whom the world appeals—perhaps there is something in each one of us to which it appeals, if we permit ourselves to listen to it. We must not permit ourselves to listen. There are those to whom it does not appeal, who see its vulgarity and cheapness and decadence, and yet, through sloth or cowardice, would yield to it, accept it as it is, conform to it as the “easiest way.” It is the way of death. That which is uppermost in the world to-day is that which we must plough under in our natures. It must be disintegrated, transformed and purified in its disintegration.

There is yet a third class, who resent the present, with bitterness and a kind of snarling peevishness that comes from their sense of impotence to alter it. They are as unwise as are the others, and as blind. The garden must be fertilized—this foulness must be spread upon the surface that it may be decomposed and return again to the soil. It is this for which it is alone useful; and for this it is being used. When this is realized, futile peevishness will fall away, and in its place will rise an understanding, patient, and unswerving will to make our own lives fit to serve another end than merely to manure the ground in our decay. We take our place beside the gardener, and, watching him, learn how to live.

This, I submit, is the lesson of the present time. There are but two ways by which living things do live. We find each in our gardens. The one way is the way of the annual. It shoots up from the seed, has its brief time of bloom and seed-bearing, then drops its seed and dies. Its stalk, its leaves, its roots, all that it has been, decay and return again to their elements—all but the seed, which waits the coming of the new season, when it may begin again from the same beginning, to repeat the cycle as before. There is no gain—no increment added, save the increment of numbers—nothing but the return to the soil in its decay of that which it drew from the soil in life. We may live in this way if we will. But there is another way—the way not of the annual but of the perennial—where the roots keep their hold through the winter, where tender stalks harden into wood, and hold themselves up above the earth, not stooping to the dead and rotting things that lie around their feet. In this way each year's growth is added to the last, begins where the last left off. This way, too, is open to us. It is for each man to choose.

Following this address, the Chairman expressed, on behalf of the Convention, hearty thanks to the Temporary officers, and asked that the permanent organization be completed. Miss Perkins was duly elected Permanent Secretary of the Convention, and Miss Chickering Assistant Secretary. It was then moved, seconded and carried that the Chair

appoint the usual committees: a Committee on Nominations; a Committee on Resolutions; a Committee on Letters of Greeting. Reports from the officers of the Society were thereupon called for, beginning with that of the Executive Committee, for which, as its chairman, Mr. Johnston was first asked to speak.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. JOHNSTON: Mr. Chairman, Delegates, and Fellow Members: The report of the Executive Committee will be brief. There have been no stirring outer events in the Society,—in that direction there is nothing to report—for which we are duly grateful. But the occasion is an opportune one to say something about the Executive Committee itself,—the principle on which it is organized. A good many years ago—perhaps twenty years ago—the Executive Committee was appointed from year to year. Technically, it went out of office on the morning of the Convention, and a new Committee was elected some time during the afternoon, so that for several hours there was no Executive Committee in being. I had thought of various ways of illustrating the non-continuity which that implies. The Chairman has given us an illustration—the Executive Committee was an annual flower, with all the perils which that involves. In reality, it meant a lack of continuity in the organism of the Society. The spinal vertebræ went out of commission on the morning of the Convention, and were only re-developed on the evening of the Convention. And it seemed to members at that time that this was an insecure situation, and one wrong in principle, since continuity is so vital to the life of the Society,—and all that that means has been very forcibly and penetratingly put before us in the last hour. Therefore the plan was devised of having two-thirds of the Executive Committee always in office—one-third coming up for election each year and two-thirds remaining in office. That principle of continuity is a vital element, therefore, and should serve to make us realize how important continuity is for the Society and for our whole Movement. The responsibility of continued organic life is not confined to the Executive Committee. It rests on every member of The Theosophical Society, and every member should take it to heart that he or she really has a plenary responsibility for the future life, as for the present vitality, of the Theosophical Movement. It depends on every member whether we shall reach 1975 in the right condition. No member can escape the responsibility. We must know our past, we must know our eternal principles in order that we may know and attain our eternal future. So that the principle of the Executive Committee on which I wish to report and which I wish to emphasize to every member here, is the principle of continuity. It is for all members, for each one of us—we are all fully responsible—to hold the Movement in the line to which it must hold, if we are to attain our goal.

MR. HARGROVE: This is an occasion, I think, on which the Executive Committee should perform an especial function. It represents the Convention between Conventions, and although it would be difficult, and indeed impossible, completely to voice your thought and feeling to-day, one can at least try to do so. I think the first feeling with which you entered this room probably was: Well, here I am—here we are,—and then a feeling of thanksgiving, of inexpressible gratitude that we *are* here; gratitude to those, both seen and unseen, present here to-day, who have dragged us, pushed us, persuaded us, won us, so that here we are; gratitude that it would be impossible to express in words, gratitude which the soul alone can utter. First and foremost, in the nature of things, gratitude to H. P. B., to Judge—because without them there would be no Theosophical Society, and we should have no knowledge of Theosophy. But then, naturally, we think of others—properly we think of others. It would not do to speak of the living, but the truth of the matter as I see it is that The Theosophical Society as such could not have existed to-day if it had not been for the rock-like fidelity of Mr. Griscom. Our debt is immense also to Mrs. Keightley (Jasper Niemand)—yes, and to the long list of the dead, all of whom contributed, to all of whom our thoughts inevitably turn on this the fiftieth anniversary of the Society's foundation.

We see here old members who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and we see quite

young members also. I can assure those younger members that there will be no dispute at the end of the day, when that time comes, over the wages! You will not be grudging your equal pay for briefer years of toil. On the contrary, the older members, if they knew how, would cause you to be doubly rewarded,—so great is their gratitude for your efforts and for your trust. It may be, of course, that your days will be just as long as those of the oldest member among us,—just as long, but I hope not any harder!

I said "Here we are," which was an easy and rather obvious thing to say; but the question is, where are we? And to answer that it will be helpful, perhaps, to use a figure of speech. We may think, then, of the Lodge of Masters as having besieged a walled city, century after century,—a walled city full of enemy forces, and, within it, held captive, the Heart of the World. For ages that city has been besieged, and although we speak of the efforts in past centuries as having failed, let us remember that the Movement in this century could not have succeeded except for those past movements, except for the sacrifices of those who failed. We ascend to-day on the bones of the past. We ascend to-day because of the blood and the sweat poured forth by those who toiled and—failed. Should not this remind us that failure itself may be victory?

Thinking, then, of the age-long movement in those terms, what was the situation in 1875? The Lodge was confronted by an outer wall, never yet surmounted, and, within that, by a series of walls and battlements—let us say four great walls in all; and, in the inmost citadel, captive and bewildered, the Heart of the World. At the end of the first twenty-five year period, we can think of the first of those walls as having been captured, and that now, to-day, having reached the summit of the second great wall, we stand gazing down before us—a moment's pause to recover our breath—the critical moment, "the mother of centuries." Pushed or lifted or pulled to the top of this wall, looking down before us, should we rest content with our achievement? Truly we have scaled a terrific obstacle, every member, the youngest, and the least, a link or a rung in the ladder of our ascent. A victory. Yes! But no quarter is given in this war; we must advance or face destruction as we retreat, hemmed in and no longer free to manoeuvre. Beyond us, other walls to be scaled, and dark and noisome streets, blind alleys, full of hostile troops—full of illusion, full of evil—into which we must plunge once more, and fight.

You would not desert your leaders, leaving them stranded on the height attained—our old leaders, H. P. B. and Judge, the same to-day as yesterday. We cannot desert them. We must follow and continue to follow, and, instead of feeling to-day that the work is done, we must feel,—So far, good! *So far*, thank heaven; and now Forward and prepare for the consequences! Risk? Of course there is risk. That is what we are here for.

A symbol, of course: yet it may help to express the realization of those who are present at this Convention. Not one of you is shouting victory. Every one of you feels the weight of his responsibility; every one of you feels his danger, and every one of you thanks God for it, seeing that danger is also our opportunity. So let us move onward, looking back at the depths behind us, forward to the depths beneath,—but also and for ever looking upward to those who lead and to the Light which leads.

In Professor Mitchell's opening address, he explained to us—profoundly, as you will see when you have an opportunity to read it, basing his explanation upon the deepest truths of Theosophy—he explained to us something of the conditions that we confront, and why it is that the state of the world as we see it around us, the decay manifest in so many different directions, is not only a necessary but potentially a fruitful condition. (And let me remind you at this point that it is Theosophy and Theosophy alone that explains the facts of life, and that shows even in disease the means of cure.) He pointed out that our individual salvation, and that the salvation of The Theosophical Society itself, depends first and foremost upon our ability to recognize decay as decay, immorality as immorality, folly as folly, and then upon our ability to see modern life as an inevitable upheaval and disintegration, or as so much compost in which the life of the spirit should grow. At all costs we must keep ourselves apart from that decay, not only rejecting it in a negative sense—in the sense of refusing to be drawn down into it, and of becoming a part of such rottenness,—but in the positive sense of devoting our

lives to its destruction. You cannot make compost out of live tadpoles. Whether in yourself or in the world, the tadpoles must be killed; and we must kill, in so far as we are able, the glamour of the world's putrescence, the glamour of its seething, morbid vitality, first in our own eyes, and then in the eyes of those who are *willing* to see it for what it is.

Let me illustrate what we mean when speaking of the evils so intensely alive to-day with the life of disintegration. Consider what ought to be the sanctity of the home, the sanctity of marriage,—of marriage based as it is upon a vow, a pledged word, and sacred because of the obligation thus assumed toward the soul, toward society, toward possible offspring. We know how that pledged word is disregarded, and we know the reason,—namely, that happiness is assumed to be the primary purpose of life. And happiness is not the object of life; pleasure is not the object of life: if they were, then of course the light treatment of marriage to-day would be justified, for nothing would be sacred except happiness. Think, however, of the things that we know should come before happiness,—honour, self-respect, decency, a pledged word, and a host of other considerations. Further, there is a crude misunderstanding of love. Love is supposed to be synonymous with happiness, with human, personal happiness; but for thousands of years the Wise have taught (as in the *Nârada Sâtra*), that "Love cannot be made to fulfil desires, for its nature is renunciation." If you were to announce that at the average marriage service, the bride and bridegroom would disintegrate! It is the opposite of the modern view,—and Theosophy does not accept the modern view. Members of the Society cling to that which is real, and not to that which is unreal. They do not believe that it is happiness which ought to be worshipped, but that honour, righteousness, nobility, and, above all, love in the real and deep sense, are things which the Lodge itself reveres. Of course, once the path of chelaship is entered, such things as marriage are left behind; but this does not mean that the Society leaves them behind or can afford to ignore them, and when marriage is held cheaply and the sanctity of the home ceases to be recognized, it becomes our duty to proclaim that which is true and to protest against that which is false.

Think also of modern education,—of education without religion. Its result can only be to make evil that much more intelligent; self-indulgence, that much more imaginative and acute. Surely we, as members of the Society, should plead for the religious instruction of children; should insist that education must be based upon religion,—not upon sectarian religion, but upon broad religious principles which include reverence for that which is above and beyond the confines of a merely human life.

It would be impossible, however, to list the forms which our modern upheaval takes. Each one of us, perhaps, has his special detestation, and whether in the field of art or of literature or of social practice, there is ample scope for choice! We must realize, of course, that it is just as easy to adopt a wrong attitude toward evil as it is to adopt a right one. To enter into it and to share it—which would mean spiritual death—would be terrible; but it would be almost as bad to fall into a habit of sour and bitter disapproval. Few things are sadder or more tragic than what is commonly called the disillusionment of old age; and yet, as we grow older, we ought to become *rightly* disillusioned. Youth is supposed to be, and often is, the victim of illusions; and sometimes one wishes, really from the depths of one's heart, that one could share one's own experience with youth. It is not easy to do so, for youth is inclined to be confident, and perhaps sceptical, while I suppose there is often an element of curiosity in youth, which says to itself, Even if they *do* know, I want to taste the thing for myself and find out! When that attitude is adopted—when, in other words, there is refusal to learn from the past—I do not know of any remedy except increasing bitterness of experience, pray, as one must, to be able to save youth from it.

But now to come back to age: need it, should it be a blight, either on ourselves or others? Clearly not. Age should become disillusioned delightedly, because every day ought to bring new perceptions, new joys, and new heights and depths of love. Instead of feeling: I am growing old and am leaving the joys of life behind,—there ought to be the gladness of knowing: I am gradually escaping from the world's glamour, and from the misery of the world's unrest. That in any case is the ideal to keep before us,—because some of us are growing older, and there is no escape from it!

Whether old or young, the only way to live profitably—thinking again of Professor Mitchell's most illuminating analogy—is to study the ways of growth. Seed is planted in soil enriched by decomposing vegetable, animal and mineral substances; but it needs more than manure to make growth: it needs sunshine and it needs rain. Without the light of the spiritual sun our hearts would die. The soul lives on hope, and on admiration for that to which it aspires. At the last Convention, Ruskin was quoted as saying: "Exactly in the degree in which you can find creatures greater than yourself, to look up to, in that degree you are ennobled yourself, and, in that degree, happy." True words, because love is Jiva, love is life, and love makes all things new. We must look up if we would grow; we must open our hearts to the spiritual sun. Miserable is the man who can only look down. Just to live we must look up,—must admire, must worship, must long for that which is above and beyond us, and, praise heaven, unattainable (for are there not depths for ever within depths?). If The Theosophical Society were to adopt an attitude of mere criticism, in the destructive sense, it would be suicidal; but it cannot do that, because it stands before the Lodge, gazing into the eyes of Masters, looking up with reverence and love. For that reason it must survive, it must grow, it must push forward and ever forward, drawn irresistibly by worship of the Eternal.

Disapproval must spring from the contrast of hideousness with intended and possible beauty. We must know that the beauty exists; we must see it, with the eyes of faith if not with the eyes of vision; we must love and desire it; and wherever we see evil in the world around us, we must also see that of which the evil is a perversion. To see the real behind the unreal, to see the Eternal in the transitory, to see the soul in the personality, is to live and not to die. It is on these things that we, as students of Theosophy, should meditate, laying our hearts open to the sunlight of the spiritual world, that the life around us, in its turn, may feel the pure knife-blade of the spirit, piercing its darkness and slaying its evil, that that which was sown in corruption may be raised in incorruption, and that death may be swallowed up in victory.

As to the waters: you know that they symbolize the real psychic nature; the best of the emotional nature. These too must be released; yet the main thing is the spiritual sunlight, reaching us from the Lodge.

At the Convention of 1923, much was made of the analogy of the ark,—the "ark of the covenant." In one sense, the Lodge is the ark of the world, preserving for us our birthright. On another plane, The Theosophical Society itself should serve the same purpose, preserving from the raging of the elements, from the flood of psychic illusion, all that is best in life and that has come down to us as the result of millenniums of evolution; preserving the ideals of the Lodge as we have been given them; preserving the ancient truths, preserving right standards, preserving hope. That being the function of The Theosophical Society, it should also be the function of each of its members, however situated, whatever our walk in life may be. No easy task! It may sometimes require great courage, particularly if you are still so young, either in years or in experience, as to be afraid of the opinion of your contemporaries, afraid of being laughed at, afraid, if I may be blunt, of the disapprobation of idiots. It will need courage,—not the courage of egotism, of self-assertion, of self-righteousness, but the courage of simple conviction, able to stand alone, loving what is right so truly and deeply that, in comparison with such love, the opinion of the world becomes a matter of indifference. Take, for instance, the difficulties of a young man at college,—a student of Theosophy. His fellows do certain things which he knows are wrong, and which, if not positively evil, he feels are hostile to the spirit of Theosophy. It does not mean that he is required to preach Theosophy, but, looking to his own soul and remembering the existence of the Masters, he refuses to participate, the rectitude of his own life proclaiming the truths to which he clings. He is indifferent to the opinions of the compost in the midst of which he lives,—and yet, should he need comfort, he may well remind himself that the *real* opinion of his fellows, the opinion of their hidden conscience, is probably the same as his!

I am hoping that one result of this Convention will be to help all of us to a larger measure of such courage. It should be easier for older people, and I am thinking particularly of those who still are young, and who may forget at times that the Masters see them as souls and rev-

erence them as souls. Do not hold yourselves cheaply, young people, friends of ours! We stand together on the crest of the wall of life, looking to the wall beyond, ready to plunge forward, following our leaders, to death if need be, but following. In comparison with that great choice, all other things in life are as empty as hell itself.

So this Convention, I think, while one of rejoicing because of what has been achieved, must first and foremost be one of hope because of what lies ahead,—a battle, and not ease and decay. It is for us to try as we have never tried before; and let us remember, please, that although in one way the success of the Society must depend upon the few, in another way our fate is at the mercy of the weakest link in the chain. We must not provide those unseen leaders of ours, with a rotten rung in the ladder of human lives which constitutes the Society. In union is our strength. We must take hope, take confidence, take faith,—creating faith out of nothing if needs be, so as not to fail the Masters who have trusted us, each one of us, with the performance of his duty, and so with the future of the Society, to the full extent of our powers.

It was moved, seconded and carried, that the Report of the Executive Committee be accepted, with the thanks of the Convention.

THE CHAIRMAN: Prior to calling on the Secretary T. S. for her report, which I know we await with a great deal of interest, the Chair would announce the appointment of the following standing committees:

Committee on Nominations

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, *Chairman*
Miss Margaret D. Hohnstedt
Mrs. John W. Regan

Committee on Resolutions

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
Dr. J. H. Hohnstedt
Mr. G. M. W. Kobbé

Committee on Letters of Greeting

Dr. Archibald Keightley, *Chairman*
Dr. C. C. Clark
Miss Agnes McCormack

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 24TH, 1925

Each year it becomes increasingly difficult to "sum up" the activities of the Society, since, of those which are truly significant, more and more take place within the hearts and lives of our members. This supremely important change in attention and consciousness is naturally reflected in the reports just received from the Branch Secretaries. Although each gives a methodical account of Branch work, it is evident that facts and figures prove inadequate to represent the vitality of Branches. Even in T. S. reports, the heart does not readily trace its activities, but in one fashion or another all say: "We did so and so; but there is more—a centre from which we draw and which we seek to serve,—our confidence for the future is in it." If one were to ask whether they mean their connection with the Great Lodge,—some might at once answer, "Yes." Others might say that they had come closer to the heart of the Movement, through a new connection with Headquarters.

In large measure, this sense of the activity of an inner nucleus helps to account for the value which many foreign Branches attach to the reports, sent them from this office, on the meetings of the New York Branch. The four-page report often seems most inadequate when compared with the impression made by the meeting itself, but something of its vitality must succeed in getting itself transmitted within the words,—else how could they evoke clearer thinking and better living among the members of such diverse groups. The reports are used in various ways—the newest being for Study Class discussion, in combination with the Convention Reports. Such a class would give opportunity to make detailed applications in daily life, and to work out a plan of campaign against the common enemy within each one's citadel.

Service has long been the keynote of Branch Reports. This year the emphasis is laid on

the joy of having part in such a Movement. The *desire to become* what the Lodge must require in its servants, would perhaps better describe the spirit of most Branches, as they face the responsibilities of the future.

The pace quickens: what of those members who have not the incentive of Branch membership? Some are seeking admission to Branches, as corresponding members. Others feel their isolation but see no remedy: "Nobody to study with; nobody to talk with: nobody interested in Theosophy." They have, perhaps, "tried to make Theosophy contagious in their lives," but unsuccessfully. Is there no way in which we can be of use, they ask. Surely there must be, for such members occupy a perilous position. In all ages there have been solitary disciples, yet they were made of unusual stuff, characterized by one-pointedness, daring, and ardour—qualities that made their extraordinary achievements possible. Apparently it is given to few men to win the kingdom of heaven alone. Since our goal can be nothing less,—there must be ways in which our unattached members could link themselves more closely to the life of the Society. Those who are determined not to be submerged by the insistence of external life will have to devise and propose some means of closer participation. An effective demand from them would surely be met at Headquarters by an adequate response and glad co-operation.

The Quarterly Book Department has published four books: perhaps to mark the coming of our fiftieth anniversary.¹ While financially independent of the Society—not using a penny of its funds—the Book Department exists solely as its auxiliary, and not for money making. The books are our messengers; it rests with each individual member of the Society to bring them within the reach of inquirers. They could never interest the many: nor is it to be expected that they will impart corrective light to those who have been caught in the meshes of pseudo-Theosophy. Our field is, rather, among those who have attached themselves to no cult and who have failed to find in the religion of their childhood what their maturity demands. Theosophy has for them the answer to their questions, the incentive they need, the goal they desire. But it cannot be thrust upon them as a cure-all. Fulsome praise of some book or of its writer usually sets up a barrier. The enthusiasm we enjoy expressing often represents to our friends a displeasing emotionalism which repels them, and our arguments only lead to deeper misunderstanding. We need insight to discern souls which are ready for the message and in what form they can receive it. Selfless devotion and humility should lend us discernment.

Fragments, Volume III, is compiled from Cavé's contributions to the *Quarterly*, October, 1915 to January, 1925. They are well known to many of us, but now that we can view them as a whole, they reveal a deeper meaning. When a young man begins the active practice of his profession, he sees his preparatory training in a new light, and neglected subjects often assume importance. In this new volume of *Fragments* we find the note of the new cycle and much preparation for it.

Letters to Friends, by John Gerard, also makes a fresh appeal, in book form. The characteristic which was most generally commented upon by *Quarterly* readers now stands out still more clearly,—the sympathetic yet unsparing manner in which motives and subterfuges are laid bare. Readers used to say that they had a fencing match with the writer. Many a one laughingly admitted that, though alone in his own room, he found the hot blood mounting to his face when he saw his secret thoughts and weaknesses exposed,—crying out, "No fair," before he realized that only he himself saw that hidden enemy of his, whose native ugliness had been unmasked for him.

The Crest Jewel of Wisdom, translated by Charles Johnston, supplies such a rendering of this scripture as has not before been available in English. To acquaintance with the sources from which this classic arose, the translator adds experience in presenting Eastern thought to Western minds. There is an introduction which has not appeared before, and the second appendix is also new.

¹ These are: *Fragments*, Volume III, by Cavé.

Letters to Friends, by John Gerard.

The Crest Jewel of Wisdom, translated by Charles Johnston.

Plotinus, by Stanley V. LaDow.

Plotinus, by Stanley V. LaDow, gives a condensation of the teaching of Plotinus, and an interpretation which does much to clarify it. The truths which Plotinus unfolded from his life experience, some seventeen centuries ago, offer a new approach to the Wisdom revealed again through H. P. B., and afford basis for a broader understanding of the fundamentals of Theosophy.

New books require much proof reading, and it is a pleasure to acknowledge assistance in this from Doctor Keightley, who won his spurs in the proof reading of the first edition of the *Secret Doctrine*, and also from Mr. LaDow. Besides sharing in this work, Miss Chickering also has supplied the shorthand notes of the New York Branch meetings upon which the reports for the foreign Branches are based.

Were there sufficient demand, a lending library would be started, consisting of duplicate copies of these new books and other publications. Members might use such a library as a means of bringing our books to the attention of outsiders, who would be glad to borrow a book which they might hesitate to buy before they had seen it. Some simple arrangement of this sort could be made through the Quarterly Book Department, if desirable.

Our members certainly appreciate the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY; they frequently say so. Many of us have probably dreamed dreams of converting the world through it, only to find that even among our friends few were attracted by it. Our hopes may have been further disappointed by discovering, for ourselves, that salvation from self and its parasites is not secured by conning the wisest words. It would be a great mistake, however, to conclude that it is therefore useless to seek readers for the QUARTERLY. Such an attitude would be a poor response to the fiery ardour with which Masters create, for our enlightenment. Were not "wicked and slothful" the terms applied to that servant who merely preserved his master's talent, by burying it? To cry our magazine upon the housetops would be folly, but there are also the methods of the pearl merchant, who lets most men pass by, but seeks out those who are pearl lovers. Since our public must be small, all the more need that we should reach it. Will not each earnest member of the Society consider what he can do? From our Propaganda Fund abundant copies of the magazine can be provided for library use, or for individuals who appear to be ready for its message.

As the work of this office and its allied activities increases, we are most fortunate in the continuance of a special contribution (not recorded in the Treasurer's records), for the employment of a stenographer, in no way connected with the Society, to attend to routine work. Thanks are also due the Officers of the Society for their unfailing response to appeals on behalf of members or inquirers. Profound gratitude to the Masters is expressed by many of our Branches, for the support and guidance of our work,—and that feeling is shared by all who are privileged to participate in the activities at Headquarters.

Respectfully submitted,
ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, T. S.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am not going to *ask* for a vote of thanks to the Secretary,—I am simply going to give you an opportunity to express the thanks, which at best will be a very inadequate expression of what we owe to the Secretary and to the Secretary's office. Something certainly ought to be said of the achievement in publishing those four new books at this time. The decision to issue them was made not long ago. It was an undertaking to find any Press which would contemplate getting them out by the date fixed for this Convention, so that they could be on sale at the public lecture on Sunday. How the Quarterly Book Department did it, by what combination of guile and enchantment, perhaps, Miss Perkins alone can tell. But you should realize that it was done at a time when her office was crowded with work for the Convention itself.

In reply to questions, Miss Perkins explained that this was done through the friendship gained by the QUARTERLY and the editors of the QUARTERLY,—their printer being prepared to undertake the impossible and to enjoy doing it!

On motion duly made and seconded, the Report of the Secretary T. S. was accepted with acclamation and thanks. The next business being the report of the Treasurer, Mr. Johnston was requested to take the Chair.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER, T. S.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: As in past years, the actual labour has all been performed by the Assistant Treasurer, Miss Youngs. It is to her that the Society is indebted for the keeping of the books and for all the work which must inevitably accompany the collection, the dispersion and the partial preservation of the small funds used by The Theosophical Society.

I need not repeat what you all know: that the Society and its magazine, the *QUARTERLY*, are unique in paying no salaries. We publish a periodical with no outlay except in payments to outsiders,—the printer, the paper maker, the postman, and the like. This is true of the whole conduct of the Society from top to bottom, and is the reason why we are able to do so much with our funds. The actual report differs little from that of last year:

April 27, 1924—April 25, 1925

<i>Receipts</i>		<i>Disbursements</i>	
Current Dues.....	\$742.44	Pension.....	\$240.00
General Contributions.....	403.79	Printing and mailing, THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (4 numbers)...	2915.10
Propaganda Fund.....	1141.50	Stationery and Supplies.....	17.63
Subscriptions to THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.....	402.65	Postage.....	9.94
Donations to THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.....	192.34	Rent.....	150.00
	<u>\$2882.72</u>	Miscellaneous:	
1926 Dues, prepaid.....	80.00	Telephone.....	\$30.96
Total receipts.....	2962.72	Flowers (Mrs. Gregg).....	5.00
Balance April 26, 1924.....	1195.82		<u>35.96</u>
	<u>\$4158.54</u>	Total disbursements.....	3368.63
		Balance April 25, 1925.....	789.91
			<u>\$4158.54</u>

<i>Assets</i>		<i>Liabilities</i>	
On deposit Corn Exchange Bank,		1926 Dues, prepaid.....	\$80.00
April 25, 1925.....	\$789.91	Excess of assets over liabilities...	709.91
	<u>\$789.91</u>		<u>\$789.91</u>

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,
Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.

April 25th, 1925.

It was moved, seconded and duly carried that the report be accepted, and that the best thanks of the Convention be tendered to the Treasurer and to the Assistant Treasurer. Professor Mitchell then resumed the Chair.

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

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: The Committee on Nominations unanimously presents the following nominations: to succeed themselves in the two vacancies on the Executive Committee, Doctor Keightley and Mr. K. D. Perkins; and similarly, to succeed themselves, Miss Perkins as Secretary T. S.; Miss Chickering, as Assistant Secretary; Professor Mitchell as Treasurer T. S., and Miss Youngs, as Assistant Treasurer.

On motion, duly seconded and carried, the report of the Committee was adopted, and the Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the officers nominated. This was done, and the nominees were declared elected.

THE CHAIRMAN: We like to remember at these Conventions the faithful service, for very many years, of our former Secretary, Mrs. Gregg, now our Secretary Emeritus,—and to mark our remembrance by sending her some flowers. If that be your pleasure, I should be very glad to entertain such a motion. [This was voted, with enthusiasm, and the Chair appointed Mr. Woodbridge to carry out the wish of the Convention.]

THE CHAIRMAN: All the members in New York would feel it a great pleasure if they could entertain at luncheon those members from a distance who have not made any other arrangements. It is obviously not possible for all of us to act as hosts, but Doctor Clark, Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Saxe, and Mr. Auchincloss have especially asked to have that pleasure; also Miss Perkins, Miss Lewis, Miss Wood and Miss Kane. If there are any visitors who have not already made arrangements, will they please speak to any one of those whose names I have read; it will be their pleasure to provide for luncheon.

After various announcements, the Convention adjourned until 2:30 P.M.

AFTERNOON SESSION

The first report called for was that of the Committee on Letters of Greeting.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

At the request of Doctor Keightley, the Chairman of the Committee, Doctor Clark presented the letters from the European and American Branches. He called particular attention to the fact that many of those Branches were then assembled, keeping the Convention hours with us, earnestly desiring closer union in duty and the blessing of the Masters upon our work. He commented also upon the unanimity of the understanding shown in their letters, that it is in our power to form a mould for the future, and that by quiet, interior effort we may accomplish marvellous results through the special opportunity given by the new cycle. The letters from the English Branches were read and commented upon by Doctor Keightley.

THE CHAIRMAN: The letters which have just been read to us will be printed in full in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, at the end of the Convention Report, as usual. I listen to them always with enormous interest, and with a sense of surprise which ought to have been outgrown, as we discover anew, each year, how closely our distant members have followed the same line of thought that we have ourselves been following. In these letters that we have just heard, there are almost the same similes as those used this morning—certainly the same central theme—and this may serve to show how close the overshadowing inspiration of the Movement comes to all of us.

The Chairman then read a cablegram which had been received from Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Bagnell, and Miss Hope Bagnell, of the Norfolk Branch in England: "Best wishes for Convention."

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was next on the order of business.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: It is my first duty to present for your approval the three following resolutions:

1. That Mr. Johnston be authorized to reply to the Letters of Greeting.
2. That the Convention requests and authorizes visits of officers of the Society to Branches.
3. That the thanks of the Convention be expressed to the New York Branch for its hospitality and for the use of the room in which the Convention is held.

I shall postpone, if I may, what all of us must wish said in regard to the Letters of Greeting, which form, this year as always, one of the greatest contributions to the Convention.

There is a fourth resolution which your Committee wishes to present to you, involving an amendment of one of the By-Laws of the Society. Number 41 of the By-Laws provides that By-Laws may be amended by a majority vote at any Convention of the Society, which means that you, as delegates, are free to act as you see best in this case.

One of our By-Laws provides that the Executive Committee shall have power to expel from the Society, after proper investigation and due hearing, anyone deemed unworthy of further membership by reason of violations of brotherhood, whenever, in its opinion, the reputation and well-being of the Society make such a course desirable. The trouble with that By-Law as it stands, is that it makes possible a great deal of quibbling on the subject of what is and is not brotherhood, and what is a violation of brotherhood. Any organization such as ours, once in a while collects a stray lunatic from its environment, and it is only fair to the Society itself, and, quite seriously, to the Masters who founded it, that the name Theosophy and The Theosophical Society shall not be compromised by the antics of such people. It is really necessary to be in a position to act, for your protection and for the protection of the Society. So the members of the Executive Committee in New York, feeling that it would be your wish to deal with this subject, asked me to submit to the Committee on Resolutions a modification of the present wording. The Committee therefore proposes:

4. That By-Law No. 2 shall be amended to read as follows: "The Executive Committee shall have power to exclude from membership, and to remove from the Society, and to debar from its meetings, any one whose membership shall be considered detrimental to the best interests of the Society."

That new wording, instead of limiting action to violations of brotherhood, gives the Executive Committee the right, without further appeal, to treat "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" (to use the Army phrase) as an offence warranting expulsion.

After the three earlier resolutions had been voted, collectively, the fourth resolution, embodying this Amendment, was seconded by Doctor Hohnstedt in his capacity as a member of the Committee, it having been impossible for the Chairman of the Committee to reach him when the Amendment was under consideration,—and the resolution was thereupon adopted unanimously.

MR. HARGROVE: In times past, you have permitted the Chairman of this Committee to attempt to say certain things on your behalf, not in the way of formal resolutions, but as voicing the sentiment of the Convention. So much was suggested this morning in Professor Mitchell's opening address that I think it would be helpful to see if we cannot gain more light from the principles then laid down. It was suggested that it is the duty of members of The Theosophical Society to set their faces like flint against certain modern tendencies, and, whenever possible, to attack those tendencies; but we were obliged to deal with the problem rather generally.

In last Monday's *New York Times*, there was a report of a number of sermons delivered the day before. One of these was headed: "Explains Spiritual Slump." It was a sermon by a Doctor Walter M. Turnbull, at the Gospel Tabernacle Church, on Eighth Avenue. I do not know him, but am sure he meant well; I am sure he would be regarded by all his friends as a

devoutly religious man. He is reported to have said: "The well never doubt; it is the weary who do, and Satan hovers like a vulture over the weakening. Christians are not in trouble when they are well fed and cared for. . . . *Our love of Christ comes when our wants have been satisfied.*"

You laugh, and I do not wonder; but those statements were made by the preacher in all seriousness, and I quote them because of my conviction that he uttered that which many other preachers act upon but do not utter,—not, in any case, with the same simple directness! His words are an epitome of the modern belief,—of the very worldly belief voiced years ago in *Punch*. You may remember the picture of a young married woman consulting an older married woman about the management of her husband, and the answer was, "Feed the brute!"

Expressed in a sermon, it is a sign of the times. It means that materialism, no longer fashionable as a philosophy, practically is still dominant. The materialism of science has passed into the churches, to a greater or less degree of course, depending upon circumstances. And this concerns us, for it is something to which the theosophical philosophy is diametrically opposed. To say that love of Christ—love of spiritual things, of the ideal—comes when a man is well fed and when his other wants (whatever they may be) have been satisfied, is sheer nonsense, in flat contradiction of human experience. It is not true and never has been true, and never will be. So there we have one direction in which we can and should attack a huge illusion, confronting it with the truth, which is that most men turn to the things of the spirit as the result of bitter suffering only; that the under-fed person is far better off than the over-fed person, even physically, and that the things of the body are of no value and of no power whatsoever, even in this life, in comparison with the value and the power of the things of the soul.

Let me take another illustration: in the *New York Times* of this morning there was an editorial on the subject of Mrs. Haldane's reminiscences. Writing when she was over a hundred years old, she said that when she was three she was taught to read English and to speak French. When she was eight she had read the whole of Voltaire's history of Louis XIV and Peter the Great, and had looked up all the French words she did not know, and had written them out. In the evening her father read aloud Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Cowper, Dryden and other poets. "Our education was good," she wrote, "inasmuch as we read classical works and not textbooks. What we read then has remained in my mind till this day."

If a modern child were brought up like that, all the friends of the family would say that his parents were killing him, and were depriving him of his youth! Yet this old lady lives to be a hundred, keeps a young heart, remembers all that she learned as a little child, and glories in the fact that what she learned then was worth learning. Is she not rich in comparison with men of a later generation, prematurely old in comparison with her, who cling to life only by clinging to the desire for one more round of golf,—to the desire, without always possessing the ability?

Not long ago a young man said to me: "Well, after all, we are young only once, and we may as well have a good time while we have the chance." Young only once! He was vitally mistaken, alas, alas! We are young dreadfully often. If he could look back at his own past, he would see an almost endless repetition of childishness. What he called "having a good time" amounts to that and no more; and he ought to have outgrown the desire for it: that is the point. Those who respect the soul should see that there are pleasures, amusements, "thrills," which belong only to hopeless immaturity, regardless of age,—to "baby egos," as H. P. B. called them. Parents should not insult their children by placing them—before they can speak for themselves—in that category. If, later, a craving for such things develops, which neither persuasion nor force can deal with, time enough for the parents to resign themselves to having brought into the world such an unfortunate distortion of their hopes! But such cravings should never be regarded as normal, as inevitable; and to attempt to force them upon children against their own inclination, on the theory that it is their first and last chance to be young, is little short of criminal.

There is another direction in which we can see the application of what was said this morning,—the domain of good manners. I am afraid that those who know me intimately will feel that I ought to have delegated the subject to some other member of the Committee; but in spite of

one's known shortcomings, one can at least recognize an ideal and revere it; and part of my ideal for The Theosophical Society would be that its members should be known by their charm of manner. How proud we should all feel if someone were pointed out for the simplicity and beauty of his manners, and if this were explained on the ground of his membership in the Society! Yet perhaps some day we shall attain those heights!

There were times in the past when manners were codified,—that is to say, there was a standard of good form, a standard of behaviour, a rigid rule of etiquette. Such a code existed in many parts of Asia, where every detail of a man's life was provided for, and all his behaviour determined, to the slightest inclination of head or hand. Something of the same sort existed years ago, in certain walks of life, in France, Spain and elsewhere. In Asia, one result of a hard and fast code was that class hatred did not exist. It is only in countries where all men are equal that it can exist! The Chinese would never have abandoned their old standards if good Americans had not pursued them for years with ridicule and contempt, decrying their inherited customs, and assuring them that freedom was all they needed to make them happy. We in the West, having thrown off our "shackles" a very long time ago, are supposed to know how happy we are in our freedom, and perhaps are not supposed to know that the world has defeated its own ends, and has made human relations infinitely more complicated and difficult—no one knowing how to treat anybody else—by its wild defiance of restraint. It is as if, in the name of freedom, all traffic regulations, in New York, or any other big city, were to be withdrawn,—and the police as well. You know what would happen! And that is exactly what is happening in the modern world,—the result that always follows the efforts of the personality to escape from restraint: confusion, ugliness, discord, licence, discomfort. None the less, philosophies are invariably invented to justify what man has already done, so the world now has a large stock of philosophies on hand, designed to show the superlative advantages of freedom,—individual, social, political and so on. Students of Theosophy, needless to say, are not impressed!

I do not mean, of course, that the old codes of domestic and social behaviour were either perfect in themselves or unfailing in result; but their advantages so greatly outweighed their disadvantages, that they would never have been abandoned if men and women, through their own deterioration of spirit, had not sapped the life from manners and turned them into an empty ritual. They sprang originally from consideration for other people; they were the product of ages of experience which had proved that in order to avoid friction and to preserve harmony, it was best to do things in such and such a way, and that there was a right time and place for everything. Confucius, who codified the Chinese laws of etiquette, declared explicitly that he was not inaugurating, but was passing on the accumulated experience of ancestors. In the same way, it is not for us to be innovators, but to preserve the best of the past. Once we understand clearly and, if possible, in detail, how the old codes sprang from right consideration, from brotherly love—in other words, from the spiritual plane; once we see clearly the evil and unpleasant consequences of the modern "go-as-you-please" attitude, we shall be inspired to revive in our own behaviour, and, if possible, in the esteem of the world, the real consideration, the real reverence, the real respect, which must necessarily be expressed in ways—or manners—as old as their spirit.

It has been said that one of this country's most serious deficiencies is its lack of reverence, though I doubt if that lack be greater here than it is to-day in many of the countries of Europe. In any case, we should do what we can to show that reverence is an attribute of the soul; that it is essential to real life, and that lack of reverence is merely another blind spot of the materialist who sees and respects nothing but his own comfort, or, at best, the physical comfort of a few other people. At the same time and as part of the same campaign, we should set our faces against slipshod, self-indulgent, free-and-easy behaviour, seizing our opportunity, in our own lives and in our own homes, to stand for all that was best in the past, infusing the old with a new and better spirit,—if we can.

It seems to me to be the duty of your Committee on Resolutions to suggest such possible applications of what was said this morning, and to voice thoughts which doubtless have occurred to many of you already; but it is our privilege also to send forth from this Convention a message

to those whose greetings were read to us a few minutes ago. We should like, if we knew how, to tell those people, those fellow members of ours—whether in Venezuela or in England or in Norway or Sweden or France or elsewhere—we should like to tell them something of the joy with which we listened to their greetings. We should like them to know with what fostering solicitude their lives and work are followed; the intense interest that is taken in their activities, in their welfare,—personal as well as spiritual. It would be invidious to single out the achievements of any one national centre, just as it is impossible to speak of all of them. Whether we think of members in Sweden or Norway, in England or Venezuela, and of all that members in Venezuela have done in adverse circumstances to hold aloft the torch of Theosophy throughout Central and Southern America,—the result is the same: we must be full of wonder, full of praise, and full, too, of desire to do anything that can possibly be done to aid them in real and lasting ways. Let us specially remember, however, the splendid life and record of Juan José Benzo, described in the letter from Venezuela as “the unforgettable founder” of the Theosophical Movement in that country; Hjalmar Julin in Sweden, one of our oldest and most loyal members; and Colonel Knoff and the other members in Norway—all of whom would be the first to give him the credit for having held the Movement there together—for years keeping in touch with Headquarters through brief contact and much correspondence with Mr. Griscom. And that gives me an excuse to mention something that I omitted this morning when speaking of Mr. Griscom,—the book by John Gerard, *Letters to Friends*, which the Quarterly Book Department has just published. The last of those Letters contains a fine tribute to Mr. Griscom. Allow me to ask you to re-read it.

The Chair then expressed the wish of the Convention to hear from the other members of the Committee on Resolutions, and from as many delegates as possible.

DR. HOHNSTEDT: I am not a public speaker, but I want to say that I have been very glad I came here. This is the second Convention I have attended in New York—1919 and this year; and this Convention, the closing of our fiftieth year, I did not want to miss. In fact, I have been striving to come here through the whole year, and finally managed to come. The occasion reminds me that the Society is entering the autumn season, and it is necessary for us to see that the perennials that we have put in, are well taken care of and given proper nourishment, to carry over through the next quarter, the winter season,—that, when the teacher comes, they may bring forth their flower. It is up to us to see to it and to work along that line as much as we possibly can. When we have done that, I think the Master expects no more. And we should do it always, thinking not of the benefit we derive from it, or that it is our duty, but do it because the Master wants us to do it.

MR. KOBBE: When Mr. Hargrove, speaking of that old English joke in *Punch*, quoted “feed the brute,” it occurred to me that there might be various ways of feeding the brute, and here and there there might be wives who would manage to feed the brute in such a way as to refine him. We might find a lesson in that, taking away from this Convention a way of feeding the brute so that he would become more refined. We have all read how the Master K. H. multiplied rice so as to feed the hungry, and the Master Christ multiplied the loaves and fishes. There is a lesson there that we use the materials at hand. We do not need to reach out to something that is distant and not a part of our surroundings,—the material is there if we will use it. And as we go away from this Convention to our various localities, conditions, circumstances, vicissitudes, perhaps we might take that thought with us; and out of our storehouses which have been so bountifully filled and are so ceaselessly being filled by those great ones from above, we might offer one gem,—the gem of gratitude, set in faith, on the chain of service, each link of which, let us hope, is forged through sacrifice.

MISS RICHMOND: I was asked to bring the loving greetings of the Pacific Branch of Los Angeles, and I know how their hearts will be cheered by what has been said here to-day. Their hearts reach out to the people here in New York. They wait eagerly for any little crumb from a table which to them seems so rich. They asked me to tell you that they are with you to-day.

THE CHAIRMAN: I know that you will be writing to them, and I beg that you will take from this Convention the greeting that will be sent formally by Mr. Johnston,—but you will give it a certain warmth of colour which we should very much wish to have go back from the Convention to them.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: The first thing I always want to do at these Conventions is to take advantage of the opportunity to express the deepest gratitude for being here at all, and for what we are privileged to hear here, and for the ideal that we are brought in touch with and that The Theosophical Society stands for.

I have been asking myself since we heard Mr. Hargrove's address this morning, how those words could be applied, what there was to do about it, and how we could bring it right down into the life of each one of us. My daughter heard I was coming to the Convention last night, and discussed the matter with the gardener; then said, "Daddy, Emile wants to know what the Society stands for—is it to have a good time?" I said, "What do you think it is for?" and she answered, "To help people to be better."

If we are going to follow Mr. Hargrove's simile,—are going to stand on the second wall and watch our unseen leaders plunge down into the fight, what are we going to do next? What does it mean to follow? It does not mean to have a good time. A picture came to my mind of a great man who did stand on a wall like that once—Alexander the Great. He and his men were besieging a city. He and two of his generals alone had nerve enough to reach the top of the wall. The ladder broke. His men called to him to jump. He jumped forward and not back, down into the city. And then what did following mean? Those men used everything they had to get over that wall, climbed on each other's shoulders, anything to follow those leaders. A man cannot hold up his head very long if he will not follow at a time like that.

But what does it mean to follow? We know the first thing we have to do is to attack the evil in ourselves. Professor Mitchell was speaking of taking that as material for fertilizer,—our faults and so forth. If we have hurt feelings we can rejoice in the hurt and say: At least there is something real, some force available, and I am going to get it. There is force that we can draw out from those hurt feelings, and so, follow. That is one way; but there is another that we need to think about as we advance into the third quarter of a century of the life of the Society. We have been brought up in the glamour of the world. We should be most unwise to think that it had not soaked into our bones. We have not separated ourselves from the world nor from the standards and ideals of the world. We have got to pierce through that glamour. The Theosophical Movement pierces the glamour, throws its searchlight beam through the fog, throws it in a narrow line, and we must get behind it and see by means of it. Our unseen leaders have gone on. They have carried the light forward, and we must follow that light. When new ideals are presented, sometimes they are not our ideals, so far as we know. Yet they *are* our ideals in reality, and it may be that by the grace of the high gods we shall see that it is so, and say—thank God that *is* my ideal; I never saw it before; but the chances are that we cannot get the vision until we have earned it, and we cannot earn it except by descending into semi-darkness. So when our leaders call us, there may be a wall between; their view of truth may not be recognized as ours; but if we say: "That is an exaggeration; it is not necessary to do that; I believe in doing these things, but in moderation,"—surely that is not to follow: that is not even an effort to scale the wall.

To follow means to say, "Well, I do not see that yet, but I am going to work as if it were so and find out; I am going to take it and go ahead whether I see or do not see, and try it out." It is beyond where we are, perhaps, but take it, test it. We have got to recognize that our vision is partial vision, blinded by the glamour of the world in which we have been soaked ever since we were born.

When things are said about democracy, about modern education, they probably go against the early training of everybody in the room. What are we going to say: This thing is right because it agrees with my ideal? Or are we going to say, that is where the light seems to lead; I am going to take it, examine it, act accordingly, and see what happens, pray for the light to see, and get more. We all know what we have received; that what we have received is more than anything else in life to us. We must learn how to receive more, and not to say as one of

Alexander's men might have said, "I brought a battering ram to break down this wall, but I am not going to scale it." It seems to me that that is one of the lessons we can learn, one of the questions we can ask ourselves: What does it mean to follow? And then work it out, each one for himself, in detail—and then follow.

It was now moved, seconded, and carried that the report of the Committee on Resolutions be accepted with thanks—but that the Committee itself be retained until the close of the session. The report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was similarly voted upon, and the Committee discharged with thanks.

THE CHAIRMAN: The next business before the Convention is the reports from our delegates, Branches, and members-at-large whom we have the pleasure of having with us to-day. Will Mrs. Gordon report for the Middletown Branch?

MRS. GORDON: Although I am no longer sharing in the active work of the Middletown Branch, accounts of it are sent to me, from time to time—and I heard from there just before Convention. There seems to be new life; members who were formerly inactive or indifferent are beginning to take part, and outsiders are making inquiries about Theosophy at the semi-monthly meetings. The Branch has been re-reading *Letters That Have Helped Me*, and *The Ocean of Theosophy*,—and is now taking up *The Key to Theosophy*. There is a general feeling of encouragement, as they face the coming year.

THE CHAIRMAN: We are fortunate to-day in having with us four members from the Branch at Cincinnati, and I am going to call on Mr. Herman Hohnstedt, who has been the Vice President and acting Chairman of that Branch, to speak to us.

MR. HOHNSTEDT: Mr. Chairman, Fellow Members—Mr. Hargrove said something about charm, and I am satisfied that I voice the feelings of all the delegates present when I call attention to the fact that we all feel the charm of this Convention and the charm displayed by the New York Branch of this Society. If we make any progress in the spiritual life, charm becomes one of our attributes. It seems to me, unless charm and beauty are present, we can rest assured that something is lacking in our spiritual nature. A great many things were said here this morning, and so well said that I feel I would rather listen than speak. But in this disintegration or separation that is taking place, I think that if we keep in mind the three qualities of Tamas, Rajas and Sattva, we shall get an idea of the cycle we all have to go through in any direction in order to attain to true spirituality. We are inert to a great many things. When our conscience is awakened to any one of them, perhaps there is a selfish longing to obtain it. Yet it may not be really selfish at that particular period of our evolution. Only as we learn more about it, indulgence may make it selfish. Finally, we renounce indulgence. To follow, we must know what we are fighting. We must have some vision as to where we are going.

The Theosophical Society has been holding meetings continuously in Cincinnati since 1886. There are some members who never miss a meeting,—one of our delegates has been at every meeting for at least ten years. We are trying to present Theosophy along right lines, and we hope to remain steadfast.

MISS McCORMACK: I feel a little ashamed, after being a member so long, of having this report to make: As I was leaving Cincinnati, the young lady with whom I work asked if I was going to the T. S. Convention, and then said, "Well, how about that movement—do you feel that you have had much material success and good health and all those things? Is that what it is?" It never struck me in that way! I told her so, and explained that we tried to attain the ideal of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. That puts me in mind of what Mr. Hargrove was saying this morning, because everybody is looking for something that will better his material condition. Until we are asked that question, we do not know what is in the minds of our fellow workers. In time I shall hope to disabuse her mind of that idea.

MISS HOHNSTEDT: Nothing remains to be said about the Cincinnati Branch, but I am delighted to have the chance to say how glad I am to be here; it is five years since I was here before. Our attendance at the Branch meetings has not been large but they have been interesting meetings,—and both members and visitors have been impressed with what we have been doing this winter. Many questions have been asked and answered—frequently we have had

to extend the time in order to deal with them. We have a lending library of between two and three hundred volumes, which are at the disposal of any inquirer. Because of illness in his family, our President has been able to attend only one meeting this year—so each of us has felt bound to make greater effort than ever before.

MR. T. J. DANNER: There is a little additional joy in our trip this time, due to the fact that we come as regularly elected delegates, instead of as members-at-large. Last year we were forcibly but most lovingly charged with the thought that, unless these meetings stirred up the determination to take back all the good things we heard, to help us carry on, to a degree at least,—the Convention would not accomplish all that was possible. Realizing that, the Pittsburgh members went home last year with a realization that there was one particular job for them to do,—that of keeping alive a spark which had been fighting for development for a long while. That spark to-day has developed into a small light. It is due to that small light that we are privileged to be here to-day as regular delegates. We expect to go back with renewed inspiration and determination to keep that light burning and to fight as best we can for those principles which we have heard expressed so beautifully to-day,—principles for which the Masters stand.

The note of the day seems to be that of joy, in a way,—a joy which should make us feel that we are glad that we are alive to fight and to pray and to serve. I can best express my feeling of appreciation by saying to you, fellow members, that my heart is full, and full for you.

MRS. DANNER then spoke, referring to Emerson as her stepping-stone to Theosophy, and quoting, as expressive of her feeling with regard to the Convention, the following from his poem, "The Celestial Love":

Higher far into the pure realm,
Over sun and star,
Over the flickering Dæmon film,
Thou must mount for love;
Into vision where all form
In one only form dissolves;
In a region where the wheel
On which all beings ride
Visibly revolves;
Where the starred, eternal worm
Girds the world with bound and term;
Where unlike things are like;
Where good and ill,
And joy and moan,
Melt into one.
There Past, Present, Future, shoot
Triple blossoms from one root;
Substances at base divided,
In their summits are united;
There the holy essence rolls,
One through separated souls;
And the sunny Æon sleeps
Folding nature in its deeps,
And every fair and every good,
Known in part, or known impure,
To men below,
In their archetypes endure.
The race of gods,
Or those we erring own,
Are shadows flitting up and down
In the still abodes.

The circles of that sea are laws
Which publish and which hide the cause.
Pray for a beam
Out of that sphere,
Thee to guide and to redeem.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: I should hate to speak for Boston, my opinion of it being what it is, and I do not feel it is fair to speak for New York; so I am going to ask your permission to come to the defence of babies. I do not think they have been treated fairly to-day. Mr. Hargrove has pitched into youth, meaning immaturity. I am afraid we may forget that the proper study of mankind is baby,—because baby is so much wiser than we are. The baby starts in at four months old, and realizes that materialism is a lie. This is proved by the fact that while science tells us we see upside down, the baby immediately and quite unconsciously starts to reverse the process. The trouble with the present day is that we are getting away from our babyhood. What we are doing is to stand on our heads. We are told by scientists that the eye sees upside down, so we stand on our heads. I do not know but that the explanation of the Bolshevik's seeing red is due to rush of blood from standing on his head. Youth, standing on its head, considers that it sees everything it wishes to see, because its head is close to the ground. It thinks there is no heaven—it eats dirt, because that is the nearest thing it sees and the only thing. Youth forgets what happened to those men from the Garden of Eden,—the story of the monkey. The men who were turned out of the Garden of Eden said, "Let us look up and worship glamour. It is glamour to look at the sun." So they climbed to the tree tops, forgot about work, looked at the sun and gradually developed long arms, tails, etc. Many of us are like those monkeys who devoted themselves to glamour and not to work. We have on the one hand the paradox, that at every moment we see ourselves as increasingly unworthy of what we get, while, on the other hand, comes the miracle of modern life, that through Theosophy we dare hope. When that description was given to-day of standing on the top of a wall, I am sure we all realized that breaking the homeliest habit can be made to mean fighting behind Alexander. We are part of the universe. No sin—nothing—ever is separate from the universe; so we can attack in ourselves what is contemptible in it, and so follow the leaders.

Mlle. THÉRÈSE C. SAUNIER: We have no Branch yet in France. I hope we shall have one soon. I cannot speak, then, from a Branch, but I shall speak from my deep gratitude to you and to many people here. It is so very big, my gratitude, that I do not find words to express it. One thought I have is the tremendous belief—a belief beyond words—that Theosophy is the thing for the world. I could really die for it. It is so big, so true, so real. I have realized it increasingly as I have lived among the Catholics—among the priests and the nuns—and among the University people, in France.

Mrs. REGAN: I want to express my gratitude for the privilege of being here, and to say that it is my earnest and sincere wish that the members of Hope Branch may grow into the realization of the privilege that is theirs, of the responsibility that is theirs, and, most important of all, of the opportunity that is theirs. The report for the Branch will be made by our Secretary, Mrs. Rose.

Mrs. ROSE: No report from Hope Branch would be complete if I did not say how happy we are and how grateful to be here, and how we have looked forward to it,—particularly this year, because we are members of Hope Branch. We have been fortunate in receiving reports of the New York Branch meetings. The afternoon study class has been continued, and at that we have used simpler work,—the "Elementary Articles" of Mr. Griscom and other articles from the *QUARTERLY*. I should like to say just a word for those members of the study class who have joined the Branch this year. I think we already feel it is our home in a real sense (Convention is our larger home); it is the place to which we find ourselves going for strength, for inspiration in our daily lives; and already, it seems to me, there is a greater unity of purpose. I hope that, given time, we shall show our appreciation of this wonderful thing that has been given us.

MR. MILLER: I have been thinking of last year's Convention, when the keynote was the

idea of giving—we were told not to “give until it hurts,” but until it heals, blesses and redeems. What, I wonder, have we been able to gain from such effort, that we can use in the new cycle on which we are entering? To-day it has been made clear that we must have the cause of Masters at heart before we can be of help to the cause of Theosophy, in any real sense. What we have heard to-day throws much light on the means by which we can get rid of those obstacles within ourselves that block progress. We had perhaps realized, at times, that we were in a current set in a direction opposite to that of our real desires, but it has been made very vivid for us here. We have been helped to see how strong the current of the world is,—and that we are permeated with it without being conscious of the fact. The force of this Convention has lifted us out of self, and given us light that should help us for years to come.

DR. TORREY: I stand in the paradoxical situation of being a member-at-large with a Branch. I decided that I could not be a member-at-large all alone, so I got some of the boys [students in a college] together, and we have a Branch (not *really* of the Society), but we are studying just the same.

Youth has been “slammed” here to-day! Young men are not so black as they are painted. They do not know the way. I have yet to find a man working for Phi Beta Kappa not interested in Theosophy. The thoughts that lie back of the Theosophical Movement are the thoughts that young men to-day want to think about. We took the Plotinus articles in the *QUARTERLY* and read them together. That was pretty stiff, but those boys got it, and I was amazed at their understanding. Then we took *Revolutions of Civilization*, by Flinders Petrie. Then, last of all, the *Gita*—we all come back to it sooner or later. Of course, there have been technical points that we could not resolve, but the boys have kept coming, and undoubtedly they have been getting a great deal out of it. So I guess we will go on for another year.

MR. GRANT: I can only speak for myself to-day as I have not been in Toronto, where my Branch is, for several years. Shortly before the *Titanic* went down, with Stead on board, he was asked whether he still maintained his interest in psychic problems and research. His reply was that there was nothing else in life worth living for,—and, in my better moments, that is the way I feel about Theosophy. I have been a member for thirteen years, and as time goes on, I am impressed that it is a great and glorious thing to belong to a society where harmony and tolerance prevail—no violent bickering about Modernism and Fundamentalism—one which engenders research, and looks upon accomplishment as of more importance than the motions by which things are done. If one wishes to spread such teaching, the only way would appear to be to live such lives that they will preach for us—few care to listen to sermons in any other form—and it is my experience that often those who seem most unreceptive are not really so.

MR. C. RUSSELL AUCHINCLOSS: To many of us to-day, there must have come a feeling that has come at many Conventions,—the feeling of being raised up, apart from the hurry and bustle of the world, to a place where right self-identification was easy. It is a feeling similar to that which came to men in France when they went from the base ports to the front lines, that feeling of quickening, of tension, of heightening of power, so that it was easy to function, straight along, on a higher level. Why did they feel that in France? Not because they were where death was, but because they found themselves in a greater concentration of life than they had felt before, just as here at Convention time. But those same men, when they came back from the trenches, were conscious of letting down to lower levels of activity, just as so many of us, after Convention, feel a letting down to lower planes of thought, of feeling, of understanding. Why is that? Why can we not hold ourselves permanently on the level we want to be on? We know the way. It is the same in whatever terms we think of it. There are many of us here to whom the events of that first Good Friday, that first Easter, are very vivid and fresh—the words spoken on the cross: “To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.” To-day, not later on,—because the turning about had been complete, the self-sacrifice and self-surrender. The door of heaven was open, and for the thief, as there may be for us here and now, there was Paradise.

MR. VAIL: In all the inspired words we have heard, what impresses a young man most is this—that there is something to do; and we are most grateful that these good people do not

get tired of prodding us on, even when we stop to consider, between our steps forward. There is a very prevalent tendency to think that if only circumstances were changed, all would be easy for us,—yet after imagining one's circumstances greatly altered and enlarged, one sees that there is nothing that could give more permanent satisfaction than that offered by Theosophy. Other paths may look more attractive at the start, and may promise easier conditions—but who wants to go where they lead?

MRS. GITT: I am thankful to Mr. Hargrove for what he said about the Letters of Greeting to this Convention—they seem to me to contain the best formulations of Theosophy that we have had. It is a great thing to have the grit to hold on, as many of those Branches have done,—and it is a telling point for Theosophy that they can do it. To me all truth, wherever discovered, is Theosophy. There are too many sectarian religions in the world already, and I am anxious that we should not add another to them by narrowing it down. Being a member-at-large, I am free to work according to my own fashion—I do not care anything about organizations; they have too many “go-alongers” and “lollers.” People say that you must have a Branch, but I like being a member-at-large, for I feel free to work according to my own fashion, and am not held down by the whims or the lack of study on the part of Branch associates. I discover that many people are anxiously inquiring about the teachings of the Christian Master—what they mean and how to apply them. Surely the whole truth is there, but in order to get it out, most of us to-day need the help of the Oriental conception and interpretation of life.

MRS. LAKE: I think I shall simply reiterate what the other members of Hope Branch have said,—that we feel that Theosophy is the really vital thing in the lives of all of us, the only thing that really means life to us. Our study class and Branch meetings mean so much to us all. We come to the Convention for our inspiration, and here gain power to go on and, by that inspiration, carry Theosophy, by our lives, to others.

MRS. TALBOT: I should like to express my gratitude and appreciation for the opportunity of becoming a member of the Hope Branch, and to Mrs. Regan for her extension of that privilege.

MISS HENRY: I can only say that it is quite impossible for me to express my feeling at being here. I have been a member-at-large for nine and a half years, and this is the first time that I have met the real Theosophy. But having fed regularly and liberally on the QUARTERLY, I feel that I have been sustained. The QUARTERLY has now been presented to me somewhat in the form of a pageant. There is this difference between reading the QUARTERLY and being here to-day: A few days ago, I heard a fine band give a series of musical compositions in a hall of good proportions. It was a delightful experience. A few nights later, I heard the same band give the same performance over the radio. I would rather hear it that way than not at all, but how much I lost! All the shading was gone—not all, but the shading at the two ends of the scale (the overtones) were gone. Well, to-day I have had the shading and the overtones. I thank you for it.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: There is always the risk that the Chairman will have been staring right in the face of someone whom he knows well and has been longing to have speak, without having seen that person in the least. Is there not someone else whom I want to call on, and who is hiding from me? If not, then the time has come to draw this Convention to a close.

Permit me to say, as Chairman, a word or two in summing up—not that I believe it is in any way possible to make any true summing up in words of a real meeting of The Theosophical Society. I am afraid that I do not agree with what we heard said of the futility of Branches. I am afraid I do not think that Mr. Judge would have subscribed to it, nor do I think that it is in line with the fundamental principles upon which the Society rests. Rather do I believe that we are founded on the truth whose statement we find in all great religions, and which we of the West can perhaps recognize most clearly in those familiar lines: Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them. So Mr. Judge would have said: where two or three are gathered together in the name of the Higher Self, there something of its truth, its spirit, would live; and into the hearts and minds of that group, if they sought it unselfishly, there would come something more of that spirit, something more of that truth,

than they had known before. Three legs will enable a stool to stand firmly. It is a very tottery performance when it tries to stand on one leg. The theosophical method, the theosophical principle, the theosophical attitude, are all founded upon the assumption that its work is group work, that it is united work; that no single statement of the truth will ever be adequate; that no single mind can ever cramp and cabin the whole, but that reflection from many minds, as from many facets, is requisite, and that as these are brought together, some sense of the unity of truth, some notion of its completeness, may come to each and all of us.

Therefore it is not in the least my hope that I can put into any words the spirit that would sum up this Convention, nor that I could be able to enunciate the central truth that lies behind what you have heard. Each one must do this for himself in his own heart and soul, and—in so far as the mind can reflect it—in his mind as well. You cannot take *all* of it away. You will each take away but a fragment, which you must pick and choose for yourselves. Yet I can perhaps underscore, as it were, some of the things that have been said, and by that underscoring bring out their unity. Let me turn to one thing which, perhaps, differentiates The Theosophical Society from most of the other philosophical movements of the day—the importance that it attaches to consciousness, making it primary and causal. In the meetings of the New York Branch this winter, it has been emphasized, as it is in all the Society's literature, that causes arise from within and work outward; that the outer world is but the effect, a shadow cast upon a screen, of what goes on within the minds and souls of men; and that therefore consciousness is causal. That, I believe, is one of the things which any understanding of Theosophy will lead us to stress and re-stress, and to turn to again and again for the correction of any opinions that we may have. Consciousness is causal; and if that be true, then the powers of consciousness must be of pre-eminent importance,—and chief and simplest of those is understanding. Can we not seek to understand what has been said, to dwell upon it, view it, turn it over in our own minds, put it, as it were, on the back of the mental stove to brew, to simmer, to condense, until we understand it better than we did at first? Understanding of a truth is vital to the life of that truth. What does it mean when we say that the Theosophical Movement has survived the turn of the century? Well, it means far more than we shall ever be able to say. We use the words, but we do not know a thousandth part of their meaning. But it is nothing new to use words whose meanings we do not completely know. With each added experience, with each deepening of the heart of our lives, we find that, though we must use the old words, there is a new level which we have penetrated, and we stand baffled at our impotence to convey the new discovery in anything other than the old forms. In that case, surely, for us, truth lived not in words, not in mere form, but in our understanding, in our penetration into it. The words were the same as before, but they had come to mean something more and deeper.

There, at least, is one thing which the survival of the Theosophical Movement must mean. It must mean that there has remained in our midst some understanding of its purposes, some understanding of what it is all about, some recognition that it comes from the Lodge and that its heart is in the Lodge. And if the Movement is to continue, that is what must remain, we must continue to have clear understanding. If our notion of the Lodge travesty it, are we keeping alive the consciousness of the Lodge in the world, or are we replacing it in the world by a caricature, by a psychic perversion, by its opposite? There is, therefore, one very simple thing which each of us can do to aid in the survival of the Theosophical Movement. We may be able to do very little, but that little we should do. We should strive to *understand*, to open our minds, to think about these things, to hold them in consciousness.

A moment ago, the illustration of the radio was used. It was said that it was a very different thing to hear a fine band on the radio, and to listen to the band itself. It was likened to the difference between being here in the Convention, on the one hand, and, on the other, to being able only to read about Theosophy and the Society in the *QUARTERLY*. I think that we must all have felt the truth of this; and have felt our sympathies go out to those isolated members who could not be here to-day, and whose theosophic companionship must be found through their reading. But unless I am mistaken, the one who used that illustration was led to come here because of reading the *QUARTERLY*, so what was said is further proof of the

causal power of consciousness and of understanding. Therefore I find myself believing that people, even when they meet together, could do much worse than spend an evening reading that magazine. And if I could urge something upon you, as a practical means of carrying out what I am striving to emphasize, perhaps I could think of nothing better than to ask you to read and re-read, alone and with your friends, the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

But to come back to the illustration of the radio, it furnishes a rather perfect illustration, as illustrations go, of one way in which we can serve, one function which the Theosophical Movement does serve for the whole world, and which in some measure we can participate in. Let us think what the radio receiver is. It is a very simple thing, a little thing. Its primary function is to record in material movements which we can sense, forces acting in the ether, and this function is performed by no more complicated an instrument than a slender filament, surrounded by a highly rarified atmosphere, and made to glow at white heat by a current passing through it. The filament becomes radiant, and its radiations, through the rarified atmosphere, are responsive to the vibrations in the ether,—vibrations so much finer than our gross matter that we can neither see nor hear nor touch them, but which are thus registered in radiations that, by means of a secondary electric circuit properly attuned, can be made to affect a telephone receiver. The instrument is tuned by altering the induction of the circuit, its magnetic properties, and its resistance; and by these means it is made responsive to one rate of vibration and irresponsive to others. Its irresponsiveness to other vibrations is what makes it possible for it to record vibrations of the kind to which it is attuned.

So, it seems to me, it is with us. All about us in the inner world, in the finer atmosphere that surrounds us, there are vibrations too fine for our senses to respond to them, but to which our inner natures may respond, and then record in our own lives. It is all a question of how we attune our lives. In the psychic ether which surrounds us, there is good and evil alike. There are the remains, the rotting remains, of all the cheap and vulgar thoughts of the world. There is, no less clearly vibrating, the divine power and blessing of the great Lodge of Masters. We may listen to what we choose, attune ourselves to what we will. But to answer to the one, we must be irresponsive to the other. We can not be responsive to both—for then nothing results but interference and confusion, a jumbled medley of unintelligible records. If we will listen, if we will rarify the atmosphere of our minds and hearts, and attune ourselves by self-induction proportionate to the resistance we encounter, if we will kindle aspiration until our hearts glow to white heat—not merely dull red—we can keep alive in the world an understanding of the Lodge, an understanding and a clear consciousness, acting as the receiver of the radio acts. The effect of this may be far greater than we realize. To do the will of the Lodge in our own lives, records that will in the life of mankind. It is not the receiver of the radio which puts out to sea in answer to the call of distress from some distant ship. But it is through the fidelity of the receiver's response that the call is heard. Once heard, it may be transmitted in a thousand hidden, automatic ways—by underground cable or over-ground wire, through the newspapers, by letter, by telegram, how one will—to where help may be available. But the message is lost if there be nothing attuned to it.

Can we not see that consciousness is fundamental? Can we not look into the world and see that all these questions which perplex us, perplex us in our personal lives, our business, our government, are all questions of consciousness, and of self-consciousness? Can we not see how self-consciousness has arisen in classes claiming to represent the whole, even as when, in our own natures, some elemental desire or appetite arises and claims our self-identification, saying *I am hungry, I am ambitious, I want wealth*. Are these things truly the "I" with which we would identify ourselves? Do we not see the same thing in the world about us,—some section, some segment of a nation, rising up and striving to gain the self-consciousness, the self-identification of the whole? Have we not seen that happen completely, from the dregs, in Russia? Can we not observe it happening everywhere? And is it not exactly the same appeal that is made to us as we live in the world,—that we should take for our own, that we should regard as ours, these changing voices of the world; that we should take its ideals as our ideals; that we should take its ambitions as our ambitions; its movements as our movements; and not only attune ourselves to them, so that it is to them that we respond in con-

sciousness, but so wholly lose ourselves in them that we shall become them in our thought of ourselves? As was said this morning, if we do so, we become that which is destined only to live to manure the ground, only to decay, and be ploughed under to enrich the soil for something more wholesome, more vital, more responsive to the processes of life instead of death.

Therefore we should carry from this Convention a resolution to find out more of the world in which we live, to gain a clearer understanding of our own minds and natures,—realizing that consciousness is causal and that there is nothing of more moment to us than that we should seek to understand the truths and principles which this Convention has brought to our minds and to our hearts.

MR. MITCHELL: I should like to move that the Committee on Resolutions be discharged with the thanks of the Convention, and I should particularly like to express the thanks of the Convention to the officers of the Convention. I should also still more like to express my own thanks and the thanks of everyone here to those who have worked on the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY during the past year, and for all that it has brought to all of us.

THE CHAIRMAN: A vote of thanks for the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is something we must all wish to second. Perhaps those who have worked on it, best know how much is owed to it,—how much they themselves owe to it, and to the remembered insistence of its founder that they should give their best to it, since it is only by giving one's best that one gains one's best. For my own part, therefore, I welcome the motion, not only as a means of expressing our thanks to its present writers, and proofreaders, and addressers of envelopes, but also as a symbol of our enduring gratitude to its founder—Mr. Griscom.

After certain announcements were made,—upon motion, the Convention was adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.

JULIA CHICKERING,
Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

OSLO, NORWAY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

As we are now at the end of the first Quarter of the new century, it seems appropriate to examine retrospectively our activity in the past twenty-five years, in order to find out the nature of the actuating principles of our Branch work, and individual work as well. What have we tried to accomplish,—and how have we accomplished it? Have we had our hearts and minds centred in that part of our complex nature which stands nearest to the nature of the Masters? Have we used our imagination to keep a clear-cut picture of our Master steadily in our mind? To what extent have we done our routine work as duties given us by the Masters? Have we kept our hearts open to the mighty efflux of the Masters' love, and let it flow out abundantly to our fellow-men? Have we tried to live as immortal souls instead of as mortal personalities filled with fear, anxiety and many human weaknesses?

Questions of a similar nature have, no doubt, occupied the thoughts of many other members at this present time. If this be the case it is, indeed, a joyful sign of unity of purpose and aspiration among the members of The Theosophical Society, which will inspire us with increased power and devotion in our future work.

May the deliberations of the Convention strike the key-note for our activity in the next twenty-five years of this century, thus giving the Branches and the individual members a true foundation-stone upon which we, being ourselves "as living stones," can build up a spiritual house for the Lord.

Fraternally yours,
THS. KNOFF,
Chairman, Oslo Branch, Norway.

ARVIKA, SWEDEN.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: The Theosophical Society in Sweden sends to all members its cordial greetings and good wishes. May we all—by increasing unity of heart, obedience, observance and use of our opportunities to take the next step—endeavour to become more and more useful co-workers in the great Movement.

Fraternally yours,

HJALMAR JULIN.

AUSSIG-SCHRECKENSTEIN III, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Although the last Convention was the inauguration of the new cycle of giving, so will nevertheless the present Convention have its special signification, because the Society passes now its fiftieth year. The process of disintegration proceeds, and parallel therewith the separation of the wheat from the chaff, the jewel from the rubbish, or the enduring from the ephemeral. The Masters care for the gathering of the former, and we, as members of The Theosophical Society which is the spiritual organ of humanity, hold our attention on the same aim: to let the spiritual man grow up in us, to intensify its activity and to provide the Masters with bricks for the future civilization, by our own efforts at reconstruction and transfiguration. The germ for that future civilization is deposited already, the impulse to the evolution of that new life is given. We need only to be aware of the different phases of such an evolution, to gain a feeling of composure, a sense of trust, and a dynamic hope as to its issue. The elements of mammon and the tendencies of the mob are doomed, from the beginning, to destruction or starvation; their life is only an ephemeral one, even though they behave themselves as if they were the imperator of humanity, and however much they may be inebriated by their illusive triumph. Once more we confess that we are very happy to have the inestimable and priceless privilege to be members of The Theosophical Society and our longing goes thither to earn the right of access to those inner bodies that are behind it. Therefore we are praying that we may have the power to sacrifice ourselves and to give all that we have to give, and that, without any reserve and with joyful willingness.

The members of the Aussig Branch send you their hearty greetings and fraternal good wishes for a magnificent and successful Convention. We hope to share, in a certain degree, the high and broadened consciousness of the Convention, and to partake of its real and splendid blessings.

Yours fraternally and faithfully,

OTHMAR KÖHLER.

Secretary, Aussig Branch.

The Aussig Branch also sent a long and most interesting Report to the Secretary of the Society.

OCUMARE DEL FUY, VENEZUELA.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, New York: Dear Fellow-Members, Greeting! You are meeting at this moment because that is required by the great problems concerning the higher destiny of humanity. We hold once more our adhesion to the principles involved, and keep those hours—during the Convention meeting—consecrated to spiritual thinking and reading, in order to send to you our effort, and that our communion in spirit may be true at this hour.

Please to accept our sincere congratulations, and let the Masters send their blessing, to descend upon your hearts.

Fraternally yours,

ACISCLO VALEDON,

For the "Allagracia de Orituco" Branch.

SANFERNANDO DE APURE, VENEZUELA.

To the members of the T. S. in Convention Assembled: The "Jehoshua" Branch is with you in thought and heart. May the Masters' blessing descend upon you, and give to each one of us a steady determination to keep the link unbroken. Fifty years of sacrifice, means fifty years of continual blessings upon us from the Masters' hearts. We have received so much from them that with the greatest humility we remain thoughtful.

May we all become more deserving of the great love and peace which is Masters', and ever try to become their disciples, working disinterestedly for humanity with everlasting love.

Faithfully yours,

D. SALAS BAÍZ,
President.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: The Venezuela Branch sends you its fraternal greetings and ardent wishes that this Convention, like each of its predecessors, may intensify the clarion call of the Lodge of which it is an expression, and widen the radius of its vibration.

Another year in the life of our Branch has elapsed. But not a year as measured by astronomical calculations, since it has been over-full of intense experience and work and seed-sowing—so far as it is possible—in the higher planes where time is not master. We have endeavored "to seek the Kingdom of God and His Justice," while knowing also that inevitably our own contributions must be sanctified, since the law is that all exists for the purposes of the soul.

This act of sowing the things of this world in the silent furrow of acceptance, of watering with patience, in the sure hope of the day of resurrection in spiritual fruition, has been perhaps most deeply felt by the Soul of our Branch. Among the seeds of promise which we have cast into the furrow fell that of Juan José Benzo, the unforgettable founder of the Theosophical Movement in Venezuela; and shortly after, that of his faithful wife. But now that they are already in the furrow we do not occupy ourselves with the *forms*, but think only of the perfection of the harvest that is to be. And now for the harvest.

Perhaps the most outstanding note of the year has been an awakening of the members of the Branch to a consciousness of their appointed task in the discharge of their personal duty, not only for results within the area of their own personalities, but for the transcendent consequences which it signifies for the world in general,—since each member of the T. S. shall be a central transmitting station, called to broadcast the music of the soul to all those who constitute the receiving apparatus.

The members of the Branch have begun to understand how the whole of life is a religion, and the ceremonies, its profession; how we are able to make of all individual acts a ceremony prescribed by the liturgy of the soul, celebrating them from one dawn to another incessantly, since we are all the temple of the Holy Ghost, where shines the light which accompanies every man that comes into the world.

Thus has the Branch grown logically in the acceptance of the responsibility of its mission and in gratitude to the Lords of Karma who have assigned us a post where there is so much work to do. And the Branch has always believed that They have commissioned it with an international work to be done; and having to respond, so far as is in its power, to this noble mission, it has resolved to issue again our review, in larger form and with the title *El Teosófo*. This will follow the same plan and direction of its elder brother *The Quarterly*, but adapted to the necessities of the Latin method. In selecting this title we did so, among other reasons, with the deliberate purpose of recovering a name which belongs to the T. S. and to make amends for the offence done to H. P. B. in the profanation of *The Theosophist*, the first magazine which she founded. Thus, at the turn of the fifty years we begin anew, on higher planes, as also freer from hindrances, to give another impulse to the same work, strengthened by the painful

experiences acquired in this interval: the body full of scars, but the soul faithful and with stronger wings. This new breath of life which blows over our Society is the counterpart of the hurricane of death which at this time is sweeping away those who were unfaithful to the immutable principles of the eternal Theosophical Movement, and who, although working for that which is diametrically opposed to the principles for which the T. S. works, appropriate to themselves this sacrosanct name, because it thus suits those of the black plane, since nothing more closely resembles the real diamond than the false diamond. There is nothing new in history; every spiritual action has always been followed by an opposite reaction, and vice versa; thus the disintegration of the "second death" in the unfaithful, means equally a reintegration of the "second birth" in the faithful. In this way we hope to contribute with our humble contingent, by co-operation in the work of redemption which the Masters will confide to the T. S., constituting it the "Spiritual Organ of Humanity."

Another part of our work has been the continuation of the translation of our books into Spanish, and their publication. This year an edition of *Letters that Have Helped Me, Vol. II*, has seen the light.

As to our meetings, these are full of life and interest. For many of us the approach of Saturday is a cause of joyful anticipation. In this *milieu* there breathes an atmosphere in which one feels more deeply, one sees more clearly, the mind is more alert and the soul gathers more courage; we meet each other in an interior world, and indubitably before the *presence* promised by the Master to two or more gathered together in His name. We do not take into account our small number, but our mission for the help of we know not what great world to-morrow, expressive of the will of the Lodge.

That this blessed Will may make itself more expressive still on the occasion of this solemn Pentecost, descending in tongues of divine fire, it is the desire of the Venezuela Branch, on the day of the Convention, to follow our custom and to meet here at the same time that you do in New York, thus making visible that which we already are—one body and one soul.

A. GONZÁLEZ JIMÉNEZ,
Acting Corresponding Secretary.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: The members of the Whitley Bay Branch send fraternal greetings. We realize the importance of the Convention as marking the end of a definite period, namely the quarter cycle of the century. As H. P. B. foretold, the mould of materialism has been completely broken down during this period, by the very science upon which it was built. It may therefore be said that at this time, we have, as a race, thrown off part of the outer husk of ignorance, and are passing out of "the Winter of our discontent" and ignorance, into the Spring of the cycle. Upon the effort put forward by us as members of The Theosophical Society, during this spring-time, will depend the beauty and fragrance of the growth in the summer, and the fulness of the harvest in the autumn.

Let us therefore bend to the task and sow as we wish to reap, by radiating forth that spiritual consciousness with which we are all endowed, and by which we are all sustained. We join with all members, so that the new life which the spring-time ushers in, may have the strength and unity of purpose towards that definite growth for which the Society was founded.

Fraternally yours,
FREDERICK A. ROSS,
President.

GATESHEAD, CO. DURHAM, ENGLAND.

Dear Secretary, By the time this letter reaches you, the Convention will be very near. The members of the Judge Lodge in Gateshead send greetings, and best wishes for the success of the Convention. Our highest thoughts will be with all assembled.

Yours fraternally,

PERCY W. WARD,
Secretary.

SOUTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND.

The members of Krishna Branch, South Shields, England, send their sincere good wishes for the success of the Convention. Our hearts will be with all assembled on Convention day.

Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM E. DAGLISH,
Secretary.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: It is with feelings of love and devotion that we send you our heartiest greetings and best wishes; we realize, to some extent, the value of love and loyalty in a great Cause, and also that of understanding. We are therefore deeply grateful for the privileges and opportunities that have been ours in the past, of participating in this Work, and assure you of our continued co-operation and effort; effort more effectively to embody the principles for which we stand, and thus to become greater living witnesses to the Truth. We trust that your deliberations may be a tower of strength and light to us all, a keynote for the greater conquest of the souls of men. And those souls can well be ourselves; we do not need to go outside to bring people in, as it were; that is not our method or work. As we ourselves "become," we shall then truly draw others.

On behalf of the members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Branch,

Yours fraternally,

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
President.

AYLSHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

To the Secretary T. S.: Our work consists mainly in correspondence, as our members live far apart, and some of us have never met. During the year we have continued, and completed, the study of *Patanjali's Yoga Sutras*, Mr. Johnston's translation; each of us writing notes of our thoughts on each month's study. These are circulated, month by month, among the members.

We are glad to take this opportunity of thanking the New York Branch for so kindly sending us reports of their fortnightly meetings, which we find most interesting. We are grateful for the privilege of thus being brought into touch with our fellow-members in America. We send you all our best wishes for a very good and happy Convention.

Yours sincerely,

ALICE GRAVES,
[*Secretary, Norfolk Branch.*]

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

To The Theosophical Convention, New York: Dear Brother Members in Convention assembled,—greeting. Once again the Annual Cog in the Mill of the Gods rolls by! May your deliberations make their indelible imprint on the spiritual sands of Time,—is the sincere wish of all the Cincinnati members.

Fraternally yours,

GUY MANNING,
President.

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: The members of Middletown Branch T. S. unanimously send their greetings and best wishes to you all. As each Theosophical Convention is a work of the Lodge of Masters, we know they will guide and assist you in making this Convention a great success as all others have been before. We hope that all who are able to attend will realize the splendid opportunity which they have to work for future humanity. May it evoke some soul-stirring message to all members generally, and to the world at large.

Middletown Branch as a whole, is with you in spirit.

Yours very sincerely,

W. G. ROBERTS,
Secretary, Middletown Branch.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

To The Officers and Members of The Theosophical Society, In Annual Convention Assembled: The members of the Pacific Branch of The Theosophical Society convey to you a most sincere greeting, with the pleasure of realizing that another auspicious milestone has been reached on the onward and upward Path of faithful workers in the Cause of the Masters. In commemoration of this event please accept the gift of a sweet scented flower dripping with dew, whose odour is of the breath of heaven, as a reminder of the Masters' constant presence, and with the prayer that it may come to bloom in the hearts of all who are seeking the Way.

Jacob Boehme, the Christian Mystic of the fifteenth century, quoting the saying of a Master, "Seek and ye shall find," points out, "*If you do not understand this*, seek the humble lowly heart of God, and that will bring you a small seed from the tree of Paradise into your soul, and if you abide in patience, then a great tree will grow out of the seed. Seek for the noble pearl of wisdom which is more precious than the whole world, and it will never depart from you. Where the pearl is there will be your heart also; you need not in this life seek any further after paradise, joy, and heavenly delight; seek but the pearl, and when you find that, then you find paradise and the kingdom of heaven."

In *Fragments*, by Cavé, we find a similar presentation when we read: "Folded in the heart of man the mystery lies—the mystery of life and immortality. Seek there the Path, oh, disciple, and thus the inner life is found. Is it that the eyes are blinded by material life, and the ears still deafened by clamour, so that things of spirit are sensed from afar, and mingled with the tumult of the senses nearer by?"

This has been the teaching given in all ages by the "Sons of Wisdom,"—to seek out the way from within, for the unveiling of the mystery of the noumenal life, and identification with that Power that makes both the noumenal and phenomenal life possible. Half truths with which humanity has been surfeited for centuries have placed the hoped-for paradise without and beyond mankind, and made it so vague, indefinite, and seemingly impossible of realization, that doubt became a halting belief, which grew apace into unbelief; and the soul more securely locked within its incasement, fettered as a bird ensnared, unable to free itself, wearied by beating its wings against its prison walls, droops and passes out; while its captor, in the freedom of his fancied emancipation, plunges blindly into the psychic maelstrom, confident that nought else is to be known or obtained than the keen sensational life of materiality; and in time he also droops and passes out, and thus the pity of it is he never knew that the jewel lay hidden in his heart, nor that the soul, having withdrawn from the multitude, and abiding in the silence of itself, solitary and alone, is in need of nothing external.

Sincerely and fraternally,

ALFRED L. LEONARD,
Secretary, Pacific Branch.

TORONTO, CANADA.

To The Secretary T. S.: During the present year we have been studying the *Ocean of Theosophy*, as some of our members are new to Theosophy. I think that the chief lesson some of us have learned, during the past year, as regards the Society and its work, is that more people than before are willing to listen and to learn; the feeling of people, in general, towards Theosophy is changed much for the better.

Fraternally yours,

A. J. HARRIS.

DENVER, COLORADO.

To the Secretary T. S.: The Virya Branch sends its greetings to the Convention. We have met regularly during the winter, and have used the *QUARTERLY* for the basis of our study and reading, especially the current numbers and those issued in 1910. We have also taken up several of the current popular movements, religious, social, and charitable, and have analyzed them theosophically, to try and distinguish just where they were working for righteousness, and where they fell short or were harmful: The Youth Movement; The Young Women's and Young Men's Christian Association, and several religious sects have been so considered. The interest of those present has seemed steady and vital.

Sincerely yours,

ANNE EVANS,
President, Virya Branch.

The following letter was received from members of the Society in France:—

My husband and myself wish to send you a few lines, to tell you that our thoughts are with you all at the Convention, and how sincerely we regret not to be there in person.

We are very young members of The Theosophical Society, but the fact of being members means a great deal in our lives.

Our one regret is to be so far away, and our desire to see a branch established in France is very strong.

I have confidence that our prayers will be answered and our desire gratified in the near future. With our warmest greetings and best wishes for the Convention.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: In this year also we send our hearty greetings and best wishes for a successful Convention; still as isolated members. We could not find other like-minded persons for joint study. In the past year particularly, we have felt the difficulties of isolated members and have been trying to see our opportunities. Often we were sad, because of our many failures and the opportunities we had lost. But we will continue the effort, to carry our ideals into life and not to be discouraged.

It was always a joy and help to us, to have correspondence with members in Czechoslovakia and from them to know the Branch study-themes and to receive reports of their meetings and several translations for study. Therefore we could often study the same article at the same time, and write our notes on our study, sending questions to other comrades. We unite our wishes for great progress in the new cycle of the Society's activity with those from the members of the Branch Aussig and all others.

Fraternally yours,

FRANZ WILLKOMM.
MARIE WILLKOMM.

BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: We ask you on behalf of our Wilmsdorfer Circle to accept our heartiest greetings and sincerest wishes for a successful Convention.

Our circle looks back upon a year of quiet work. We held gatherings twice a week in which topics of the most diverse variety were treated upon and discussed, practically all of them covering the principles which embody the ideal of Brotherhood, the precise and defined comprehension of which is imperative for the beneficent efficacy of theosophic work. Our attitude towards these principles—especially as regards its significance as to War and Peace—as well as our duty for reparation, has been a barrier to the growth of our circle as far as guests and new members are concerned. The united recognition of these principles, together with the pursued observance of these principles, brought our circle more closely together, and fired our hearts to greater effort to lay them bare to the influx of pure spiritual life. For we realize that only thus can we best serve the Theosophical Movement and the spiritual renaissance of the German people.

Having used QUARTERLY articles only as a basis for our studies in the past year, and being convinced that great riches have been bestowed upon us through these articles which were, and always are, full of light and life, we conceive that we are greatly indebted to all contributors to the QUARTERLY as well as to those older members who have, otherwise, given us most valuable help; we have, therefore, no hesitation in expressing right here how thankful we are.

May the good forces of life enable us to follow the light—which so clearly indicates the Way before us—with secure step. With this desire we shall congregate at the festive hour, and be with you in heart and soul.

Fraternally yours,
OSKAR STOLL,
ALFRED FRIEDEWALD.

SCHRECKENSTEIN II, NEAR AUSSIG-ELBE.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: My fraternal and heartiest greetings. The Master says, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." He who seeks with zeal will find the gate which leads to the real home of souls,—The Theosophical Society.

The Convention of this year, 1925, is a holiday and a memorial day. At first, therefore, honour to the remembrance of the heroic Madame Blavatsky and the heroic W. Q. Judge! They widened and dug the channels deeper by devoted and self-denying pioneer work—those channels into which the waters of the spiritual life could flow in order to refresh all thirsty souls.

Also it was granted to me to taste of this delicious water. From this time it is my fervent desire to perform little services, and it is for me a consolation to know, if I have no flowers of virtue to offer to the Master, I may offer him my sins and failings which He is able to transform. I feel the significance of this Convention deep in my heart, and I have the ardent desire to be united with all members assembled at this Convention.

Faithfully and thankfully yours,
HELENE ZERNDT.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: We send hearty greetings, and our best wishes for the efforts afforded now for the coming year, to promote the Theosophical Movement. We shall be together also at the time of the beginning of the Convention, and combine with you as well as possible. We feel ourselves highly indebted, during the last year, because of the articles in The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, which were, we are hoping, a great help to us all.

We are seven members-at-large now; the meetings were held in the same outer circumstances as formerly. At several times we had invited guests, who were interested and had the wish to know better the subject of our study. The conditions of life with us are of a most pressing character, such as in all our lifetimes we have not yet had to stand. We believe, therefore, that the opportunities of the members are great and must be used as best can be done. The materialism practised by the large trusts and other organizations, must be overcome by the higher evolution of the spiritual nature in the souls of men. As "Charity begins at home," it is the general opinion of the members that all should obey the behests of the Great Law to the best of their power, as Christ has bidden us, and that purification of mind and heart must precede the understanding of the doctrine. The *Sutras of Patanjali*, in the translation of Mr. Johnston, we have considered as the manual according to which Yoga is to be apprehended and experienced; often it is quoted for the elucidation of things from other fields. The German translation of this work is in the hands of all here.

We have the wish to work with you for the coming year as your comrades, and hope to do service for the Cause of the Masters.

With kind regards,
Sincerely yours,
O. IHRKE.

BERLIN, SCHÖNEBERG, GERMANY.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society Assembled in Convention in New York: To all members of the T. S. assembled in Convention, we send our most sincere sympathy and greetings. Gratefully we think of the Founders and all those who, through unwearying and selfless work have assured the existence of The Theosophical Society. May the time not be distant, when a great part of mankind may turn to the Theosophical life.

OTTO AND IDA SCHEERER,
OTTO AND LUISE BETHGE.

TRIESTE, ITALY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Dear Fellow-Members: The undersigned send this year again the kindest regards to all fellow-members of the T. S. in Convention assembled. Now we are already four persons who meet regularly in the Masters' name under the Flag of the T. S. of N. Y.,—a little sentinel in a big Country, like the grain of mustard-seed in the Parable.

May your helpful thoughts be of support to our Will and Work!

Faternally yours,
ALBERT PLISNIER,
TERESA PLISNIER,
VINCENZO TODINI,
JENNY MUSSAFIA.

REPORT OF THE MEETING OF THE NEW YORK BRANCH OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ON THE EVENING OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION

MR. PERKINS (*Chairman*): During this season, we have been discussing the three worlds in which we live every day—the world of the higher nature, the world of the lower nature, and the intermediate world of double reflection. I hope that all of us this evening will be able to connect that general topic with the real topic of the Convention to-day. Perhaps one connecting link is the reminder which Mr. Hargrove gave us of what was said in Convention

three years ago, when we were told that The Theosophical Society must serve as an ark to preserve certain sacred things from the psychic flood which was even then sweeping over the world,—to preserve the ancient wisdom, to preserve seeds of the nobility of the past. To that end, we were told that the Society must produce within itself the nucleus of a practical discipleship.

To-day with all the light of Convention about us, with the united heart of the assembly here, with the power that has come down to us, through the hierarchy, from the great Lodge of Masters above us,—in this particular moment we do not feel the sweep of the world's psychic flood, because we have been lifted above it. But there is very real peril for every one of us, in that flood, as well as peril to that which we hold most dear. Why? On account of its power of glamour.

I wish, for a moment, that we might look at the a-b-c's of glamour. The psychic flood has a power of glamour because, first, it is made of psychic stuff, which is fascinating, enchanting, alluring stuff, every atom of it glistening with reflected light; second, the forces within it are psychic forces, very powerful on their own plane, but, unfortunately, they do not label themselves as psychic. They are real forces,—the dynamic forces of light and motion and beauty from above. They bring also the magnetic, the attracting quality that is so characteristic of the real world.

If, then, the psychic forces come from the real world, giving life and attraction to the matter of the psychic world, where does the evil and the glamour come from? Like all evil, it comes from man's lower nature,—from the mean, selfish, abominable thoughts and acts which we indulge. If I think a mean, suspicious thought about one of my friends, instantly that thought forms for itself a body out of the suspicion stuff of the psychic world, and some of my life goes into that wretched body, vitalizing it so that it starts prowling about, in my mind and in the minds of others, seeking something of detriment to my friend. But when that suspicious thought appears again and again on the mirror of my mind, does it appear as the cruel and loathsome thing which it is? No, far from it! It probably seems to me as if robed in divine justice. Why? Because that kind of thought and impulse belongs to the world of lower nature, and is reflected into the mind from below. Every thought reflected into the mind from below, has, in its very nature, the power of glamour, the faculty of illusion, the ability to seem quite different from what it really is. Every thought from below is an arrant fraud, and many of them are venomous.

All our thoughts are not from below; some are from above; but, good or evil in origin, they are reflected onto the surface of our minds, and we say, "I thought this," or "I thought that." We must remember that the mind is only an instrument for receiving impressions, recording them, comparing them, and tabulating them. It is a psychic instrument, which functions in that intermediate world of double reflection. In the same moment, it reflects to us images and impulses from beneath, intuitions and aspirations from above. Confusion results. Are we the innocent victims of mental confusion? We are not. Back of every mental confusion there is a moral confusion which came from violating the laws of life.

Is it only a member of The Theosophical Society who is subject to confusion and glamour? Take a look at the world about us; select any of the fine arts as an example, and we find the work hopelessly mixed with psychic illusion. Here and there, perhaps, a lone figure of a man working apart, so deeply in love with truth and its beauty that he has almost kept himself above the psychic swirl. In the learned professions, in the church, in the schools, do you not find almost hopeless confusion? Where, in public life, the world over, is there a leader who has kept his vision unclouded? In the business world, the currents of trade and finance are swirling with illusions of every kind. The confusion and glamour is world-wide.

Now we know perfectly well in our own experience what glamour is like. If you ever tried to reason with a man who was completely wrapped up in a glamour of any kind, you know what a hopeless task it was. You might just as well stop talking to him,—forget it,—do something else. He is impervious to reason. We know inside our own hearts what it is like, because, once in a while, some friend comes along and suddenly wakes us up and lifts us out of our glamour so that we see it as it really is.

Why does glamour get such a hold on us; what is it inside of us that responds to it? Of course it is the unregenerate, psychic stuff in us which responds. Nothing else could respond. Like answers back to like. We have all seen a child in the nursery playing with a horseshoe magnet. He tries it on a table made of wood, and nothing happens; then on a pewter cup, and nothing happens; then on an iron nail, and instantly something happens, because the attractive stuff in the magnet has met some stuff of its own kind. So the only way to be free and unblinded in the presence of glamour—and in this world at the present time it is always about us—the only way to be free and able to serve, is to get that psychic stuff in our natures transformed into a better grade of stuff.

Last night I am sure that there were a number of people working late over preparations for this Convention. I should not be surprised if someone were feeling sleepy. It would not be a bit strange, under these circumstances, if someone should begin to feel sorry for himself. Has he not tried his best? Did he not sit up late working when he really needed the sleep? We all know the symptoms of self-pity and its glamour, but what is it made of? Well, it feels to me like sour, fermenting, psychic stuff,—yes, of course there are ferments floating around in the air of the psychic world, just as there are bacteria and bad odours and things far more unpleasant. What does self-pity sound like, in the other fellow, when you are on the outside of it? Why, it sounds like a puny, sickly, little wail. But when you are on the inside of it, through the illusion of some magic loud-speaker, that little, sickly wail is transformed into grand-opera, with you as the hero right in the centre of the stage.

We were reminded that the way to the future for all that is really dear to us, is the way of The Theosophical Society, which is the ark of the future. The old story of the Ark is very familiar, but I must confess that I had never thought what it meant, until I wanted to talk about it to-night. Just think what a lot of hard work and rigid discipline there must have been. There are delightful pictures of the animals going in two-by-two, followed by Noah and his family two-by-two; then the pictures show them all coming out again without any change except that Noah's whiskers seem to have grown a little longer. However it may have been in the days of Noah, I believe that it will require every bit of determination and faithfulness and obedience that each one of us can summon to the task, if we are to remain in the Theosophical ark for the next five years, or even until one year from to-day. That transformation of the unregenerate, psychic stuff in our lower natures must be accomplished without any further delay, or, like will respond to like, and we shall find ourselves overboard, in that ghastly, psychic torrent.

I feel very strongly that the Convention to-day has given us fair warning. We have been told plainly that our leaders are moving forward. We have the chance, if we will, to follow. If we follow, we follow into a fight, and a part of that fight must come without delay right inside the individual heart of every one of us who follows. Any of us may fail, as individuals, but does that matter? Shall we let the Cause fail? Shall the men at the very bottom of that scaling ladder against the wall, which we were told about to-day,—shall the least of us, at the critical moment, let go and let those above us fall? I hope and pray and determine, not.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: Perhaps the only reason that I am asked to speak is to remind us of our connection with the Allies of the Great War. The Allied armies invented the liaison officers between the different nations on the lines. I am, in part, a visitor from Boston and yet, in part, still, thanks be, a New York member. I have proved that it is a most difficult thing for any person to make any progress, whatever his desires, without the aid, the sacrifice, and the companionship of his brothers in the T. S. I pity anyone who cannot establish some contact with his brothers in the work.

The latest story going through Boston is about a doctor who writes on psycho-analysis, psychiatry, psychonomics, and all such subjects. He told his intimate friend, Jones, with whom he plays pool, that the latter was to be the subject of a whole chapter in a forthcoming book, because for twenty years he had noticed that Jones invariably called "tails," when they tossed to decide the break. Jones was furious. He pointed out that he was not the

type of man who can only make one invariable choice. He mentioned a simpler explanation, which the Doctor had overlooked—which is not surprising to those in the T. S. who have noticed how modern science still sticks to the externals and avoids the plane of reason. Jones stutters. He stutteringly explained that he always said "tails," because he could say it and he literally could only breathe hard and make no sound when he tried to say "heads."

Is it not possible that, if we choose and endeavour, we may take from this Convention an ability to say "heads"? Perhaps we have been more or less saturated with glamour. It is very polite and courteous, the way the older members call it—"glamour." I would hate to use good, old English words to describe it. I may, at least, call it somewhat as it is—"highly odoriferous and foully corrupting self-conceit." The prevailing glamour of the day seems to me to be when a man turns around and worships in himself what he thinks is man, merely because he is not able to see the real man.

One of my sons brought home a schoolmate to accompany him to a school function. The visitor had not succeeded in tying his dinner jacket tie. He asked me to do it. I recalled that for a third of a century I had been tying a dinner jacket tie. I went blithely to the task. Facing him I failed repeatedly. Then I turned him around in front of a mirror; put my arms around his neck, and tied the tie at once! I had never tied a tie in the real world. I had always tied my ties in the world of reflection. I had been interested only in my own tie. I had never before gone out to help other people tie their ties. Therefore, I had grown to see dinner jacket ties only in inversion—turned around. We may, however, get out of that world of inversion—if we wish to live.

Ferment rules that world. Ferment is ceaselessly active. Think, however, what it ends in. Mother of vinegar working in a cider barrel is an unpleasant sight. If we get up above that world of inversion, we find coolness, strength, peace, and power. We may find on the true plane a vision of reality and no longer live in any sort of unpleasant dream. That vision seems to me to be expressed in the words used by all great religious teachers: "Follow me." I have yet to find one who says, "Go there." Much has been said here to-day of the menace to souls because of the world-wide tendency to do whatever others are doing—be it right or be it wrong—for the avowed reason to keep in step; to conform. Our lower nature is always whispering to us: "It is all a dream; I—I am it; worship me; conform; conform; conform." We may learn from Convention a lesson of true conformity. In one sense—if there be one thing we are called upon to do, it is to conform. The test is—with what are we going to conform? Are we going to be part of this contemptible, unreal ferment; this "fertiliser and manure" that we heard of this morning, or are we going to conform with the perennial? Which are we going to be? What are we going to conform with?

Here Theosophy comes to our aid, brought back to the world by the steady courage, the agonizing sacrifices, and the dashing bravery of Madame Blavatsky, as supported by men like Mr. Judge; carried on by General Ludlow and by Mrs. Keightley and by our own friend, Mr. Griscom, whose beloved name it is still hard even to mention here among his friends and appreciators—carried on to teach us the right and to give us vision of beauty and charm. That may be our greatest gift from to-day—the beauty and charm of all right conformity—the thing that sent forth knights errant of old—that great picture of the great fight, described as: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." We have been given a trustworthy picture of the fact that our humblest efforts and strivings are helping, each and all. We have been invigorated by the clearcut reminder that each one of us, however unworthy, is indeed part of the universe, and that upon each one of us rests a chance provided by God himself—somewhat, somehow to lift the load; to back up our leaders; to enter into the fight, wherever and however we may be placed in life. And so the beauty and charm that we may take from this Convention to lighten our days, are the beauty and charm that come from knighthood lived and tried in the humblest circumstances and in the most trivial of duties—and as we meet them in the spirit of Theosophy—however humble and unworthy we be—then and there indeed we are fighters in the great Cause of the Lords of Compassion.

DR. CLARK: Much was said this morning and this afternoon about the world, its low standards and its vulgarity, which, however, when overlaid with glamour, become perilously tempt-

ing; and as no question or protest was voiced about that repeated condemnation of the world, it might be inferred that all feel prepared to recognize glamour when it arises and to deal successfully with it. It may be hoped that we are immune to certain kinds of attack but, if so, glamour will inevitably assume new forms and fashions, so that, instead of counting ourselves secure, we should do well to consider incidents from the past where its activity, unmistakably clear, may warn us how alert we need constantly to be. Such an incident occurred about a hundred years ago, when the failure of Napoleon's Russian campaign (followed later by Waterloo), easing the blockade of England, and bringing to the English people the assurance of a plentiful food supply, ushered in a period of self-indulgence that has some points of resemblance with our contemporary epoch. That period of ample feeding gives the lie to a theory advanced by some agitators and ecclesiastics that well-fed men turn their attention whole-heartedly to religion, for England did not so. It wanted nothing so worth while as religion, but only some new literary flavours. [The speaker then illustrated his theme from the career of Lord Byron, referring to the long struggle between Byron's higher and lower nature, "with varying fortunes of war," the real man winning in him at last.]

Where so many older and wiser than Byron have fallen, what wonder that he should have been the victim of flattery and adulation, seeing that he was only a youth whose mind was stored with many distressing memories, and that he was entirely friendless? Our weak spots may not be the same as his, but as the world will surely discover ours and endeavour to break through them, we should accept with gratitude every warning to be on guard. Even that vulgar world, however, with its low, material aims, can render service, for turn where we will in its history, nation after nation confronts us with the tradition of a golden age when gods and divine beings walked on earth with men. Since the divisions of time are said to be an effect of glamour, perhaps we may be so bold as to transfer the golden age to the future, thinking of it not as a past achievement, but as a goal to which The Theosophical Society is blazing the pioneer's trail. We believe that The Theosophical Society was founded by divine beings, the Masters, our leaders,—that it is a "supernatural" society. To-day, we have been invited, such as we are, to follow those leaders. Is that invitation to *us* anything less than a miracle?

MR. MITCHELL: During the winter we have given a great deal of time to the study of the three natures of man—the lower, the middle and the higher—and to an aspect of this which was spoken of this afternoon: how to avoid being deceived by the glamour of the middle, psychic nature, and how to learn to distinguish the real from the reflection. I have been thinking over all that has been given us to-day, trying to recall what has been said and to impress it on my mind. Professor Mitchell, in opening, spoke of the effect produced in the world by the continuance of the Theosophical Movement within it, likening the effect of that flow of force to a mountain stream poured into a stagnant pool, bringing evil as well as good to the surface. The world war was one effect, perhaps made possible because the continuance of the Theosophical Movement made a division between good and evil, where, before, all had been inextricably mingled together. Others spoke of the need for reverence, the need to look up, and above all, the need to realize that we stand on the second of the four walls of the city, within which the Heart of the World is held prisoner, looking down into the dark streets filled with enemies, into which our leaders are advancing, and into which it is our duty, our privilege and our happiness to follow. Professor Mitchell, in closing, spoke of all growth as a matter of consciousness, and to-night reference has been made to what was said two years ago of the Ark of the Theosophical Society. I have been thinking of that Ark, not so much as Noah's ark designed to weather safely the psychic flood, but rather as the Ark of the Covenant, and of the pearl beyond price that is within it, the wisdom of the ages, the ancient wisdom, preserved for us by the great ones of the Lodge. The happiness and the destiny of mankind are preserved in that Ark; the knowledge that man needs for his blessedness, the knowledge of his destiny, that he has a destiny, that life has a purpose and that it is not blind or mechanical. Fifty years ago, when the Society was founded, the world was just beginning to realize the supremacy of law, and in that fifty years the realization has been attained that all is under law, that the universe is one, and that it is a universe of law and of force.

Matter, as such, has been obliterated by science, which regards it as merely an aspect of force; but science has not yet taken the step that The Theosophical Society took years ago, and which, perhaps, if we do our duty and hold steadfast in the little things that are asked of us, the world may take in the next fifty years,—and that is to attain to the knowledge that it is not only a universe of law and force and power in the material sense, but that back of that force and power there is consciousness and purpose. That purpose is the development of the soul.

Why have we been studying all winter how to avoid being deceived by glamour? Why were we talking to-day of the need to ally ourselves with immortal things and to free ourselves from the lower,—from all that is destined only to die and to be plowed under? It is so that we may be able to go down from that second wall, down into the dark city streets below, and, fighting in that darkness, may not strike friends instead of foes. If we are immersed in glamour, how can we tell friend from enemy? Surely, freedom from glamour is one of the things the world needs most. I have often wondered if the armistice were not permitted by the Lodge because the world was so blind it did not know that it was not fighting for democracy, but for righteousness. Complete outer victory might have made the confusion worse. It seems to me that a part of what there is in the Ark of The Theosophical Society is the light that will enable man to tell the good from the evil, so that men can make their choice. When a man is put in a position where he can choose, when the light shows the good here and the evil there, whether he will or not, he must choose. If he be a man, he must fight.

Once more, thank Heaven, we have been permitted to get a glimpse of what there is in the Ark of Theosophy. Thank Heaven, we know there is *that* in the universe to which we can look up with all there is in us, to which we can give ourselves whole-heartedly; something that can satisfy the deepest longing of every man's soul. What higher happiness can one ask than to love absolutely a Being absolutely lovely, and to give oneself—with all that one is—to the fight for that which he reveres and worships with his whole heart and soul!

After the usual brief adjournment for the formulation of questions, the Chairman called upon Mr. Hargrove.

MR. HARGROVE: The following question appears to have been handed in: "What was meant by the statement this afternoon that Mr. Hargrove had 'slammed' youth?" That is a question intended to give me the opportunity to make my peace with youth! Youth is not necessarily synonymous with "years old." There are old men, seventy, eighty years old, who have not grown up and who never will. It does not follow that because anyone is young in years, he is condemned to youthfulness in that sense, and it is in that sense that youth is unnecessary. I trust I have now made my peace with youth!

And now for the question of glamour, which is not only of immense interest, but which we ought to do our utmost to understand, examining our own experience, both inner and outer, so as to find out all that we can, in regard to its nature and action. There can be no need to remark that it is often easier to see its effect upon other people than upon ourselves. Occasionally it is still easier to see it at work in the affairs of the world, on a large scale, and it is particularly easy, or should be, for most of us, to see the effect of glamour in connection with some of the events that followed the great war. We have already offended people—quite seriously, I am afraid—by certain remarks made from time to time about England; and I fear I may offend them again and still more: but it cannot be helped. If we speak at all, we must tell the truth as we see it, and others, who think differently, must do the same.

Many people have attributed all the ills that followed the war to the war itself, but I am not going to waste your time by dealing with so crude an illusion as that. Some people—much fewer in number—have been inclined to attribute those same ills to the armistice, and although there are perhaps none in this room who would be prepared to excuse or defend the armistice, it is at least conceivable that, in spite of the armistice, Germany might later have been conquered, if England and this country had done their duty to the end. Instead of doing so, they became victims of glamour, and failed for lack of right understanding and of

final perseverance,—England much more to blame than America, because England had less excuse for her delusion. When, as a matter of fact, the most trying part of the war had only begun, the armistice was mistaken for victory; people threw up their hats, deciding that now at last they could relax, rest, and devote their energies to making money. You will see at once, I hope, the possible analogy between the situation in the world then, with what would be the present situation in The Theosophical Society if we too were to become the victims of glamour,—if we too, like England and America at the time of the armistice, were to permit desire to dominate reason, and were to persuade ourselves that the war is over.

The German fleet had ceased to exist, and England therefore felt safe. No longer afraid, she relapsed into selfishness, becoming blind to the wider view, to principle, and to ultimate expediency. Practically from the time of the armistice, England ceased to co-operate with France, refusing to see that France was still in danger, that the peace of Europe was still threatened, and avowedly pursuing her own course for what she regarded as her own benefit. It was a calamity, due in large measure to England's lack of leadership. She had been the victim, for years, of mob rule, and the mob acts by instinct, which is sometimes right but more often wrong. There has been nothing more magnificent in the history of England than the way in which the mob behaved in 1914. It was superb,—the way that men of all classes instinctively did the right thing, instinctively gave themselves, body and soul, to the cause which they felt to be noble. They were not actuated then by self-interest. They were lifted above themselves. But, with the so-called peace, came reaction and the sense of accomplishment; and because sacrifice was no longer demanded in terms of death, but only in terms of life—in terms of moral courage and of four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage—the mob was not equal to the test. The level of its consciousness sank and continued to sink, until the desire—not necessarily in the forefront of the mind, and in most cases merely instinctive—until the desire to take care of self and to let England's former Allies look after themselves so far as that did not seem to threaten England's interests, became the only desire and the only course of action that the mob found tolerable.

It ought not to be necessary to say much about the reaction in the United States. All of us know that when the fighting was over there was a general sigh of relief. "The boys" were coming home. America had cut a great figure in the war; but the desire of this country was to get out of it as quickly and as completely as possible. She had made all the sacrifice that she wanted to make, and more. The consequence has been that the loans made by this country to her Allies during the war, have been held over the situation in Europe as a continual threat. England, for reasons of her own—and at that time, partly to bring pressure to bear on France—met the demands of America, and is in process of paying her debt. We know that the money loaned to France is being demanded, and that every possible pressure is being brought to bear to force France to repay. We forget—we choose to forget—that the money which the Allies borrowed from this country was spent here on arms and ammunition; we forget that our own Government got nearly 80% of it back into its own pockets by means of special taxation (not only taxes on direct profits, but taxes on wages and salaries, with taxes on other profits made through the production of raw materials). We forget a great deal. Self-seeking, selfishness, glamour—glamour so complete that this country is convinced it is right, just as England is convinced it is right. There is positive inability to listen to reason. Newspapers such as the "Spectator" in England, usually fairly sane, show themselves to be hopelessly lunatic under that head.

I speak of these things at the Convention meeting of the New York Branch, because the influence of the Convention reaches very much further than most of us can begin to realize; and what America has done and what England has done in that connection is a shame and a disgrace. We have left our Ally in the lurch, doing magnificently up to a certain point, and then turning our backs on the situation, permitting our desire to convince us that the work was finished, that the war was over, when in truth we were just at the beginning of the war,—because, while Germany on the physical plane had been conquered, in her own estimation and on the plane of will, Germany had not been conquered: should have been, might have been, but was not, merely for lack of final determination, for lack of understanding. And that

lack of understanding was due to glamour, to glamour thrown up by a misguided sense of self-interest and by the self-complacent thought that we had "won through."

Our immediate concern is this: The Theosophical Society, as was stated this morning, has won through to the fiftieth year of its existence. So far, the fighting has been more or less objective, making an almost visible appeal to courage, endurance, sacrifice. But the war is not over. The real test is beginning,—the test of moral courage, of clear vision, is upon us. The fight must be carried on in terms of will and of understanding, and of fidelity to right principle. Pray heaven that none of us do as England did, as America did. That indeed would be a calamity. Surely we should learn from so great an object lesson! Each one of us can see for himself what happened and why. Then, having learned all that we can learn from "the life that surrounds" us; having striven "to look intelligently into the hearts of men"—"from an absolutely impersonal point of view, otherwise your sight is coloured"—let us turn the lesson upon self, and see how that lesson applies. I do not see, in view of all that has been given us, that we can have any excuse if we fail—fail in understanding, or fail in determination to push forward to the end.

MR. ARMSTRONG: The words of the famous anthem express my feeling better than any words of my own:

"Great is Jehovah the Lord,
For Heaven and Earth testify to His great pow'r.
'Tis heard in the fierce raging storm,
In the torrents' loud thundering roar;
Great is Jehovah the Lord
Mighty is His pow'r.
'Tis heard in the rustling of leaves in the forest,
Seen in the waving of golden fields,
In loveliest flowers' gaudy array,
'Tis seen in myriad stars that stud the heavens,
Fierce it sounds in the thunder's loud roll,
And flames in the brightly quivering flash.
Yet clearer thy throbbing heart
To thee proclaims Jehovah's pow'r,
The Lord God Almighty!
Look thou praying to Heav'n,
And hope for grace and for mercy
Great is Jehovah the Lord!"

MR. AUCHINCLOSS: I had the greatest difficulty in realizing all this week that Convention time had come again and that the active work of another year was almost over. It hardly seems a year since the last Convention. But it is, and all this week the members of the New York Branch, with the regularity of a fixed habit, have been making preparations to receive the Delegates.

Thinking in these terms about the Convention, I thought of the extent to which we are all creatures of habit. And I was reminded of the old horse which had spent all his life out in the country going round and round in a treadmill of some kind, a cider press or a sawmill, pushing a heavy wooden bar. He had grown old and feeble and superannuated, and had been turned out to pasture. But he could not get away from the fixed habits of a lifetime. All day long he went round and round in the pasture in a circle. He would stop when the noon whistle blew, and go off and lie down under a tree for a while. But when one o'clock came he was up and at it again, going round and round in the same circle.

Some of us are like that old horse. There are two ways of looking at it. Either we have fixed habits of thought and moulds of feeling that hold us back, and block off the light, and prevent our progress, so that we never really get away from these things, except when some-

thing happens that corresponds to the blowing of the noon whistle, such as the coming of Convention, when for a time we are raised up out of ourselves,—although even then, when the noon hour is over, we are quite likely to drop back again into the old mental and emotional habits and moulds; or else our habits of thought and feeling are entirely different, and there is real aspiration and effort and progress. In that case, when the noon whistle blows and Convention comes, it is a time of tremendous and permanent inspiration, from which we go back to take things up where we left them off, with the resolve to do them better than we have ever done them before. We go back full of dissatisfaction with the whole quality of our effort; full of a wonder that we have ever been able to feel any measure of self-gratulation; full of a feeling of impatience with ourselves that we have not done long ago what little we have been able to accomplish, and done it infinitely better.

New aspiration, new humility, new zeal, new inspiration, as a result of Convention! Creatures of habit, perhaps; but constantly trying to raise the quality and the level of our habit. Seeking the Way; seeking it by retreating within; but not forgetting to seek it by advancing boldly without.

MR. LADOW: As I was coming here this evening, I thought of a Chinese proverb which I believe many of us might well take to heart, in the light of all that has happened to-day. "To be full without overflowing is to possess wisdom." "Overflowing" suggests that which overflows,—water, which is one of the very ancient symbols of glamour, because, of course, when one looks at an object through water it does not appear the same as when seen through the atmosphere. Mark Twain tells a story that illustrates this property of glamour, and indicates how impossible it is to trust any of our mental operations that fall under its dominion. He was speaking of a mountain lake in Colorado. The water was so clear that when one was in a boat in the middle of the lake—where it was two or three hundred feet deep—he could see a ten cent piece on the bottom. Some of his friends expressing doubt that this was possible, he said: "I am willing to compromise. I could at least see a ten dollar bill floating on the surface."

I think that all of us, in New York and elsewhere, should bear in mind the spiritual force, the creative power for good, that is present in a simple act of right understanding. Mention was made this afternoon of Alexander the Great, whose work illustrates what a single human being can do by utilizing the energies latent in consciousness. Alexander invented or rather re-adapted—because no one ever really invents anything—a method of colonizing which was the direct opposite of the method of armed conquest that had established the Persian Empire. When the Persians annexed a territory, they exacted tribute and left a few soldiers to preserve order. A palace revolution could ignite a spark that would consume the whole realm. Alexander's method was to establish groups of Greek colonists in the wake of the army. These colonists consolidated his conquests. Superior politically to the people among whom they settled, they gradually brought them to their own level and made them not only accept but welcome Greek civilization. And all this was accomplished by the spread of Greek consciousness. Just by being what they were, the Greeks reduced the "matter" around them to vibrations concordant with their own. Surely we may learn from such historical illustrations the way to realize the principle which underlies the work of The Theosophical Society; that The Theosophical Society is to be a nucleus of universal brotherhood. It is only through our consciousness, by *being* that which we profess to admire, that we can really disseminate a beneficent influence, that we can really create.

It has occurred to me that the concluding remarks of Professor Mitchell this afternoon, and his emphasis on understanding, have a direct relation to what we are now discussing. To be good, wise, and so forth, appears a long way off for many of us and rather hopeless. It may seem easier and more hopeful for some, to begin with the effort to gain a clearer understanding of what wisdom is, even if at first our understanding be only intellectual and abstract. To understand is a privilege open to all students of Theosophy, and we may cherish the idea that, if we understand, we cannot help *being* a little that which we understand, and that by *being* we cannot fail to influence the world.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: The following written question was handed to the Chairman, who

has passed it to me for reply: "Could more in detail be said on consciousness?" Answer: Yes! Mr. LaDow has just pointed out that understanding of the good seems within our reach; and surely if there be an understanding of the good within our reach, the love of the good is within our reach; and if there be a love of the good possible for us, there will of necessity be possible a conscious self-identification, at all events of our deepest self, with the good. Now that leads at once, it seems to me, to the importance of self-consciousness. And if I have anything more to say upon consciousness after that which I have already said, it is upon this side of it that I would wish to speak.

Take Mr. Perkins' illustration of the pining wail of self-pity magnified into grand opera. It depends upon our own concept of ourselves as to how that action looks to us. In one of those forthcoming books which will be purchasable to-morrow, and to which allusion was made this afternoon—in the *Letters to Friends*—I remember one passage which always appealed to me: the letter said the author had a recipe for happiness if we were willing to use it,—namely, cease to see ourselves as angels banished from heaven, and see ourselves as sinners saved from hell. The instant we pause to consider, we shall see how true and how far-reaching that is. It is our own picture of ourselves, of what are our deserts, our own concepts of our interests, of our identities, which colour all the universe about us. And if these be false, if our own vision of ourselves be false, then our whole vision of life is false, because, at least in one sense, all our consciousness of the external universe is a projection outwards of our consciousness of ourselves.

We may find in this principle the explanation of what Mr. Hargrove had to say of the different standards manifested at different times in the actions of England and this country with reference to the war. At the very beginning of the war, let us consider some American reading of the war, reading of it as so many read of it in 1914, in an aloof and detached way, as something with which they perhaps had very little concern. They were conscious of it, but not in the least self-conscious. As the issues of the war grew clearer, and were brought home to all, even the most aloof reader realized that there were in those issues things that pertained to him,—his ideals, his standards of righteousness, perhaps his material interest;—he began to be self-conscious of the war, seeing its reference to himself. And according to his own concept of himself, was, in all probability, his view and judgment of the war. If he were one whose self, to himself, lay in his financial interests, worldly activities and comfort, it would be easy to conceive his coming to a steadily deepening hope that Germany might soon win. If his interests were of another kind, in standards of international integrity and good faith, if he saw his moral values threatened, he would find himself more and more enlisted in the cause of the Allies. According to the point of view from which we look out on the world, is the vision that the world presents to us, and our reaction to it. My point might be restated as a plea, drawn from those facts of consciousness, that we should form a truer and deeper and higher concept of ourselves, that we should cease to believe ourselves cheap; that we should see, deep down in the essence of us, something that is true, vital, worthy, righteous; and that we should claim that as ourselves, taking it as our standpoint, our point of view, our centre of self-hood and self-reference,—that centre from which we look out on the world, to which we refer all of which we are conscious, our centre of self-consciousness, of self-identification. That centre of self-identification, in its deepest analysis, lies in what we love—not in what we *think* we love, but in what we do love; in what we live to serve, in the interest of which we live. So, if in truth we understand the purposes of the Theosophical Movement, if it be true that from them we can get an understanding vision of what is good, I hold that it is within our power to take the next step,—to love the good, and loving it, to make it the centre of our lives, of our self-consciousness, the point of view from which we look out on life, and so, the centre of our selfhood, the centre of our vision, the centre of our being.



REVIEWS

Fragments, Vol. III., by Cavé; published by the Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York; price, \$1.00.

When the first volume of *Fragments* was published in 1908, the present reviewer wrote that "after reading it twice, very carefully, it seems that not less than a year of constant study would make a review worth while. It is the revelation by a soul of the Light it has found on the Path. My belief is that for hundreds of years it will be read devoutly and with love by those who seek that Path. . . . This book is a proclamation, loud enough for all who have will to hear, that the link has been kept alive and vibrant, and that on the ladder raised to heaven the angels of God are still ascending and descending, and that 'the Lord' still stands above it."

We are inclined to grow accustomed to things, and then to take them for granted. It is a deadening tendency, against which we should struggle by all the means in our power. We should count ourselves alive only in so far as all spiritual beauty fills us with an ever-new delight and wonder. Is that how the 'Fragments' impress us, as they appear in each issue of *THE QUARTERLY*? Read the first thirty pages of the third volume, just published—a collection of the 'Fragments' since the second volume was issued—and see if they do not appeal to you as freshly drawn from a cool and immortal fountain, that the fever of life may be stilled, and that we may grasp ourselves anew for the one purpose for which the world exists.

There are many extracts from letters of a Guru to his chéla in this third volume,—sometimes so marked, but often left undesignated, to speak for themselves; or with comment by the recipient who, having striven to obey, is able to warn against misunderstanding and to drive home the sword-strokes of the spirit with the weight of personal experience. All of it is *history*,—the history (not otherwise to be written) of the hidden life of the theosophical movement: the history of a marvellous effort, of a great war, which chélas in the Lodge have watched, breathlessly. It is not over, that war. What will be the response, the response of will and desire, to the appeal of this volume?

E. T. H.

Letters to Friends, by John Gerard; published by the Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York; price, \$1.75.

How few are the original contributions to theosophical literature which the movement has produced since 1875! There are the works of H. P. Blavatsky; the *Letters That Have Helped Me* and other writings of W. Q. Judge; *Light on the Path* and *Through the Gates of Gold*; the articles by various writers republished as *Five Years of Theosophy*; *Fragments* by Cavé; *The Song of Life* and other interpretations of Eastern scriptures by Charles Johnston; *Meditation* by H. B. Mitchell; the "Letters to Students" by Clement A. Griscom, now appearing serially in *THE QUARTERLY*,—and what else? John Gerard's *Letters to Friends* would be my answer, for they are the fruit of experience, and, for that reason, original. They are hammered out of the substance of life; they are Theosophy tested and tried, through pain and through joy, through success and failure, with strong effort and with uttermost fidelity. There are books which attempt to paraphrase or to explain Theosophy, intellectually, some of which are valuable; there are other books, alas! which consist merely of psychic self-delusion—a prostitution of the name, Theosophy, for which Adyar and its dupes are chiefly responsible;

there are books of all kinds, good and bad, dealing with theosophical "doctrines": but how few, like these *Letters*, that are wrought by the spirit in the furnace of a clear mind and a self-forgetting heart! That they are invaluable, every reader of *The Quarterly* knows, whose memory carries him back some ten years or more. They are additional light on the path, not thrown from the heights of attainment, but cast from nearer our own level upon obstacles immediately confronting us, revealing new incentives, re-enkindling hope, inspiring fresh determination. Above all else, they *explain* why and where we fail, and how we may succeed.

E. T. H.

The Religious and Social Problems of the Orient, by Masaharu Anesaki. The Macmillan Company, 1923; price. \$1.00.

The author, who has held professorships in Tokyo Imperial University and Harvard University, delivered the four lectures which make up this slender book at the University of California.

With the fine courtesy of the Oriental, he speaks for the most part of what interests his Occidental audience, and keeps very much in the background some things which are of transcendent interest to himself. He says enough on one vital topic, to make us desire much more: namely, the inner, spiritual life of a Northern Buddhist, who is profoundly in earnest in his religion.

We have space for only one passage from the lectures, to illustrate this:

"The whole stream of Buddhist influence found an inexhaustible fountain-head in this transformed life, to which the teaching of 'non-ego' leads, and at this source stood always the inspiring figure of Buddha's personality. We have made a brief reference to Buddhist activities in missionary endeavour, philanthropic work, social betterment, artistic inspiration, and here we shall be content with simply pointing out in explanation that these works are the manifestation of the sense of unity in all. And through the centuries that these activities have been going on all over the Asiatic continent and the southeastern islands, those who worked were men who had undergone the discipline of self-negation. They only followed the example of the founder in overcoming narrow egoism, and in expressing in deeds and works the spiritual vision thereby attained. The life of the best Buddhists was a life in imitation of Buddha, following his footsteps both in the matter of negation and of expansion. Emulation, however, describes their attitude better than imitation, because the source of their beliefs and their zeal lay in a spiritual communion with Buddha, in which reverent admiration and worshipful contemplation were mingled. Therein they realized direct communion, union in faith, with Buddha himself. In this way he was for them not merely the founder of Buddhism but the saviour of Buddhists. And the manifold evolution of the Buddhist faith, together with its achievements in various directions, was in one sense the continuous and ever-wider unfolding of Buddha's personal inspiration, which, we may mention, the Buddhist faith identified with the truth of existence embodied in his life.

"Now that we have spoken of the saviourship of Buddha, we must say that it did not imply an idea of vicarious salvation as in Christianity, though, as a matter of fact, a branch of Buddhism has emphasized something akin to the latter. This is not the place to discuss the difference or relation between saviourship that is vicarious and saviourship working through spiritual communion, but we admit freely and fully that there is a gap between the two religions in this respect."

On this, two comments may be made: first, "saviourship working through spiritual communion" appears to many students to be the truer ideal of Christianity; and, second, that the passage we have quoted, brief as it is, gives more real insight into the spiritual side of the Buddhist religion than a score of popular expositions of Buddhism. We should like to see this devout and scholarly writer put his best effort into a book on the spiritual side of the Buddha's teaching.

C. J.

The Conquest of Happiness, by Jules Payot; authorized translation by Richard Duffy. Funk & Wagnalls Company; price, \$1.75.

This is another excellent and stimulating book, full of suggestive illustrations and clear-cut, penetrating analysis. "It is our business to make the coming day just what we want it to be" (p. 84), might be taken as the key-phrase of the whole study. A man who waits for happiness to drift into his life, may taste for a brief moment some of the lesser fruits, but will soon find himself the prey of "adverse circumstances," "hard luck," or sickness and death and the many inevitable ills of mundane existence. But happiness is not the capricious gift of some stingy god; happiness is the resultant of certain causes, which we can generate in ourselves. "We can mould our soul by resolutely directing our thoughts and sentiments so that, irrespective of what happens, we shall never become marionettes at the mercy of events" (p. 85). "One has no right to become discouraged until one has had recourse to all possible and impossible means" (p. 93). "The causes of our failures, sufferings, and misfortunes lie in ourselves" (p. 108): how many believe that,—read it again! "The irremediable defect of most amusements is that they do not amuse, and so prevent one from discovering real happiness" (p. 237). "Just a little bit of will is sufficient in order to conquer more will-power, and then still more" (p. 411).

These sentences suggest, perhaps, the spirit and the approach of the work. Dr. Payot has discovered that "All the way to heaven is heaven"—but one must really and truly be seeking heaven to find this true. Any man and every man can and should be happy. A. G.

A History of Magic and Experimental Science During the First Thirteen Centuries of our Era, by Lynn Thorndike. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, 1923; price, \$10.00.

No student of mediæval thought can afford henceforth to be without this book, which is truly a monument of encyclopedic learning. Professor Thorndike has adapted to his use a great deal of familiar material, but at the same time he has brought to light many manuscripts never before worked over. Of special value is the exceptionally complete bibliography.

It is unfortunate, however, that the author's attitude towards most of his data is so unsympathetic. He confesses candidly his ardent belief in the supremacy of the experimental method over all other methods of seeking truth, but he is making a very broad assumption when he argues that the experimental method has only been effectively applied to Nature by the human mind during the last few hundred years. And it is not altogether just to regard magic and science as polar opposites. The "magic" of classical and mediæval times was, of course, a crude mixture of knowledge and superstition, which often assumed grotesque forms; but the knowledge was still there, hidden beneath the symbolism, and it may still, perchance, be found by him who seeks. At least one distinguished scientist of to-day, Professor Soddy, suggests that certain magical symbols of antiquity are evidence of a very old experimental science of Nature, so perfectly do those symbols represent the operation of magnetic and radioactive forces. The modern scientist may be only re-discovering and re-phrasing what was known long ages ago, but forgotten. Dr. Thorndike sees no validity in the doctrine of occult potencies, which were supposed to reside in amulets or to emanate from the planets. But, in spite of the superstitious fancies and observances which darkened the meaning of that doctrine, it is, in essence, only a statement of the great Law of Correspondences. The modern experimental method rests upon the belief that the Law of Correspondences is true. It is significant that many recent discoveries in psychology and physics are an actual confirmation of the truths underlying many an old and despised superstition.

One valuable contribution of Dr. Thorndike's research is the revelation of the actual scientific progress made by the men of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. Roger Bacon had, in many respects, a better working knowledge of Nature than Galen and Pliny, and Roger Bacon was by no means the only experimental scientist of his time. S. L.

Books reviewed in these columns may be obtained from The Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York, N. Y.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 306.—*Why is so much said about having to give up things of all sorts? Is not the right use of God's gifts the larger way?*

ANSWER.—We must give up lesser "gifts" in order to obtain greater ones. Each one of God's gifts has its purpose and its right use, which is to bring us nearer to the Divine. That which is a help at one stage of development becomes a hindrance at a higher stage and has to be "given up" for the larger gifts appropriate to the new condition. It is right and natural for children to play with dolls and tin soldiers. In a grown man it is a sign of arrested development. The time comes when we have to put away our tin soldiers of all sorts in order to give our time and attention to better things. What we have of each is limited, and attention given to lower things, however harmless they seem in themselves, is not available for higher purposes. To be anywhere in the world we have to "give up" being somewhere else. We should, however, never seek to give up anything without striving at the same time to put something better in its place; even sins should be replaced by the opposite virtues. The Masters want us to have life and to have it more abundantly, higher and higher kinds of life, with more, not less, of colour and joy. If we wish to climb the ladder we must leave the lower rungs. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The right use of all of God's gifts is the only way.

God's gifts are both powers and opportunities. The opportunities we cannot give up, for we have produced them by Karma: the powers we have to develop. What we have to give up is wasting our time and misusing our powers. The practice of discrimination will teach us that we have to give up only waste matter, the non-essential, the unreal. St. C. B.

QUESTION NO. 307.—*What can we do with the personality; can it be so trained as to become an ally of the soul and a means by which we may help others to reach the truth, or must it be eliminated utterly as incorrigible?*

ANSWER.—What does the querent mean by "personality"? Let us take an illustration from the Parable of the Talents. Let us say that the servants were entrusted with a talent of power derived from "that united spirit of life which was their only true Self," as *Light on the Path* puts it. Then if that talent were buried in the ground-matter of material life and were devoted to the acquisition of separate life-sensation or possessions, it would be buried in the earth, and the qualities or possessions so developed would be the personality alluded to as "utterly incorrigible." As such it must be eliminated in relation to the united spirit of life, because the talent or power has been entirely diverted or perverted from its proper use. It can be eliminated as such by being transmuted and the power applied to its proper purpose. Then the individuality—the soul—has a proper vesture in a personality fitly representing it, just as physical man clothes himself properly out of regard for others, if for no other reason, and appears "clean, clothed and in his right mind," or, as described when taking his early degrees in a university, "*bene vestitus, moderate doctus et integre sanilatus*." And as such also he returns to the Lord who gave it, the power, with other talents, to be laid on the altar.

A. K.

ANSWER.—The point is that we—meaning the Higher Nature, the Soul, the real Self—must use the personality and not let it use us. Treat it rather as a servant of the soul than as an ally. It must take orders, not suggest action. Its powers must be in subjection; it must obey. It must be treated as a child, an idiot, or a devil, as the necessity may arise. Eventually, by our thorough command of our personality, by our knowledge of how to handle it, we should be able to help others to attain the same power and knowledge.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—This seems to be explained clearly, completely, and vividly, in *The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY*, January, 1925, in an article entitled "Persy."

S. M.

ANSWER.—We can do a great deal with the personality; indeed we must do so, for it is given to us to subdue, and then to train and develop in the right way, that it may become the ally of the soul. If we simply try to kill it we shall fail in our duty, and fail in our task, and it, or rather its skandhas, will meet us next time stronger than ever. It is possible to reform a criminal, but capital punishment is not the way to do it.

S.

QUESTION NO. 308.—*Is the individuality the soul, and so ever existent; or is it a product of evolution formed by transmutation of the personality?*

ANSWER.—This question seems to imply that the process of evolution comes to a sudden stop at some point. On the contrary, that law would seem to hold on all planes below the Absolute. The personality appears to be a mask formed of force stolen from the soul; and one of the duties of life is to restore that force to its rightful place.

S. M.

ANSWER.—Let us take an illustration, remembering that material illustrations are faulty in relation to consciousness and life. Let a pound of mercury be exposed to air and dust; the result is that tiny globules of mercury are formed, all separate and distinct, which will not run together and unite until purified. This can steadily and increasingly be accomplished by forcing the mercury, however dirty, through a filter, and better still by exposing it to heat and fire, and it is then volatilized and distilled and condensed again, to rebecome the pure and (relatively) homogeneous mercury. Let the soul represent the mercury, and the individuality the slightly soiled particles, becoming increasingly separated so as to become personalities. Study *Light on the Path*, Rule 20, and one may see the process clearly described.

The mercury is necessarily exposed to material life and the dust of material life for the purposes of experience; and the personality properly transmuted is a product of both evolution and involution.

Q.

ANSWER.—Let us think of the individuality as a spark from the Divine flame, burning dim in our incarnations, as light and fire are drawn from it down into the personality; for whatever of force and power the Lower Nature may possess must inevitably have been drawn from the Higher Nature and perverted. In another incarnation that Divine spark may burn brightly, luminous and radiant, as it draws back again the fire which the personality has stolen.

If, life after life, the personality succeeds in drawing down enough force and power, that spark may be extinguished. But if the individuality, either through tedious and slow effort in successive lives, or through real devotion and indomitable will in this one, draws back again all of the stolen fire, adding to it fresh fuel of its own, the Divine spark evolves into clear flame.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The individuality is the soul, a spark of the Divine, ever existent. Its problem is so to transmute the personality that it can assimilate it and enlarge its own consciousness by the experience the personality has gained.

S.

QUESTION NO. 309.—*Can something be said about the distinction between true feeling and emotion, especially as related to love for a Master?*

ANSWER.—Why do we love our friends? Is it because they are rich and handsome and entertaining and say nice things to us? If so, our love—if we must call it by that name—is an emotion, a state of consciousness which we have identified with pleasure and have classified as desirable. By an association of ideas, we also classify our “friends” as desirable, because they have participated as causes in our pleasant emotions. But, of course, if this be the basis of our relationship, we do not really care a straw about them, once they are separated from their office of ministers to our comfort. Nobody likes mince-pie in the abstract; he only likes the taste of mince-pie.

True feeling is of the Soul, and its very divinity is proved by this fact: that it cannot remain centred in any state of personal pleasure or pain. Emotions may accompany it, may even assist its manifestation, but it is not dependent upon them. True friendship is a genuine blending of consciousness, a compassion which is the sharing of all feeling, both of joy and of sorrow. Nor can it remain as a merely subjective thing; it constantly overflows into action. Like the gods, it is “nourished by sacrifice.”

Is not earthly friendship a foreshadowing of the divine relation of Master and chëla?

V. S.

ANSWER.—“By their fruits ye shall know them.” What do we do about it? If it is emotion which we feel, we probably rest content in the glow of the moment, and do nothing to transform this glow into action. If it be true feeling, the results should show in our renewed effort with ourselves, and so in our daily intercourse with others and in the little things of our everyday life.

A.

ANSWER.—Instead of “emotion,” we should like to substitute the word “emotionalism” here. Emotion is a beautiful thing; it *is* “true feeling.” The distinction between emotionalism, sentimentalism and all such counterfeits, and the genuine thing, is the distinction between a motor force and an iridescent bubble. The one breaks and evaporates as soon as a puff of reality strikes it; the other does something. Perhaps we can test our love for a Master by our willingness to translate feeling into action; our determination to make his cause our own.

L. S.

ANSWER.—True feeling *is* emotion—the right kind of emotion. It is that moving out from within, to which quite wrongly, the various degrees of psychic sentiment have been attached. The real love and devotion to and for a Master is the result of getting in touch with the “Kingdom of Heaven” where he lives and works. That is what sets the real heart on fire, and in the flame of that fire the dross is burned away which covers the true gold during its “solution” in the crucible of life in the world. The real burning ardour replaces the “psychic counterfeit,” for true feeling is coincident with true living.

A. K.

ANSWER.—Perhaps one way of putting it would be to say that true feeling has always in it an element of will and results in action, whereas emotion is sterile. We enjoy experiencing the emotion and may seek it solely because we do enjoy it—making even the effort to love a Master a matter of self-indulgence. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Does our “love for the Master” strengthen our wills, make us more disposed to self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, and to do our duties cheerfully; or does it make us irritable and peevish, given to complaining of the “barriers to my spiritual life” placed in our way by an unkind fate or by the perverseness of those about us?

J. F. B. M.

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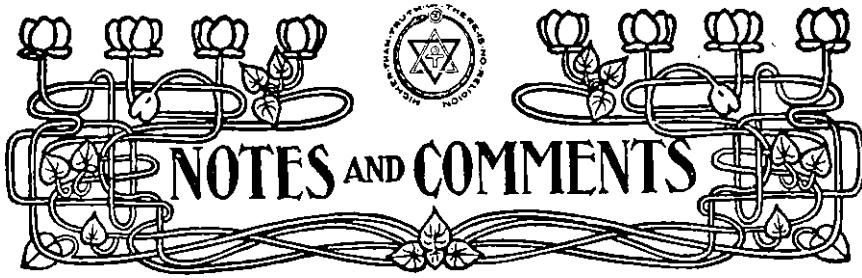
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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

ONE of the Buddhist Suttas is known as the *Potthapada Sutta*, so called in honour of the Brahman to whom the Buddha addressed the teaching it contains, and who was so moved by the wise eloquence of the Master, that he sought and received permission to become a member of the Order.

Potthapada is the softened Pali form of the Sanskrit, Poshttrapada, the name of one of the lunar mansions, the spaces through which the moon moves, day by day, from west to east, across the background of the stars. From this lunar mansion the Brahman took his name.

The *Potthapada Sutta* shares with other Suttas in the same collection certain characteristics. Its spirit is at once reverent and humorous; it reveals an admirable gift for drawing character against a background of Aryan life; it goes forward in the same leisurely way, repeating dissertations and descriptions word for word as they have been given before. Whoever has told children some story that they love, has, no doubt, discovered that they remember accurately every detail, every phrase, and that they will in no wise tolerate any departure from the authorized version of the story. In exactly the same way, the recorders of these Suttas, and those to whom they were rehearsed, love to have the very same words repeated time after time. For them, iteration, far from being a blemish or a shortcoming, is a charming quality in which they consciously delight. These early followers of the Buddha had the minds of sages and the hearts of children.

Thus resembling the other discourses of the same group, the *Potthapada* surpasses them all, perhaps, in lucidity and earnestness. We get very close to the heart of the Buddha's message, as he desired it to be received and put into practice. For his purpose was altogether practical. Beyond the measure of the other Suttas, this one gives us the living image of the Buddha,

wise, pure of heart, earnest, eager to lead men into the path of life, ready to guide them to final victory. His thought and speech are more direct, less qualified and veiled by the need of accommodating them to the mental habit and limitation of those whom he addressed. So we owe a debt of gratitude to the Brahman Potthapada for the clear and honest mind, which made it possible for the great Aryan Master to speak to him so openly, so directly.

For students of Theosophy, the setting of the story is peculiarly attractive. Among the wealthy lay disciples of the Buddha was one Sudatta, to whom had been given the title Anathapindaka, "He who gives food to those who have no wealth." This lay disciple had purchased and presented to the Buddha, for the use of the Order, a tract of land called Jeta Vana, and on this land, dwellings for the Master and his disciples were built. It is worth noting that among the Bharhut sculptures, carved twenty-three centuries ago, there is a bas-relief representing the purchase of Jeta Vana and its presentation to the Buddha, with an inscription identifying the occasion. It appears that, a short distance from the residence of the Order, was a park belonging to Queen Mallika, and, further, that this royal and enlightened lady had caused to be built there a wide hall, set about with Tinduka trees, of which we know only that they bore fruit, and that they are mentioned in the epic poems. This hall, which became so celebrated that it came to be known simply as The Hall, was intended by its queenly founder to be "a place for the discussion of religious views and teachings," without distinction, it would appear, of caste or creed. For this purpose it was in fact habitually used. Here, when our story begins, we find Potthapada and his followers in residence. Tradition says he had been a wealthy Brahman, but he is here given the title of Pilgrim. With him were many of his adherents, to wit, three hundred pilgrims.

The Master Gotama, we are told, had risen early in the morning, and, wrapping his robe about him and taking his bowl, had set forth toward the neighbouring town of Savatthi to receive an offering of rice. But bethinking him that it was yet very early for the good folk of Savatthi, he determined to go instead to Queen Mallika's park, where was The Hall, set about with Tinduka trees, and destined for the discussion of religious views and teachings. This he therefore did.

Then we get a touch of the reverent humour of the Suttas, and, at the same time, by indirection, a little lesson in the good manners and deportment of the Buddha's Order. For at that very time it happened that Pilgrim Potthapada was seated in The Hall, with many of his adherents, to wit, with three hundred pilgrims. It would seem, however, that they were swerving somewhat from good Queen Mallika's purpose. They were not discussing religious views and teachings. What they were doing the recorder of the Sutta tells us in detail:

"With a roaring, with a shrill and mighty noise, they were relating many kinds of common tales, such, for example, as talk of kings, talk of robbers, talk of ministers, talk of armies, talk of terror, talk of war, talk of food and drink and garments and couches, talk of garlands and perfumes, talk of kin-

ships and cars, of villages and towns and cities and countries, talk of women and men and heroes, talk of the street and of the village well, talk of the dead, all kinds of stories, traditions of the forming of lands and oceans, discussions of being and non-being." The narrator knows, and his auditors knew, that this is precisely the list of unprofitable themes from which the Pilgrim Gotama and his disciples refrained, as detailed by Gotama himself.

While this animated but unedifying din continued, Pilgrim Potthapada saw the Master Gotama at a distance approaching, and, seeing him, he checked his company:

"Let the gentlemen be less noisy! Let the gentlemen not make noise! Here comes the Pilgrim Gotama. That venerable one is a lover of quietude, one who speaks in praise of quietude. Should he see our company full of quietude, perhaps he would bethink him to join us!"

So the pilgrims became silent. So the Master came to where Pilgrim Potthapada was. And Pilgrim Potthapada thus addressed the Master:

"May the venerable Master come hither! The venerable Master is welcome. It is a long time since the venerable Master has taken the turn coming hither. Let the venerable Master be seated. Here is a seat made ready."

So the Master took the seat prepared for him. And Pilgrim Potthapada brought a low seat, and seated himself beside him. Then the Master said:

"What was the subject that you were discussing, Potthapada, seated here together? What was the theme that was interrupted?"

"Let the matter rest, venerable Sir, that we were discussing, seated here together. It will be no hard thing for the Master to hear it later. But more than once, in past days, when Pilgrims and Brahmins of differing views had met together and were seated in this hall of discussion, the talk turned to the cessation of consciousness: 'How comes the cessation of consciousness?' And some said: 'Without cause or motive a man's consciousness arises and ceases. At what time it arises, at that time he is conscious; at what time it ceases, at that time he is unconscious.' Thus some set forth the cessation of consciousness. Then another said: 'Not so, Sir, will it be. For consciousness is the man's self, and that comes and goes. At what time it comes, at that time he is conscious, and at what time it goes, at that time he is unconscious.' Thus some set forth the cessation of consciousness. Then another said: 'Not so, Sir, will it be. There are Pilgrims and Brahmins of great power, of great might. They draw in the man's consciousness and draw it out. At what time they draw it in, at that time he is conscious, and at what time they draw it out, at that time he is unconscious.' Thus some set forth the cessation of consciousness. Then another said: 'Not so, Sir, will it be. There are Bright Beings of great power, of great might. They draw in the man's consciousness and draw it out. At what time they draw it in, at that time he is conscious, and at what time they draw it out, at that time he is unconscious.' Thus some set forth the cessation of consciousness."

"Then, Sir, the memory of the Master came to me, and I thought: 'Would that the Master were here! Would that the Blessed One were here, who is so

skilled in these principles.' The Master thoroughly knows the cessation of consciousness. How, Sir, is the cessation of consciousness?"

"As to that, Potthapada, the Pilgrims and Brahmans who say: 'Without cause or motive a man's consciousness arises and ceases,' are wrong at the very beginning. Why? Because a man's state of consciousness has a cause and a motive. Through discipline one state of consciousness arises, through discipline another state of consciousness ceases."

Through discipline one state of consciousness arises, through discipline another state of consciousness ceases: a significant sentence. It would be hard to find a weightier, or one that more perfectly reveals and sums up the Buddha's purpose and message. The Brahmans and seekers after spiritual truth had for ages been considering and discussing the higher states of consciousness, the consciousness of adepts, of Masters, of the Bright Powers in the celestial hierarchy. Through the long course of centuries, these states of consciousness had come to be objective themes of speculation, everyone holding and argumentatively defending a different opinion. The whole matter had become obscure and remote, with the unreality that comes from much discussion. The Buddha lit up the whole dark field of controversy with a single luminous sentence: All states of spiritual consciousness, even those of the Bright Powers and the Masters, can be known because they can be attained; they can all be attained through discipline.

The sentence is as vital now as when Potthapada heard it. It is the answer to all the perplexities of philosophy and religion, the reconciliation in all controversies between religion and science, between materialism and idealism. It is the essence of Theosophy: All states of spiritual consciousness may be attained through discipline. It is the exact equivalent of the Western Master's saying: Live the life and you will know the doctrine.

So we come back to our Sutta. It is, perhaps, a mark of the Buddha's eagerness, his ardent desire to press home this saving truth, that he did not wait for Potthapada to ask the inevitable question, but immediately proceeded to formulate it himself:

"Through discipline one state of consciousness arises, through discipline another state of consciousness ceases. And what is discipline? It is this, Potthapada!"

Here we have one of the iterations already spoken of; for it is precisely the ordered teaching that follows, that forms the heart in this group of Suttas, and is repeated, in exactly the same words and in the same order, in each one of the thirteen Suttas that form the group. They are so many settings, picturesque, dramatic, vivid, for the same central doctrine. Any one of the thirteen thus gives the essence, the vital part, meant to be put into practice, of the whole teaching. They are equally valid,—separate or united; each one suffices for the practical needs of the disciple.

A part of this teaching we have already given in an earlier study, from which we may here quote one or two paragraphs, leaving the more complete analysis and study of each section for a future occasion:

"What is discipline? It is this, Potthapada! A Tathagata is born in the world, an Arhat, fully awakened, endowed with wisdom and righteousness, benign, knowing the worlds, unsurpassed as a guide of men, a teacher of bright beings and of mortals, a Buddha, a Master. He of himself thoroughly knows and sees face to face the universe, the world of bright powers, the world of dark powers, the world of the formative divinities, the world of ascetics and Brahmans, peoples of the earth, the bright powers and mankind, and declares his knowledge to others. He proclaims the Law, lovely in its beginning, lovely in its progress, lovely in its consummation, in the spirit and in the letter, he reveals the spiritual life in its fulness, in its purity. This Law a householder hears, or a householder's son, or one born in any other class. Hearing the Law, he gains faith in the Tathagata. . . . In no long time leaving his portion of wealth be it small or great, and his circle of relatives, be they few or many, he departs from his dwelling and enters the way of renunciation. . . .

"He who has gone forth dwells obedient to the rules of the Order, rejoicing in righteousness, seeing danger in the least transgression, accepting and training himself in the precepts, righteous in word and deed, innocent in his livelihood, righteous in conduct, keeping the door of the senses, recollected in consciousness, happy.

"How is he righteous in conduct? He perseveres in kindness, honesty, chastity, truthfulness, abstinence, courtesy, quietude, reticence; he is simple in heart, in word, in speech. As a crowned king, victorious, sees no danger, so is the disciple poised and confident. Through this noble discipline, he attains perfect peace. . . . He rids his heart of the three poisons: anger, greed, delusion; he conquers the five obscurities: envy, passion, sloth, vacillation, unbelief. . . ."

Righteousness and wisdom must go together; they cannot be separated without grave injury to both. The adherents of religion may think that they can follow righteousness and ignore wisdom. The devotees of science may imagine that they can reach wisdom while ignoring righteousness. Both miss the mark. The goal is spiritual consciousness, in ascending degrees, in deepening richness and plenitude. To gain spiritual consciousness, we need both; wisdom and righteousness are the two wings of the soul. So we come back to our Sutta:

"When the disciple perceives within himself that the five obscurities are banished, happiness is born within him, when he has gained happiness joy is born within him, when he becomes joyful in mind, his body becomes quiet, when his body is quiet he attains serenity, when he attains serenity, his heart enters into spiritual contemplation. He, rid of evil desires, rid of evil tendencies, enters the first stage of spiritual meditation, marked by the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments, full of joy and serenity, and in that state he abides. His former state, consciousness of evil desires, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness born of discernment and the rejection of evil, full of joy and serenity, subtle, real, he is conscious in discern-

ment, joy, serenity, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then, again, Potthapada, transcending the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments, the disciple enters the second stage of spiritual consciousness, marked by the stillness of the inner self, the unification of the intelligence, without the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments, a state born of spiritual contemplation, joyful, serene, and in that state he abides. His former state, a consciousness born of discernment and rejection, joyful, serene, subtile, real, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness born of spiritual contemplation, joyful, serene, subtile, real, he is conscious in spiritual contemplation, joy, serenity, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, who has passed beyond the longing for happiness and the conquest of passion, dwells recollected and spiritually conscious, throughout his whole nature he experiences that serenity which the noble Arhats declare, saying: 'Poised, recollected, he dwells serene,' thus attaining the third stage of spiritual consciousness, he abides in it. The preceding state of consciousness, born of spiritual contemplation, joyful, serene, subtile, real, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness poised, serene, subtile, real, he is conscious in poise, serenity, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, by transcending pleasure and by transcending pain, both elation and dejection having ceased like the sun at its setting, enters into the fourth stage of spiritual consciousness, other than sorrow, other than joy, a condition poised, recollected, pure, and there abides. The preceding state of consciousness, poised, serene, subtile, real, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness other than sorrow, other than joy, subtile, real, he is conscious beyond sorrow, beyond joy, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, by passing beyond all consciousness of form, by the cessation of the consciousness of resistance, by transcending the perception of diversity, with the thought, 'Infinite is the shining ether,' enters the infinity of the shining ether and there abides. The preceding state of consciousness of form ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness resting in the infinity of the shining ether, serene, subtile, real, he is conscious as resting in the infinity of the shining ether, serene, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, passing altogether beyond the state of abiding in the infinity of the shining ether, with the thought, 'Infinite is intelligence,' enters into the abode of the infinity of intelligence and there

abides. The preceding state of consciousness of the infinity of the shining ether ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness resting in the infinity of intelligence, subtle, real, he is conscious as abiding in the infinity of intelligence, subtle, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, passing altogether beyond the state of abiding in the infinity of intelligence, with the thought, 'Nothing whatsoever exists in manifestation,' enters into the state in which nothing whatsoever exists in manifestation and there abides. The preceding state of the consciousness of the infinity of intelligence, subtle, real, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness in which nothing whatsoever exists in manifestation, subtle, real, he is conscious as in a state in which nothing whatsoever exists in manifestation, subtle, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Thus, Potthapada, the disciple, beginning from the point at which he possesses a state of consciousness of his own attaining, goes forward progressively from one to the other, from one to the other, until he attains the summit of consciousness. . . ."

So far, this marvellously luminous and complete description of the seven stages of spiritual consciousness. It will be noted, first, that the Buddha says, of each one of the seven, that it is "subtile, real"; they are not delusive, fanciful conditions, but genuine spiritual realities. Next, it will be noted that, of the seven, the first four are numbered, as the first, second, third and fourth stages of spiritual consciousness, together forming the "four dhyanas"; the three remaining are not numbered. We have thus a lower quaternary and a higher triad.

Considering the first four, we find that they may be grouped into two intellectual stages and two moral stages. First is the intellectual stage characterized by "the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments," the activity of Manas illumined by Buddhi; Manas marshals the thoughts, while the light of Buddhi forms the judgments. To put it in another way, Manas makes a quantitative analysis; Buddhi makes a qualitative analysis, determining real values.

In the second stage, there is less Manas and more Buddhi. It is a state of spiritual contemplation, as distinguished from the preceding state of intellectual discernment or discrimination; a consciousness of spiritual reality, profound, joyful, serene, real.

Between the third and the fourth stages there is a similar line of distinction, but it is now moral rather than intellectual. Through the earlier stages of discipline the disciple has conquered all the causes of misery, the three poisons and the five obscurities. Through this conquest, he attains to the joy of victory. On this joy of victory the third of the four numbered stages of spiritual consciousness is based. It is still a consciousness which admits of the

idea of duality; in this case, the contrast between the misery left behind and the joy attained.

But in the deeper sense both misery and joy are essential elements of our human life, exactly as being born and dying are equally essential elements in the progressive series of births and rebirths. Misery is, for the great masses, the essential stimulus to evolution; the effort to escape misery is the effort to attain joy. Misery drives, joy draws. They are the two sides of one spiritual power. So, ascending from stage to stage of spiritual consciousness, the disciple comes to the stage at which he enters into that one spiritual power and cognizes it from within, by identifying himself with its essence. He learns that joy and sorrow, misery and happiness, are in essence one. Supreme suffering is supreme happiness. The martyr dies in torment, rejoicing. The pain of the disciple is his joy. So he attains the fourth stage, "other than sorrow, other than joy, a condition poised, recollected, pure."

So we come to the three unnumbered stages of spiritual consciousness, the higher triad of our septenary. We may gain at least some preliminary understanding of them by the use of analogy. It need hardly be said that this is a very different thing from actually entering and experiencing them. Preliminary understanding may be possible for the disciple; direct experience belongs to the Master, or to the disciple during Initiation, when his consciousness is blended with the consciousness of the Master.

Within the limits of preliminary understanding, we can form some idea of what these higher stages of spiritual consciousness mean. The word translated "shining ether" is in Pali, Akasa, in Sanskrit, Akasha, the literal meaning of which is "the shining forth." In one aspect it is the spiritual principle of Space, which "shines forth" from the unmanifest Eternal. In another aspect, it is the Light of the Logos. With the Light of the Logos, the disciple who has reached this state of spiritual consciousness is blended in a united life, experiencing the universal extension, the radiance, of that Light.

In like manner, the "Infinite Intelligence" of the succeeding stage would seem to be the Logos in its own essential being. Into that being, the consciousness of the disciple enters. He lives as the Logos. He is conscious as the Logos.

Finally, there is the complete merging of the consciousness in the Eternal, in that Nirvana which is Parabrahm.

What has gone before should make it clear that, while these seven states of spiritual consciousness are states of spiritual intelligence, they are not intellectual states. They are not to be gained, or even understood in outline, through any activity of intellect alone. No gymnastic exercise of Manas will disclose their real nature. The Buddha explicitly declares, and this is the whole message and burden of the Sutta, that they are to be gained only through spiritual discipline, through the exercise and mastery of those high virtues and qualities which he has enumerated. In plain truth, that spiritual state which is "other than sorrow, other than joy" requires for its attainment not intellectual acumen but heroism. Without the heroic power to bear

the utmost of sorrow, the joy which dwells in the heart of sorrow cannot be won in the victory which reveals sorrow and joy as the two sides of the same experience.

As a great disciple of the Buddha has said: "These subjects are only partly for the understanding. A high faculty belonging to the higher life, must see; and it is truly impossible to force it upon one's understanding, merely in words. One must see with his spiritual eye, hear with his Dharmakayic ear, feel with the sensations of his spiritual 'I,' before he can comprehend this doctrine fully."

From the same high authority, we may quote a passage which sheds a flood of light on the form of cognition above the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments, and also on the consciousness which is attained through union with the Light of the Logos:

"There comes a moment in the life of an adept, when the hardships he has passed through are a thousandfold rewarded. In order to acquire further knowledge, he has no more to go through a minute and slow process of investigation and comparison of various objects, but is accorded an instantaneous, implicit insight into every first truth. . . . The adept sees and feels and lives in the very essence of all fundamental truths, the Universal Spiritual Essence of Nature."

He is the greatest Beggar that the heavens and the earth have ever had, the terrible Mendicant of Love. The wounds of His hands are the purses always empty; and He holds them out for each one of you to fill with the little money of your sufferings and griefs. There is then only one thing to do—to give to Him.

—J. K. HUYSMANS.

FRAGMENTS

“EACH individual, and the work as a whole, is able to endure a certain amount of pressure. The immediate object is to increase this ability—in the individual and in the work. Inevitably this will have to be a gradual process; and though there must be advance—steady advance, else there will be retrogression and consequent decay—yet also the pressure must never be so great as to cause the already developed (but *rarely consolidated*) strength to break under it. Margins of safety must exist. Hence the need for patience.

“The particular function of the Centre, therefore, is to maintain an inviolable standard. The ideal in the Movement must never be lost, either in general or in smallest detail. (Here lies the first grave danger of success.) On the contrary, that Centre must increase in its perception of perfection, in its insistence upon a realization of that perfection. Its foundations must be as immovable as the Himalayas, its growth only toward the stars. The unattainable, the impossible, must alone be its goal, and never at any point can there be a shadow of compromise. Year by year the atmosphere of that Centre must become more rarified, that an increased volume of spiritual force may fill it. Its vision and ideals constitute the vessel which the Lodge can fill. Do not let that vessel be too small. . . .

“In these austere solitudes is a terrible loneliness, but an exalted communion can be found there also.”

CAVÉ.

November 6th, 1922.

EXPERIENCE AND NATURE

PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY of Columbia University is probably, after William James, the most widely known of American philosophers. Therefore, his ideas demand consideration. No man can attain reputation and popularity during his lifetime, unless he succeeds in giving conscious expression to some of the thoughts and desires which are the real motives of the men of his generation, but which, without his aid, would remain subconscious and unrevealed.

His most recent book, *Experience and Nature*,¹ brings to a focus certain potent tendencies which are operative beneath the surface of modern life. It might be described as an enquiry into the nature of things, with the intent of discovering there a justification for the materialistic optimism which would be the philosophical creed of the average modern citizen, if he had intelligence or vigour enough to frame a creed.

Materialistic optimism as a philosophical system is a quite modern invention, for it is distinctly a product of the era of applied science. Ancient materialism differed from its modern descendant in being profoundly pessimistic. The Epicureans, for example, were far more uncompromising in their atomism than most modern scientists; their identification of all reality with "brute matter" was absolute and irrevocable, in no wise tempered by any concession to religion or to conventional modes of thought: but they were not moral materialists, at least not in any modern sense. They held worldly wisdom in as great contempt as it has ever been held by Christian saint or Eastern ascetic. Worldly wisdom, as commonly defined, consists in the ability to multiply the goods of this world; but ancient materialism agreed with ancient religion in proclaiming the utter futility of a multiplication which is continually divided by disillusion and ultimately erased by death. Not until the dawn of applied science—to be more exact, not until after the invention of gunpowder—do we find materialists who were also optimists. The latest and, perhaps, the most consistent of these optimists is Professor Dewey.

Doubtless, one cause of materialistic optimism is the glamour surrounding the word, "science." So much has happened to change material conditions since the French Revolution. We can indulge ourselves with comforts which our ancestors did not even invent in fables; and in the same period our knowledge of natural phenomena has grown a thousand-fold, so that we compute the velocities of atoms and weigh the gases of distant stars. Why should we not expect similar triumphs, if we were to apply "science" to the regulation of human life?

It is a natural question, but the optimists who answer with loud affirma-

¹ *Experience and Nature*, by John Dewey; The Open Court Publishing Co., 1925.

tives, do not take into consideration the factors which so impressed the pessimists of antiquity. Disillusion and death, pain and cruelty, exist now as they existed thousands of years ago, and applied science, which is concerned with the manipulation of physical matter, is no more effective in modifying the subjective world of consciousness than was the worldly wisdom of the Romans. If applied science has increased the means of pleasure, it has in the same ratio increased the means of suffering.

Professor Dewey defines wisdom in such general terms that it is only by placing his definition in the setting of the whole book that we can surmise more exactly what he means. He says that "a true wisdom . . . discovers . . . the method of administering the unfinished processes of existence so that . . . the precarious promises of good that haunt experienced things shall be more liberally fulfilled (p. 77)." Plato might have defined wisdom in exactly the same terms; but he would have conceived the "unfinished processes of existence" as incapable of completion upon the plane of our ordinary personal consciousness. Professor Dewey, if we interpret his idea correctly, sees no barrier to an indefinite extension of happiness and power here and now in the world as we know it. Unlike Plato, he does not believe in the gods, but sees men enjoying the prerogatives of gods while remaining both "inside and out" very much as they are at present.

One might call such a vision a democrat's dream of paradise: and it is a fact that Professor Dewey is a democrat, with a thoroughness and a logical consistency which compel the respect always due to honesty. He makes war upon the hierarchical principle not only in politics and social relations, but in ethics and metaphysics. He cannot tolerate, for example, the Aristotelian classification of ends as vegetative, animal, rational and contemplative, each successive end or state of consciousness being an outgrowth of its lower predecessor and a means or "preformed condition" of its higher successor. He comments that "such a classificatory enterprise is naturally consoling to those who enjoy a privileged status, whether as philosophers, as saints or scholars, and who wish to justify their special status. But its consoling apologetics should not blind us to the fact that to think of objects as more or less ends is nonsense (p. 106)." If we ask why it is nonsense, we are told that any apparent difference of intensity or reality in objects "is not, save as subject to reflective choice, a distinction in rank or choice or finality," everything that happens being really as final as everything else.

One immediate consequence of this hostility towards the hierarchical principle is to remove from human aspiration any supernal object of reverence or adoration, to which the worshipper may offer himself as a sacrifice. One can see why there has always been so close a connection between materialistic optimism and so-called democratic "idealism." Only a hardened democrat can be optimistic about his personal shortcomings, for he refuses to admit a standard for comparisons.

Professor Dewey has really the courage of his convictions. He will not

even admit that such abstractions as truth or beauty are entitled to the serious consideration of a mature philosopher. Knowledge is not for him an assimilation by the mind of a higher consciousness gained through meditation upon the phases of truth which are the proper objects of that higher consciousness. He treats all such ideas as part of the nonsense of the classical tradition with its continual emphasis upon knowledge as an end in itself. In Professor Dewey's metaphysics, knowledge is not an end. To justify its existence, it must be a means of enhancing life here and now; it must pay material dividends. "All reason which is itself reasoned, is thus method, not substance; operative, not end in itself. To imagine it the latter is to transport it outside the natural world, to convert it into a god, whether a big and original one or a little and derived one, outside of the contingencies of existence and untouched by its vicissitudes (p. 435)." "This is," he adds, "the meaning of the reason which is alleged to envisage reality *sub specie aeternitatis*." Eternity, as he conceives it, is not a term symbolizing a state of being transcending the present limits of our consciousness; it is only one more hollow abstraction invented by philosophers in the interest of their caste.

There is, of course, a certain justice in Professor Dewey's outspoken criticism of the classical tradition. Much of the service of truth has been lip-service, and it is unfortunately a fact that the modern representatives of the ancient idealistic doctrine have been for the most part mere schoolmen, dependent for their ideas upon the experience of others. Unless truth is experienced, it is only a word like any other. The vitality of the classical tradition began to fail when its source was forgotten through the severance of the philosophical schools from the Greek Mysteries, wherein truth was conceived not as an abstraction but as a living thing. We are far from the Greek Mysteries and it would be unwise to affirm that the academic idealist, whose doctrine is not rooted in personal experience, has necessarily a greater integrity than the honest skeptic who calls the love of truth a romantic delusion.

We have seen that Professor Dewey judges knowledge by its pragmatic value, by the way in which it "works"; but it would be unfair to represent him as thinking only or primarily of superficial utilitarian results. He would not assert, for instance, that the sole value of pure science is its contribution to medicine or chemistry or electrical engineering. He does say that "the genuine interests of pure science are served only by broadening the ideas of application to include all phases of liberation and enrichment of human experience (p. 165)." It is a modern fashion to value the arts according to the intensity of the emotions which they arouse. Similarly, Professor Dewey represents science as the art of increasing the sense of personal existence and personal power.

The great difference, as he describes it, between animal and human consciousness, is the power of the human to modify and to control its relation to Nature. The human mind has the faculties of memory and anticipation in common with the animal, but in addition it has developed some power of

selecting the field of its experience. Man does not enjoy or suffer passively; to a greater or lesser degree he is always discriminating, actively choosing, exercising free-will, using science. This is to endow Nature with "meaning."

"Man in nature is man subjected; nature in man, recognized and used, is intelligence and art (p. 28)." "What a physical event immediately is and what it *can* do or its relationship, are distinct and incommensurable. But when an event has meaning, its potential consequences become its integral and funded feature. When the potential consequences are important and repeated, they form the very nature and essence of a thing (p. 182)."

The facts here stated are familiar to students of Theosophy. The brain-mind which is the repository of conscious and unconscious memories, is constantly planning the repetition of pleasure and the avoidance of pain. This activity undoubtedly endows events with meaning in the sense that it surrounds them with a sort of subjective atmosphere. The sea has a *personal* interest for the mariner, which is unintelligible to a landlubber.

When the mind is not dominated, however, by some reverence or devotion towards an object beyond personal consideration, the activity of the mind ceases to be creative and becomes merely repetitive. For Professor Dewey, science and civilization can only be *quantitative* extensions of being, whereby experiences are first classified according to their immediate personal colouring, and then the more pleasurable are set aside for indefinite multiplication. Knowledge of the order which he describes, has no concern with the discernment or assimilation of the eternal verities, but is simply a means to pleasure, to the enhancement of personal life. Pleasure, of course, does not necessarily imply something gross and sensual. In a sensitive and civilized nature, pleasure may assume subtle forms which would appear boresome or painful to a barbarian; but the essential factor in Professor Dewey's "pragmatism" is its consistent acceptance of the personality as the object for which all science and art exist.

A student of Theosophy would admit, of course, the legitimacy of heeding the needs of personal life: the body must be fed and given sleep and air, the emotions must be provided with due æsthetic exercise and the mind must be held in contact with the actualities of experience; but he would be less ready to accept his present personality as the real end of all his intellection and aspiration. The real end, as he conceives it, is an ever greater subjection of the personality to the laws and direction of a life which is superior to the life of the personality. He seeks primarily a *qualitative* extension of his being.

The study of Theosophy does not lessen one's respect for a practical science enabling man to control his actions and reactions, and to modify the course of events in such a way as to increase his understanding of matter and his power of choice; but neither does the study of Theosophy lessen one's respect for the aspect of wisdom called contemplative. The Universe exists as a fact of experience, suggesting that both faculties—the active and the contemplative—are rooted in the nature of things, that both must exist to make a world.

Let us leave aside direct consideration of the questions whether a hierarch-

ical order exists in nature, whether Reality is graduated and unequally distributed among beings, whether there are stages or planes of being at varying distances from a divine and ultimate Centre, at once the cause and end of all created things. Such is the view of being, presented by the great contemplatives of all ages, and it is significant that all great men of action have conducted their operations on the assumption that this view is correct, whatever may have been their doctrinal theories. The universe may not be hierarchical, but a modern corporation is a more convincing demonstration of the hierarchical principle than the most elaborate argument of a Neoplatonist. But let us pass by these abstract considerations and consider a simple phenomenon of nature, the growth of a plant from a seed.

This growth signifies an extension of existence in two "dimensions" which may be characterized as "quantitative" and "qualitative." There takes place in the plant a quantitative accretion of similar elements, a cumulative action within the limits of space and time, such as occurs in the enlargement of a crystal. But the seed also contains in some most mysterious way the essence of a form or of a series of forms, with which the expanding life of the plant invests itself. Because of the potencies contained within the seed and because of the action of the life-principle upon those potencies, it becomes possible for the plant to change not only the quantity of its "experience" but the quality as well. Creation, real evolution, can take place; and the process whereby the potential form of the plant is externalized and made visible, is akin to that which the old philosophers have called "contemplation." For what is contemplation, if not an effort of the personal consciousness to identify its purposes with the purposes of a more perfect consciousness which exists within the personality, just as the essence of the future visible form of the plant exists in the seed?

The consciousness, with which the contemplative seeks identification, has been called more perfect, because those who have experienced it describe it as more intense, more potent, more real. The disinterested and selfless love, known by the mystic, appears to him more real than the normal self-centred emotions of the average man, in the same sense that the perception of an actual physical object appears more real, more vivid, more self-evident than a memory-image of the same object.

Professor Dewey speaks much of the creative powers of the mind; but it is difficult to see how the desire for the enrichment and intensification of personal life in its present form can ever lead to anything but a hardening of the consciousness, an attachment of the intelligence to certain forms of past experience; for the human personality is not a creator: it desires only to re-live its life under happier auspices. Real creation consists in the emergence of personal consciousness into zones of experience which it has not hitherto traversed; and that emergence is only made possible when the self turns in contemplation to that which is greater than self. If Professor Dewey's theories be correct, evolution is an anomaly and can only be explained as a product of chance.

This brings us to consideration of Professor Dewey's view of cosmic nature, a view which is intended to justify his ethical doctrines. He admits that it is the supreme mystery that beings should exist; but the mystery for him seems to be confined to the fact that there is existence; he refuses to consider as significant the equally marvellous mystery that things actually exist in rational sequences, in a certain causal relation to one another. Since he conceives that the human mind alone inserts meanings into the colourless flux of events, it would obviously be inconsistent for him to regard cosmic nature *per se* as meaning anything at all. It is true that he makes no division between man and nature. Nature achieves meaning, when the human mind achieves meaning, because the human mind is a part of nature. This, however, implies a literal creation of something from nothing, the sudden appearance of a thing which has had no antecedents. There is no place for the idea that potentiality must precede manifestation, that everything must exist as seed before it exists as completed entity. "The union of past and future with the present manifest in every awareness of meanings is a mystery only when consciousness is gratuitously divided from nature, and when nature is denied temporal and historic quality (pp. 352-353)." The mystery is resolved for him by considering it as a "comment written by natural events on their own direction and tendency and a surmise of whither they are leading"; but he seems unable to conceive of this meaning as having any existence before Nature becomes self-conscious in some individual human mind.

This is a large assumption, for it disregards the possible existence of minds superior to the human, and of states of consciousness as much above those of our personalities as our personalities are above the levels of animal and vegetable life. When the Platonists asserted that the human mind is essentially one with the divine mind, they did not mean that the thought of God has the same limitations as the thought of man. Rather, they meant that both minds operate in conformity with the same laws, so that human thought by contemplation of the divine may *create* images which reflect faithfully some aspects of the divine. The human mind discovers meanings in nature, because other minds, which are divine by comparison with the human, communicate those meanings to man. It is a curious modern notion, shared even by M. Bergson, that creation takes place somehow in the void. *Nihil ex nihilo*. To create is to realize personally a truth which has always been.

It is natural, therefore, that Professor Dewey should regard chance as a real factor in evolution. That notion is the logical accompaniment of the idea that Nature is not a Cosmos. Also, it flatters the fancy that we can modify without limits the course of events. It is a further logical extension of democratic principles to metaphysics.

He emphasizes the uncertain character of the world, by which he must mean the world of personal hopes and fears. "Our magical safeguard is to deny the existence of chance, to mumble universal and necessary law, the ubiquity of cause and effect (p. 44)." "If we follow classical terminology, philosophy is love of wisdom, while metaphysics is cognizance of the generic

traits of existence. In this sense of metaphysics, incompleteness and precariousness is a trait which must be given footing of the same rank as the finished and fixed (p. 51)."

It is, of course, a fact of experience that our best-laid plans are often defeated by what seems to be accident, the hazard of circumstances; and if we identify ourselves with our personal hopes, we shall be unwilling to admit that what seemed to be chance may have been an inexorable natural law operative on the moral plane.

Spinoza suggests that God alone is free because His actions are determined by His own nature, whereas at the opposite pole of being all things are bound because their actions are externally determined: a cannon ball does not project itself into space; it is projected. Between these two states of complete liberty and complete bondage there exists, as in human nature, a mixture of the free and the limited, of Divinity and matter.

Man may be said to exercise free-will, whenever he chooses the plane on which he would live. Once made, the choice brings him under the inexorable laws of causation on that plane. I am free to commit a murder, but I cannot escape the consequences, especially the consequences to my own consciousness.

The East has long recognized this adjustment of human freedom to cosmic necessity, and has called it Karma; but Karma is more than adjustment. It is said to make clear to its subject the way of his future liberation; it is the revelation of the divine purpose of the Soul.

The problem of apparent hazard in the world must be solved, if at all, on the aristocratic principle that the Law of the Universe is administered without fear or favour. Perhaps, that suggests a reason why a democratic philosopher prefers to regard the problem as unsolvable. However, in a Universe which may be upset at any moment by chance, there is no excuse for being a philosopher, even a democratic one.

Professor Dewey's book reveals, in a series of metaphysical pictures, the tendency, so prevalent in the arts and sciences of to-day, to exalt the "personality" with its little hopes and fears and its little dreams about the nature of the great Universe. Professor Dewey has glorified the materialistic optimism of the man in the street, while trying to subject the whole of Nature to the uncertainties of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

Many would deny that they shared Professor Dewey's conclusions. It is easy to deny verbally or mentally. It is not so easy to *act* as if one believed these conclusions to be false. As we suggested at the beginning of this article, Professor Dewey has only given a sympathetic conscious expression to certain subconscious or semi-conscious thoughts and desires which are the real motives of much human action and which, therefore, represent, to the extent of each man's participation in them, the things in which he really believes.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

JULIANA OF NORWICH

IN the ancient Church of St. Julian's, in Norwich, there may yet be seen the traces of an anchorage where lived, in the fourteenth century, the Lady Juliana, whose spiritual experiences have been written down in the *Revelations of Divine Love*.¹ Little is known of her life, beyond the few biographical details which she herself gives. There is a tradition that she was connected with the Benedictine Abbey at Carrow, just outside of Norwich; it is thought that she was educated there, and she may afterwards have taken vows as a nun. She then retired to the anchorage at St. Julian's, which was built on the south-east side of the church, and was perhaps large enough to provide two rooms, one for the anchoress and one for her maid. The outer window looked out over what was probably open country, in the direction of Carrow; now it is built over, with poor houses and mean streets. The city of Norwich has, since earliest times, been an important centre in East Anglia; it is famous for its fine cathedral and innumerable old churches. It was very prosperous during the fourteenth century, on account of the wool trade with Flanders, but afterwards suffered severely from the ravages of the Black Death.

The details of the life of Juliana, recorded by herself, can be given in a few words. She had desired three gifts of God: "mind of His Passion," "bodily sickness in youth, at thirty years of age," and, lastly, God's gift of three wounds—contrition, compassion, and steadfast longing for God. In May, 1373, when she was thirty, she had an illness which brought her to the point of death; she thought it sorrow to die, being yet in youth, but had no dread of death. She kept her eyes fixed on the Crucifix, and as she recalled her desire for a "mind of His Passion," she had a vision of Christ, crowned with thorns. There followed a series of "Shewings" or Revelations, fifteen in number, lasting from 4 A.M. till 9 P.M. on one day. She was still very ill, and during the night she began to doubt the truth of her visions, declaring that "she had raved." Thereafter she had a fearful vision of a Fiend, but "anon all vanished away and I was brought to great rest and peace"; she received a clear assurance that her visions were not delusions. The sixteenth and final Revelation was given that same night, "a delectable sight and a restful Shewing." In after life she had no further visions; she completely recovered from her illness, and the teaching of the "Shewings" was continued and elaborated for a period of twenty years or more, when it was written down or dictated by Juliana. There exists a fifteenth-century manuscript, with a short account of the Revelations, and a sixteenth-century manuscript, in a fuller form, showing what she acquired later by meditation. She declares that "when

¹ *Revelations of Divine Love*, edited by Grace Warrack.

the Shewing which is given in a time is passed and hid, then the faith keepeth it, by grace of the Holy Ghost, unto our life's end."

The anchoress lived to be at least seventy years of age, for it was known that she was alive in 1413. No further details are recorded of her outer life, which must have been entirely uneventful,—a life modelled, perhaps, according to the directions suggested in the "*Ancren Riwe*." Her inner life is partly revealed in her writings, which are a remarkable record of spiritual experience, written down with so great calmness and precision, that the reader is convinced that the "Shewings" are not mere hallucinations of a delirious mind. Juliana speaks of herself as a simple creature, unskilled in letters, but this description need not be taken too literally, for during the years following her sickness, she must have spent much time in reading and study. Her writings show that she had been thoroughly instructed in the teachings of her Church, that she had an intimate knowledge of spiritual books, in particular of the epistles of St. Paul, and had perhaps read widely in the literature of her time and the lives of the Saints. She reveals a kinship of soul with the mystics of all times, and her writings belong to the "golden age of mysticism, in England," though it is probable that she had not seen the writings of any of her contemporaries, such as Richard Rolle or Walter Hilton. Her style is vivid, and she frequently thinks in pictures—such pictures as might be suggested by the illuminations in a psalter, or the paintings in a church. She shows in her writings a joyful nature, an ardent love for her Master, and a singular depth of insight and intellectual perception, combined with a profound philosophy of life.

Juliana declares that the teachings of her Lord were given in three ways: (1) by bodily sight; (2) "by word formed in mine understanding"; (3) by spiritual sight. In the first manner she had vivid glimpses of the sufferings of Christ, of his thorn-crowned head, of the scourging of his "sweet body." Juliana's special method of instruction is given in her summary of the first "Shewing," of his "precious crowning with thorns, and therewith was comprehended and specified the Trinity, with the Incarnation, and unity betwixt God and man's Soul; with many fair Shewings of endless wisdom and teachings of love, in which all the Shewings that follow be grounded and oned." The visions granted to her always led to an unfolding of spiritual truth and were perhaps only valuable in so far as they revealed the treasures of wisdom hidden in Christ, and led their recipient to greater devotion, and the sacrifice of herself in the service of her Lord, thus serving the whole purpose of symbolism,—to provide a window opening onto the illimitable Beyond. There are many examples, throughout the book, of the second manner of teaching; once, when she was feeling intensely the sufferings of Christ, and wondering if ever pain were like to his, she was answered, in her reason: "Hell is another pain, for there is despair. But of all pains that lead to salvation this is the most pain, to see thy Love suffer." In this manner she also had understanding of suffering, or of truth, though no definite words were spoken, as when she was given some insight into the sufferings of the mother of Christ.

Juliana has also left record of the third manner of teaching, by spiritual sight. "After this I saw God in a Point . . . by which sight I saw that He is in all things." One is reminded of Jacob Boehme focussing attention onto a bright disk, and seeing therein the vision of all Creation. On another occasion her Lord led forth her understanding into the wound in his side, showing therein a place of rest and peace for all mankind, "and with the sweet beholding he shewed his blessed Heart even cloven in two." In the last of the "Shewings" she writes: "Our Lord opened my spiritual eye and shewed me my Soul in midst of my heart. I saw the Soul so large as it were an endless world, and as it were a blissful Kingdom. . . . In the midst of that City sitteth our Lord Jesus, God and man . . . and worshipfully he sitteth in the Soul, even-right in peace and rest. And the Godhead ruleth and sustaineth heaven and earth and all that is,—sovereign Might, sovereign Wisdom, and sovereign Goodness,—but the place that Jesus taketh in our Soul he shall never remove it, without end, as to my sight: for in us is his homeliest home and his endless dwelling."

One of the interesting aspects of Juliana's method is the use she makes of number; she often states her points by number, and for her the perfect number is the Trinity, in which all Being is contained. The designation of the Godhead in terms of Might, Wisdom, Love, recalls the teaching of the schoolmen, such as Abelard, Aquinas, and others; it corresponds to the Platonic philosophy of the Good, the True, the Beautiful, which influenced many Christian thinkers. Indeed, much of Juliana's writings recalls the philosophy of Plato, especially in her conception of Love which reaches through created things to union with Absolute Reality, which is God. The Spirit alone, she considers, has existence of itself, and is the supreme Doer. In this her thought is akin to Oriental teaching, and many of her words recall passages from the *Bhagavad Gita* and other Eastern books, so that a study of her writings serves to emphasize the universality of Truth, and the identity of religious experience, whether seen through Oriental scripture, or Platonic philosophy, or the writings of the Christian mystics. In the third Revelation, in which she sees God in a Point, He declares to her: "See! I am God: see! I am in all thing: see! I do all thing: see! I never lift mine hands off my works, nor ever shall, without end: see! I lead all thing to the end I ordained it to, from the beginning . . . How should any thing be amiss?" Juliana is exact in her definition of terms, and frequently dwells on the meaning of one word, or phrase, as providing a subject for continuous meditation.

She understands that there was a two-fold purpose in her receiving instruction through special Revelation,—first, to enlighten her, and afterwards to give light to others: "In all this I was greatly stirred in charity to mine even-Christians, that they might see and know the same that I saw." She does not desire to draw any attention to the special favours granted to her, and begs men to leave the beholding of a "poor creature" and to turn wholly to considering the goodness of God. Throughout her writings she shows herself most humble, and abounding in gratitude to her "courteous Lord." The

Love of God is the mainspring of her life, and she realizes that the test of right receiving is an increase of love for God and for her fellow-men. Her solitary life did not create any sense of separateness from others, and she frequently emphasizes the unity that exists between all followers of Christ: "In the general Body I am, I hope, in oneness of charity with all mine even-Christians. For in this oneness standeth the life of all mankind that shall be saved." One incident reveals the warmth of her human tenderness and sympathy: "I desired to learn assuredly as to a certain creature that I loved, if it should continue in good living which I hoped by the grace of God was begun." She is given to understand that it is not for her to desire particular knowledge, for her own satisfaction, but rather to learn that all teaching is to be taken generally, to gain spiritual understanding. Her confidence and trust are entirely grounded in her Master, who had once declared to her a blessed word: "I keep thee full surely." The saints and mystics were ever on their guard against delusions, and did not readily believe in visions or supernormal experiences, unless they were confirmed by an inner conviction that could stand any trial. Walter Hilton writes, in the *Scale of Perfection*, that the test of the reality of a spiritual experience is (1) greater love for God, (2) greater love for our fellow-men, (3) an increase of humility. The study of the writings of Juliana shows that the "Revelations" would bear this threefold test.

Juliana's vocation is the love of God and the worship of God, in and through her Master, Christ. She sums up her duty in three words, to seek, suffer, and trust; in all her inner trials and anguish she could always rejoice in him. In the sixth Revelation her Lord says to her: "I thank thee for thy travail, and especially for thy youth." Perhaps she understood that the Kingdom of Heaven belongs to those who, having become children in heart, have drunk of the waters of Eternal Youth. At times she realized that Heaven is a state of Consciousness which may be attained while the soul is yet on earth: "God willeth that we should understand and hold by faith that we are more verily in heaven than in earth." In a time of anguish she exclaimed: "Thou art my Heaven, me liked no other Heaven than Jesus, which shall be my bliss when I come there," and afterwards she stated: "This hath ever been a comfort to me that I chose Jesus to my Heaven, by his grace, in all time of Passion and sorrow." Her ardent love for her Master brought to mind continually the thought of his Passion, and she described his sufferings vividly, as she saw them. Especially was she concerned with his words, "I thirst," understanding the anguish of his bodily thirst, and the greatness of his spiritual thirst for the souls of men. But ever beyond the suffering she saw the joy that shall be revealed, and he said to her, as to others of his friends: "It is a joy and bliss and endless pleasing to me that ever I suffered Passion for thee, and if I might suffer more, I would suffer more." The intensity of his sufferings caused her so great anguish, that she confessed if she had known beforehand what such realization meant, she would have been reluctant to pray for it; afterwards she realized that this was "reluctance and frailty of the flesh, without assent of the soul." She found three subjects for medita-

tion, in his Passion:—the greatness of his sufferings, the Love that caused him to suffer, and the joy he had in suffering for all mankind.

Juliana was constantly perplexed by the problem of sin and evil,—the problem that has confronted philosophers and mystics since time immemorial. She contemplated the Might, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, and sought to understand the origin of evil. Her first explanation is that sin has no existence in the Absolute Reality: "Sin is no deed . . . I believe it hath no manner of substance nor part of being, nor could it be known but by the pain it is cause of." This is followed by an assurance from her Lord that: "It behoved that there should be sin, but all shall be well." She writes: "These words were said full tenderly, showing no manner of blame to me nor to any that shall be saved. . . . And in these words I saw a marvellous high mystery hid in God, which mystery shall He make known to us in Heaven." But she is ever grieved that sin should be the cause of his Passion, that our souls should be redeemed at the price of his sufferings. In the East, the great redemptive work is referred to as the "Guardian Wall, built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented, it shields mankind." Perhaps Juliana received secret teaching concerning the fall of man and the Redemption,—truths known to students of Theosophy as evolution and involution, the descent of spirit into matter and the return to the parent Spirit. She hints at the fact that there are two parts of Truth, one open and the other hid, and she declares that: "Every Shewing is full of secret things." Students of Theosophy might think that, had Juliana received knowledge of the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, she might have been saved from many perplexities. Yet, through the Revelations, she received much light concerning God's high mysteries, and it is not impossible that she received far more instruction than she ever recorded in writing. This much she understood and expressed, that sin could be used to teach us, and that the pain which was the result of sin was salutary discipline to the soul. She has a curious expression: "In Heaven, the token of sin is turned to worship." She must have understood something of the burden of the sins of mankind, but to her, personally, sin could be reduced to two headings: impatience or sloth, which has also been termed "inertia," and despair or doubtful dread. Those were two temptations which might assail the inner life of an anchoress such as Juliana, whose outer life was pure and holy. Sin is a sharp scourge to the soul, and the wounds dealt by sin can only be healed by contrition, compassion, and longing for God. "A kind (filial) soul hath no hell but sin," which is grievous on its own account, and because of the resulting blindness which obscures the Light of God.

In order further to teach her, her Master sent her a vision, which was also a parable, of a Lord and a Servant. The allegory, which is described in great detail, is a marvellous piece of symbolism, and a profound study of the law of correspondence. The Servant, who is intent on his Master's work, and falls into grievous pain, typifies both Adam, "all-man," and Christ, the Son of God. Juliana, following St. Paul, often refers to Christ as the Head, and to

us as his members; she asserts that "Jesus is all that shall be saved, and all that shall be saved is Jesus." She did not fully understand the meaning of the parable, which contained, perhaps, teaching concerning the mystery of free-will, and the spiritual rebirth of the Soul. "Like as we were like-made to the Trinity in our first making, our Maker would that we should be like Jesus-Christ Our Saviour,—by virtue of our again-making." The higher nature of man she sees as two-fold: Substance, by which she means Spirit, and Sense-Soul, perhaps the psychic nature which must be purified and turned wholly to the service of the Christ. Our nature—incomplete in itself—is completed in Christ, whereby the duality, which is imperfect, becomes a Trinity. She declares: "We may never come to the full knowing of God till we know first clearly our own Soul," thereby echoing the age-old teaching, "Know thyself." She writes: "God is nearer to us than our own Soul: for He is the Ground in whom our Soul standeth, and He is the Mean that keepeth the Substance and the Sense-Soul together . . . and our Soul is kindly rooted in God in endless love."

In prayer, Juliana's whole attention is focussed on the goodness of God, which she describes as the "highest prayer, and it cometh down to the lowest part of our need." The Love of God, at work in all creation, and in the souls of men, is her constant subject of meditation. "Our natural Will is to have God, and the Good Will of God is to have us . . . and then we may no more desire." She understands both the immanence of the Divine, and the transcendence of Spirit: "Our Soul is made to be God's dwelling-place, and the dwelling-place of the soul is God, which is unmade." Her Master is ever the centre of her prayer, and he has declared to her: "I am the Ground of thy beseeching." Further instruction teaches her to pray inwardly, pray continually, and to remember that thanksgiving and praise are a great part of prayer. Juliana does not, like St. Theresa and some of the later mystics, analyse states of prayer and meditation. In that, she shows a fundamental difference in outlook between the mediæval mystics and those who lived during or after the religious tumults of the sixteenth century. In early times, the saints or mystics were not given to detailed analysis of spiritual conditions or experiences; they received such experience with humility or rejoicing, and turned their thoughts ever to the goodness of God and the love of Christ. After the close of the fifteenth century, men became more absorbed in what may be termed the technique of religious experience; they became more introspective and began to analyse and classify degrees of spiritual consciousness. These two methods of thought, the analytic and the synthetic, can be seen in operation in all the great religions and philosophies of the world. Both methods are useful in arriving at Truth; each is incomplete without the other. In these days, when the emphasis is constantly on the analysis and classification of mental concepts, it is somewhat of a relief to turn to the simpler method of some of the mediæval thinkers, with their childlike acceptance of spiritual fact. Juliana does recognize that, beyond her usual forms of prayer, there is a "high unperceivable prayer," in which all attention is taken up

with the beholding of God. Then faith is merged in sight, and knowledge of God has become the possession of God, through the medium of the five inner senses, which Juliana mentions. In that condition the mystic is upheld by a special grace of God, according as it is "profitable for the time."

Juliana finds that all spiritual experience is exemplified in the life of Christ; he is our Way and it is in and through him that mankind will reach the Crown of Life. She meditates frequently on his words "I it am, I it am, I it am . . . that thou lovest," and she knows that the desire of her soul can never be satisfied apart from him: "I saw him and sought him; and I had him, I wanted him, out of whom we be all come, in whom we be all enclosed, unto whom we shall all wend." To her, the noblest work in creation is mankind, seen in its fullest Substance in the "blessed Soul of Christ"; she understands that it is in and through incarnate life that the soul of man may reach its highest perfection, "our soul with our body, and our body with our soul, either of them taking help of other." She marvels at the depth of his love and tenderness, which may not be broken by our trespass, which ever calls to her: "My beloved, I am glad thou art come to me; in all thy woe I have ever been with thee." She can find no higher terms to express the loving relation between Christ and the soul, than in speaking of it in terms of motherhood. Some have written of Christ as their Teacher, others as Spouse, others as Friend, but Juliana finds that only by the term Mother can she express the tenderness of his love: "The fair lovely word Mother it is so sweet and so close in Nature of itself that it may not verily be said of none but him." She enlarges on this beautiful theme, and shows how the soul returns to him as a child to its mother. At other times she speaks of him as her Lord, and marvels that he is ever so "homely" and courteous and loving.

Throughout all the "Revelations" we are made to feel that the love of our fellow-men is inseparable from the love of God. Her heart overflows with charity to all men, and she feels deeply the love that unites all in Christ, the binding tie of true Brotherhood: "And then I saw that each kind compassion that man hath on his even-Christians with charity, it is Christ in him." The graces granted to her serve only to increase her humility and distrust of self, and her complete reliance on God: "Some of us believe that God is Almighty and may do all, and that He is All-Wisdom and can do all; but that he is All-Love and will do all, there we stop short." It has been stated, by theologians, that supernatural experience is not essential to the union of the soul with God, and that some of the saints, who are not usually regarded as mystics, achieve union by the practice of faith, hope and charity, in a high degree. Juliana also has understood this, and declares that "in faith, with hope and charity, our life is grounded." All of her "Revelations" show the triumph of faith over merely human reason; she thinks that when the light of faith seems dim, it is because it is obscured by our own sin and blindness. The properties of the Godhead are Life, Love and Light, and it is by the light of faith that we apprehend God. Her hope is ever rooted and grounded in Christ, and love comprehends all. Many years after she had received the

visions, she still desired to learn her Lord's meaning, and this was the answer: "Would'st thou learn thy Lord's meaning? Learn it well: Love was his meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love. What shewed he thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it he? For Love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same."

Juliana has been described as "theodidacta, profunda, ecstatica"; another commentator, who dwells rather on her apostolic work, thinks that "evangelica" would more truly describe her. She has been generally accepted as a mystic, but the word "mystic" has been gravely misunderstood in the present day, and it is necessary to define the term. It is, in reality, a state of spiritual consciousness, but the term has been misapplied, so as to cover all varieties of psychic experience, and this has led to great confusion of thought. "Mysticism" is used in the sense of mere curiosity about the supernatural, or in reference to dangerous practices in the effort to obtain startling phenomena. The true meaning of the word is both more simple and more profound. Among the many descriptions of mysticism, perhaps the one that comes nearest the truth is that it is an "élan vital" of the soul, towards reality, and the way of union with the Absolute. It is akin, in its meaning and its implications, to the Oriental term Yoga. Supernormal experiences, visions, revelations, are not a necessary part of the experience of the mystic; when present there is need of much discernment to know the true from the false, for delusions are of frequent occurrence and are sometimes found allied to the highest spiritual experience. A recent commentator² has endeavoured to define the experiences of Juliana in the latest terms of psychoanalysis, combining his singular and tortuous theories with a real appreciation of the "Revelations." He suggests that the difference between the mystical life and that of an ordinary Christian, is a difference of route, not of goal. The mystic has deliberately chosen a steep and arduous path, which leads, over jagged rocks, to the shining mountain summits. "The more thou dost advance, the more thy feet pitfalls will meet. The Path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire—the light of daring, burning in the heart." Those who represent the "mystical way" as easy and pleasant, have misunderstood the term. Many societies have come into existence which claim to reward their adherents, at little cost, with experience of the heights of "mystic bliss"; popular literature is circulated, claiming to "dispel the mists from mysticism," or to "explain the mysteries of life." Those who believe that all spiritual experience is from within, that knowledge can only be obtained at the cost of arduous effort, will understand the fallacy of these assertions. But the very popularity of such literature and of such societies shows that the world to-day is keenly alive to the presence of unseen realities and unseen powers. Words and terms are now commonly accepted which were scarcely in existence fifty years ago, and the world as a whole is craving for the truth that lies behind the words, for the reality that is often obscured by the mists of psychic emotion. Those

² *The Lady Julian; Thouless.*

who give their lives to the pursuit of truth have become the pioneers of the race; they are ever at work in the harvest fields of the world, desiring "to sow that seed the fruit of which shall feed the world." As of old, the harvest is plenteous and the labourers few.

The reality that lies behind the term "mystic," is not easily described or put into words. In the Greek Mysteries, there were three degrees of "learners": (1) ἀκουστικοί, those who listened to the teachings given; (2) ἀσκηταί, those who practised what had been learnt; (3) μύσται, those Initiated. For the first and second degree, the corresponding Oriental terms are Shravaka and Shramanas. The final Initiations were never revealed, but we may suppose that, out of many aspirants, few reached the highest degree of Initiation, or only after trials extending through successive incarnations. "Great though the gulf may be between the good man and the sinner, it is greater between the good man and the man who has attained knowledge; it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity." The Mystic, in the true sense, is moving toward the threshold. The most profound admirers of Christian mystics would be the last to claim, for them, the high and holy title of Initiate. But, for want of a better term, we are justified in using the word "mystic" in its lesser significance, provided that we do not lose sight of the reality beyond. In days of old, men learnt the meaning of reverence for things holy, and practised right reticence in regard to things sacred, which are too often profaned, in our day, by too great familiarity. It was recognized that the writings of the mystics might not be suitable reading for all kinds of men, nor would they appeal equally to every type of temperament or mentality. In an early manuscript of the "Revelations" of Juliana, the devout scribe has added a warning postscript: "I pray Almyty God that this booke com not but to the hands of them that will be his faithfull lovers . . . ffor this Revelation is hey (high) Divinitye and hey (high) wisdom. . . . And thou to whom this booke shall come, thank heyley (highly) and hertily our Saviour Christ Jesu that He made these shewings and revelations, for thee, and to thee, of His endless love, mercy and goodnes for thine and our save guide, to conduct to everlastyng bliss: the which Jesu mot grant us. Amen."

S. C.

To regret one's own experience is to arrest one's own development.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE "UTTER LONELINESS" OF MASTERS

POUNDERBY sat in silence. He felt restless under a growing sense of irritation. Irritation was rapidly approaching intolerance. He knew this to be wrong in a member of the T. S. He recalled its one and only dogma—unfailing tolerance of the opinions of others. He had failed in an attempt to expound Theosophy. More especially had he failed in an endeavour to defend Madame Blavatsky. His own studies had made him recognize not only his own personal debt, but the debt of the world to that valorous and indomitable Messenger. It would have been disloyal, even dishonourable, to have failed at least to endeavour to meet those debts.

Pounderby was the guest of his brother at a club. Scientists of international repute lunch there. At the long table there was delightful informality and an unguarded exchange of opinions. The discussion had been running on chemistry, physics, biology, and astronomy, and, of course, on evolution. Pounderby had been impressed, he had been increasingly impressed by the entire ignorance of these learned men in regard to the teachings of Theosophy. He realized how they should welcome, especially, those made available through Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, and in the letters from Masters published in the early annals of the Society. The scientists, regardless of fields of concentration, had each shown recognition that all came up against a blank wall. Not one of them, however, seemed to know or to care anything about the portal opened by Theosophy, nor the gift to the world in its literature.

One of the greatest of chemists, internationally famous, brought up a point as inexplicable. Pounderby remembered that it had been rather distinctly elucidated in the *Secret Doctrine*. He made some reference to Madame Blavatsky's writing on the point. The answer was: "Madame Blavatsky—ah, yes—I have not heard that name since I was a boy; a most amusing person, as I recall, ranking with Cagliostro, St. Germain, and other great charlatans in the world." Then the chemist turned, both literally and figuratively, away. He was inherently indifferent to even a possibility that there might be truth in what she wrote. Later Pounderby ventured to ask the great chemist on what basis he rested his evident faith in the hypothesis that a single atom contains dynamic power approximately equivalent to one and a half million horsepower. The chemist said that two or three men, whom he named, had made experiments on the amount of heat released by the discharge of the alpha particles of radium. From these experiments certain deductions had been made. Science accepted them. Scientists had come to believe in the extraordinary amount of force available even in a single atom. Pounderby politely suggested that this seemed rather slight evidence, when compared with that

in behalf of latent forces in nature and in man, and with the evidence sustaining certain theories of matter held by a great many people. The scientist smiled in most kindly fashion and said, with utmost simplicity and a finality of manner that made further discussion impossible: "Ah, yes, but our men used scientific methods."

Pounderby felt unable any longer to stand the pressure without loss of temper. He turned to his brother to ask if he might go to the library to write a necessary note. He excused himself. He went to the library and wrote his note. He did not return to the luncheon table. He sat almost glowering in manner and mind. Here was a group of men whose devotion met, rather fully, one-half of the Master K. H.'s test of unselfishness, without "a shadow of a desire for any self-benefit or any tendency to do injustice." He felt that they failed to meet the latter test because they were so unjust to Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, their Masters, and their chélas. Yet some of the remarks that had been dropped, some of the implications in what had been said, showed that these men not merely hungered for the advance of science, but thirsted for the "possibility" of faith in things spiritual. Pounderby longed for means and power to make available in the universities and laboratories copies of the *Secret Doctrine*, with its extraordinary hints in the later eighties of what science now-a-days almost week by week is proclaiming as astounding discoveries. More especially did he recall the aids to the adventurer in sincere search of faith in things spiritual. Pounderby also recalled the more recent book, *The Mahatma Letters*. They too had left him filled with reverence for the character of Masters. More than that—the *Letters* had confirmed the *Secret Doctrine* and other literature in giving him an awed respect for Masters' scientific knowledge. Yet here were self-dedicated students of science turning from available guidance, which they needed and which they should welcome, yet rejected.

"Why is it," Pounderby thought, "that men will give, on the testimony of two or three investigators, a perfectly extraordinary miracle of ready belief to the existence of one and a half million horse-power within a single atom, so that every single hair in my eye-brows possesses infinitely more latent power than the entire physical power that man has produced since the beginning of time; yet they reject Theosophy, and reject all that they could find, if they cared to take, in the teachings of the Masters, including the Master they have heard of from infancy,—Jesus of Nazareth!"

Pounderby meditated on this. It occurred to him that the reason why men accept a belief in a fairy-tale that out-tells all the fairy-tales ever written, and reject the evidence of hundreds and thousands of men and women to the reality of the spiritual life, rests on the fact that no one has to do anything personal as a result of believing in the virtual omnipotence of a grain of dust, from the incredible power of its component atoms. On the other hand, even a tentative recognition of the spiritual world must force people "to do something about it." The one belief was not incompatible with love of comfort; the other was destructive to the hot-house life of the present day.

Measuring his own life, Pounderby recognized that, with all the privileges he had had, he himself had done so little. Sadness tended towards self-pity. He braced himself inwardly. He renewed his determination to turn more fervently to the practice of personal faith in what Theosophy unfolds. Again he longed to find the Path. What should he do to find it? Back into memory came a story: he had heard of a would-be disciple, who had turned to one far advanced in the Law and lore, with a plea for a key. Pounderby remembered the reputed answer: "Think of the infinite sadness of Masters' utter loneliness; think of the infinite need for Masters' work in the world; think of the infinite joy that lies in Masters' service; think of these; dwell upon them; make them your own; and—do something about it."

"The triple key to Heaven," the learner had called this. Pounderby began to think about it. It took little intelligence to see the "need"—that was obvious. He also knew well how all saints and chélas had found their unmistakable, even if unspeakable, happiness in their Master's service. There flashed back into memory that quatrain, "Power," written by Emerson in 1860, which he had just rediscovered:

"His tongue was framed to music,
And his hand was armed with skill,
His face was the mould of beauty,
And his heart the throne of will."

"What nonsense," he thought, as suddenly the words "utter loneliness of Masters," which he had passed over, seemed to stand out. "How can a Master be lonely when he has had such great love from his disciples, past and present?" Then he remembered his own recent indignation. What was at the bottom of it? Did he want anything for himself? Was it not a longing that these men, so much more competent than he, men who could so greatly help the world, did they but use what Theosophy made available, should take what was offered them? Had he not felt lonely at that point?

Then he thought of that former partner of his—dead these twenty-five years—and of how his heart still ached for that "brilliant Athenian," as he was called in days of promise, who had thrown away morals and honour—finally a then worthless life. Was he, Pounderby, not still "lonely" for the friend who might have been?

He turned in his chair to the table—anxious to get rid of the ceaseless pain of "If only I had known enough to have been better, I might have saved him." A yellow cloth book, with a familiar drawing by Frost of a "cheeky" urchin of the nineties, lay there. It was *Gallegher and Other Stories*, by Richard Harding Davis. Pounderby remembered the stir the stories had made, a third of a century before, when they came out in *Scribner's*. He picked up the book and skimmed through its pages. His eye rested on the story, "There Were Ninety and Nine." At the top of a page he read: "But you, Cecil, though you have made my heart ache until I thought and even hoped it would stop

beating, and though you have given me many, many nights that I could not sleep, are still dearer to me than anything else in the world. You are the flesh of my flesh and the bone of my bone, and I cannot bear living on without you. I cannot be at rest here, or look forward contentedly to a rest hereafter, unless you are by me and hear me, unless I can see your face and touch you and hear you laugh in the halls."

Pounderby turned back to refresh his memory. Yes, it had been the parable of the Prodigal Son that had softened the heart of the typical Victorian Tory Squire. The "ninety and nine" was from the parable of the Good Shepherd. Pounderby had sealed chambers in his heart dearer to him even than that in which his contrite memory of the partner of his dawning manhood was cloistered. He felt lonely for a cousin, another friend, a companion—yet, of each was it said: "Better dead." Then he thought of those words in the First Comment in *Light on the Path*:

"It does not imply any hardness of heart, or any indifference. It does not imply the exhaustion of sorrow, when the suffering soul seems powerless to suffer acutely any longer; it does not mean the deadness of old age, when emotion is becoming dull because the strings which vibrate to it are wearing out. None of these conditions are fit for a disciple, and if any one of them exist in him, it must be overcome before the path can be entered upon. Hardness of heart belongs to the selfish man, the egotist, to whom the gate is for ever closed. Indifference belongs to the fool and the false philosopher; those whose lukewarmness makes them mere puppets, not strong enough to face the realities of existence." And, later: "Now this sensibility does not lessen when the disciple enters upon his training; it increases. It is the first test of his strength; he must suffer, must enjoy or endure, more keenly than other men, while yet he has taken on him a duty which does not exist for other men, that of not allowing his suffering to shake him from his fixed purpose."

Pounderby covered his face with his hands. How could he doubt "the infinite sadness of the utter loneliness of a Master," so long as a single sheep be missing from his fold—and his sheep have choice where they shall be. Pounderby's Master would be "utterly lonely" until even he—the worthless Pounderby—had returned.

SERVETUS.

God is the light in discernment.—LÉON DAUDET.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

THREE PARABLES

THE three parables which follow, the stories of Raikva, Satyakama and Upakosala, have certain common characteristics. They have a quaintness, a freshness and sincerity as of an earlier world. They are fables in the technical sense, since in them beasts and birds and the sacrificial fires are endowed with the gift of speech and play a vital part in the dramatic movement of the plot. But they are fables with a spiritual purpose, and are therefore parables.

The three together make up most of the Fourth Part of *Chhandogya Upanishad*, as the Parable of the Sun, previously translated, takes up much of the Third Part. The First and Second Parts are largely given up to what, using a term from the *Secret Doctrine*, we should call Tables of Correspondences. These are based upon the musical notation of the Vedic hymns and the ways in which they were chanted. There are tables of three, then of five, and finally of seven correspondences. We may illustrate their general character by an example:

Opening	Spring	Sunrise	Breath
Praise	Summer	Forenoon	Speech
Chant	Rains	Midday	Eye
Response	Autumn	Afternoon	Ear
Closing	Winter	Sunset	Mind

These are later expanded to tables of seven. For example, the third is amplified by adding the periods before sunrise and after sunset. And the almost inevitable dryness and iteration of these tables is enlivened by stories, sentences of spiritual wisdom and occasional touches of humour, as in the story of the white dog and his companions, chanting together like so many priests, and invoking with the sacred syllable the Lord of beings, in order that He may give them food. It is not less reverent than the psalmist's picture of the Lord feeding the young ravens when they cry, but it has an added touch of mirth.

So we have good reason to hold that these earlier sections of our Upanishad are intended for the instruction of young disciples, students approaching the Sacred Science under the guidance of a Master or an older student. And we may well believe that the three parables are also intended for young disciples; two of them, indeed, are concerned with the experiences and trials of young disciples.

The first of the three parables introduces the strange, rugged figure of Raikva

of the cart, in sharp contrast with the wealthy and munificent Janashruti, who built rest-houses and distributed food. The evident purpose is, to paint an Aryan Diogenes, sheltered by a cart instead of a tub; to depict a sage without form or comeliness, somewhat like the beggar in the parable of Dives. Raikva foreshadows the Master described in the *Crest Jewel*; "Now as a madman, now a sage, now a glorious, great king, now a humble wanderer . . . though without riches, yet ever content . . . resting light-hearted in the forest or the burying-ground." The appearance of ferocity with which Raikva meets the attendant of Janashruti, and later Janashruti himself, has its exact equivalent in a modern description of one of the holy men hidden in dark mountain caves and trackless impenetrable forests: "Apparently—his behaviour will be that of a madman or an idiot, and he will talk unintelligible nonsense purposely to drive away the visitor." On this, a living Aryan Master comments: "Many of us would be mistaken for madmen."

Something like this seems to be the purpose of the rough figure of Raikva. Commenting on the sentence, "Where they seek a knower of the Eternal, seek him there," the commentary attributed to Shankaracharya says that the sages dwell "in the forests, or on islands in the rivers, or in remote places," a close parallel to the modern description just quoted; we hazard the suggestion that in such places there may be mosquitoes, whose presence would explain Raikva's occupation when the attendant of Janashruti finds him. But the evident intention is to make him rugged, even in a sense abject, conforming to the ideal and practice of Francis of Assisi.

It is amusing to note that the contemptuous name, "Shudra," which he gives to the noble and wealthy Janashruti, led to much serious discussion in later centuries, whose doctors held that a Shudra, a man of the Fourth Caste, could not rightly be instructed in the sacred learning. The doctors are careful to point out that the term must not be taken literally, that Janashruti, since he had a guard in attendance on him, must have been a Kshattriya, a man of the Warrior Caste.

Those who have read the story of Death and Nachiketas will find a close parallel between the gifts rejected and the gift accepted, in the one parable and the other. The father of Nachiketas vainly offers cattle; the deficiency is made up by the sacrifice of his son. So, when Janashruti's offering of cattle is contemptuously refused by Raikva, the rich man brings what he holds dearest in the world, his daughter. There is a point of symbolism in the number of the cattle, which, according to a convention in many sacred books, represent the senses, "the knowers of the field" of perception. The lesser number, whether four or six, represent only the outer, physical senses, with the lower mind correlating their perceptions; the ten, or ten hundred, represent the perfected powers, where the spiritual senses are added to the physical. There is probably a similar meaning in the *Book of Job*, where, after his trials and triumph, the number of his flocks and herds is doubled.

This brings us naturally to the parable of Satyakama, the "Lover of Truth," as his name signifies. Satyakama is sent forth, after he has been accepted as

a disciple, to tend a herd of cattle, with the understanding that he must not return until they number a thousand. Like the sages we have spoken of, he departs to the depths of the forest, to feed his herds. The evident meaning would seem to be that the disciple is set the task of developing his spiritual perceptions, in addition to his physical powers and mind; and that only after he has done this, can his Master initiate him.

The Sanskrit commentaries confirm the interpretation of this story as a parable of spiritual things. We are told that a Divinity entered the bull, in order to teach him. In general, the teaching given to Satyakama is a foreshadowing, appropriate for a young disciple, of the doctrine of the Four Steps of the Eternal, set forth in *Mandukya Upanishad*. These four steps are: natural body, subtile body, causal body, divine body, with the states or planes of consciousness corresponding to them. It is easy to see how the story of Satyakama and his four lessons, each divided into four, would prepare the way for this later, more mystical teaching, and make it more intelligible. We may, if we wish, identify his four teachers: the bull, as physical life; the fire, as the life of the subtile body, called the Radiant in the later Upanishad; the swan as the vesture of the adept; the cormorant, which disappears beneath the waters, as the body of the sage who has attained, and has withdrawn from the visible world.

Both this story and that of Upakosala carry forward the general teaching of the law of Correspondences, the framework in the latter story being supplied by the sacred fires which symbolize the spiritual forces in the successive vestures. So we find these spiritual powers saying, "We protect, in this world and in that world, him who knows this thus, and approaches the Self, the Eternal."

The pathway of him who, thus illuminated, goes forth "from the flame to the day, from the day to the waxing moon," and so forth, is a symbol of the spiritual poles of the ascending series of planes, as contrasted with the material poles of these same planes, which are symbolized by the smoke, the night, the waning moon, and so on. We shall meet with this same symbol later.

One thought more. Through these parables of teaching imparted by the birds and the fires, there would seem to be the further purpose of laying stress on the lessons which must be learned direct from nature, from that spirit of beauty and mystery which breathes through nature, poignantly felt, never fully revealed. We have, perhaps, in these parables a foreshadowing of what an Aryan Master has said of the training of the disciple: "Fasting, meditation, chastity of thought, word, and deed; silence for certain periods of time to enable nature herself to speak to him who comes to her for information. . . ."

Or as it is said in *Light on the Path*, written down about the same time: "Inquire of the earth, the air, and the water, of the secrets they hold for you. The development of your inner senses will enable you to do this." If our interpretation be correct, the thousand cattle of the parable of Satyakama, corresponding to the ten powers of perception, five outer and five inner, are the equivalent of "the development of the inner senses."

There is an innocent and childlike spirit in these parables, well suited for

spiritual children. Yet they are genuine parts of the Upanishad. The simple melody rises to magnificent cadences:

"Beloved, thy face shines as the face of one who knows the Eternal. . . ."

"This Eternal they call the Uniter of Beauty. . . ."

"Those who go forward on that path return not. . . ."

RAIKVA OF THE CART

Janashruti, verily, great-grandson of Janashruta, was a faithful giver, bestowing much, preparing much food. On all sides he caused rest-houses to be built, saying, "On all sides let them eat of my food!"

And so it befell that swans were flying over in the night. Then one swan addressed another swan, saying, "Ho! Ho! Dim-eyes, dim-eyes! The light of Janashruti, great-grandson of Janashruta is bright as day! Be not fascinated by it, lest, approaching, thou burn thyself!"

To him the other swan made answer, "Who is he, indeed, of whom thou speakest as though he were Raikva of the cart?"

"How is it, then, with Raikva of the cart?"

"As by the highest Krita throw of the dice the others are taken, so to Raikva comes whatever good thing creatures do; and this is true also for whoever knows what Raikva knows! Therefore I say this."

This Janashruti, great-grandson of Janashruta, overheard. In the morning, when he arose, he said to the attendant on guard, "Dost thou speak of me as equal to Raikva of the cart?"

"How is it, then, with Raikva of the cart?"

"As by the highest Krita throw of the dice the others are taken, so to Raikva comes whatever good thing creatures do; and this is true also for whoever knows what Raikva knows! Therefore I say this."

The attendant went forth and sought for Raikva, but returned, saying, "I found him not."

Janashruti said to him, "Where they seek a knower of the Eternal, seek him there!"

One sat beneath a cart scratching an itching skin. The attendant drew near to him and said, "Master, art thou Raikva of the cart?"

He affirmed, "I am he!"

So he returned, saying, "I have found him!"

Thereupon Janashruti, great-grandson of Janashruta, taking six hundred head of cattle, a necklace of gold and a chariot drawn by mules, went forth to where Raikva was and said to him, "Raikva, here are six hundred head of cattle, here is a necklace of gold, here is a chariot drawn by mules! Now, Master, instruct me as to the Bright Power,—that Bright Power which thou approachest!"

The other said, "Thine, O Shudra, be the necklace, the chariot and the cattle!"

Then Janashruti, great-grandson of Janashruta, went and came again, bring-

ing a thousand head of cattle, the necklace of gold, the chariot drawn by mules, and his daughter, and said to him, "Raikva, here are a thousand head of cattle, the necklace of gold, the chariot drawn by mules, this bride and the village in which thou sittest! Now, Master instruct me!"

Then Raikva, raising her face toward him said, "He has brought cattle! By this face alone thou wouldst make me speak!"

So the place is called Raikvaparna, in the country of the Mahavrishas, where he dwelt at his request. So Raikva said to him:

"Air, verily, is a receptacle; when Fire dies out, it enters into Air; when the Sun sets, it enters into Air; when the Moon sets, it enters into Air; when Water dries up, it enters into Air; Air, verily, receives them all; thus far of the outer Powers. So of the inner Powers; Life, verily, is a receptacle; when one sleeps, Voice enters into Life; Seeing enters into Life; Hearing enters into Life; Mind enters into Life; Life, verily, receives them all. So these two, verily, are receptacles; Air among the Powers, and Life among the Lives."

A LOVER OF TRUTH

Satyakama, verily, son of Jabala, addressed his mother Jabala, saying, "Lady, I would live the life of a disciple! To what family do I belong?"

She answered him, "I know not, son, of what family thou art. I went about much in my youth as a servant, and at that time thou wast born to me. I know not of what family thou art. But my name is Jabala and thou art Satyakama; say, then, that thou art Satyakama, son of Jabala!"

So he went to Haridrumata, of the Gotama family, and said to him, "I will become a disciple, Master! I will seek wisdom from thee as my Master!" He said to him, "Of what family art thou, beloved?"

He answered him, "I know not, Sir, of what family I am. I asked my mother, and she answered me, 'I went about much in my youth as a servant, and at that time thou wast born to me. I know not of what family thou art. But my name is Jabala and thou art Satyakama; say, then, that thou art Satyakama, son of Jabala.' Thus, Sir, I am Satyakama son of Jabala!"

He said to him, "None but a lover of the Eternal could speak thus openly! Bring kindling wood, beloved, for I will take thee as a disciple, since thou hast not swerved from the truth!"

After he had accepted him as his disciple, he chose out four hundred cattle, lean and ill-favoured, and said to him, "Tend these, beloved!"

As he drove them before him, he said, "I may not return until they number a thousand!" So he dwelt afar off for a series of years.

So, when they had reached the thousand, the bull said to him, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Sir!"

"We have reached the thousand, beloved; lead us to the home of the Teacher! And let me tell thee one-fourth of the Eternal!"

"Let the Master tell it!" said he.

So he said to him, "East is one part. West is one part. South is one part.

North is one part. This, beloved, is one-fourth of the Eternal, divided into four parts. Its name is Shining. He who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as the Shining, becomes a Shining one in this world. Shining worlds he wins, who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as the Shining. Fire will tell thee one-fourth!"

So, when the morning came, he drove the cattle onward. Where the cattle were in the evening, he kindled a fire, penned the cattle, laid on fuel, and sat down on the West side of the fire, facing the East.

Then the fire said to him, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Sir!"

"Let me tell thee, beloved, one-fourth of the Eternal!"

"Let the Master tell it!" said he.

So the fire said to him, "Earth is one part. Mid-space is one part. Heaven is one part. Ocean is one part. This, beloved, is one-fourth of the Eternal, divided into four parts. Its name is Unending. He who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as the Endless, becomes an Endless one in this world. Endless worlds he wins, who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal as the Endless. A swan will tell thee one-fourth!"

So, when morning came, he drove the cattle onward. Where they were in the evening, he kindled a fire, penned the cattle, laid on fuel, and sat down on the West side of the fire, facing the East.

A swan, alighting beside him, addressed him saying, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Sir!"

"Let me tell thee, beloved, one-fourth of the Eternal!"

"Let the Master tell it!" said he.

So the swan said to him, "Fire is one part. The Sun is one part. The Moon is one part. Lightning is one part. This, beloved, is one-fourth of the Eternal, divided into four parts. Its name is Luminous. He who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as the Luminous, becomes a Luminous one in this world. Luminous worlds he wins, who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal as the Luminous. A cormorant will tell thee one-fourth!"

So, when morning came, he drove the cattle onward. Where they were in the evening, he kindled a fire, penned the cattle, laid on fuel, and sat down on the West side of the fire, facing the East.

A cormorant, alighting beside him, addressed him saying, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Sir!"

"Let me tell thee, beloved, one-fourth of the Eternal!"

"Let the Master tell it!" said he.

So the cormorant said to him, "Life is one part. Seeing is one part. Hearing is one part. Mind is one part. This, beloved, is one-fourth of the Eternal, divided into four parts. Its name is Having-a-home. He who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as

Having-a-home, he becomes one having a home in this world. Worlds having a home he wins, who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal as Having-a-home."

So he came to the home of the Teacher. To him the Teacher said, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Master!"

"Beloved, thou shinest as one knowing the Eternal! Who has imparted to thee the teaching?"

"Others than men!" he affirmed. "But let the Master speak to my desire. For I have heard from those like the Master that wisdom gained from the Teacher gains the highest goal!"

To him he declared it. In it, naught was lacking, naught was lacking.

THE TEACHING OF THE FIRES

Upakosala, the descendant of Kamala, dwelt with Satyakama, son of Jabala, as a disciple. For twelve years he tended his fires. The teacher instructed others who dwelt with him as disciples, but Upakosala he instructed not.

Then the wife of Satyakama said to him, "This disciple is full of fervour. He has tended the fires well. Let not the fires be before thee in teaching him. Do thou teach him!"

But without teaching him he went forth on a journey.

He, because of sickness, abstained from food. Then the wife of the Teacher said to him, "Disciple, eat! Why dost thou not eat?"

He said, "Many desires are there in man here, of many kinds. I am full of sickness. I shall not eat!"

Then the fires spoke together, saying, "This disciple is full of fervour. He has tended us well. Come, let us instruct him!" So they said to him, "The Eternal is Life. The Eternal is Joy. The Eternal is the Expanse."

He said, "I understand that the Eternal is Life. But Joy and the Expanse, I do not understand!"

They said, "What, verily, is Joy, that, verily, is the Expanse; what, verily, is the Expanse, that, verily, is Joy." Then they declared to him Life and the Shining Ether.

Then the household fire instructed him, saying, "Earth, Fire, Food, the Sun (these are my four forms). The Spirit who is seen in the Sun, I, verily, am He; I, verily, am He!"

"He who, knowing this thus, approaches Him, puts away evil; he is lord of the world; he lives his full life, he lives gloriously. His descendants fail not. We protect, in this world and in that world, him who knows this thus, and approaches Him!"

Then the southern sacrificial fire instructed him, saying, "The Waters, the directions of Space, the Lunar Mansions, the Moon (these are my four forms). The Spirit who is seen in the Moon, I, verily, am He; I, verily, am He!"

"He who, knowing this thus, approaches Him, puts away evil; he is lord of

the world; he lives his full life, he lives gloriously. His descendants fail not. We protect, in this world and in that world, him who knows this thus, and approaches Him!"

Then the eastern sacrificial fire instructed him, saying, "Life, Shining Ether, Heaven, Lightning (these are my four forms). The Spirit who is seen in the Lightning, I, verily, am He; I, verily, am He!

"He who, knowing this thus, approaches Him, puts away evil; he is lord of the world; he lives his full life, he lives gloriously. His descendants fail not. We protect, in this world and in that world, him who knows this thus, and approaches Him!"

They said, "Upakosala, this, beloved, is the knowledge of us, and the knowledge of the Self. But the Teacher will declare to thee the Way."

His Teacher returned. The Teacher said to him, "Upakosala!"

He answering said, "Master!"

"Beloved, thy face shines as the face of one who knows the Eternal. Who has instructed thee?"

"Who should instruct me, Sir?" he said, as though denying. "These! They are of this appearance now, but they were of another appearance!" Thus he indicated the fires.

"And what, beloved, did they say to thee?"

"This!" he affirmed.

"The worlds, verily, beloved, they have declared to thee. But I shall tell thee That. As the waters adhere not to the lotus leaf, so, verily, dark deeds adhere not to him who knows this thus!"

"Let the Master tell me!" said he.

To him he said, "This Spirit that is seen in the eye, this is the Self, this is the immortal, the fearless, this is the Eternal. If oil or water be dropped into the eye, it flows to the eyelids. This Eternal they call the Uniter of Beauty, for to it come all beautiful things. All beauty comes to him who knows this thus. This is also the Bringer of Beauty, for he brings all beauties who knows this thus. This is also the Bringer of Brightness, for in all worlds it shines. In all worlds he shines who knows this thus.

"And so, in the case of such a one, whether they perform the rites or no, such as he pass into the flame, from the flame to the day, from the day to the waxing moon, from the waxing moon to the six months of growing sunshine, from the months to the cycle of the year, from the year to the sun, from the sun to the moon, from the moon to the lightning. There is a Spirit not of the sons of men; He causes them to enter into the Eternal. This is the path of the Bright Powers, the path of the Eternal. Those who go forward on that path return not again to this world of men; they return not again."

C. J.

(To be continued)

H. P. B. ON EVOLUTION

THE question of evolution has been discussed so heatedly during recent months that readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY will be glad of an opportunity to study once more the following paragraphs on the subject from the works of Madame Blavatsky.

“ . . . There exists in Nature a triple evolutionary scheme . . . or rather three separate schemes of evolution, which in our system are inextricably interwoven and interblended at every point. These are the Monadic (or spiritual), the intellectual, and the physical evolutions. . . .

“1. The Monadic is, as the name implies, concerned with the growth and development into still higher phases of activity of the Monad in conjunction with:—

“2. The Intellectual, represented by the Manasa-Dhyanis, . . . the ‘givers of intelligence and consciousness’ to man and:—

“3. The Physical, represented by the Chhayas of the lunar Pitris, round which Nature has concentered the present physical body. This body serves as the vehicle for the ‘growth’ (to use a misleading word) and the transformations through Manas and—owing to the accumulation of experiences—of the finite into the *infinite*, of the transient into the Eternal Absolute.

“Each of these three systems has its own laws, and is ruled and guided by different sets of the highest Dhyanis or ‘Logoi.’ Each is represented in the constitution of man, the Microcosm of the great Macrocosm; and it is the union of these three streams in him which makes him the complex being he now is.”

The Secret Doctrine (1888) I, 181.

(1893) I, 203, 204.

“It has been repeatedly stated that evolution as taught by Manu and Kapila was the groundwork of the modern teachings, but neither Occultism nor Theosophy has ever supported the wild theories of the present Darwinists—least of all the descent of man from an ape.”

The Secret Doctrine (1888) I, 186.

(1893) I, 209.

“The Darwinian theory of the transmission of acquired faculties, is neither taught nor accepted in Occultism. Evolution, in it, proceeds on quite other lines; the physical, according to esoteric teaching, evolving gradually from the spiritual, mental, and psychic.”

The Secret Doctrine (1888) I, 219.

(1893) I, 238.

“Owing to the very type of his development man *cannot descend* from either an ape or an ancestor common to both, but shows his origin from a type far

superior to himself. And this type is the 'Heavenly man'—the Dhyan Chohans, or the Pitris so-called. On the other hand, the pithecoids, the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee *can*, and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do*, descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal— . . .

" . . . Anthropologists, who ventured to dispute the derivation of man from an animal ancestry, were sorely puzzled how to deal with the presence of gill-clefts, with the 'tail' problem, and so on. Here again Occultism comes to our assistance with the necessary data.

"The fact is that, as previously stated, the human type is the repertory of all potential organic forms, and the central point from which these latter radiate. In this postulate we find a true '*Evolution*' or '*unfolding*'—a sense which cannot be said to belong to the mechanical theory of natural selection. . . .

"The mammalia, whose first traces are discovered in the marsupials of the Triassic rocks of the Secondary Period, were evolved from *purely* astral progenitors contemporary with the Second Race. They are thus *post-Human*, and, consequently, it is easy to account for the general resemblance between their embryonic stages and those of Man, who necessarily embraces in himself and epitomizes in his development the features of the group he originated. . . . The potentiality of every organ useful to animal life is locked up in Man."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 683, 684, 685.

(1893) II, 721, 722, 723.

" . . . It is the 'Soul,' or the *inner* man, that descends on Earth first, the psychic *astral*, the mould on which physical man is gradually built—his Spirit, intellectual and moral faculties awakening later on as that physical stature grows and develops. . . .

"Man is certainly *no* special creation, and he is the product of Nature's gradual perfective work, like any other living unit on this Earth. But this is only with regard to the human tabernacle. That which lives and thinks in man and survives that frame, the masterpiece of evolution—is the 'Eternal Pilgrim,' . . ."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 728.

(1893) II, 768.

"We have one thing in common with the Darwinian school: it is the law of gradual and extremely slow evolution, embracing many million years. The chief quarrel, it appears, is with regard to the nature of the primitive 'Ancestor.' We shall be told that the Dhyan Chohan, or the 'progenitor' of Manu, is a hypothetical being unknown on the *physical plane*. We reply that it was believed in by the whole of antiquity, and by nine-tenths of the present humanity; whereas not only is the *pithecoïd man*, or 'ape-man,' a purely hypothetical creature of Hæckel's creation, unknown and untraceable on this earth, but further its genealogy—as invented by him—clashes with

scientific facts and all the known data of modern discovery in Zoology. It is simply absurd, even as a fiction."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 669.

(1893) II, 706, 707.

"No more than Science, does esoteric philosophy admit *design* or 'special creation.' It rejects every claim to the 'miraculous,' and accepts nothing outside the uniform and immutable laws of Nature. But it teaches a cyclic law, a double stream of force (or spirit) and of matter, which, starting from the *neutral centre* of Being, develops in its cyclic progress and incessant transformations. The primitive germ from which all vertebrate life has developed throughout the ages, being distinct from the primitive germ from which the vegetable and the animal life have evolved, there are side laws whose work is determined by the conditions in which the materials to be worked upon are found by them, and of which Science—physiology and anthropology especially—seems to be little aware."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 731.

(1893) II, 772.

"As regards the priority of man to the animals in the order of evolution, . . . Arguing from a physical standpoint, all the lower kingdoms, save the mineral—which is light itself, crystallised and immetallised—from plants to the creatures which preceded the first mammals, all have been consolidated in their physical structures by means of the 'cast-off dust' of those minerals, and *the refuse of the human matter, whether from living or dead bodies, on which they fed and which gave them their outer bodies.* In his turn, man grew more physical, by re-absorbing into his system that which he had given out, and which became transformed in the living animal crucibles through which it had passed, owing to Nature's alchemical transmutations. There were animals in those days of which our modern naturalists have never dreamed; and the stronger became physical material man, the giants of those times, the more powerful were his emanations."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 169, 170.

(1893) II, 179.

"Our present normal physical senses were (from our present point of view) abnormal in those days of slow and progressive downward evolution and fall into matter. And there was a day when all that which in our modern times is regarded as phenomena, so puzzling to the physiologist now compelled to believe in them—such as thought transference, clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc.; in short, all that which is called now 'wonderful and abnormal'—all that and much more belonged to the senses and faculties common to all humanity. We are, however, cycling back and cycling forward; *i.e.*, having lost in spirituality that which we acquired in physical development until almost the end of the Fourth Race, we (mankind) are as gradually and imperceptibly losing now in the physical all that we regain once more in the spiritual *re-evolution*. This process must go on until the period which will bring

the Sixth Root-Race on a parallel line with the spirituality of the Second, long extinct mankind."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) I, 536, 537.

(1893) I, 585, 586.

"Esoteric philosophers held that everything in nature is but a materialization of spirit. The Eternal First Cause is latent spirit, they said, and matter from the beginning. 'In the beginning was the word . . . and the word was God.' . . . This mystery of first creation, which was ever the despair of science, is unfathomable, unless we accept the doctrine of the Hermetists. Though matter is co-eternal with spirit, that matter is certainly not our visible, tangible, and divisible matter, but its extreme sublimation. Pure spirit is but one remove higher. Unless we allow man to have been evolved out of this primordial spirit-matter, how can we ever come to any reasonable hypothesis as to the genesis of animate beings? Darwin begins his evolution of species at the lowest point and traces upward. His only mistake may be that he applies his system at the wrong end. Could he remove his quest from the visible universe into the invisible, he might find himself on the right path. But then, he would be following in the footsteps of the Hermetists."

Isis Unveiled, I, 428, 429.

When we know the nature of all things, we are relieved from superstition, freed from the fear of death, and not disturbed by ignorance of circumstances, from which often arise fearful terrors.—CICERO.

OUR APPROACH TO GOD

NOT long ago, the writer was reading an account of the Arian controversy and of the dissension that tore the early Christian Church over such questions as whether the Son proceeded from, emanated from, the Father through all Eternity, or whether that relation had "begun," not in time of course, but at some definite period in Eternity—this and other questions so remote from our modern everyday thinking that they seem to remove the Deity quite beyond the reach of personal relationship and into the realm of pure speculation. At about the same time, a young girl was heard to say, "Often in Mass, I gaze and gaze and gaze at the Host, hoping, if I look long enough, to *see* Our Lord there, and it seemed this morning as though at last I actually did see, through it and behind it, something of God and Our Lord and all their majesty and all the glory and splendour that surround them." Finally, in the window of a shop where Church goods and statuary are sold, there was displayed for a time a human-size figure of God the Father, a benign old man with long flowing blue robes, youthfully pink cheeks, white hair falling round his shoulders, and eyes that rested with an air of friendly intimacy on the figures of several saints and holy personages grouped about him. Here were several ideas about God, sufficiently unlike to arrest attention and start a train of thought. What is in our minds when we speak of God? Is your thought like mine, and if not, in what respect? Does each of us necessarily have a different idea, due partly to the different elements in our natures and the correspondingly different attributes which we, personally, should consider worthy of deification? Have we any *experience* of God? When we reach out toward Him do we sense any response in return? Or are we simply holding on to notions or stereotyped phrases gathered here and there,—the lenient, protecting Father of some childish prayer, the wrathful Judge of a Methodist revival, the lofty and majestic central figure of some mediæval painting or stained glass window? What is our attitude toward our God, our relation with Him? What above all is His relation to us? Fortunately for all of us, there are those reassuring words of Krishna in the *Gita*, "In whatever way men approach Me, in that way I love them;" but are we content with our present degree of understanding—the young girl of the Mass says it is wrong to inquire into these matters—or, if we can find a broader, bigger view than our own, shall we assume that by just that much it may carry us outside ourselves and nearer to the Truth—or at any rate that, being bigger, it is just so much more applicable to a God who is infinite?

To give an adequate and satisfactory answer to such questions is, of course, the work of the philosopher or the theologian, and the present writer can only say, using a borrowed phrase, "I occupy the room of the unlearned." But without attempting any conclusive answers, it would be possible to go back

again to the writings of the Sufis, already discussed at some length in past issues of the *QUARTERLY*, and find in the answers to these same questions reached by the members of that sect at different periods of its history, suggestions which may at least be of value to anyone who cares to carry the train of thought deeper and further.

Before turning to the East it will be illuminating to have some little indication of the wide variety of thought on the subject which the Western world has known. Professor C. J. Webb in his book, *God and Personality*, refers to the attitude of the ancient Greeks and Romans toward their gods,—an attitude that is doubtless familiar to everyone. The latter were splendid beings who sometimes walked among men, but were little if at all concerned with the well- or ill-being of the human family. At one period they were, of course, the personification of the powers of nature—at all times they were to be admired, placated, worshipped, but never in the sense that the modern world regards worship of the Divine. A passage from the Persian Jami's poetic version of the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife is significant,—“He besieges Jupiter with a storm of epithets, and railing at the dotage into which the god has fallen, and his imbecility in permitting so much evil in the world,” etc. There was, of course, another element in the worship of the ancient world—rites in which the deity became wholly at one with the worshippers, but this was a part of certain of the mysteries; it represents, to be sure, a relation between God and man, but during the performance of the rites rather than in daily life and practice, and is for that reason somewhat outside the present subject.

It may be well to borrow in brief form from Professor Webb several views which he cites, characteristic as they are of certain of the great schools of thought in the West. Pliny the Elder (again the Pagan view) is quoted as saying, “This is God when one mortal helps another—and in such relations only the Divine nature is regarded as consisting.” Here we have, by implication at least, no God at all, but only the best in human nature, regarded as divine.

Plato's teaching of the First Cause might of course be cited, also the doctrines of the Neo-Platonists, and certain of the great philosophers of later centuries, including Spinoza, whose God, as immanent as Aristotle's was transcendent, neither “first loves us nor does he return our love.” As the *QUARTERLY* has already discussed these teachings from various points of view, there is no need to go into them more in detail now.

Concerning the God of Aristotle: “He enters into no reciprocal relations with other beings, although the desire to attain to his supreme excellence is the cause of the movement of universal nature; for he himself, by reason of his very perfection, can have no concern with or knowledge of anything that is less perfect than himself—and all things except himself are that.”

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which, though suggested to us by what we find in men, we perceive to be only imperfectly realized in them; and this can only be because we are somehow aware of a perfection or ideal with which we contrast what we find in men as falling short of it." This definition is not satisfying, for it seems to carry with it the implication of our seeking in God, only a glorified image of our personal selves, with perhaps certain of the virtues of our friends thrown in. However, no such implication was intended, and the definition will serve its purpose, particularly as every one of us has, without doubt, his own very definite idea of what is meant by the *personality* of God, by "personal response" from God to man, and by "intimacy" in the relation between Creator and creature.

Many other instances could be given of the attitude of Western thought on the subject, and if Christian records be included, there is of course abundant material, particularly in the writings of the great mystics. As indicative of a Christian point of view, one might take several passages from *The Practice of the Presence of God*, in which Brother Lawrence writes—

"That we should establish ourselves in a sense of God's presence, by continually conversing with Him.

"That he had so often experienced the ready succours of Divine Grace upon all occasions, that from the same experience, when he had business to do, he did not think of it beforehand; but when it was time to do it, he found in God, as in a clear mirror, all that was fit for him to do.

"When outward business diverted him a little from the thought of God, a fresh remembrance coming from God invested his soul, and so inflamed and transported him that it was difficult for him to contain himself.

"That he was more united in God in his outward employments, than when he left them for devotion in retirement."

This point of view is chosen, not necessarily as a *standard*, but as a sane, well-balanced attitude, in accord with Christian teaching, not stamped with the colouring of any particular church, free from extremes and from the objection of either emotionalism or mysticism which might be brought if the writings of certain of the well known saints were chosen.

According to the exoteric Mohammedan view, there is little possibility for the worshipper to know his God in any sense of an intimate personal relationship. Allah is infinitely transcendent, also an absolute unity in himself, a being quite apart from His creation. He is the Great Taskmaster who sits on His throne, meting out punishment to the wicked and pardon to the righteous, as we His slaves cower before His wrath. One of the Mohammedan Traditions tells of His showing to Adam his posterity—the righteous in one hand and the damned in the other—with the words, "These are in Paradise and I care not; and these are in Hell and I care not." Again He is represented as a tremendous will,—"Allah could suffer no change, could experience no emotion. Sorrow, pity, love, desire could have no part in Him. When He acts it is not because of any action or reaction of motives and purposes within. It is by simple arbitrary will. He may be called 'Most Merciful' there [Koran], but that does not mean that He has a quality, Mercy, corre-

sponding to anything in man. If He could be so described—that is, in similar terms with man—then He, too, would be a created being.”

Such a point of view is difficult to grasp for a Westerner, familiar with modern Christian teachings. His unity, in this case, would shut out from Him wholly, all of us His creatures; He is complete without us. The Christian idea—that most appealing of the aspects of the Western Deity—of God's *need* for humanity, meeting and complementing our infinite need for God, is wholly lacking. A God without sorrow, who had never been “tempted in all things as we,” is a difficult concept for the Western mind to grasp. Allah is an Eastern potentate; an aspect of deity congenial to a certain type of oriental mind; one answer to man's longing for an object of worship which shall be above and beyond all possibility of human frailty and imperfection. There is much in such a concept that it is well for us to consider, and to try to understand,—yet always it brings us back with a new and greater wonder to the boundless generosity, and the pricelessness of the gift made to us, his children, by the Man of Sorrows.

Allah, according to a fairly late Mohammedan theologian (Ghazali, about 1111 A.D.), is so completely aloof that while He did create the world “He is no longer in any direct sense its ruler. He is absolutely transcendent, and since the moving of the heavenly spheres would be incompatible with His unity, that function is assigned to ‘One by whose command the spheres are moved,’”—a created being.

As the Mohammedan civilization developed, and Mohammedanism was brought into contact with the religions of other peoples, it is interesting to see how the original teachings were influenced. By inference at least, the wholly transcendent Allah comes to occupy a position analogous to the First Cause, as that is sometimes conceived of, and Mohammed, much changed from the original, simple tribesman of the desert, becomes the Logos. He is “the Divine Idea immanent in Creation and the final cause of all that exists, the cosmic thought assuming form and connecting Absolute Being with the world of Nature. He is the God-Man who has descended to this earthly sphere that he may make manifest the glory of Him who brought the Universe into existence.” Yet never is there the idea of the Fatherhood of God. Allah's unity precludes all interplay of personality; Mohammed does not for a moment possess the Father-Son relationship. In a metaphysical sense he makes manifest God's glory; he is the highest point humanity attains; but there is nowhere the teaching of a Divine incarnation. On the human side, Mohammed the Prophet is always the slave of Allah, as are we. Always there is the gulf between Creator and creature.

It remained for the Sufis to bridge that gap. In the earliest days, members of the sect were extreme ascetics; the later Sufis, many of them still ascetics of course, were also mystics. Theology, reason, every exoteric principle might indicate that God is wholly transcendent, wholly beyond the reach of His children, but certain of the mystics came to have *knowledge* of Him, personal experience. As has been wisely said, what we can think of

actual
only as

one. Their explanation was that infinite as was the omnipotent will could annihilate it and bridge the gap accomplished by man, but only by the Divine will. Viewed up between the exoteric and the esoteric position Nicholson. "Only by ignoring the fifty articles of his creed come near to God; but the Sufi who enjoys communion with God, takes the creed to his heart and sees in its words a reflection of what his inner light has revealed to him." Under the influence of Hellenistic influence, the early asceticism, practised for salvation and escaping hell-fire, changed to the idea of union, with a view to the attainment of union. With this the idea of knowledge of God, union with God, through which is coupled the idea of self-effacement, abandonment, expression of it as the following Rubaiyât of Hafiz:

... it be Thy Will;

... if it be Thy Will.

the exoteric teaching of God's transcendence. Wholly and completely than the following from the writings of Emerson:

"Before all things, before the creation, before His God in his unity was holding an ineffable discourse, contemplating the splendour of His essence in itself. The self-admiration is Love, which in His essence is the essence beyond all limitation of attributes. In His perfect isolation, He praises Himself, and manifests Himself by Love. And the manifestation of Love in the Divine Absolute that determines His attributes and His names. Then God, by His desire to project out of Himself His supreme joy, that He might behold it and speak to it. He looked in eternity from non-existence an image, an image of Himself, endued with all His attributes and all His names: Adam. The Divine looked the image unto everlasting."

It is perhaps suggestive of the clear night. Yet, as the last lines of the poem are inaccessible to man. He

which, though suggested to us by what we find in men, we perceive to be only imperfectly realized in them; and this can only be because we are somehow aware of a perfection or ideal with which we contrast what we find in men as falling short of it." This definition is not satisfying, for it seems to carry with it the implication of our seeking in God, only a glorified image of our personal selves, with perhaps certain of the virtues of our friends thrown in. However, no such implication was intended, and the definition will serve its purpose, particularly as every one of us has, without doubt, his own very definite idea of what is meant by the *personality* of God, by "personal response" from God to man, and by "intimacy" in the relation between Creator and creature.

Many other instances could be given of the attitude of Western thought on the subject, and if Christian records be included, there is of course abundant material, particularly in the writings of the great mystics. As indicative of a Christian point of view, one might take several passages from *The Practice of the Presence of God*, in which Brother Lawrence writes—

"That we should establish ourselves in a sense of God's presence, by continually conversing with Him.

"That he had so often experienced the ready succours of Divine Grace upon all occasions, that from the same experience, when he had business to do, he did not think of it beforehand; but when it was time to do it, he found in God, as in a clear mirror, all that was fit for him to do.

"When outward business diverted him a little from the thought of God, a fresh remembrance coming from God invested his soul, and so inflamed and transported him that it was difficult for him to contain himself.

"That he was more united in God in his outward employments, than when he left them for devotion in retirement."

This point of view is chosen, not necessarily as a *standard*, but as a sane, well-balanced attitude, in accord with Christian teaching, not stamped with the colouring of any particular church, free from extremes and from the objection of either emotionalism or mysticism which might be brought if the writings of certain of the well known saints were chosen.

According to the exoteric Mohammedan view, there is little possibility for the worshipper to know his God in any sense of an intimate personal relationship. Allah is infinitely transcendent, also an absolute unity in himself, a being quite apart from His creation. He is the Great Taskmaster who sits on His throne, meting out punishment to the wicked and pardon to the righteous, as we His slaves cower before His wrath. One of the Mohammedan Traditions tells of His showing to Adam his posterity—the righteous in one hand and the damned in the other—with the words, "These are in Paradise and I care not; and these are in Hell and I care not." Again He is represented as a tremendous will,—"Allah could suffer no change, could experience no emotion. Sorrow, pity, love, desire could have no part in Him. When He acts it is not because of any action or reaction of motives and purposes within Him; it is by simple arbitrary will. He may be called 'Most Merciful' there [in the Koran], but that does not mean that He has a quality, Mercy, corre-

sponding to anything in man. If He could be so described—that is, in similar terms with man—then He, too, would be a created being.”

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two, we can often feel as one. Their explanation was that infinite as was the distance, yet God by His omnipotent will could annihilate it and bridge the chasm. It is not to be accomplished by man, but only by the Divine will. The difference that then grew up between the exoteric and the esoteric position is well expressed by Dr. Nicholson. "Only by ignoring the fifty articles of his creed can the Moslem come near to God; but the Sufi who enjoys communion with God can, if he wishes, take the creed to his heart and see in its words a partial and inadequate reflection of what his inner light has revealed to him."

Largely as a result of Hellenistic influence, the early asceticism, practised with a view to attaining salvation and escaping hell-fire, changed to the idea of purgation, purification, with a view to the attainment of union. With this change, of course, came the idea of knowledge of God, union with God, through love. And with love there is coupled the idea of self-effacement, abandonment, so that we have such an expression of it as the following Rubaiyât of Hafiz:

"Grant me the joy of Union, if it be Thy Will;
Or anguish sore, through sev'rance, if it be Thy Will.
I do not say to Thee, 'What wilt Thou give to me?'
For grant whatever is according to Thy Will."

A noted teacher, Dhu'l Nun, whose work has previously been mentioned in the QUARTERLY, writes, "True knowledge of God is the knowledge of the attributes of Divine Unity, which belongs to the Saints of God, those who behold God with their hearts in such wise that He reveals unto them what He revealeth not unto anyone else in the world. They that know God are not themselves and subsist not through themselves, but in so far as they are themselves they subsist through God." Or as Hallaj, another of their great teachers, expresses it,—

"Thy Spirit is mingled with my spirit even as wine is mingled with pure water.

When anything touches Thee, it touches me. Lo, in every case Thou art I."

Sufism underwent many variations under the influence of the religious beliefs of various neighbouring peoples. Hellenistic teachings had a powerful effect; the Neo-Platonic variations played their part; Persian colouring produced a totally new element. And in addition to all this, each leader or teacher saw the truth in his own way—in esoteric teaching there was little question of complying with orthodox views and standards; the truth as revealed in the divinely illumined heart was what was sought, and uniformity was not essential. We find then, an infinite variety in the expressions of the relationship between God and man. In large part, the Sufis held, even esoterically, to

¹ This and one or two other quotations are from *Selections from the Rubaiyât and Odes of Hafiz*, but the majority of the references to Sufism are from R. A. Nicholson's book, *The Idea of Personality in Sufism*.

the exoteric teaching of God's transcendence. What could express it more completely than the following from the writings of Hallaj (300 A.H.):

"Before all things, before the creation, before His knowledge of the creation, God in his unity was holding an ineffable discourse with Himself and contemplating the splendour of His essence in itself. That pure simplicity of His self-admiration is Love, which in His essence is the essence of the essence, beyond all limitation of attributes. In His perfect isolation God loves Himself, praises Himself, and manifests Himself by Love. And it was this first manifestation of Love in the Divine Absolute that determined the multiplicity of His attributes and His names. Then God, by His essence, in His essence, desired to project out of Himself His supreme joy, that Love in aloneness, that He might behold it and speak to it. He looked in eternity and brought forth from non-existence an image, an image of Himself, endowed with all His attributes and all His names: Adam. The Divine look made that form to be His image unto everlasting."

It is perhaps suggestive of the clear, cold remoteness of the stars on a winter night. Yet, as the last lines suggest, Hallaj did not consider Allah to be inaccessible to man. He bridged the gulf by regarding human nature as the image of the divine—and curiously enough (considering that he was a Mussulman) he taught that Jesus was the perfect type of deified man, revealing the Creator from within himself. Hallaj, in his religious experience, leaves far behind him the impersonality of the exoteric teaching, makes long strides toward a personal relationship. "If Thou wouldst sell me Paradise," he writes, "in exchange for a single moment of my ecstasy or for one passing gleam of the least of my spiritual states, I would not buy it! And if Thou wert to set Hell-fire before me, with all the diverse kinds of torment that are contained therein, I would deem it of no account in comparison with my suffering when Thou hidest Thyself from me." Here we have a genuine personal relationship with God,—not necessarily intimacy with Him, oneness or union—but at least a personal feeling, and in the words, "when Thou hidest Thyself from me," an indication of having in turn met with a personal response.

Once the bridge was made, gradually the Sufis came to regard their God as more and more immanent, manifesting Himself in every object of His creation—

"In every rose the wise perceive
A picture of Thy face."

Little by little this developed into a genuine pantheism—belief in the universality of God, that all things are God and God is all things:

"I am the theft of rogues, I am the pain of the sick,
I am both cloud and rain, I have rained in the meadows."

It would be needless repetition to give in detail at this point, the special note of the Persian Sufis, much of whose poetic work is so distinctly pantheistic. In them the relation between the worshipper and his God is represented as that

between lover and Beloved. The Deity is usually referred to as She or the Mistress or the Beloved; whatever exhilarates and uplifts the heart in religious emotion is referred to as wine, and the experience of being carried out of oneself in spiritual ecstasy is termed intoxication—

“He who has, like me, drunk in Eternity-without-beginning a draught from the Friend's cup—

Through intoxication raiseth not his head till the morning of the Resurrection.”

The relationship expressed in these poems is perhaps unique, for the Beloved is frequently represented as capricious or disdainful, cold, angry, even petulant. Yet here again, the foreign concept is one well worth the effort to comprehend, and there is a rich reward if one be able to transcribe the terms and look continually back to the inner content beneath the outer form, for their exquisite imagery, their constant attribution to the Deity of everything in nature, and indeed in the universe, that is beautiful and fair and lovely, and, above all, their outpouring of love and adoration and self-abasement should uplift and carry one with them.

The tendency to see God in all things and as all things, can of course be carried so far, and God can be regarded as so completely indwelling, that He is practically lost sight of in the personality of the worshipper (as has been said before, certain of the Sufis met martyrdom for this). Pantheism would make an interesting study in itself. It has an infinite gradation, and one critic draws a valuable distinction between pantheism—the belief that God is all things—and panentheism, the teaching that all is *in* God, who is nevertheless above all.

This was, of course, for many, the way out of the difficulty regarding the transcendence of Allah. God for them was not devoid of all that we know as personality in the human sense, but, quite the contrary, was possessed of a personality so universal as to embrace within itself all existence and all created things. This personality is simultaneously, in the most complete degree, both immanent and transcendent, and “it expresses itself most completely in man, who is nothing except in so far as he realizes his true nature to be the image of the Divine.” Such realization, for most Sufis, meant a passing out of their own personality completely. Many thought that God remained transcendent so long as the worshipper was living in his *self*. It was only by dying to self, casting off all the interests, affections, and desires of the self, and becoming simply an object of the Divine will, that he could find life in God, and at last a personal intimate relation with God. There could be no intimacy before that point. Then, “that which loves it (the self) and which it loves, is now its inward and real self, not the self that has ‘passed away.’” And this “passing away,” or *fana*, was not merely an ecstatic state, but a still higher state than ecstasy, a unified consciousness which may result from ecstasy.

Many other instances might be given of the relation, the approach, of the individual Sufi to his God. In some cases, because of self-abasement, or depth

of love, or some other single quality, they are suggestive of the experiences of the great Christian mystics. They have in common, of course, the underlying universal principles, yet practically always with a difference. And the keynote to this difference—which is sometimes an elusive one—is perhaps given in what Nicholson writes of the Mohammedan conception of personality as contrasted with our own. “In Islam,” he says, “God, not man, is the measure of all things. In Islam there has hitherto been no place for what we call Humanism, implying the value and sufficiency of the individual as such. In Islam the Perfect Man, who is identical with Mohammed, represents the idea of Divinity revealing itself in man rather than the ideal of Humanity realizing itself in the personal life of God.”

This latter ideal—that of Humanity realizing itself in the personal life of God—is, for many Christians, the special gift of the Western Master. Which is really the higher view, must be left to the individual to decide. Certainly, “God, not man,” *ought to be* “the measure of all things”; and some would say that it was not the Western Master who laid this new emphasis on Man, but that Man has chosen the emphasis to suit himself. In any case, that Master’s statement that “I and my Father are one”; his “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me” (identifying him with the least and the lowest); and his “Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect,” supply, link by link, the chain that binds the human to the Divine. In his exemplification of the Divine Sonship, the gulf that is so wide for the exoteric Mohammedan has, for his own followers, been bridged.

To people of the West, of course, certain of the foregoing views make a special appeal, while to Easterners, others seem only fitting and proper. Yet *per se* and from the point of view of the whole Truth, no one of them is any more to be regarded as right and true—or even as preferable—than is one facet of a diamond in relation to another. To think of God, for instance, *only* in terms of remoteness would be incomplete, to say the least, for in the nature of things, God must be as infinitely near as infinitely remote. In fact, any attempt to *define* “God” is futile—God the undefinable, the Infinite. This is one of the points where the splendid universality of Theosophy has been a blessing to so many—affording, as it does, reconciliation between such widely divergent beliefs. Persons who lean strongly toward the abstract, find full satisfaction in the theosophical teaching of the Absolute, of Parabrahm (Para meaning “beyond”), and in the acceptance by Theosophy of the Vedantin view in that respect. Equally can the believer in a personal God find satisfaction in Theosophy, owing to its recognition of the truth of the “Three Logoi Doctrine” as set forth by Madame Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine*, and the doctrine of Avatars, or of special manifestations of the Third Logos (God) in human form. Finally, we have the assurance that behind every apparent diversity is an underlying unity,—and beyond that a point which the human mind cannot reach, “a vast unknown of which *Silence* is the ultimate symbol.”

J. C.

STUDIES IN PARACELSUS

INTEREST in the life and work of Paracelsus has been manifested at intervals during the four centuries which have elapsed since his death. In many regions of thought and investigation, in Chemistry, in Medicine and Surgery, in Philosophy and Theology, there is evidence of the deep and far-reaching influence which he exerted. Beginning with Dufresnoy's *History of the Hermetic Philosophy*, in 1762, and through many later volumes down to von Meyer's *History of Chemistry*, in 1906, there is abundant proof of the suggestive work and inspiring thought of the great Swiss physician-philosopher. Erdmann affirms that Paracelsus inaugurated the modern development of the philosophy of nature. Finally, his writings on Theology have been rendered accessible by the researches of Ed. Schubert, Carl Sudhoff, and the Benedictine, Raymund Netzhammer.

Dr. Franz Hartmann's *Paracelsus* was published in 1887. In 1911 Miss Stoddart gave to the world her *Life of Paracelsus*, inspired by Robert Browning's poem. In the interval between these two works, in 1894, Mr. A. E. Waite published his translation of the *Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus*. Unfortunately, these volumes do not contain translations of the philosophical works on which Paracelsus based his entire system of teaching. Of chief interest to the student of Theosophy is the emphasis laid in every treatise on the superiority of the inner essence to the external form, on the dependence of the phenomenon on the noumenon, while ritual and symbol are but reminders of the living reality.

Quite recently, in 1920, a scholarly criticism of Paracelsus was published by the late J. M. Stillman, Professor Emeritus of Chemistry in Leland Stanford University. In this critical essay students will find much of interest and value, to be supplemented by reference to the works of Paracelsus himself. Both Miss Stoddart and Professor Stillman lay stress on the principle that an individual should be studied in connection with his surroundings, that his life must be viewed together with the life of his times. Therefore, let us consider the circumstances amid which Paracelsus lived and worked.

Born in 1493 at Einsiedeln, near Zurich, he received his earliest instruction from his father, who was a physician. After further study at the abbey of St. Andrew, and, later, under the Abbot Trithemius of Spanheim, he entered the laboratory of Sigismund Fugger at Schwatz in the Tyrol, where he prosecuted his investigation of minerals and metallurgy. Then begins a period of extensive journeying. It is said that he travelled in Germany, Italy, France, Spain, the Netherlands, England, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, whence he went to Constantinople. During his travels he learned from observation and experience, seeking knowledge among the high and the low, the learned and the vulgar, consorting with philosophers on the one hand and with gypsies on

the other. Perhaps from his association with the latter arose the stories which his detractors later used against him.

From the obscure period of his travels Paracelsus emerges in the year 1525, when he took up his residence at Basle. In 1527, the City Council appointed him City Physician, a position which carried with it a professorship at the University.

It was a time of intellectual awakening, manifest in the revival of Neoplatonism at Florence, and in the activities of Erasmus and Luther in Germany. Armed with the knowledge which he had so laboriously acquired during his travels, and permeated with the desire, which was then stirring so many minds, to break the bonds of dogma and formalism, Paracelsus began to promulgate his views on medicine, and the philosophical principles, founded on his view of God and nature, on which his medical teachings were based. He showed little deference to the traditions of the doctors and the members of his profession. He lectured in the language of the country, in place of the customary Latin, and drew upon himself the scornful abuse of his opponents, who found themselves confronted by startling innovations of statement and theory, and, even more, by successful practical results, in cases where they themselves had failed. That they should use every weapon to attack the innovator, was perhaps natural; it was just as natural that the innovator should descend into the arena and reply in kind, in the very outspoken language of the times.

Professor Stillman writes of Paracelsus: "His great aim was to break the bonds of ancient authority and accepted dogma which had for centuries held medical science enchained, and to open the way for the foundation of that science upon a basis of open-minded experience, experiment and observation, or, as he expressed it, on the 'Light of nature.'" This expression of Paracelsus has, in his philosophical writings, a much deeper meaning than the mere external appearance to which Professor Stillman seems to limit it.

"For Paracelsus, the phenomena of nature, seen or hidden, are the revelation of God's will to man in all those things relating to his physical and material welfare—just as the teachings of Christ are for him the revelation of God's will to man in things spiritual. Hence the physician, as the highest human agent of God's will to man, must be thoroughly grounded in the complete knowledge of nature, and as thoroughly in obedience to the teachings of Christ. For the interpretation of the phenomena of nature, as for the interpretation of the teachings of Christ, he claims the right for himself and for his individual judgment, and refuses to accept the authority of ancient Greek philosophers or physicians—or of Church Fathers or other sources of dogmatic theology." Does not this remind us of a much later reformer, who "came to break the moulds of mind"?

In the course of his travels, Paracelsus studied the various sciences and the applications that were made of them at that time. We can picture the energetic boy, educated by his father and accompanying him in his visits as physician to the hospital of the monastery of Einsiedeln; we can imagine him rebell-

ing against the methods of treatment then in use, determined to penetrate more deeply into the science and art of medicine. Prosecuting his studies, he went to Schwatz to work in the laboratories, and to study the mines and minerals. Thence he went to Spanheim, to become the pupil of Trithemius, who was, perhaps, the most widely esteemed chemist and alchemist of the day. Trithemius was the leader of the Neo-platonic school in Germany, as were Pico della Mirandola and Ficinus in Florence, and as Bovillus was in France. Paracelsus mentions Trithemius as his teacher, and names Ficinus and Cornelius Agrippa as authors with whose works he was acquainted.

Medicine in Europe was at that time dominated by Galen's doctrine of the "humours," just as the prevailing philosophy was a degenerate Aristotelianism; both had been obscured in their transmission through the centuries, and Paracelsus revolted against the error that was common to both—the taking of the effect for the cause. He sought to go behind the outer appearance and to reach the real foundations for examination and enquiry. He therefore followed the practical side of the enquiry, and at the same time put forward a philosophy based on what he had learned; on this philosophy he founded his practice of the science of medicine. In philosophy, the closest approach to the ideas of Paracelsus is to be found in the writings of Cornelius Agrippa. Both were pupils of Trithemius, the Abbot of Spanheim. All three were alchemists of the first rank, all were alleged to have "made gold," and to have solved the Hermetic mystery in the inner world. In early manhood Trithemius was elected Abbot, and under his rule the monastery became one of the chief centres of European learning. As has already been noted, Trithemius, Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus were deeply imbued with the Neo-platonic philosophy of the Florentine school, of which Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa was the reputed founder.

Nicholas of Cusa was born in the year 1400, in very humble circumstances. He was, says H. P. Blavatsky, "the son of a poor boatman, owing all his career, his Cardinal's hat, and the reverential awe rather than the friendship of the Popes Eugenius IV, Nicholas V, and Pius II, to the extraordinary learning which seemed innate in him, since he had studied nowhere till comparatively late in life. Da Cusa died in 1473 (some say 1464); moreover his best works were written before he was forced to enter orders—to escape persecution. Nor did the Adept escape it." Of Cusa we are told that he taught the plurality of inhabited worlds, and that he but followed the books of Hermes when he anticipated Pascal in writing: "God is an infinite circle, whose centre is everywhere and the circumference nowhere." Mme. Blavatsky suggests that those who are interested, and able to do so, should study Cusa's book *De Docta Ignorantia*, in which the ideas and discoveries of Copernicus are anticipated. Let us add that Copernicus was born in 1473, and that he, whose work was continued by Kepler and Galileo, and carried forward by Newton,—like Cusa, did not escape the persecution of the Roman Church.

Before Copernicus began to write, Paracelsus was enunciating his philosophy and its application to medicine; a philosophy learned through the prac-

tical study of nature, in many lands, among many peoples; a philosophy not of the class-room and of argument, but of practical application; a philosophy of experiment, of works justified by the faith which was in him, and demonstrated in his life.

In 1541, after a short illness, Paracelsus died, so suddenly that it has been confidently asserted his death was not due to "natural causes" but was brought about by his enemies. There was a tradition that he was thrown from a cliff and that his skull was fractured, but the examination of his skeleton has not confirmed this, showing only that his bones had been affected by rickets. Miss Stoddart dismisses the idea that Paracelsus died a violent death, because it is well attested that he made his will during his last illness, and disposed of his possessions; while the description of his end agrees with the idea of illness brought on by privations and devotion to his studies, combined with the effect of poisonous gases generated in his furnace experiments. But, granting that his health was thus impaired, this does not preclude the possibility of poison administered by his enemies. Referring to this possibility, the *Secret Doctrine* says (Volume I, page 284): "However it may be, one thing is certain in this: the knowledge of these primary causes, and of the ultimate essence of every Element, of its Lives, their functions, properties, and conditions of change—constitutes the basis of Magic. Paracelsus was, perhaps, the only Occultist in Europe, during the latter centuries of the Christian era, who was versed in this mystery. Had not a criminal hand put an end to his life years before the time allotted to him by Nature, physiological Magic would have fewer secrets for the civilized world than it now has."

In the fifteenth century, in the period between 1400 and 1500, came a revival of learning, and a revolt against dogma and all the abuses which were founded upon dogma. Cusa, Trithemius, Agrippa, Paracelsus and Copernicus were all leaders of thought and action in this period, and among them and their contemporaries and associates may well have been the individual chosen as the messenger of that time. If we recall what Mme. Blavatsky says in the *Theosophical Glossary* regarding Mesmer: "It was the Council of 'Luxor' which selected him—according to the orders of the 'Great Brotherhood'—to act in the eighteenth century as their usual pioneer, sent in the last quarter of every century to enlighten a small portion of the Western nations in Occult lore," we may find a suggestive parallel. At all events, we should find a common ground, a common denominator of philosophical teaching, in Paracelsus, Mesmer and Mme. Blavatsky.

A. KEIGHTLEY.

PERSONALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY

IT is easy, in theory, for people to accept the derivation of the word personality, from the Latin word, *persona*, which means a mask, and which refers to the masks worn on the stage by Greek and Roman actors. The Latin word, *persona*, when analyzed, is seen to be composed of two other words, the preposition, *per*, meaning through, and a part of the verb, *sonare*, meaning to sound. *Persona* indicates an object used by an actor, who made his voice *sound through* it; the clue is thus given to the true meaning of personality. It is an object, an instrument used by the real man; it is not the real man himself, it is not the individual (undivided one). Like the actor's mask, the personality wears out and is thrown aside; it does not share the Reality in which the true individual may participate.

People accept this meaning, in theory, but have a sense of loss as they reflect upon the transitory nature of personality. They think they would like their own personalities and the personalities of their friends, to endure eternally. Do they, in fact, really crave such a dreadful fate?

Let us turn from the immediate question to inquire whether, in the fine arts, any condition exists that is at all analogous to this relation of the personality and the true individual who makes his character sound through the personality. In any consideration of art and literature, Plato serves as a convenient starting point.

In Plato's dialogue, the *Symposium*, there is a long passage toward the end, spoken by Socrates, upon the nature of beauty. Socrates declares that, above and outside of the world, there exists a divine and eternal beauty of which all beautiful objects on earth are mere reflections or images. Those beautiful things of the world, beautiful objects, beautiful thoughts, etc., form a natural stairway up which man can mount to the beauty that is divine and immortal. It is possible for man, Socrates continues, to live in union with that eternal beauty; when man does live in communion with divine beauty, then, and then only, does he produce what is marked by real beauty. Whatever is produced outside of that union and communion, is only a fleeting image of beauty—soon or late, it will fade away.

Suppose we apply this dictum of Socrates to an actual case, to see whether it works. Every one would make his own choice of a master-writer, but if John Milton be chosen for a test, it cannot be said that the selection is eccentric. Milton is very generally called an immortal poet, and his works are said to be immortal. In what sense is that word, "immortal," there used?

Read, as a first example, the opening lines of Milton's *Comus*, lines of great beauty.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is.

* * *

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
 Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
 Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being.

* * *

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key
 That opes the palace of eternity.

Without hesitation, one can say of these lines that they are marked by a certain relative immortality. They point down a vista to a far-off heaven without unduly urging man to get there. That is what people in general want,—a heaven as a refuge to go to when the pinfold earth becomes too much of a fret, *if it ever do so become*; but in the meantime, they can make themselves comfortable enough on earth. Therefore, as long as civilization and literature last, people may be expected to praise the high aspiration of these lines. In that relative sense, then, they are immortal. Are they, however, immortal, in the sense of that word indicated by Socrates in the *Symposium*? Do we think their author, Milton, would wish his works, as they now stand, to be immortal in that second sense?

It may be of help in answering that question, to see how a line of verse grows, how the principle of selection and rejection works out in the fine arts.

About 1830, Tennyson published a volume of poems. The following lines are found in one of them:

There is a dale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of old Ionia.

In Tennyson's mind, a picture was "impending"; it was vague, waiting for him to make it clear. It was a picture of a lovely landscape as background for the action narrated by his poem—a picture of wooded, rolling country, threaded by many water-courses. Tennyson put that "impending" picture into the above lines, but he was not satisfied with his result. "The valleys of old Ionia"—the jolt and jerk in those two lines unfitly set forth the smooth rolling country of his mental vision. A few years later, Tennyson published a second edition of his volume, and there he changed the two verses to read thus:

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.

The changes are very slight, but what a great improvement is brought about by the alteration of a letter or two, and a word or two. The jerk and jolt of "old Ionia" have been rolled smooth in the emended line, "all the valleys of Ionian hills." The scene that was "impending" has now been perfectly expressed; there is complete accord between outer and inner. Tennyson, a

skilled artist, rejected his earlier two lines, and they are to be found only in that first edition.

An example from Browning gives the opposite result—the failure of a less skilled artist to reject the unworthy in favour of the more worthy. With Browning, likewise, there was “impending” a lovely, pastoral landscape—a remote solitude with the sea as a barrier against the “dizzy raptures and aching joys” of the world. In his first effort to bring that scene from within, to outer expression, Browning wrote:

Some isle with the sea's silence on it,

which is a truly characteristic Browning line, and very poor. He tried again, and produced,

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas,

which is improved, though still, poor verse.
The third time, he wrote:

Some unsuspected isle in far off seas,

which is good verse. Browning, however, did not reject the other two lines, as Tennyson or any good artist would have done. Browning perhaps thought that the lines were good enough; he thought them good enough to keep in sequence in his poem, “Pippa Passes.” The failure to reject the unfit and to select the better is characteristic of Browning in all his work, and it has an inevitable consequence. Those who read, do not like to do the sifting that the author should have done, and this disinclination to do another man's work for him, has crystallized into the opinion that Browning's work will not last so long as Tennyson's.

The examples (Tennyson and Browning) that have just been considered, illustrate the working, on a very small scale, of the principle of selection and rejection. Such an improvement as Tennyson made in the second edition of his volume, is sometimes made over night, on the morning following a long, deep sleep. Imagine now the process, illustrated in those two poets, widely expanded, on a very large scale, where the material involved is not two lines, but an author's whole life work, and where the time element is centuries, instead of the few years between a first and second edition. Imagine the individual who used the mask, John Milton, as taking a long, deep sleep on the other side of what men call death,—a sleep in which he assimilates the varied experiences of his lifetime; imagine him, back in the world again after that refreshing sleep of centuries. Would he wish to make any changes for a “second edition” of his work? The answer to this question would be influenced by the new place which that individual might occupy in the “House of Life,” and his consequent outlook upon the world.

For the sake of discussion, let us imagine that, as John Milton, he had made good use of his opportunities, had profited by his failures and successes, and had thus earned the merit to take a new stand higher up in the "House of Life." Let us be a little more precise in locating him there; and, for this purpose, the figure used by Socrates in the discourse already mentioned, will be of service. Socrates said that all beautiful things of earth are *steps* which lead to eternal beauty. Visualize those *steps* in a form with which every one is acquainted—as the *stairway* in a modern apartment house, a stairway which consists of a series of parallel flights of stairs, leading from floor to floor. Everyone knows that in those modern sky-scraper apartment houses, one does not come out into air and sunlight until one has gone well toward the upper floors; and in the "House of Life," likewise, very many people live perpetually on the dark, lower floors, even "below stairs," in the damp basement. We are well acquainted with the darkness of our lower levels—we should call it our normal atmosphere; it is so inveterately normal, that some people might be very suspicious of the sunlight and fresh air of the upper floors. Since we are trying to locate the individual, who was John Milton, on a higher level of the long stairway that leads to divine beauty, it would be desirable, before inquiry be made about his new outlook and opinions, to have some evidence of what life is like on the upper floors of the "House." There are many records to choose from, though the following is so clear and convincing that it obviates a multiplication of evidence; its author would seem unmistakably to be living in communion with what is called the Lodge of Masters.

"It pleased ———, one day, to show me his hands, and his hands only. The beauty of them was so great, that no language can describe it. A few days later, I saw his divine face. I could not understand why ——— showed himself in this way, seeing that, afterwards, he granted me the grace of seeing his whole person. Later on, I understood that his Majesty was dealing with me according to the weakness of my nature. [Later] there stood before me the most sacred Humanity. If I were to spend many years in devising how to picture to myself anything so beautiful, I should never be able, nor even know how, to do it; for it is beyond the reach of any possible imagination here below: the whiteness and brilliancy alone are inconceivable. It is not a brilliancy which dazzles, but a delicate whiteness and brilliancy infused. It is a light so different from any light here below, that the very brightness of the sun we see, seems to be something obscure."¹

Since it is an imaginary experiment that is being tried, our poet, after his sleep of centuries, can be quite arbitrarily placed somewhere in the upstairs region indicated by the foregoing quotation, and the experiment can now be

¹ This mention of a different quality of light in the spiritual planes will recall the important rôle taken by light throughout Dante's *Paradiso*, and the intensity of that light as compared with ordinary sunlight. It suggests certain queries and comments upon another branch of art, namely the work of the great landscape painter, Turner. In many of his pictures from 1835 onward, Turner was not painting objects or even colours; he was trying to paint light, and his effort was as if he were trying to go through to the other side of the sun, in order to apprehend what eluded him. Did he not long to mount a new flight of the stairway mentioned by Socrates, so as to find the quality of light after which he was striving?

carried forward. What, in view of that upstairs experience, will be the judgment of this poet, in preparing a "second edition" of *Paradise Lost*, *Comus*, and his other works?

Suppose he were to read over what are perhaps the most celebrated lines of *Paradise Lost*,—the opening of Book III:

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven, first born.

That celebrated passage ends with the lines which refer to Milton's blindness:

not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

"Human face divine" is one of the treasured phrases in Milton's verse. What would our poet think of that phrase, after he had been shown a Master's Humanity? What would he say of "Hail, holy light," after he had seen the new light of the higher planes of consciousness? Would he be less of an artist than Tennyson was toward those two lines of his first edition? Can we not believe that he would say of that whole passage—"Tear it up! I can do better"?

Open *Paradise Lost* at another famous passage—the beautiful lines about Proserpina:

that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself, a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.

How might he judge those lines, in view of a "second edition"? Would he think the line, "Proserpin," etc., good workmanship? There were three common forms of the name which he might have used, Persephone, Proserpina, or Proserpine. Is it proof of metrical skill when a poet has to use a rather singular form, Proserpin, to make an ordinary line of five stresses? Again, when he reflected upon the significance of those lines, would he wish them to be endowed with immortality? "Proserpin gathering flowers": it was not Proserpina in the field of Enna, but Adam and Eve and all their children gathering blossoms in the glamorous fields of the psychic world, and captured by the black forces of Hell; it was not Ceres who suffered so much pain to redeem her lost child, but the Avatars in their Passions. "Tear it up! tear it up!" our poet would certainly say—"I can do better."

As a last passage for examination, read the smoothly flowing song to Sabrina in *Comus*.

By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands;
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet;
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb.

How might this invocation of the classical Pantheon appear to a poet after a long night's refreshing sleep? Would not his verdict again be: "Tear it up"? The gods and heroes of classical mythology were an infant's new rattle, for those men of the Renaissance,—a rattle with many tiny bells attached, and the artists of that period shook the rattle incessantly. A child's new toy!

Nature would seem to offer a convincing illustration of growth and gain. Who has not sometime picked up a beetle's perfect shell,—the house in which the beetle lived last summer? How plainly the wings and body are marked on the shell, and there are the holes where the eyes looked through. We hold that perfect shell in our hand,—a fragile thing that a breath would crumble. It is perfect, but it is lifeless. High up in the oak over our heads, the beetle is now singing lustily. He has outgrown his old covering; it cramped his expansion; he has cast it off and left it behind; he is revelling in the light and heat at the top of the tree. The beetle has no uncertainty about his identity; he is the lusty singer, and he has no interest in his cast off shell, no matter how perfect it may be.

Shall man be less intelligent than the beetle? Shall man erroneously persist in believing that growth causes loss? Shall man doubt where the centre of his life and identity is—in the soul, not in the shell?

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

C. C. CLARK.

THE CONTROL OF IRRITATION

NO one wants to be irritable and almost everybody is. To become angry may be a sin, may do great harm to ourselves and to others; but at least anger is a force, whereas irritation is always a weakness. It rarely accomplishes anything and is, for the time at any rate, completely destructive of happiness in the person who gives way to it. It is not exactly conducive to the happiness of those in the vicinity, but the effect on them is relatively minor. It is as impossible to be happy and to be irritated at the same time, as it is to be both grateful and full of self-pity simultaneously. The two forces are mutually destructive. While usually a short-lived plant itself, irritation is most productive, in ourselves and in others, of noxious seeds which are not short-lived. To prevent the propagation of those seeds, one has to prevent outbreaks of irritation, and for this two ways of attack are open to us,—on the causes of the irritation itself and on the causes of the outbreak, which may be quite different. Both, of course, are due to weaknesses in ourselves and are quite independent of the particular outer incident on which the irritation contrives to fasten itself. To attempt to remove the outer occasions is useless, for they are innumerable,—as many, in fact, as there are possible outer desires which may be thwarted. If it were not one, it would be another.

That irritation at others—even at the most irritating of others—is the result of weakness in ourselves, is a fact not generally recognized, but which can be readily verified by observation. One should proceed as in the case of any scientific hypothesis,—assume it to be true, and then see if it accords with and explains the observed facts. The first step—not an easy one—is to dismiss from one's mind all complaint of the other person, no matter how glaringly he may have been in the wrong, and to ask ourselves what it was in us that responded to his fault with irritation. Why did we care? Thousands of people have faults and do wrong things daily, without disturbing our equanimity in the least. What was it in us upon which this particular wrong pressed? Was it our vanity, our love of comfort, our desire to have our own way, or what? Irritation may be used to locate a moral weakness in exactly the same way that a physician uses the location of the physical pain, in his patient, to help him diagnose a physical disease. In addition to revealing our weaknesses to us—a service for which we ought to be grateful but very rarely are—the effort to locate its cause greatly diminishes the irritation itself. When one gets really interested in running down one's own faults and weaknesses, there is likely to be far less irritation at one's neighbours, and far more sympathy with them.

Much of our irritation arises from our own indecision. For instance, a weary

man is asked by someone else—or by Karma, in the form of a duty—to do something he does not want to do, just at the moment when he is most comfortably seated by the fire for a peaceful, hard-earned evening with book and pipe. He rises, grumbling inwardly, or outwardly, at the “unnecessary” interruption, does what he was asked to do, and resumes his seat and book. Another interruption comes, and another, with progressively increasing irritation until evening and temper are both ruined. Clearly, the source of irritation is not the interruption, not the child who needs help with his arithmetic, or the picture that needs to be hung, but the man’s own failure to make up his mind definitely whether he wants to do what is asked, or whether he does not. Is it his duty or is it not? Does he, or does he not, prefer complying with the request to sitting by the fire? Should he, or should he not, protest at being interrupted? A definite answer to such questions and a whole-hearted acting on the decision arrived at, will obliterate the irritation. If, for instance, he is told that the house is on fire, the interruption of his evening may be complete but there is no irritation, because there is no doubt that action is necessary. The decision is automatic and definite. Weakness of the will in refusing to grapple with the situation and take the action it calls for, is very common. The action needed may be compliance or refusal. We should decide, and then either comply whole-heartedly or refuse quietly. When, for instance, a child interrupts our reading with a question, we ought to make up our minds whether or not we want him to interrupt, and why. Then we should announce our decision with definiteness, to ourselves or to the child as the case may be. Action and definiteness dispel irritation.

A common result of such lack of definiteness is that one puts up with impositions that he ought not to permit; good-naturedly perhaps at first, then with more and more of mental grumbling. He—or she—feels “put upon,” “abused,” and begins to indulge in self-pity. The advent of self-pity is the beginning of the end of all contentment and happiness. Nothing is more subtly corrosive of the inner nature. The man’s mind gradually fills with unexpressed irritation, and all things are seen through that colouring. A further result is that, as straw after straw is added to the burden of long suppressed and—from one point of view—justifiable irritation, in time it inevitably breaks out and, by perverse fate, usually selects for its outburst some relatively harmless last straw. Everyone is surprised, shocked in fact, by so vehement an explosion over such a trifle, and the long-suffering one retires discomfited. His one remedy is decision. “Is it, or is it not, right for me to submit, and do I, or do I not, will to do so?” Then let him act accordingly, with quiet decision or cheerful acceptance, above all without mental complaint.

Another prolific source of irritation is fear. We want something and we are afraid that something or somebody is going to prevent our getting it. We feel, perhaps, quite incompetent to deal with the situation and are oppressed by the sense of our inadequacy. Fear that one will not be able to carry one’s point, often results in a kind of querulous peevishness, particularly noticeable in children but by no means confined to them. When this occurs

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we are sure that it is not on the triumph of right that our interest is centered. Where peevishness is present, crossed self-will is not far away. Perhaps our fear is that we shall miss our train, or our next appointment, if this irritating bore continues to delay us with his interminable talk. Again, decision is the remedy. If there is anything to be done, do it; if not, accept the situation. Another remedy, and one frequently efficacious, is to ask ourselves what we are afraid of, what is the worst that can happen. If we do miss this train, is there not another in half an hour? Yet there are those who suffer enough from irritation over the possibility of losing the first one, to counteract a week's pleasure.

One of the commonest of all causes of irritation is the pressure of the weaknesses of others on similar weaknesses in oneself. "It is intolerable that Jones's absurd vanity should claim all the credit for that success when I"—and so on. Why is patronage irritating, as it most undeniably is? Because it presses on one's own precious vanity. It might amuse, but it could not irritate, either humility or true self-respect. Usually if a man irritates others by talking too much of himself, it is, in the last analysis, because he interferes with their desire to talk of themselves; and so on through a long list. Recognition that the true cause of the irritation we feel, is not the other man's weakness but our own, may not overcome it entirely so long as our weakness lasts, but it will go a long way toward doing so.

Unquestionably, the best way to attack any fault is by the cultivation of the opposite virtue. We shall, however, strive in vain to cure irritation by the cultivation of patience. That is much too negative a method of attack. We can say endlessly: "I will be patient with this idiot—I mean, I will be patient with this brother. Oh! why does he not stop talking and go away? I will be patient,—" and so on; and we get nowhere. The virtue with which to oppose irritation is not patience but sympathy. Nothing kills irritation more swiftly. In fact, anything that tends to take our attention from our desires or fears, our likes or dislikes, will tend to restore our equanimity. This may be done by an impersonal study of our own reaction to the situation, by the effort to locate the particular weakness or desire that is being pressed upon, or by realizing when and where we ourselves do just the same annoying things, and why we do them. It may be done by sympathy with the irritant, who, if he be really irritating, is much more in need of sympathy than we, for our pain will soon end, whereas he has to live with himself.

A sense of humour will save any situation. It is interesting, incidentally, to realize that humour is a quality that begins with man and is rarely found below him in the scale of evolution. It is a gift unlike anything else and would be utterly unimaginable until experienced. It could not possibly be described to one who had no knowledge of it. Such letters from Masters as have been handed down, would indicate that the sense of humour grows keener and keener the higher we ascend in the scale of evolution. It makes one wonder how many more delightful surprises, equally indescribable and unimaginable until experienced, the universe may have in store for us, when at last we

reluctantly permit ourselves to be dragged upward and toward them in the slow course of our spiritual ascent.

Imagination is the unsuspected cause of a great deal of irritation. We make a mental picture of the way in which we want something done or someone else to act, and then the someone else, unaware of our picture, innocently spoils it for us. Perhaps a busy executive's picture of what he wants from a subordinate is a terse, quick report of the essentials of a situation. Instead, the subordinate makes an exhaustive, careful and slow analysis of every detail, to the exasperation of the superior, eager to turn to other pressing matters. The next time, his picture may be of the careful, detailed report, and the subordinate makes it terse, omitting just the details that the superior happened to want. He fails to realize how much of his irritation is due to the clashing of what actually occurs, with his picture of what he wanted. More often still, it is some aspect of our vanity's picture of ourselves that is unwittingly broken, in all ignorance, by someone who never happened to share, or even to suspect, that particular illusion of ours.

Self-importance, combined with a wrong mental picture of the way in which a man acts who really has important things to do, is another prolific cause of outbreaks at others. "Don't bother me with that now. Can't you see I am much too busy for such trifles?" etc., etc. For some strange reason, an air of harassed pre-occupation feeds the sense of self-importance of the inexperienced, and is unconsciously assumed for that purpose. All that is needed here is a right ideal, a little experience of the quietude with which a really efficient executive does his work, and of the impression he creates of having all the time in the world to give to the work in hand, whatever it may be.

If its expression be consistently checked, the irritation itself will, in time, shrivel and die of starvation; but to bring this about it is essential that it be denied all mental, as well as all outer expression. For this, the imagination must be resolutely controlled. Irritation gathers momentum. The first time that someone steps roughly on a particularly beloved bit of a man's vanity, he probably controls himself and is outwardly polite. Later, however, the mind indulges itself in thinking over all the crushing things it would like to have said in reply, making mental pictures of the vigorous rebuke, so amply deserved, asking itself who this person is, anyway, to say such things; and so on and on, perhaps for hours or even days. All of these imaginative pictures form moulds in the mind. The next time that particular thing happens, the moulds are all there, ready for use, while the moulds of the pleasant things that afterwards one would wish to have said, are not there. The force of irritation surges up, finds a ready-made model of thought, eager for expression, and, before he realizes it, the man finds himself saying what he had permitted himself to imagine—usually to his deep chagrin.

Thought always tends to express itself in action. In fact, the purpose of all thought should be to prepare the way for action. It is a principle that nothing so strengthens the will as the immediate putting of thought into outer expression. There have been hints that lead one to believe that, sooner or later,

all thought works down to expression on the physical plane. Birds and flowers, it has been suggested, may be the working-out of thoughts of grace and beauty,—thoughts of Dhyan Chohans. Perhaps stinging insects may be thoughts of scandal which we ourselves thought, millions of years ago. However that may be, a little observation of ourselves will show the direct connection between outbreaks of irritation and prior self-indulgence in mental complaints and imaginings. When the moulds have not been prepared, the outbreaks are far less likely to occur.

No one, in short, should ever permit himself to make imaginative pictures of anything at all that he is unwilling to put into action. Such pictures both create a tendency to act in the way imagined, and also lock up in the picture a greater or less amount of our vital force—all too limited at best—rendering it unavailable for our use elsewhere. No one can afford to weaken himself, as everyone of us has urgent need for all the force he can command. It is, in fact, only the man who has his imagination under control who can bring anything like the full force of his nature to bear where he himself wills to bring it. Others have available at any one time only a fraction of the power that they might wield.

Mental complaint is as weakening as wrong imagination, and is always futile. Either there is something that can be done to better the situation, or there is not. If there is—obviously what is called for is action, and not complaint. If nothing can be done about it, our complaint can only be directed against High Heaven, for ordering the universe in general, and our lives in particular, in a way that fails to please us,—an attitude from which it would seem that our sense of humour might save us more often than it does.

J. F. B. M.

Read the philosophers, and learn how to make life happy, seeking useful precepts and brave and noble words, which may become deeds.—SENECA.



CYCLIC IMPRESSION AND RETURN AND OUR EVOLUTION

LECTURE, BY W. Q. JUDGE, APRIL 25, 1892, BEFORE THE CONVENTION OF THE
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MR. CHAIRMAN, FELLOW THEOSOPHISTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The title of what I am about to say to you is "Cyclic Impression and Return and Our Evolution." Now what is a cycle? It has nothing to do with the word psychic, and I am sorry to have to say that, because I heard some people this morning repeat the title as "psychic" instead of "cyclic," seeming to think perhaps that that was the same thing, or had some relation to it. The word cyclic is derived from the Greek word *Kuklos*, or a ring. It has been turned in the English language into the word cycle, by the process of saying *Kykle*, and then cycle. The corresponding word in the Sanscrit is *Kalpa*, which has in fact a wider and a deeper meaning; because cycle in English is a word which covers, is used for, and thus somewhat confuses, many cycles. It is used for the small cycles, and the larger cycles, the intermediate cycles and the great ones, whereas the word *Kalpa* means and implies only one cycle of a large size, and the smaller cycles within that are designated by other words.

What is a cycle? It is a circle, a ring. But not properly a ring like a wedding ring, which runs into itself, but more properly like a screw thread, which takes the form of a spiral, and thus beginning at the bottom, turns on itself, and goes up. It is something like the great Horseshoe Curve in the Pennsylvania Railroad. There you go around the curve at the lower end; you go down into the horseshoe, and as you turn the grade rises, so that when you arrive at the opposite side you have got no further than the beginning, but you have risen just the distance between the two ends of the grade.

But what do we mean by a cycle in Theosophy, in our own investigations of nature, or man, or civilization, or our own development, our own origin, our own destiny? We mean by cycles, just what the Egyptians, the Hindoos and the philosophers of the Middle Ages meant by it; that is, that there is a periodical return or cycling back, circling back of something from some place once more. That is why it is called cycle, inasmuch as it returns upon itself, seemingly; but in the theosophical doctrine, and in the ancient doctrines, it

is always a little higher in the sense of perfection or progress. That is to say, as the Egyptians held, cycles prevail everywhere, things come back again, events return, history comes back, and so in this century we have the saying: "History repeats itself."

But where do theosophists say that cyclic law prevails? We say that it prevails everywhere. It prevails in every kingdom of nature, in the animal kingdom, the mineral world, the human world; in history, in the sky, on the earth. We say that not only do cycles pertain, and appertain, and obtain in and to the earth and its inhabitants, but also in what the Hindoos call the three kingdoms of the universe, the three worlds; that is, that below us, ourselves, and that above.

Now, if you will turn to Buckle, a great writer of the English school, you will find him saying in one of his standard books, a great book often quoted, that there is no doubt cyclic law prevails in regard to nations, that they have come back apparently the same, only slightly improved or degraded, for there is also a downward cycle included within those that rise; but Buckle did not discover a law. He simply once more stated what the ancients had said over and over again. And it has always seemed to me that if Buckle and other people of that kind would pay a little more attention to the ancients, they would save themselves a great deal of trouble, for he obtained his law by much delving, much painstaking labour, whereas he might have got the law if he had consulted the ancients, who always taught that there were cycles, and that there always will be cycles.

Among the ancients they had a great many large and important cycles. In their classification they had a Saros and a Naros, which are not understood to-day by us. They are known to some extent, but what exactly they are, we do not know. The Egyptians taught that there was a great sidereal cycle, and that is recognised to-day, at last; that is the cycle of 25,000 years, the great one caused by the fact that the sun goes through the signs of the Zodiac in that length of time. Now, I do not assume that you know nothing about astronomy, but in order to make it clear, it will be better for me to state this over again, just as it is. The sun goes through the signs of the Zodiac from day to day and from year to year, but at the same time, in going through the signs of the Zodiac, he goes back slowly, like the hands of a clock ticking off the time. In going through that period he comes back to the same point again, and retards himself, or goes back; that is called the precession of the equinoxes, and it is so many seconds in such a length of time. Those seconds in the sky turned into time show you that the sun takes 25,000 and odd years to come back to the place from which he started out at any particular time; that is to say, if you imagine that on the first of April, this year, the sun was in such a degree of Aries, one of the signs of the Zodiac, he will not get back to that sign by the precession of the equinoxes until 25,000 years have passed away.

Now, the sun is the centre of our solar system and the earth revolves around it, and as the earth revolves she turns upon her axis. The sun, it is known now

by astronomers, as it was known by the ancients (who were ourselves in fact), revolves around a centre. That is, that while we are going around the sun, he is going around some other centre, so that we describe in the sky not a circle around the sun, but a spiral, as we move with the sun around his enormous orbit. Now do you grasp that idea exactly? It is a very important one, for it opens up the subject to a very large extent. There is a star somewhere in the sky, we do not know where—some think it is Alcyone, or some other star, some think it may be a star in the Pleiades, and some others think it is a star somewhere else—but they know by deduction from the known to the unknown that the sun is attracted himself by some unknown centre, and that he turns around it in an enormous circle, and as he turns, of course he draws the earth with him. In the course of 25,000 years in going around the signs of the Zodiac, he must take the earth into spaces where it has never yet been, for when he reaches this point in Aries after 25,000 years, it is only apparently the same point, just as when I came around the curve of the Horseshoe, I started around the first point and went around the curve, came back to the same point, but I was higher up; I was in another position. And so, when the sun gets back again to the point in Aries, where he was on the first of April this year, he will not be in the exact position in the universe of space, but he will be somewhere else, and in his journey of 25,000 years through billions upon billions of miles, he draws the earth into spaces where she never was before, and never will be as that earth again. He must draw her into cosmic spaces where things are different, and thus cause changes in the earth itself, for changes in cosmic matter in the atmosphere, in the space where the sun draws the earth, must affect the earth and all its inhabitants. The ancients investigated this subject, and declared long ago this 25,000 years' cycle, but it is only just lately, so to speak, that we are beginning to say we have discovered this. We know, as nineteenth century astronomers, that it is a fact, or that it must be a fact, from deduction, but they knew it was a fact because they had observed it themselves and recorded the observations.

The Egyptians had also the cycle of the moon, which we know, and they had more cycles of the moon than we have, for the moon not only has her cycle of twenty-eight days, when she changes from full to disappearance, and then again to youth, but she also has a period of return somewhere over fourteen years, which must itself have its effect upon the earth.

Then they said, also, that the human soul had its cycles, each being 5,000 years. That is, the man died, or the king died, and his body was turned into a mummy in the hope that when, after his five thousand years' cycle had elapsed and he came back once more to earth, he would find his mummy there? No; but that no one else should have taken his mummied atoms and made a bad use of them. Mummification is explained by us in another way. Their knowledge of the law of cycles caused them to make the first mummy. They held that a human soul returned; they also held that all atoms are alive, just as we do; that they are sensitive points; that they have intelligence belonging to the plane on which they are, and that the man

who misuses atoms of matter, such as you have in your bodies and your brains, must stand the consequences. Consequently, saying that to themselves, they said, "If I die, and leave those atoms, which I have used so well, perhaps some other man will take them and use them badly, so I will preserve them as far as possible until I return, and then by a process destroy the combination of atoms, absorb them into some place, or position, where they might be put to good use." That may seem offensive to some to-day, but I am merely repeating the theory. I am not saying whether I believe it or not.

The ancient Egyptians who held these theories have disappeared and left nothing behind but the pyramids, the temples of Thebes, the Sphinxes and all the great monuments which are slowly being discovered by us. Where have they gone? Have they come back? Do the Copts now in Egypt represent them? I think not, although heredity is the boasted explanation of everything. The Copts are their descendants? They know nothing, absolutely nothing but a simple language, and they live the life of slaves, and yet they are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians! What has become of them? The ancient Egyptians we think were co-labourers with the ancient Hindoos, whose cycle remains; that is to say, whose descendants remain, holding the knowledge, in part, of their forefathers, and we find that the Hindoos have held always the same theories as to cycles as the Egyptians held. They divided the ages of the world. They say manifestation begins, and then it lasts for a period called a Kalpa, an enormous number of years; that Kalpa is divided into ages. The small cycle is composed of a large number of years; one will be four thousand, another four hundred thousand, another will be a million, and so on, making a total which we cannot grasp with the mind but which we can write upon paper.

Now, the idea of cycles came from the Hindoos, through the nations who spread out from there, for it is admitted that the land of Hindustan is the cradle of the race. The Aryan race came down into Christendom, so that we find the Christians, the Romans, the Greeks and all people around that time holding the same theories as to cycles; that is, that cyclic law prevails everywhere. We find it in the ancient mystics, the Christian mystics, the Middle Age mystics and the mystics of times nearer to ours.

If you will read the works of Higgins, who wrote the *Anacalypsis*, you will find there laborious compilations and investigations on the subject of the cycles. Do they obtain? Is there such a thing as a cycle which affects human destiny?

Coming closer to our own personal life, we can see that cycles do and must prevail, for the sun rises in the morning and goes to the centre of the sky, descends in the west; the next day he does the same thing, and following him, you rise. You come to the highest point of your activity, and you go to sleep. So day follows night and night follows day. Those are cycles, small cycles, but they go to make the greater ones. You were born, at about seven years of age you began to get discretion to some extent. A little longer and

you reach manhood, then you begin to fail, and at last you finish the great day of your life when the body dies.

In looking at nature we also find that there are summer and winter, spring and autumn. These are cycles, and every one of them affects the earth, with the human beings upon it.

The esoteric doctrine that has been talked about, the inner doctrine of the old theosophists and the present day theosophists, to be found in every old literature and religious book, is that cyclic law is the supreme law governing our evolution; that reincarnation, which we talk so much about, is cyclic law in operation, and is supreme. For what is reincarnation but a coming back again to life, just what the ancient Egyptians taught and which we are finding out to be probably true, for in no other way than by this cyclic law of reincarnation can we account for the problems of life that beset us; with this we account for our own character, each one different from the other, and with a force peculiar to each person.

This being the supreme law, we have to consider another one, which is related to it and contained in the title I have adopted. That is the law of the return of impressions. What do we mean by that? I mean, those acts and thoughts performed by a nation—not speaking about the things that affect nature, although it is governed by the same law—constitute an impression. That is to say, your coming to this convention creates in your nature an impression. Your going into the street and seeing a street brawl creates an impression. Your having a quarrel last week and denouncing a man, or with a woman and getting very angry, creates an impression in you, and that impression is as much subject to cyclic law as the moon, and the stars, and the world, and is far more important in respect to your development—your personal development or evolution—than all these other great things, for they affect you in the mass, whereas these little ones affect you in detail.

This theosophical doctrine in respect to cycles, and the evolution of the human race, I think is known to you all, for I am assuming that you are all theosophists.

It is to be described somewhat in this way: Imagine that before this earth came out of the gaseous condition there existed an earth somewhere in space, let us call it the moon, for that is the exact theory. The moon was once a large and vital body full of beings. It lived its life, went through its cycles, and at last having lived its life, after vast ages had passed away, came to the moment when it had to die; that is, the moment came when the beings on that earth had to leave it, because its period had elapsed, and then began from that earth the exodus. You can imagine it as a flight of birds migrating. Did you ever see birds migrate? I have seen them migrate in a manner that perhaps not many of you have. In Ireland, and perhaps in England, the swallows migrate in a manner very peculiar. When I was a boy, I used to go to my uncle's place where there was an old mass of stone ruins at the end of the garden, and by some peculiar combination of circumstances the swallows of the whole neighbouring counties collected there. The way they gathered

there was this: When the period arrived, you could see them coming in all parts of the sky, and they would settle down and twitter on this pile of stone all day, and fly about. When the evening came—twilight—they rose in a body and formed an enormous circle. It must have been over forty feet in diameter, and that circle of swallows flew around in the sky, around this tower, around and around for an hour or two, making a loud twittering noise, and that attracted from other places swallows who had probably forgotten the occasion. They kept that up for several days, until one day the period arrived when they must go, and they went away—some were left behind, some came a little early, and some came too late. Other birds migrate in other ways. And so these human birds migrated from the moon to this spot where the earth began (I don't know where it is—a spot in space—) and settled down as living beings, entities, not with bodies, but beings, in that mass of matter, at that point in space, informed it with life, and at last caused this earth to become a ball with beings upon it. And then cycles began to prevail, for the impressions made upon these fathers when they lived in the ancient—mind fails to think how ancient—civilization of the moon, came back again when they got to this earth, and so we find the races of the earth rising up and falling, rising again and falling, rising and falling, and at last coming to what they are now, which is nothing to what they will be, for they go ever higher and higher. That is the theory, broadly, and in that is included the theory of the races, the great seven races who inhabited the earth successively, the great seven Adams who peopled the earth; and at last when this earth shall come to its time of life, its period, all the beings on it will fly away from it to some other spot in space to evolve new worlds as Elder Brothers who have done the same thing before in other spaces in nature. We are not doing this blindly. It has been done before by others—no one knows when it began. It had nothing in the way of a beginning, it will have no end, but there are always Elder Brothers of the race, who live on. As some have written, we cannot turn back the cycles in their course. The fire of patriotism cannot prevail against the higher destiny which will plunge a nation into darkness. All we can do is to change it here and there a little. The Elder Brothers are subject to law, but they have confidence and hope, because that law merely means that they appear to go down, in order to rise again at a greater height. So we have come up through the cyclic law from the lowest kingdoms of nature. That is, we are connected in an enormous brotherhood, which includes not only the white people of the earth and the black people of the earth, and the yellow people, but the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, the mineral kingdom and the unseen elemental kingdom. You must not be so selfish as to suppose that it includes only men and women. It includes everything, every atom in this solar system. And we come up from lower forms, and are learning how so to mould and fashion, use and abuse, or impress the matter that comes into our charge, into our bodies, our brains and our psychological nature, that that matter shall be an improvement to be used by the younger brothers who are still below us, perhaps in the stone beneath our feet.

I do not mean by that that there is a human being in that stone. I mean that every atom in the stone is not dead matter. There is no dead matter anywhere, but every atom in that stone contains a life, unintelligent, formless, but potential, and at some period in time far beyond our comprehension, all of those atoms in that stone will have been released. The matter itself will have been refined, and at last all in this great cycle of progress will have been brought up the steps of the ladder, in order to let some others lower still, in a state we cannot understand, come up to them.

That is the real theory. Is that superstition? If you believe the newspapers that is superstition, for they will twist and turn everything you say. Your enemies will say you said there was a man in that stone, and that you have been a stone. You have not been a stone, but the great monad, the pilgrim who came from other worlds has been in every stone, has been in every kingdom, and now has reached the state of man, to show whether he is able to continue being a man, or whether he will once more fall back, like the boy at school who will not learn, into the lowest class.

Now then, this law of impressions I have been talking about can be illustrated in this way: If you look at one of these electric lights—take away all the rest, leaving one only, so as to have a better impression—you will find the light makes an image on the retina, and when you shut your eye, this bright filament of light made by a carbon in an incandescent lamp will be seen by you in your eye. You can try it, and see for yourselves. If you keep your eye closed and watch intently, you will see the image come back a certain number of counts, it will stay a certain number of counts, it will go away in the same length of time and come back again, always changing in some respect but always the image of the filament, until at last the time comes when it disappears apparently because other impressions have rubbed it out or covered it over. That means that there is a return, even in the retina, of the impression of this filament. After the first time, the colour changes each time, and so it keeps coming back at regular intervals, showing that there is a cyclic return of impression in the retina, and if that applies in one place, it applies in every place. When we look into our moral character we find the same thing, for as we have the tides in the ocean, explained as they say by the moon,—which in my opinion does not explain it, but of course, being no scientist my view is not worth much—so in man we have tides, which are called return of these impressions; that is to say, you do a thing once, there will be a tendency to repeat; you do it twice, and it doubles its influence—a greater tendency to do that same thing again—so on all through, our character shows this constant return of cyclic impression. We have these impressions from every point in space, every experience we have been through, everything that we can possibly go through at any time, even those things which our forefathers went through. And that is not unjust for this reason, that our forefathers furnished the line of bodily encasement, and we cannot enter that line of bodily encasement unless we are like unto it, and for that reason we must have been at some point in that cycle, in that same line or

family in the past, so that I must have had a hand, in the past, in constructing the particular family line in which I now exist, and am myself once more taking up the cyclic impression returning upon me.

This has the greatest possible bearing upon our evolution as particular individuals, and that is the only way in which I wish to consider the question of evolution here; not the broad question of the evolution of the universe, but our own evolution, which means our bodily life, as Madame Blavatsky, repeating the ancients, said to us so often, and as we found said by so many of the same school. An opportunity will arise for you to do something; you do not do it; you may not have it again for one hundred years. It is the return before you of some old thing that was good, if it be a good one, along the line of the cycles. You neglect it, as you may, and the same opportunity will return, mind you, but it may not return for many hundred years. It may not return until another life, but it will return under the same law.

Now take another case. I have a friend who is trying to find out all about theosophy, and about a psychic nature, but I have discovered that he is not paying the slightest attention to this subject of the inevitable return upon himself of these impressions which he creates. I discovered he had periods of depression, (and this will answer for everybody) when he had a despondency that he could not explain. I said to him, you have had the same despondency may-be seven weeks ago, may-be eight weeks ago, may-be five weeks ago. He examined his diary and his recollection, and he found that he had actual recurrences of despondency about the same distance apart. Well, I said, that explains to me how it is coming back. But what am I to do? Do what the old theosophists taught us; that is, we can only have these good results by producing opposite impressions to bad ones. So, take this occasion of despondency. What he should have done was, that being the return of an old impression, to have compelled himself to feel joyous, even against his will, and if he could not have done that, then to have tried to feel the joy of others. By doing that, he would have implanted in himself another impression, that is of joy, so that when this thing returned once more, instead of being of the same quality and extension, it would have been changed by the impression of joy or elation and the two things coming together would have counteracted each other, just as two billiard balls coming together tend to counteract each other's movements. This applies to every person who has the "blues." This does not apply to me, and I think it must be due to the fact that in some other life I have had the "blues." I have other things, but the "blues" never.

I have friends and acquaintances who have these desponding spells. It is the return of old cyclic impressions, or the cyclic return of impressions. What are you to do? Some people say, I just sit down and let it go; that is to say, you sit there and create it once more. You cannot rub it out if it has been coming, but when it comes start up something else, start up cheerfulness, be good to some one, then try to relieve some other person who is despondent, and you will have started another impression, which will return at the same

time. It does not make any difference if you wait a day or two to do this. The next day, or a few days after will do, for when the old cyclic impression returns, it will have dragged up the new one, because it is related to it by association.

This has a bearing also on the question of the civilization in which we are a point ourselves.

Who are we? Where are we going? Where have we come from? I told you that the old Egyptians disappeared. If you inquire into Egyptian history, the most interesting because the most obscure, you will find, as the writers say, that the civilization seems to rise to the zenith at once. We do not see when it began. The civilization was so great it must have existed an enormous length of time to get to that height, so that we cannot trace it from its beginning, and it disappears suddenly from the sky; there is nothing of it left but the enormous remains which testify to these great things, for the ancient Egyptians not only made mummies in which they displayed an art of bandaging that we cannot better, but they had put everything to such a degree of specialization that we must conclude they had had many centuries of civilization. There was a specialist for one eye and a specialist for the other, a specialist for the eyebrow, and so on. In my poor and humble opinion, we are the Egyptians.

We have come back again, after our five thousand or whatever years' cycle it is, and we have dragged back with us some one called the Semitic race, with which we are connected by some old impression that we cannot get rid of, and so upon us is impinged that very Semitic image. We have drawn back with us, by the inevitable law of association in cyclic return, some race, some personages connected with us by some act of ours in that great old civilization now disappeared, and we cannot get rid of it; we must raise them up to some other plane as we raise ourselves.

I think in America is the evidence that this old civilization is coming back, for in the theosophical theory nothing is lost. If we were left to records, buildings and the like, they would soon disappear and nothing could ever be recovered; there never would be any progress. But each individual in the civilization, wherever it may be, puts the record in himself, and when he comes into the favourable circumstances described by Patanjali, an old Hindoo, when he gets the apparatus, he will bring out the old impression. The ancients say each act has a thought under it, and each thought makes a mental impression; and when the apparatus is provided, there will then arise that new condition, in rank, place and endowment.

So we retain in ourselves the impression of all the things that we have done, and when the time comes that we have cycled back, over and over again, through the Middle Ages perhaps, into England, into Germany, into France, we come at last to an environment such as is provided here, just the thing physically and every other way to enable us to do well, and to enable the others who are coming after us. I can almost see them; they are coming in a little army from the countries of the old world to endeavour to improve this

one; for here ages ago there was a civilization also, perhaps we were in it then, perhaps anterior to the ancient Egyptians. It disappeared from here, when we do not know, and it left this land arid for many thousands of years until it was discovered once more by the Europeans. The ancient world, I mean Europe, has been poisoned, the land has been soaked with the emanations, poisoned by the emanations of the people who have lived upon it; the air above it is consequently poisoned by the emanations from the land; but here in America, just the place for the new race, is an arable land which has had time over and over again to destroy the poisons that were planted here ages and ages ago. It gives us a new land, with vibrations in the air that stir up every particle in a man who breathes it, and thus we find the people coming from the old world seeming to receive through their feet the impressions of an American country. All this bears upon our civilization and race.

We are here a new race in a new cycle, and persons who know say that a cycle is going to end in a few years and a new one begin, and that that ending and beginning will be accompanied by convulsions of society and of nature. We can all almost see it coming. The events are very complete in the sky. You remember Daniel says, "A time, half a time, and a time," and so on, and people in the Christian system have been trying to find out the time when the time began, and that is just the difficulty. We do not know when the time began. And the only person who in all these many years has made a direct statement is Madame Blavatsky, and she said, "A cycle is ending in a few years, you must prepare." So that it was like the old prophets who came to the people and said, "Prepare for a new era of things, get ready for what you have to do." That is just what this civilization is doing. It is the highest, although the crudest, civilization now on the earth. It is the beginning of the great civilization that is to come, when old Europe has been destroyed; when the civilizations of Europe are unable to do any more, then this will be the place where the new great civilization will begin to put out a hand once more to grasp that of the ancient East, who has sat there silently doing nothing all these years, holding in her ancient crypts and libraries and records the philosophy which the world wants, and it is this philosophy and this ethics that the Theosophical Society is trying to give you. It is a philosophy you can understand and practise.

It is well enough to say to a man, Do right, but after a while, in this superstitious era, he will say, Why should I do right, unless I feel like it? When you are showing these laws, that he must come back in his cycle; that he is subject to evolution; that he is a reincarnated pilgrim soul, then he will see the reason why, and then in order to get him a secure basis, he accepts the philosophy, and that is what the Theosophical Society and the Theosophical Movement are trying to do. It was said the other day, in speaking of a subject like this, that the end and aim is the great renunciation. That is, that after progressing to great heights, which you can only do by unselfishness, at last you say to yourself, "I may take the ease to which I am entitled." For what prevails in one place must prevail in another, and in the course of progress

we must come at last to a time when we can take our ease; but if you say to yourself, "I will not take it, for as I know this world and all the people on it are bound to live and last for many thousand years more, and if not helped perhaps might fail, I will not take it but I will stay here and I will suffer, because of having greater knowledge and greater sensitiveness"—this is the great renunciation as theosophy tells us. I know we do not often talk this way, because many of us think that the people will say to us at once when we talk of the great renunciation, "I don't want it; it is too much trouble." So generally we talk about the fine progress, and how you will at last escape the necessity of reincarnation, and at last escape the necessity of doing this or that and the other, but if you do your duty, you must make up your mind when you reach the height, when you know all, when you participate in the government of the world—not of a town, but the actual government of the world and the people upon it—instead of sleeping away your time, you will stay to help those who are left behind, and that is the great renunciation. That is what is told of Buddha, and of Jesus. Doubtless the whole story about Jesus is based upon the same thing that we call renunciation. He was crucified after two or three years' work. But we say it means that this Being Divine resolves he will crucify himself in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of others, so that he can save men. Buddha did the same thing long before Jesus is said to have been born. The story that he made the great renunciation just means that which I have been telling you, instead of escaping from this horrible place, as it seems to us. For this is indeed horrible, as we look at it, surrounded by obstructions, liable to defeat at any moment, liable to wake up in the morning after planning a great reform, and see it dashed to the ground. Instead of escaping all that, he remained in the world and started his doctrine, which he knew at least would be adhered to by some. But this great doctrine of renunciation teaches that instead of working for yourself, you will work to know everything, to do everything in your power for those who may be left behind you, just as Madame Blavatsky says in the *Voice of the Silence*, "Step out of the sunshine into the shade, to make more room for others."

Isn't that better than a heaven which is reached at the price of the damnation of those of your relatives who will not believe a dogma? Is this not a great philosophy and a great religion which includes the salvation and regeneration, the scientific upraising and perfecting of the whole human family, and every particle in the whole universe, instead of imagining that a few miserable beings after seventy years of life shall enter into paradise, and then they look behind to see the torments in hell of those who would not accept a dogma?

What are these other religions compared with that? How any man can continue to believe such an idea as the usual one of damnation for mere unbelief I cannot comprehend. I had rather—if I had to choose—be an idolator of the most pronounced kind, who believed in Indra, and be left with my common reasoning, than believe in such a doctrine as that which permits

me to suppose that my brother who does not believe a dogma is sizzling in hell while I, by simply believing, may enjoy myself in heaven.

Theosophists, if they will learn the doctrine and try to explain it, will reform this world. It will percolate everywhere, infiltrate into every stratum of society and prevent the need of legislation. It will alter the people, whereas if you go on legislating and leaving this world's people as they are, you will have just what happened in France. Capitalists in that day, in the day of the Revolution—that is the royalists—oppressed the people. At last the people rose up and philosophers of the day instituted the reign of reason, and out of the reign of reason—mind you they had introduced there a beautiful idea of mankind, but the idea struck root in a soil that was not prepared—came the practice of murdering other people by the wholesale until streams of blood ran all over France. So you see if something is not done to raise the people, what the result will be. We have seen in Chicago the result of such acts, the mutterings of such a storm, if the theosophical philosophy—call it by any other name you like—is not preached and understood. But if these old doctrines are not taught to the race you will have a revolution, and instead of making progress in a steady, normal fashion, you will come up to better things through storm, trouble and sorrow. You will come up, of course, for even out of revolutions and blood there comes progress, but isn't it better to have progress without that? And that is what the theosophical philosophy is intended for. That is why the Mahâtmas we were talking about, directing their servant H. P. Blavatsky, as they have directed many before, came out at a time when materialism was fighting religion and was about getting the upper hand, and once more everything moved forward in its cyclic way and these old doctrines were revived under the guidance of the Theosophical Movement. They are doctrines that explain all problems and in the universal scheme give man a place as a potential god.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

You would not think any duty small if you yourself were great.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

AUTHORITY

THE question of "authority" still arises occasionally to trouble the minds of inexperienced members. Let it be said once more, therefore, that nothing which appears in "Notes and Comments," or in the "Screen of Time," has any more "authority" than the anonymous contribution of our newest and youngest student. Every statement made, and every opinion expressed, must stand or fall on its own merits. This is not merely because the Constitution and By-Laws of The Theosophical Society provide for a free platform and, in effect, prohibit "authoritative" statements by individual members, but because, in all sincerity, it would be revolting to every writer for the QUARTERLY if his contributions were accepted on any other basis.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND CHÊLASHIP

The "Interloper," as he prefers to describe himself—whose question about the Eucharist was discussed in the last "Screen of Time"—has addressed a thoroughly theosophical letter to the "Philosopher," raising other problems under the same head; but, as the "Philosopher," who is responsible for the original answer, is absent temporarily, it seems best to postpone further consideration of the subject until the January issue. Meanwhile, however, it cannot be repeated too often that there is room in The Theosophical Society for every kind of orthodoxy,—for the most orthodox of Roman Catholics, as for Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, not to speak of Buddhists, Mohammedans, Vedantins, Agnostics, Positivists and others, whose hearts are big enough to sympathize with the religious aspirations of those whose beliefs are different from their own, and whose minds are broad enough to realize that no formulation of the truth can possibly be final or complete. Not only is there room for them in the Society, but the Masters themselves must be grateful for so theosophical and helpful a spirit. If a member were a Baptist, and were to tell us that, in his opinion, our belief in Reincarnation and Karma is a superstition, we should be neither offended nor disturbed. He is just as much entitled to his opinion as we are to the opinion that total immersion is unnecessary for salvation, and that it is a childish materialization of a symbol. We must trust him to be as tolerant of what he may regard as our blindness, as we are tolerant of what we may regard as his lack of experience. In any case, both of us must be free to say what we think, for otherwise the Society would lose its significance, so admirably explained in the pamphlet, *The Theosophical Society and Theosophy*, by H. B. Mitchell.

When it comes to Chêlaship, however, the situation is radically different. No member of the Society loses caste or standing by declaring frankly that he neither believes in it nor wants it; but those who do aspire to that higher level of consciousness must obey the laws which govern there, just as those who would learn to swim or fly must obey the laws of the plane which they desire to master. In the one case as in the other, they must obey or perish, for these laws are not arbitrary, but are inherent in the nature of the forces involved.

The laws of Chêlaship were formulated before the dawn of history. Shankara Acharya, in *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, recorded them exoterically. Just as certain qualifications are necessary if a man would learn to swim or to fly (a reasonably sound heart, for instance), so there are other qualifications which are essential to success in Chêlaship. One of these is given by Shankara as "the condition of refusing to lean on external things" (*Uparati*). Commentators include in its meaning: "the renunciation of all formal religion," in the sense that an aspirant must not "allow his sympathies and usefulness to be narrowed by the domination of any particular ecclesiastical system"; his condition must be one of "non-dependence upon rites and ceremonies and ritual."

There are stages of growth in our attitude toward "creatures," using that word in the sense of non-eternal things. Take, for instance, the question of money: at an elementary stage, the desire for money and dependence upon money are normal and proper, just as it is proper for a child, learning to walk, to depend upon the support of chairs or other objects. As the individual develops, he should become rightly indifferent to money. This is a critical stage. It is easy to become wrongly indifferent, as the result of laziness, or self-indulgence in some hobby (possibly a "religious" hobby). The right indifference of this second stage is really a process of detachment,—a movement rather than a stopping-place. To complete it, may be the work of several incarnations, depending upon the extent to which the individual has been attached. Some of the exoteric religious orders, in which the vow of poverty is interpreted in its dead-letter sense, probably are used by the Lords of Karma, the great Physicians of souls, to promote the cure of over-attachment. Then comes the third stage: the personality having learned detachment, the real man is now free to use money rightly, and to work for it with all his might if that be his duty. He is no longer dependent upon it; he is no longer under it: he is above it. Being above it, he can use it for the purposes of the Master whose servant he is.

Exactly the same stages of growth can be traced in the right use of food,—and of religious observances, sacraments, ceremonies, church-goings. Dependence upon such things, and a healthy appetite for them, is at one stage normal and proper. If, at that stage, the appetite should become excessive and abnormal, the process of detachment may be long and difficult; but it must be complete before Chêlaship is possible, because Chêlaship means absolute freedom of heart and mind to serve the Guru in any circumstances.

Think, for example, of the Master Christ; imagine an ardent Methodist, truly devoted in his way, but steeped in horror of Catholicism, and perhaps regarding a Buddhist as a soul beyond the pale. It would be only along the narrowest rut that such a man could move and serve. He could not be used by his Master. Believing that he loves "Christ," he is in love really with a fiction so utterly foreign to the real character and purposes of Christ that there is only the smallest possible point of contact between himself and the actual Master. In other words, he is not even a Christian, still less a Theosophist; he is a Methodist. Chêlaship is many incarnations beyond him. Yet a Methodist could be a chêla. He could be a member of that Church—perhaps born in it—with full realization that it is one among many, all of them miserable parodies of Christ's desire, all of them man-made and man-distorted, which the Christian Master uses so far as he can, because they are all he has to use; he could be a member of that Church, or of any other, and could work in it with a passion of longing to infuse it with something of his Master's spirit; and then, with open heart and mind, at a hint or less than a whisper of his Master's will, he could go to a Catholic country such as France, and could work with equal zeal for the redemption of souls there, in or out of the Catholic Church indifferently, free as air to conform, or not to conform, because obedient always to the Heavenly Vision, desiring nothing but the conversion of all Churches, as of all souls, to his Master's cause.

A Freemason is a member of a Lodge. He may greatly prefer his own Lodge to any other; but he would be a poor Mason if the welfare of other Lodges, and of Masonry as a whole, did not concern him; while, if he were asked by the proper authorities to transfer his allegiance from one to another, he would not hesitate to do so. A chêla of the Christian Master must regard the different Churches very much as some high Masonic officer would regard the different districts or Lodges, keenly aware of their defects and merits, and doing his utmost to improve them. In this case, however, the Mason would probably think of his organization as the best fitted of any to carry out the purposes of the Great Architect of the Universe, while the chêla would include Masonry as well as all the Churches and a thousand other movements—artistic, literary, scientific—within the sphere of his interest and responsibility, because all of them, at least potentially, would be means to his Master's ends.

It is difficult to conceive how a serious student of Theosophy can remain under the dominion of any particular Church or dogma. The facts speak so convincingly of the soul's detachment,—at one time incarnating as a Catholic (perhaps to be canonized as a Saint), at another time as a Protestant, foreseeing, with complete indifference, that the next incarnation will be in Catholic surroundings without the least surrender of theosophic independence: outer conformity, perhaps, but with the freedom which the mystic carries for ever and everywhere, inviolate in his soul. Symbols and no more, are things and ceremonies and sacraments,—very precious as symbols, and sacred even in substance for the sake of what they represent. Yet always there comes a time when the choice is thrust upon us: will we have Symbol or Reality? Has

not Death ground this into us yet! The Symbol vanishes—a tomb is left in its place—but the Reality endures, as we endure, at home, in the heart of God.

CHARITY

A friend writes to us from Chicago:

"You will remember the passage in which Maurice Barrès declares that even the student of life must become compassionate if he will learn to look beneath the surface of human nature, because he will then discover how often self-assertion is a cloak for weakness, from which the victim longs to escape, while dryness pushed to the point of acerbity may mean no more than a heart-breaking inability to expand. I was reminded of this a few days ago when reading an interview with some Englishman who has factories both in England and in Japan, and who stated (it amazed me until I stopped to think) that the Japanese workman is much less efficient than the English, because the Japanese is inherently timid. This timidity, or self-distrust, he said, is shown in the way a Japanese will measure and re-measure, relying neither upon his eye nor upon the first use of his gauge or rule or compass.

"I had not thought of the Japanese as timid; quite the contrary. But I suspect the English manufacturer is right, and that this, incidentally, explains the origin of the Spartan discipline of Bushido, for the best and wisest of the race, ages ago, would have recognized the national weakness and would have instituted a system of education to correct it.

"On further thought, my own observation of a Japanese—for I have had opportunity to observe only one of them closely—tends to confirm the Englishman's diagnosis. Some years ago, after trying all kinds of chauffeurs, I made up my mind that it was a mistake to employ a human being to perform that function. A human being has moods and feelings and appetites; he is perhaps obliging one day and disobliging the next, or cheerful and then disconcertingly depressed. It is bad enough to have to live with one's own moods and feelings, but to be shut up in a car for several hours a day with the moods and feelings of a chauffeur, became more than I could endure; and, as a mechanical driver has not yet been invented, I decided to try the Japanese. From wholly superficial observation, I had concluded that their feelings, if any, were so foreign to my own, that they could not meet or touch mine, and therefore could not conflict.

"I am not assuming that the Jap I have employed for the past five years is fairly typical of his race; but he is timid. He lies because he is timid. He refrains from stealing because he is timid. His timidity makes him polite, when he is polite; makes him smile, when he does smile (he reserves his most engaging smile for the police). He is impertinent just so far as he dares to be; but this is not far, and is shown only in the pretence that he has not understood or heard when actually he has. The one thing in him that seems to be stronger than his timidity is a voracious and gigantic appetite. Driv-

ing to the office, he is cautious and slow; driving home, with a meal ahead of him, he goes like the wind and is bold to the point of rashness. He is one of the queerest insects I have ever encountered; and I suspect that the warlike reputation of the Japanese *as a race* can be explained in large measure in the light of his psychology: for many hundreds of years they have been taught to be horribly afraid of being afraid; their inherent timidity has been used as a corrective of their timidity, until, *en masse*, they appear to be unusually pugnacious, which is not a mask or a fiction, but a condition which might result at any time in reckless and ungovernable rage. Their older statesmen are able still to keep the mob in its place, but if Japan were to become a republic, and were to extend the franchise as we have, I suspect it would hurl itself at this country, regardless of consequences, at the first ill-considered word from one of our many irresponsible representatives. We must understand them if we would remain at peace with them, and, whether I have read them aright or not, it is certain that we cannot hope to understand them until we have learned to penetrate beneath the surface, to find perhaps, as Barrès suggests, that an intense and morbid pride is simply a cloak for diffidence and a humiliating sense of weakness. In comparison with us, they are a race of very small men. If our minds were as big as our bodies, perhaps our sympathy would solve the so-called 'problem of the Pacific,'—and many other problems, too."

LOVE AND PAIN

The purpose of evolution is conscious union with the Supreme. Every phase of existence serves that purpose by supplying a necessary experience.

Union is the fruit of love, and love of the infinitely good and true and beautiful is the solution of all of life's problems, as it is the means by which the aim of evolution can be attained; but because love is meaningless without appreciation, it follows that progress is impossible without understanding. We can love only in so far as we understand; we can understand only in so far as we love.

Nothing less than the infinite can comprehend the infinite. Man, being finite, can neither love nor understand that which transcends the limits of time and space and causality. He can worship the Supreme only when That is brought within the range of his perception. This is one reason why the Logos, or Voice of the Supreme, has appeared from time to time in human form, saying, Behold my Son. Even so, infinite goodness and truth and beauty have seemed unreal to man, in comparison with the things he could grasp and devour. The universe itself, which, properly understood, is an Incarnation of the Supreme, man reduces to terms of his own mentality, finding in it, at one time, a toy of gods and demons, and, now, a bewildering mechanism thrown together by chance.

Man must learn to distinguish between the real and the unreal, between true goodness and seeming goodness, between true beauty and illusory beauty, between true perception and false. He is alive for no other purpose. He

dreams and must be aroused from his slumber. He mistakes a dim intuition of ultimates for something already within reach. He imagines that, having created a hell, he is entitled already to heaven. Life on earth, he says, ought to be happy; therefore all unhappiness is unjust, all suffering is evil. Struggling to evade the one purpose of earthly existence, he adds perpetually to his misery.

The small boy at school may imagine that he is there solely to amuse himself, and may rebel against every effort to instruct him. It would help him very little merely to surrender, and to accept the hard work of "lessons" grudgingly. He would be happy, however, if he were to give heart and mind to the real purpose of his sojourn.

Life on earth is our one opportunity to learn the difference between the real and the unreal, because it is our one opportunity to react from suffering. After death, we may suffer the torments of the damned or the pains of purgatory—different planes of the Kama-lokic consciousness; or, on the other hand, we may pass into Devachan or heaven. But these are states of reaping, not of sowing; states of assimilation, not of ingestion. It is only on earth that we can suffer creatively, and it might be said with truth that, at the present stage of evolution, the chief purpose of incarnation is to provide opportunity for pain.

In no other way can men be freed from the glamour of unreality. They turn from one of its forms to another, clinging to crude sensations as if these were synonymous with life. Pain, inherent in all deflections and distortions, pain alone releases them, because it compels them to seek a remedy, and at last a cure; and there is no cure for that disease except by the turning of the will from self to the eternal purposes of the Lodge.

If men were to hate sin as they hate pain, the world would soon be a heaven; yet pain is always a blessing. Physically it serves as a signal of distress, a danger-signal. The same is true on the plane of our personal emotions, for without the pain of hurt feelings, of wounded vanity and other moral disorders, we should never set to work to cure them. Beyond these obvious benefits, however, there are blessings in pain which experience alone reveals. Inevitably it can be misused, and man, therefore, often misuses it,—to make his bitterness more bitter and to pile complaint upon old complaint; but it is none the less a ladder between earth and heaven, and it is our own fault if we fail to take advantage of the gift.

Love and suffering are inseparable so long as duality exists; the more we love, the more we must suffer; yet the ability to love is the only reward that wisdom can desire.

The world has wandered far "in the region of unlikeness," basing its philosophy of life upon false premises, vainly imagining that pain and suffering are the greatest of evils. It is for us, students of Theosophy, to confront the world with the truth.

"Au-dessus de la victoire, plus haut que le succès, il y a quelque chose: le sacrifice."

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

April 11th, 1917.

DEAR _____

* * * * *

One of the interesting and curious things about you is, that you often analyse your own condition admirably, and in your analysis suggest the appropriate action; as, for instance, in your comment on the reverse of one of these records. Nothing could be truer or better than the way you put it. Go ahead on that basis with confidence and hope. Forget yourself and all the ideas you have of your limitations. You have never begun to use your real powers. It will take time to bring them to the surface where you can use them. The hard things given you to do—and you have been given many difficult tasks this winter—were designed to force out these hidden resources. It is a pleasure and happiness to those who love you to see them come out, even if the process gives you temporary pain.

As always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 11th, 1917.

DEAR _____

The fatigue you speak of in the first part of the last record, may have been given you to deaden a little your outer life and nature, and so leave you freer to feel the more subtle and intangible promptings and activities of the inner life.

You may, if you like, try making a request for daily and hourly "drilling" from _____; but I do not think you need that kind of discipline, or that it is suited to your type and your requirements. If you do try it, part of the experience will be to discover for yourself how to make the request and how to note the response.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. GRISCOM

June 4th, 1917.

DEAR _____

I have thought a good deal about your letter of last Tuesday. You ask what your proper attitude ought to have been in that matter you had occasion to present to me,—where you were conscious that you knew the technic of the case, but I appeared to pay little heed to your opinion. I can readily understand why you were puzzled.

I have found from much experience that when I differ from ——— about matters down town, that I know all about, and which he does not know all about—I am nearly always wrong. I have in mind the technical side of things, and he has in mind the whole situation, of which the usual procedure is an unimportant part. Only he is unfailingly patient in explaining matters, and I am nearly always impatient, if not worse.

In the matter we discussed—I still think my original suggestion is the one to follow. I shall be glad to talk the principle of this over some time if it is not clear.

With kind regards,

As always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 19th, 1917.

DEAR ———

Do not forget that, in some measure at least, this is no longer a time for training, but that we are in the fight. Of course training, and the best possible training, continues during the actual fighting. Troops, no matter how well drilled, are not veterans until they have experienced real warfare. But once they leave the training camps and go into active battle, it is not possible to carry on all the niceties of discipline and performance. Too much mud to enable them always to be clean; not always time to shave, etc., etc.

This situation will be felt at ——— in some measure, I am sure. It will be good work to keep things going smoothly, even if you cannot introduce all the innovations you would like. Periods of rest will come, when that can be done, by degrees. So do not worry. Try within the limits of common sense; always keep trying. But do not *worry*; and do not be discouraged. We are fighting great odds—for we are fighting ourselves as well as the very real enemy. In all outer respects, ——— says you should go slow, *slow*.

So go on cheerfully, and do not expect to achieve the ideal all at once.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. GRISCOM.

New Year's Eve, 1917.

DEAR ———

I have read with interest your comments about ———. He is having a difficult time just now. We all get tired, at times, of the constant effort to be good,—that is all of us who are not beyond such frailties. It is not that we have any desire to be bad; it is that we want to be good in our own way, instead of in the way that has been set for us by the Master; never realizing—in the mood—that the Master's way is the very easiest possible, and that our own way would be much harder, if not completely disastrous. It is only a mood, though it may be a dangerous one. When feeling this way, we avoid,

if we can, those people and the conditions which impel us or urge us toward the same old effort. It is very human, and, of course, very foolish. I hope ——— will get over his mood soon, and "carry on," with something of the soldier's fine spirit, which so many thousands are showing daily in the external and lower battle line in France.

New Year's Day.

Since writing the foregoing, I have learned that ——— has got on his feet again. His trouble, in large measure, was due to discouragement,—to lack of faith in himself, and in the love of the Master and of others for him. You will be able to connect this with what you write of your own occasional temptations to "stop short." You will realize, therefore, that the best way to help him is to conquer that tendency completely. . . .

Incidentally, do not forget that a man, when tempted to "stop short," begins to dream foolish dreams of going to the front, and that sort of thing. In that case he needs every kind of anchor to hold him to his job and his duty—you could consequently be described as an anchor. Be thankful that you can serve him in that way, as in so many other ways you do not realize.

With best wishes for the New Year,

I am, as always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

January 6th, 1918.

DEAR ———

You are a disobedient, cantankerous, disagreeable, perverse, ungenerous thing—and I have no patience with such eruptions of your lower nature.

If it were true that you did not like to use things plastered over with sentiment, you should be ashamed of it and give yourself a good dose of it. Fortunately it is not true. You really love such things, but are afraid to love them. You enjoy them, but are afraid to let yourself go. It is your ancestry, not the real *you*; and in an unimportant matter like this I shall see to it that the real *you* has a chance.

The idea of your objecting to giving those people for whom you do so much, the pleasure of making you a little gift. Fie on you!

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

January 16th, 1918.

DEAR ———

I do not feel that you were wise to have read aloud the last "Screen." I think your instincts were against it, and it is a case where your habitual lack of self-confidence led you astray. I refer to the matter solely because of this. The incident itself is unimportant. You should value more highly your own

real feelings and let them guide you much more than you do,—instead of that queer twisted mind of yours, which clouds everything you try to solve with it.

It is your mind, not your real feelings, which pretends to object to that gift. You, yourself, are quite pleased that your friends value you and what you do for them so highly, that they want you to know it in this practical way.

I am pleased with the first part of your record, which I return. You are really doing very well, and we are pleased with you. If you only could be natural it would be so nice, for the real you is very nice:—and the rest of you is not so bad!

With best wishes,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

March 25th, 1918.

DEAR ———

. . . Gaiety—yes, if kept within perfect bounds, but no foolishness, no least lowering of tone or standard. Womanly dignity always, at any cost. Grace, sweetness, charm,—all these to be cultivated. But no intimacy; that is fatal. Friendliness, sympathy, the utmost readiness to help and serve, perfect courtesy,—all these; but no familiarity; no cheapness of intercourse; no getting *too close*.

Give yourself in genuine interest and affection, so far as you can, as to those whom the Master loves, and would have you help and serve.

But you are doing very well and do not need advice.

With best wishes,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 1st, 1918.

DEAR ———

The way to help ——— is to forget yourself. He is probably cursing himself now for being all sorts of a fool. And you are doing pretty much the same thing. Don't! Turn around and be yourself, and maintain the attitude you would like to see ——— maintain. By induction, you can, by being something yourself, induce that condition in him.

Be as selfless as you can, and do what you do without letting yourself get into it.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 9th, 1918.

DEAR ———

By all means, take an hour a day, more, for prayer. Try it, anyhow. I do not believe you will find that you get less done, but more. That is the

astonishing thing about it. In time you can learn to get the same kind of rest from prayer that you do from sleep, and you can cut your hours of sleep: but do not try this yet.

In using the Stations of the Cross, try to correlate each Station with *your* day. You have had, are having, will have, something in your life, each day, that corresponds to each Station. You will get much light on daily problems and perplexities. . . .

The situation with regard to ——— is complex. The incident to which you refer is nothing; just a common variety of lower nature; a characteristic reaction. We all have them. They show how horrid the lower nature is. We shall have them until we get rid of lower nature.

But your problem with her goes deeper. Both sides are to blame, or, at least, both bring qualities to the common meeting ground which create the barriers and irritation. She, an intense self-centredness, which makes her very dense in spots. You, a distrust of yourself which makes you afraid to act, afraid of her and her moods. You like each other, but you do not trust each other. Neither has ever told the other anything from the real heart of either. Your points of contact are artificial, or, where you have common interests that are real interests, you only speak to each other about what you think you ought to feel and think; not what you really do feel and think.

Yours truly,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 19th, 1918.

DEAR ———

I return recent records. I do not approve of your cutting down your food. Please let me know whether you and any of the others you mention, who have unusual appetites, have cut out any particular article from your diet, like sugar.

In general, you are too impatient. The heaviest cross we have to bear (if it be a real cross and not an imaginary) is that of self: its slowness, its stupidity—what not.

It is a cross which must be carried with the patience and courage with which the Master carries his.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.



REVIEWS

The Central Conception of Buddhism, by Th. Stcherbatsky, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Petrograd; Royal Asiatic Society, London, 1923.

Very often, the best way to convey the essence and quality of a book is through a characteristic quotation. We may illustrate this thoughtful, scholarly and valuable book by the following passage (page 26):

"Buddhism never denied the existence of a personality, or a soul, in the empirical sense, it only maintained that it was no ultimate reality (not a *dharmā*). The Buddhist term for an individual, a term which is intended to suggest the difference between the Buddhist view and other theories, is *saṃlāna*, i.e., a 'stream,' viz., of interconnected facts. It includes the mental elements and the physical ones as well, the elements of one's own body and the external objects, as far as they constitute the experience of a given personality. The representatives of eighteen classes (*dhātu*) of elements combine together to produce this interconnected stream. There is a special force, called *prāpti*, which holds these elements combined. It operates only within the limits of a single stream and not beyond. This stream of elements kept together, and not limited to present life, but having its roots in past existences and its continuation in future ones—is the Buddhist counterpart of the Soul or the Self of other systems."

This is valuable in itself. It is further valuable as showing the intensive study which is now being directed toward Northern Buddhism, including not only the Sanskrit but also the Tibetan and Chinese texts. It is a further proof that we are escaping from the somewhat superficial and materialistic view of Buddhism which was presented by the translators of an earlier day.

Professor Stcherbatsky writes (page 6): "We cannot but be surprised that from under a cover of Oriental terminology an epitome of matter and mind emerges which very nearly approaches the standpoint of modern European science." He intends this as a sincere tribute to the philosophical worth of Gautama Buddha. But students of Theosophy might be inclined to turn the compliment the other way round, and to say that it is not only surprising but gratifying to find the concepts of modern European science making some approach to the thought of Buddha.

This book is really an analysis of the meaning of Northern Buddhist terms, rather than a revelation of the heart of Buddhism. It bears a close analogy to the great work of Professor Stcherbatsky's distinguished compatriot, Mendeleyeff. The great Russian chemist made a table of the elements, which has proved the starting point for all subsequent thinking in chemistry, but, while he enumerated the elements of life, he did not describe life. This is in no sense to belittle what Professor Stcherbatsky has done; he undertook to do exactly this, and has done it admirably.

Students of Theosophy would question the view that the teaching of the Buddha, or the earlier Upanishads, was the result of speculation, or of analytical thinking and argument. They appear to these students to be rather the result of spiritual experience, expressed in logical and analytical form, but not created by logical or analytical processes. But the first thing is, to ascertain exactly what they mean; and Professor Stcherbatsky has done valuable work in this direction.

C. J.

Lotuses of the Mahāyāna, edited by Kenneth Saunders; The Wisdom of the East series, 1924; price, London 2s 6d, New York, \$1.25.

It would hardly be fair to say that this little book on Northern Buddhism is a complement of the learned work of Professor Stcherbatsky, since it is avowedly popular in form, and makes no claim to original research. But, while the Russian scholar's book in a certain sense gives us Buddhism without the Buddha, the distinctive feature of this little book is the presentation of the Buddha as a living Master.

Take for example this hymn (page 32) from the *Avatamsaka Sūtra*, the Northern Buddhist "Garland of Verses":

The Blessed One sustaineth all indwelling,
Yet is He oft for sinful men incarnate.
Unnumbered are His deeds of loving kindness,
The ocean of His gracious vows o'erfloweth.

Darkened, infatuate men forge their bondage,
Arrogant and reckless into folly plunging—
To them the Blessed One serenely preacheth,
And all to holiness and joy restoreth.

He is our Refuge, unsurpassed and peerless,
Our sin and suffering far He putteth from us.
If sinners seek to meet Him, lo, He cometh!
Like to clear moon o'er mountain dark arising.

Students of Theosophy have especial cause to be grateful to the editor of this little book for prefacing the texts of Northern Buddhism with passages from the Upanishads, thus affirming that the Upanishads, the teachings of the Buddha, and the writings of his disciples, are undivided parts of the majestic river of the Eastern Wisdom. C. J.

Marie De L'Agnus Dei, Religious of the Society of Marie-Réparatrice, by Mme. S. S.; translated from the fifth French edition by Rev. Michael P. Hill, S. J.; The Macmillan Company, 1923; price, \$2.50.

The Life of Mère St. Joseph, Co-Foundress and Second Superior General of the Institute of Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, by a member of the same Institute; translated and abridged from the French edition; Longmans, Green and Co., 1923; \$5.00.

The Life of Jeanne Charlotte de Bréhard, 1580-1637, of the Order of the Visitation, by the Sisters of the Visitation, Harrow; Longmans, Green and Co., 1924; price, \$4.20.

The really large output of religious biography in France is one of the marked features of French literature to-day. It is a commentary upon the French people themselves in that they should produce so many noteworthy characters, and also that accounts of such lives are in demand. The three biographies, in translation, noted above, are typical of many others, and may interest readers of the *QUARTERLY* as witnesses to the vitality of religion in France, and of its ability to provide a medium for mystic development and inner spiritual experience. That medium, and the consequent experience, have marked limitations in the light of Theosophy,—few saints have been occultists; but no record of genuine spiritual experience can fail to instruct others who themselves "seek out the way."

The lives of these three nuns are both moving and interesting. Marie de L'Agnus Dei, who was a niece of René Bazin, distinguished member of the French Academy, died in 1901 at the age of twenty-four, having consecrated herself to the religious life at fourteen, and having entered the novitiate at eighteen. Hers was, almost from infancy, an irresistible attraction to the interior or contemplative life; and her love for her Master was so great, that she gave herself to suffering, in reparation for the sins of the unrepentant—voluntarily assuming the burden of their Karma. Practically no outward events marked her brief career; but her letters and diary show how rich and full the interior life of communion can be, as well as how sweet and

lovable a child of God she was. Whatever her limitations, or the obvious misunderstandings of the full meaning of discipleship, hers was a soul that can arouse only admiration and respect, both for its courage and generosity, and for its unswerving loyalty.

Marie Blin de Bourdon came of an aristocratic and distinguished French family. Born in 1756, she lived to be eighty-two—till 1838. Unlike Marie Bazin, her religious career did not have a definite beginning until she was past forty, and then was an intensely active one. Early in life, however, her thoughts had been so firmly fixed that no amount of worldly wealth and position, of personal charm and social triumph, had turned her from an abiding conviction that she was specially called, and that God would some day reveal His purposes to her. This revelation came in the trying period after the French Revolution (during which she had been imprisoned), when in ministering to the poor she came in contact with a partly paralyzed peasant woman, who was, nevertheless, an extraordinary character and a "natural" mystic of the highest type. Julie Billiart, already beatified to-day, formed Mme. de Bourdon in the religious life, and together, in secret, they prayed and ministered to the poor. One day Father Varin, the saintly priest who guided Mother Barat and the Society of the Sacred Heart (then just inaugurated), commanded Julie Billiart to found a new teaching Order for the poor;—and Mme. de Bourdon joined her friend in this foundation, her great wealth and position enabling them to surmount many of the obstacles which the aftermath of the Revolution and the Napoleonic régime inevitably placed in their way. The new Mère St. Joseph, with all her brilliant gifts and position, subordinated herself completely to the peasant who was her spiritual guide, worked loyally under her direction in the midst of great hardships and constant hostile intrigue, and after Julie Billiart's death, carried forward the work and spirit which the latter had inaugurated with undiminished zeal and self-sacrifice. The story of her life, her struggles, and the organization and establishment of this new religious Institute in the face of incessant opposition from the civil, and also from the subservient ecclesiastical authorities, is of great interest; and while the account is obviously biased, we may penetrate to the real greatness of the woman who so completely mastered herself that she succeeded in mastering the very difficult political and religious situations she was called upon to confront.

Jeanne Charlotte de Bréhard was the spiritual daughter of Francis de Sales and Jane Frances de Chantal, and one of the three original sisters of the Order of the Visitation. Neglected, even cruelly treated in childhood, high spirited and quick-tempered, sensitive, this aristocratic woman learned also to master herself; and "heroic sanctity" is no exaggerated term to apply to the way she organized houses, and trained the novices, through many years of "vicissitudes, contradictions, difficulties, and misunderstandings which accompanied the first foundations of the Order of the Visitation." Associated with striking individuals, in a time of religious revival and fervour, her life throws many side-lights of great interest upon those with whom she worked.

These books are not only interesting as biographies, they reveal at once how far strength of character can go, and how definite a barrier to even greater accomplishments, intellectual limitations can be.

A. G.

The Idea of Immortality (the Gifford Lectures, 1922), by A. Seth Pringle-Pattison. The Clarendon Press; price, \$3.25.

Dr. Pringle-Pattison is neither skeptic nor materialist, but he has challenged in these lectures the sufficiency of various arguments which have been brought forward in support of the doctrine of immortality. One may disagree with details of his criticism, and still agree heartily with the spirit of intellectual honesty, which has actuated it. Knowledge is inseparable from experience. Magellan proved that the Earth is round, by leading an expedition around it. We shall only be able to prove immortality, by becoming immortal. Until that day, argument and discussion may assist and clarify our belief, but they will settle nothing.

The author, however, may be said to make faith more difficult, by setting up a dogma of his own. He asserts that "there is no soul (in any sense relevant to the present question) except the unified personality built up by our own acts" (page 203). Since he discards both

the independence and the preëxistence of the Soul, he must mean by personality a complex of mental and emotional states, which are directly dependent upon a physical body for their formation and maintenance. It is impossible even to surmise how such a complex could long survive the death of the body. He is thus forced to justify his faith in immortality by a direct appeal to God: the beneficence of our Creator is a guarantee that we shall be able to continue in other æons the individual lives which we have here begun.

However, the author cannot bring himself to believe that even God can thrust immortality upon man "without his active co-operation." The sense of personal being must be attributed in some measure to that part of human nature which loves the Divine, for otherwise the personality, being wholly merged in the bodily consciousness, will perish with the body. But it seems so much simpler to believe without cavil in the independent reality and proper immortality of the Soul, and to raise the question of immortality, not for the Soul which cannot help being immortal, but for the personality or vesture which has been projected by the Soul, as a means of attaining self-consciousness. Failure for the Soul then becomes the failure of the Soul to become self-conscious in any given incarnation. And if it fail this time, it can try again.

Professor Pringle-Pattison mentions with admiration and respect the doctrine of those who, like Spinoza, have thought of Eternal Life less as a continuance of personal existence than as a super-individual consciousness above and outside space and time. "If we are occupied with thoughts immortal and divine, or with some great cause which means for us the kingdom of God upon earth, or, for the matter of that, in doing anything that we feel is worth doing, we have neither time nor inclination to brood over our personal future. . . . So death should find us" (page 208). But to know or even to glimpse immortality while still in the body, is to become, to a greater or less degree, self-conscious as the Soul. How can we attribute that high destiny to the Soul, if it be only a product or culmination of animal life?

V. S.

Fragments, Vol. III, recently published, contains three important typographical errors. On page 22, fourth line from the bottom, the last word on that line ought to be "the" and not "into." On page 25, sixth line, the third word ought to be "in" and not "is." On page 52, tenth line from the bottom, the last word on that line ought to be "into" and not "the."

Those who have already purchased this volume can either make the corrections by hand, or can forward the volume to The Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, to be exchanged for a corrected volume now ready.

The publishers beg to apologize both to the author and to the purchasers of this volume for these serious printer's errors.

Books reviewed in these columns may be obtained from The Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York, N. Y.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 310.—*We are told that we must each work out our own destiny; should we do so even at the cost of pain to others?*

ANSWER.—Yes, if working out our destiny means living, in the circumstances and surroundings in which we are placed, a life which has as its motives conformity with divine purpose, within and without; real selflessness, true aspiration and devotion. If these motives govern, we shall not give lasting or unnecessary pain.

There is always the possibility, when we cause pain to others, that we are not doing things right, and it would be well to examine ourselves to see just how and where the element of self has entered into our acts and words.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—It is hardly likely that we can truly work out our destiny without causing pain and disappointment to some of our friends. The question is *how* and *why* they are pained. Our own motives should have our most careful scrutiny. "Working out our destiny" may be merely an excuse for self-indulgence at the expense of others.

C. M. S.

ANSWER.—We each have to work out our own destiny and that destiny often is linked closely with the destiny of others. Is not this involved with what the *Gita* calls the right performance of duty? If so, what is duty? In its larger sense duty is the obligation to act in conformity with the law of universal action—true Karma. Hence duty must be supreme and we have to do it, if we wish to be true to our best Self, even if such action mean pain to others who are not ready or willing to subordinate their lives and actions to universal law. When we have entered into obligations to others which link their destiny with ours, we are not free to leave them to their own fate, lest we cause them pain. In the larger sense, we are most true to them when we perform our obligations; but this should not involve heedlessness or indifference to their pain.

K.

ANSWER.—Our destiny is to attain to perfection. But it is quite possible that we, in our haste, may mistake the means by which to reach our goal. We shall not reach it by rushing ahead regardless of the feelings of those to whom we owe love, consideration or obedience. Duty may demand a temporary halt in what we regard as essential to our progress. Always we must make very sure that our impelling force is the Master's will and not self-will.

S.

ANSWER.—"To work out one's destiny" means that every virtue, every spiritual power and quality must ultimately be acquired, and every sin, fault, or weakness conquered and eradicated. Each one must accomplish this task, step by step, for himself, by his own efforts. No one else can do it for him and he must walk the Path on his own feet, but High Heaven does not leave him to find the way alone. It provides for each one his duties, which are specially designed to bring him to his goal. In following the plain course of duty, it is often necessary to give pain to others. The father's duty may be to inflict pain on a rebellious child. The soldier, called upon to give his life for a great cause, cannot hesitate because his death might cause pain to those who loved him or who were dependent upon him.

"To work out one's destiny" does not, however, mean that we are to follow a self-chosen "career" or to "cultivate our souls" at the expense of others or of our duties to them. Just the contrary. Souls are not cultivated that way. It may well be the clear duty of a daughter,

perhaps herself an ardent seeker for chéliship, to give up all outer opportunities for spiritual instruction, in order to care for an invalid mother. She will lose nothing by doing so. The Path always lies through duties, not around or away from them. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—As an abstract metaphysical proposition, it may be stated that no individual can work out his own destiny without thereby working for the destiny of all other individuals. At least, such must be the opinion of anyone who believes that the Universe rests upon order and proportion and harmony. How, then, does pain arise? Is it not both the effect and the corrective of the "dire heresy of separateness," which leads the individual soul to forget its real union with the Universal Soul? If pain be a cure for evil, it may be our *destiny* to bring suffering to others. Napoleon and Alexander were not necessarily devils, because death and bereavement followed in their footsteps. Nor is the physician a fiend, when he is forced to cause physical pain to his patients in the very act of healing them. V. S.

QUESTION NO. 311.—*If the elemental created by a wish is fed by the recurrence of that wish, how are we to dispose of the elemental? Is that done by starving it to death?*

ANSWER.—Elementals live on attention. "Desires grow by brooding on themselves." It is not its recurrence but the attention given to the wish that feeds it. It is also fed by our self-identification with it, when we permit ourselves to regard it as "our desire," instead of seeing it as a desire foreign to our real selves which is trying to impose itself upon us.

Denying attention to elemental desires keeps them from growing, but it is a very slow way of killing them, and at any unguarded moment we may give them a new lease of life. The surest way to kill the desires of the lower nature is to replace them with the infinitely more potent desires of the soul. A greater desire obliterates a lesser one. No matter how much of a drunkard a man may be, he will not be conscious of any desire for drink while he is trying to save his children from a burning house. The lower desires owe their power to the life which they have stolen from the soul, and that force must be reclaimed.

This is a task that can by no means be accomplished in a moment, but we have one great advantage—lower desires are many and for the most part self-contradictory. We cannot play golf and idle in an easy-chair simultaneously. We must give up one to do the other. Hence only a small fraction of our power of desire can get into any one act of lower nature. Most of us would be put to it to name any one thing the accomplishment of which would make us keenly happy, a significant indication of the state to which we have reduced ourselves. The desires of the soul, on the other hand, are one-pointed and harmonious. The saints and seers of all ages have borne testimony—mostly to deaf ears—of the infinitely greater colour and richness of the life of the soul. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Yes. But starving it to death involves not only the cessation of the original wish, but the replacing it by a desire which represents its spiritual opposite. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—If we keep brooding on any of our wishes, attending to them, and giving to them all that we have of life and consciousness and force,—then we are certainly feeding the elemental. But if we turn our attention to our ideal, to acting from that ideal, something other than an elemental is fed. Experience shows that the elementals, the complexes, the habits which have built up the lower self, always strive to draw attention to themselves, just as a stomach accustomed to a certain subconscious feeling of repletion, will make a claim to "appetite" and "exhaustion" and so on. Therefore we have to learn to wish for the things which belong to the real Self with such devotion that nothing can divert our attention from them. Then the elementals get "starved." A. K.

ANSWER.—Every memory of self-indulgence is a potential temptation to renewed self-indulgence. Therefore, the imaginative force, which gives power and life to such a memory, must be denied any expression in action. We cannot help being tempted but we can refuse to accept the desires suggested by the tempter as veritably our own desires. Under these conditions, our "elementals" must die of starvation, for they are said to live upon attention. But the process of purification has also a positive side. The aspirant must do

more than withdraw his attention from the unworthy; he must fix his attention upon that which he believes to be worthy. In this way a new vehicle will be provided for the re-embodiment of the forces of desire, imagination and will which are released through the weakening and disintegration of every elemental wrongfully created by us in the past. The physical phenomenon of electro-magnetic induction seems to offer a physical analogy for this transformation of our spiritual powers.

S. L.

ANSWER.—That is one way—undoubtedly. Yet if we really understood the situation we should not wait for the slow process of starvation. Its very existence proves our ignorance and we may be feeding it when we think we are starving it. "Do the opposite" is an old rule which might well be applied to the desires of our elementals. In the days when betting was rampant among English gentlemen, one of them was reported to have won large sums by betting that his opponent could not avoid thinking of a black dog inside 60 seconds after the word "go" was uttered. One night he lost, and as he paid, he said: "Would you mind telling me how you did it?" The winner answered: "Why—I just thought of a white cat and thought so hard there was no chance to think of anything else."

G. W.

QUESTION NO. 312.—*It is said in the Bhagavad Gita (IV, 36) that "Even though thou art the chief sinner among all sinners, thou shalt cross to the further side of evil in the boat of all knowledge." But if the penalty of sin be blindness, how is this possible?*

ANSWER.—To paraphrase the quotation, it is possible for the greatest sinner to cross to the further side of evil in the boat of all knowledge—if he does certain things. A great sinner may have in him the potentialities of a great saint. A positive force has been perverted. While he remains a sinner, by choice, through habit, or for whatever reason, the penalty inevitably is spiritual as well as mental blindness. But suppose that the spiritual powers, the pressure of life itself, force him at last to face the consequences of his sin, with the result that he turns from it with abhorrence and loathing, turns at the same time with all of his positive nature to the things of the spiritual world: what does he do about it?

The turning of heart and attention is not enough. He applies himself to the conquest of his lower nature, which after all is the main theme of the earlier books of the *Bhagavad Gita*. He disciplines himself. He meditates upon what he is able to grasp of the real purpose and meaning that lie behind the outer forms of spiritual truth, striving to apply what he learns to outer life and living, endeavouring to extract from his experience of sin the spiritual truth of which that sin was the perversion and the opposite. He uses his will to keep the heart turned, to lead the heart; he uses his imagination to stimulate his interest in, and attention to, the things of the spiritual world.

He acts, with force and directness. On the intensity of his desire, his effort, will depend the length of his crossing. If his effort be honest, surely he will not "again come to confusion." And if his self-giving be complete, he will behold on the further side "all beings without reserve in the Soul."

C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 313.—*How should a Theosophist pray?*

ANSWER.—He should pray with a full heart. So long as he prays with a full heart, the word that flows from it may be any word. The one word, Father, many times repeated, may express the heart's whole story of praise and of gratitude, or of love and longing, or of passionate remorse. But it must be the over-flow of his heart. Whether really from his heart, or only from his emotions, may be known by the fruit of such prayer. When the heart moves, the will decides.

The use of the mind is to move the heart. Music, poetry, some beauty of nature or of art, may greatly help us; but these, as a rule, move the emotions only, until the mind—or the faculty of "putting two and two together"—links the emotions, through the heart, with the will.

"Mental Prayer" is a method of using the mind so as to prepare the heart for true prayer, when the soul flies to its source.

X.

MRS. ADA GREGG

How many of us cherish diplomas that bear Mrs. Gregg's name as recording our admission to the Society! "Such a short signature," she said once,—“I wish I had a longer name, it would be more fitting for such an important document!” That half jesting remark was typical of her spirit and attitude, for she served the Society whole-heartedly until long past the age when active work is usually laid aside, though to her that was nothing extraordinary. Her life was centred around the demands of her position, and she joyfully gave to it all that she had of time, strength and interest.

Because she regarded herself as "called" to the service of the T. S., her account of that call, as given not long ago, has significance for all who desire to be of use to the Cause. It was her custom, she said, to come and stay for the whole of Convention week in New York, spending as many hours as possible at Headquarters, that she might be ready for any small duty which could be entrusted to a visiting member. One year she heard that the Secretary could no longer give sufficient time to the work of that office, and was intending to resign. Although totally inexperienced, she at once offered herself, only to be told that she could do little without training—not enough to justify surrendering her home in a distant town to come to New York. But her heart was on fire to make the experiment, so she went back, settled her affairs, established herself in New York,—and then renewed her offer. She was permitted to try what she could do as an assistant; and she so threw herself into the work that in time she was elected to fill the office of Secretary, and her rooms in Brooklyn became the Headquarters for T. S. correspondence. The responsibility of her position had come to her late in life, but she had an infectious enthusiasm for her work and for its increasing demands. There was something of eager joy and delight in every letter she wrote; even the filling of an order for books was no mere routine performance with her. She wanted people to know our books and to love them.

Shifting currents did not perturb her for she knew where her allegiance was given. She had the rare ability to keep true to a course once laid down, without need for constant personal counsel and reinforcement. This made it possible for her to work on effectively when, because of failing health, she was rarely able to meet and confer with the other officers. Her connecting link after that was Mr. Griscom, on whose wisdom she leaned with unflinching confidence. There was a compartment in her desk labelled C. A. G., into which she put notes of all problems where she wanted help—and it was unfailingly given with a promptness and princely generosity that made the asking a pleasure. That label was not changed when he died, for though she had to turn then to another for help, she always thought of it as coming from him.

We owe her lasting gratitude for loyal service so gladly rendered at a time of special need. That we shall not forget. Nor must we fail to record her feeling of immense debt to the T. S. for teaching, for opportunity, for an enlargement of life beyond anything that she had ever anticipated for herself,—a reward that is invariably bestowed upon those whose devotion to the Movement has been made complete.

I. E. P.

HJALMAR JULIN

Another loss has come to us in the death in Sweden of our much loved and valued friend, Mr. Hjalmar Julin, who died on the first of August. None who ever met him, could fail to be impressed by the radiance of his sweet and gentle spirit. An old and valiant worker, he will be greatly missed among the members in his native land; and throughout the Society he served so humbly but so well, his going from us will bring much sadness, even in our rejoicing at his release from recent years of suffering. His reward will surely be with him,—though reward was never what he sought.

Requiescat in pace!

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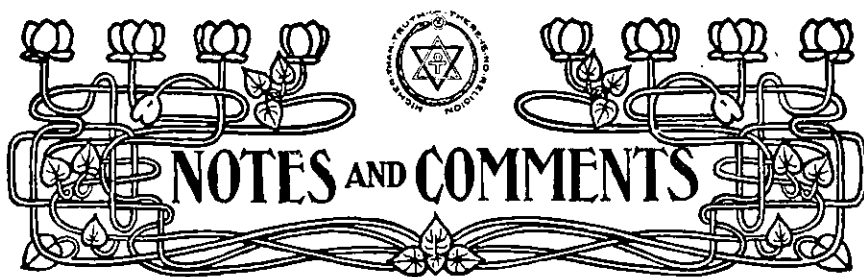
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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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VESTURES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

IT will be remembered that the crowd of pilgrims who, with Pilgrim Potthapada, were in residence in The Hall set about with Tinduka trees in Queen Mallika's park, had been discussing with animated din a wide range of topics, when the Buddha approached, coming from the residence of the Order at Jeta Vana. With a roaring, with a shrill and mighty noise, they had been relating many kinds of common tales, such, for example, as talk of kings, talk of robbers, talk of ministers, talk of armies, talk of terror, talk of war, talk of food and drink and garments and couches, talk of garlands and perfumes, talk of kinships and cars, of villages and towns and cities and countries, talk of women and men and heroes, talk of the street and of the village well, talk of the dead, all kinds of stories, traditions of the forming of lands and oceans, discussions of being and non-being.

But when the Buddha entered The Hall, the disputants were hushed. While Pilgrim Potthapada questioned and the Buddha answered, the pilgrims remained silent; and it is a part of the art of the unnamed author of the Sutta that, without describing or commenting on it, he thus indicates the personal ascendancy, the majesty of the Buddha, the reverence which his presence inspired.

Yet this impressive personal power is not represented as something miraculous and inevitable, the unnatural attribute of a divine personage predestined to victory. On the contrary, Gotama's humanity always shines through; there are passages which show him suffering not only from discord among his own followers, but from open hostility and attack, and even the bodily violence inflicted by inveterate enemies. Each of these episodes has a profound interest, not only because it is a part of that great Master's history, but also because the underlying motives and impulses are deeply rooted in human nature. And they are related with something of that mellow humour that pervades all these scriptures like sprinkled gold dust.

It was from the dwelling of the Order at Jeta Vana that the Buddha came to The Hall and there met Pilgrim Potthapada. It was while he was in residence at Jeta Vana at a later period that a notable quarrel broke out among some of his disciples. Not far from Jeta Vana, there was another dwelling of the Order, under the superintendence of two advanced disciples; each of them had many less progressed disciples in his care, all of whom had been admitted to the Order.

Of the two, one had deeply studied the theory, the intellectual side of the Buddha's teaching, and instructed his pupils in that, while the other had fixed his thought and efforts on the details of the Buddha's discipline, the ordered way of life he had laid down, the acts enjoined and the acts forbidden, whereby character and will were to be trained. These two instructors perfectly supplemented each other, and should have co-operated in amity and mutual understanding.

Then came an incident, quite trivial in itself, which was magnified from molehill to mountain by the very human proneness to contention, the nearly universal desire to prove oneself in the right. One of the two more advanced disciples, he who was mainly occupied with the more abstract and intellectual side of his Master's teaching, had washed his hands, and, perhaps because his mind was preoccupied with an analysis of the Five Virtues or the Five Precepts, had left the water in the vessel, contrary, it would seem, to the rules of personal order which the Buddha had laid down for his disciples.

His colleague, full of the importance of these details of deportment, and not quite free from the vice of superiority, noted the omission and censured it not only in thought but in word:

"Brother, was it you who left the water?"

"Yes, brother."

"But do you not know that it is a sin to do so?"

"Indeed I do not."

"But, brother, it is a sin."

"Well, then, I will make satisfaction for it."

"Of course, brother, if you did it unintentionally, through inadvertence, it is no sin."

Nevertheless, the instructor of discipline said to the disciples in his charge:

"This instructor of the law, though he has committed a sin, does not realize it."

They straightway went to the pupils of the instructor of the law, saying:

"Your preceptor, though he has committed a sin, does not realize it."

And these in their turn carried the word to him. Highly incensed, he retorted:

"He said at first it was no sin. Now he says it is a sin. He is a liar."

His pupils immediately went to the others and said:

"Your teacher is a liar."

So the quarrel was fomented between them, and even the lay disciples, those who supplied the bodily wants of the pupils, took sides and formed

themselves into factions. It is recorded that the women of the Order, and even those who were outside, immediately joined one faction or the other. The spirit of discord reigned.

Tidings of the matter were brought to the Buddha at Jeta Vana. Twice he sent word: "Let them be reconciled!" Twice the reply came back: "Master, they refuse to be reconciled!" The third time, he exclaimed: "The body of the disciples is being rent asunder!" and going thither, he made clear to them the folly and wickedness of dissension.

When they refused to hear him, he departed and went alone to a distant forest, finding for himself a resting place in the heart of the forest under a beautiful tree. There, says the tradition, he was dutifully and reverently waited on by an elderly elephant, who had himself sought refuge in the forest depths from the noise and vexation of the herd. Before withdrawing to that seclusion, he had ruminated thus:

"Here I live, in the midst of the herd, crowded by elephants young and old; they eat the green branches I break down; when I would drink, they roil the water; when I would bathe, they bump against me. It were better to retire and live alone."

So the two recluses met in the forest depths, and the elephant, benign and serviceable, waited on the Buddha. Breaking a leaf-covered branch, he swept the ground before the Buddha's refuge; taking the Master's water-pot, he brought him clean water to drink; by heating stones and rolling them into a rock pool, he prepared warm water for the Master's ablutions, testing it with his delicate trunk; from forest trees he brought fruit for the Buddha to eat; he fanned him with a palm leaf, swaying it to and fro; he guarded the Master as a sentry, pacing to and fro through the night until sunrise.

Now it is also related that a monkey, watching the elephant from the tree tops, said to himself: "I also will undertake somewhat!" So, finding honeycomb in a tree, he laid it on a banana leaf and brought it to the Buddha. Greatly delighted when the Master accepted the gift, and dancing in ecstasy along the tree tops, he stepped on a rotten branch, fell and broke his neck, and, because he had served the Buddha, was reborn in a celestial mansion.

This is not the only monkey in the scriptures. It is recorded that a youthful disciple, taking offence at a slight rebuke, set fire to his hut of branches and ran away. When he learned it, the Buddha commented:

"This is not the first time he has destroyed a dwelling because of resentment. He did it also in a former birth.

"In the olden days, when Brahmadata reigned at Benares, a crested bird had built a nest in the Himalaya country. One day, while it was raining, a monkey came there, shivering with cold. The crested bird, seeing him, said:

"'Monkey, your head and your hands and your feet are like a man's; how comes it that you have no house?'

"The monkey said:

"'Crested bird, my head and my hands and my feet are indeed like a man's; but what they say is man's highest gift, intelligence, that I lack.'

"The crested bird said:

"He that is unstable, light-minded, disloyal, he who keeps not the precepts, will never attain to happiness. Monkey, exert yourself to the utmost, abandon your past habits, build yourself a hut to shelter you from wind and cold!"

"But the monkey was incensed and destroyed the bird's nest, and the bird slipped out and flew away. That monkey was reborn as the youthful disciple who destroyed the hut of branches."

To return to the quarrelling disciples. It is related that the people of the neighbouring villages, reverent hearers of the Buddha, but not members of the Order, coming to the residence of the Order to seek the Buddha, were told not only that he had departed, but the reason of his going.

These pious lay folk were indignant, so that they gave no more offerings of food to the quarrelsome disciples, who were thus in danger of starvation. Hunger brought wisdom. They confessed their sins to each other, and, going to the forest, begged the Buddha to forgive them.

The Master made clear to them the enormity of their offence, because, though accepted as disciples by a Buddha, they had resisted his efforts to reconcile them and had disobeyed his commands. When they realized their sin, he forgave them.

But there were graver obstacles than the quarrelling of the disciples. On a certain occasion, an evil-minded woman bribed the citizens of a town near Jeta Vana, and said to them:

"When the ascetic Gotama comes to the town, do you revile and abuse him, and drive him out."

So, when the Buddha entered the city, they followed after him shouting:

"You are a robber, you are a fool, you are a camel, you are an ass, you are a denizen of hell!"

The venerable Ananda said to the Buddha:

"Master, they are reviling us; let us go elsewhere."

"Where shall we go, Ananda?"

"Master, let us go to another city."

"What if they should revile us there?"

"Master, we shall go to yet another city."

"Ananda, we shall not so act. Where a tumult arises, there we shall remain until the tumult ceases. Ananda, I am like an elephant that has entered the battle. Such an elephant should withstand the arrows that come from every side. So it is my duty to endure with patience the words of wicked men."

Not only reviling but violence met the Buddha as he carried out his work. Once, when he was among the mountains, his inveterate enemy Devadatta hurled a rock down toward him; a fragment, breaking off as the rock rolled downward, struck the Buddha on the foot, causing the blood to flow. He suffered intense pain, say the records, and the disciples carried him to Jivaka's mango grove, where Jivaka himself ministered to him, applying an astringent to the wound and bandaging it.

These things are recorded, not by enemies seeking to belittle him, but by those who revered and loved him. They show the Buddha not as a miraculous being, immune from human woe, but as a man, yet a man of heroic virtue, wisdom, power, compassion; a Master, not a god. The majesty of his presence, not some supernatural compulsion, hushed the noisy pilgrims in The Hall, as the Buddha answered Pilgrim Potthapada. We may pick up the colloquy again with the Master's words:

"Thus, Potthapada, the disciple, beginning from the point at which he possesses a state of consciousness of his own attaining, goes forward from one state of consciousness to another, until he attains the summit of consciousness."

"Does the Master teach one summit of consciousness, or several summits of consciousness?"

"I teach one summit of consciousness, Potthapada, and also several summits of consciousness."

"But how does the Master teach this?"

"At whatever point he reaches a station, a resting-place, I speak of that as a summit of consciousness. Thus, Potthapada, I teach one summit of consciousness, and also several summits of consciousness."

"Does the state of consciousness arise first, Master, and afterwards understanding; or does understanding arise first, and afterwards the state of consciousness; or do the state of consciousness and the understanding arise together, neither being earlier or later?"

"The state of consciousness arises first, Potthapada, and afterwards the understanding; the arising of the understanding comes through the arising of the state of consciousness. Thus a man recognizes that through a definite cause understanding has arisen in him. For this reason it can be known that the state of consciousness arises first, and the understanding afterwards; that the arising of the understanding comes through the arising of the state of consciousness."

"Is the state of consciousness the man's self, Master, or is the state of consciousness one thing and the self another?"

"To what self do you refer, Potthapada?"

"I have in mind a gross self, Master, having a form, made of the four gross elements, sustained by eating food."

"If there were a gross self, Potthapada, having a form, made of the four gross elements, sustained by eating food, even so, Potthapada, the state of consciousness will be one thing, and the self another. Even while this gross self, having form, made of the four gross elements, sustained by eating food, remains, one state of consciousness arises in the man, and another state of consciousness ceases. For this reason, Potthapada, it can be known that the state of consciousness is one thing, and the self another."

"Then I have in mind, Master, a self formed of mental substance, having the shape of the body in all its parts, possessing all the powers of perception and action."

"If there were a self formed of mental substance, having the shape of the body in all its parts, possessing all the powers of perception and action, even so, Potthapada, the state of consciousness will be one thing, and the self another. Even while this self formed of mental substance, having the shape of the body in all its parts, possessing all the powers of perception and action, remains, one state of consciousness arises in the man, and another state of consciousness ceases. For this reason, Potthapada, it can be known that the state of consciousness is one thing, and the self another.

"Then I have in mind, Master, a formless self, consisting of consciousness."

"If there were a formless self, consisting of consciousness, even so, Potthapada, the state of consciousness will be one thing, and the self another. Even while this self, formless, consisting of consciousness, remains, one state of consciousness arises in the man, and another state of consciousness ceases. For this reason, Potthapada, it can be known that the state of consciousness is one thing, and the self another."

There is a touch of humour in this. Pilgrim Potthapada has the air of putting a purely hypothetical case before the Buddha, of making up his argument as he goes along. He is not really doing this. He is in substance quoting two of the great Upanishads and blending their teaching. From the *Mandukya Upanishad*, he is taking the classification of the three vestures, other than the Supreme Self; the vestures which have been called the body of the man, the body of the disciple, the body of the Master. And from the *Taittiriya Upanishad* he is taking names for two of these vestures, that formed of the substance of mind, and that formed of consciousness; and it is worth noting that, in the Upanishad, these vestures are called "selves," just as they are in our Sutta.

But this is not the only element of quotation in our dialogue. In his discourse with King Ajatashatru, concerning the Fruits of Discipleship, the Buddha himself has covered much the same ground:

"So the disciple, with heart and imagination concentrated, altogether pure, altogether luminous, without stain, rid of all evil, made pliant, prepared for action, firm, imperturbable, concentrates heart and imagination on the building up of a body formed of mental substance. From this physical body, he builds up creatively another body, possessing form, of mental substance, having the shape of the body in all its parts, possessing all the powers of perception and action.

"It is, O King, just as though a man were to draw forth a reed from its sheath. He would see clearly, 'This is the sheath, this is the reed; the sheath is one thing, the reed is another; from the sheath the reed has been drawn forth.' Or it is, O King, just as though a man were to draw a sword from the scabbard. He would see clearly, 'This is the sword, this is the scabbard; the sword is one thing, the scabbard is another; from the scabbard the sword has been drawn forth.' Or it is, O King, as though a man were to draw a snake forth from its slough. He would see clearly, 'This is the snake, this is the slough; the snake is one thing, the slough is another; from the slough the snake has been drawn forth.'"

The simile of the reed drawn from the sheath is taken from the *Katha Upan-*

ishad, while the slough of the snake comes from the *Chhandogya Upanishad*. So that, in these two passages, we have a direct return to four of the great Upanishads, conclusive evidence that the teaching of the Buddha regarding the inner bodies as stages in the path of liberation is in the direct line of the great spiritual tradition of ancient India.

In the Buddha's presentation of this teaching of the inner bodies, the vestures, successively more spiritual, above the physical vesture, it is noteworthy that the Master lays the dominant stress not on the vestures themselves, but on the consciousness which they contain and sustain. It is further noteworthy that, in each case, he regards that consciousness as evolving, developing; a higher state of consciousness arising, a lower state of consciousness ceasing; and, finally, this steadily ascending development of consciousness takes place through the effort of the disciple himself, through aspiration, discipline, purification. In the steady ascent toward perfect wisdom and holiness, final immortality and liberation, each vesture, as it is attained, marks a stage, a station on the journey, a temporary resting place until the lessons of that stage are fully learned. It is, therefore, for that stage of the uphill journey, a summit of consciousness, to use the Buddha's phrase; and by analogy we may conceive that, for each vesture, for each stage, there are minor stages, each in its turn a summit of consciousness to be attained by undaunted effort.

We may say, perhaps, without irreverence, that the teaching of the Buddha is eminently sound Theosophical doctrine; that Pilgrim Potthapada had set forth before him, in response to his earnest aspiration, an outline of practical Occultism, as clearly as it could be put into words. Logically, there was nothing for him to do but to set to work forthwith.

It is one of the virtues of these scriptures, comparable in value to their sunny humour, that they are so universal; they illustrate at each point the tendencies that run through all human nature. Thus, the list of unedifying themes that were being debated in The Hall might serve, almost without alteration, for the summary of the news in our daily papers: "stories of kings, robbers, ministers; of kinships and cars . . ."—with exactly the same blending of the ridiculous and the sublime: "talk of the village well, traditions of the forming of lands and oceans, discussions of being and non-being."

So with Pilgrim Potthapada. He had heard, just as we hear, the call to instant spiritual effort and action. But Pilgrim Potthapada, again like ourselves, was not quite ready. He had an argumentative mind, and he almost inevitably continued to argue:

"Master, is the world everlasting? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the world is everlasting; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the world not everlasting? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the world is not everlasting; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the world finite? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the world is finite; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the world infinite? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the world is infinite; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the life the body? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the life is the body; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, is the life one thing and the body another thing? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the life is one thing and the body another thing; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, does the Tathagata exist beyond death? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the Tathagata exists beyond death; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, does the Tathagata not exist beyond death? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the Tathagata does not exist beyond death; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, does the Tathagata both exist and not exist beyond death? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the Tathagata both exists and does not exist beyond death; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Well, then, Master, does the Tathagata neither exist nor not exist after death? Is this the truth, and the opposite of it vanity?"

"I have made no declaration, Potthapada, as to whether the Tathagata neither exists nor exists not beyond death; whether this is the truth, and the opposite of it vanity."

"Why, Sir, does the Master not make these declarations?"

"Such declaration, Potthapada, does not make for spiritual wealth, does not make for the Law of righteousness, does not make for the principles of discipleship, nor for detachment, nor for purification from lust, nor for quietude of heart, nor for peace, nor for wisdom, nor for illumination, nor for liberation. Therefore I have not made these declarations."

"Well, then, what has the Master declared?"

"I have declared that this is misery, Potthapada; I have declared that this is the arising of misery; I have declared that this is the cessation of misery;

I have declared that this is the conduct which leads to the cessation of misery."

"Why, Sir, has the Master declared this?"

"Because this makes for spiritual wealth, Potthapada, this makes for the Law of Righteousness, for the principles of discipleship, for detachment, for purification, for quietude of heart, for peace, for wisdom, for illumination, for liberation. Therefore I have declared this."

"This is so, Master! This is so, Blessed One! And now let the Master do as seems to him good."

So the Master, rising from his seat, departed.

Meanwhile, the pilgrims in the Hall had kept silence. It even appears that they had listened attentively with their contentious minds. But the explosion came immediately, for, as the chronicler tells us, no sooner had the Buddha departed, than these pilgrims bore down upon Pilgrim Potthapada from all sides with a torrent of biting words:

"So it seems that, whatever the ascetic Gotama says, this Potthapada immediately assents, saying, 'This is so, Master! This is so, Blessed One!' But we do not see that the ascetic Gotama has given a clear answer to any one of the ten questions: whether the world is everlasting, or not everlasting, finite, or infinite, whether the life is the body, or not the body, whether the Tathagata exists, or exists not, or both, or neither, beyond death."

Pilgrim Potthapada made answer: "Neither do I see that the ascetic Gotama has given a clear answer to any one of the ten questions. But the ascetic Gotama makes known a rule of conduct, real, true, fitting, founded on righteousness, guiding to righteousness. How could I fail to approve a rule of conduct, real, true, fitting, founded on righteousness, guiding to righteousness?"

So, after two or three days, spent, no doubt, in meditating on what he had heard, Pilgrim Potthapada betook him to where the Buddha was, determined to learn and follow in his steps. With him, says the chronicler, went Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants.

Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants, was no new comer. It is related of him, indeed, that he had seven times sought and obtained admission to the Order, and, being invincibly addicted to argument and the splitting of hairs, that he had seven times departed, each time because of some verbal difference. So, when Potthapada sought out the Buddha, his friend Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants, went with him, smuggled in, as it were, under Pilgrim Potthapada's wing. He bowed low to the Buddha, and took a seat in silence.

Then the final touch of humour. Chitta could keep silent only for a certain time. When question and answer between the Buddha and Potthapada had gone a certain length, Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants, was driven by inner compulsion to break into the discussion, and to ask one of his keenly intellectual questions. The Buddha answered him with persuasive graciousness, and forgave him, and Chitta, son of the trainer of elephants, was for the eighth time admitted to the Order, of which he became a humble and worthy member.

FRAGMENTS

WE become aware of the things for which we are looking—the things to which we attach our interest,—and interest is a feeling particularly at the command of imagination and will, as anyone who has experimented with it, ever so little, can testify. If I am walking along a road, I notice that which interests me. If the beauties of Nature—sky and cloud and trees and flowers, I see these. If I be a botanist, I see plants, common or rare varieties as the case may be. If an ornithologist, I hear and see birds; if a geologist, I notice stones and features of soil; if a farmer, I notice crops or possibilities of raising them; and I return from my expedition full of the thoughts and impressions which my particular taste or occupation has enabled me to note. Yet *all* were there.

Thus as I walk through my day, I can as well note the things of the spiritual world, all spread about me, with no veil whatsoever upon them save that of my lack of understanding, appreciation and liking. It is as easy to see the wing of an angel as the wing of a bird, for the rare birds are seldom visible save to the trained eye—the ignorant coming upon one might not tell it from a sparrow.

We become aware of the things which we really try to see, the things we value enough to labour for the seeing, the things of which our minds and hearts are possessed,—whether the cares and pleasures of material life, or the cares and delights of the Eternal—and the choice, and the cultivation of the choice, is in our own hands altogether.

Our good deeds require forgiveness quite as much as our evil ones—indeed may be more, since often they are greater perversions of what was intended. There is comfort in the thought as well as chastening. Since from all that I am I must be delivered, it is upon the deliverance itself, in its completeness, that I must fasten my attention. There is no need for so much laborious distinction, nor for those fine shades of choice, so difficult in the twilight of our inexperience. Using the ladder of grace which the Great Ones who have gone before have constructed as they climbed to Heaven, I, in my turn, may climb from the prison-house of psychic consciousness to the heights upon which they dwell, by mounting, step by step, the rungs rising before me, and refusing the least diversion of interest from the task in hand. The process is simple, both in scheme and in execution, if we take it quietly and steadily, day by day, starting with complete humility and animated by whole-hearted determination. The difficulties are found in the initial stages, before the will is finally set and the heart is given. While a man is a house divided against itself, his portion is conflict and misery.

CAVÉ.

THE HIERARCHICAL PRINCIPLE IN THE PLANT WORLD

It is almost singular that the identification of the Laws of the Spiritual World with the Laws of Nature should so long have escaped recognition. For apart from the probability on a priori grounds, it is involved in the whole structure of Parable. When any two phenomena in the two spheres are seen to be analogous, the parallelism must depend upon the fact that the Laws governing them are not analogous but identical.

DRUMMOND.

AFTER the lapse of many years, Drummond's is still not a name to conjure with. His presentation of the law of analogy, thirty years ago, proved untimely. The book was so quickly appropriated and used as a new weapon of defence for the authority of dogmatic theology, that it became identified with a controversy and was shelved. Nobody really read it.

It may have been that Drummond's contribution was untimely in a wider sense. Until the energies of the Theosophical Movement had broken up old mental moulds, and then, until they had used the first quarter of the twentieth century for constructing new channels of thought and action, perhaps it was impossible for our western minds to follow, for more than a single step, the way pointed out in that old Hermetic maxim, "as above, so below."

Truth has been revealed by God, said the theologians, and we are the only experts who can explain the revelation. Do as we say, or risk the eternal torture of your soul. Truth is being revealed, said the scientists, and we are the only experts who can reveal it. We look down the barrel of a microscope and see truth. We saw some this morning, and we can prove it. Bother your soul: you are nothing but a lump of protoplasm with acquired characteristics. That, of course, is neither a fair nor an accurate statement of the claims on either side; it travesties and burlesques the attitude of the scientists and theologians of that time, and is only a caricature of intolerant narrow-mindedness, and of intolerant materialism: but sometimes a wretched caricature points the way.

If it be true that the ancient law of analogy is a universal law, then we shall expect to find twisted fragments of it in use everywhere, probably under a hundred different names, and considered as separate and unrelated discoveries. It is only during the infancy of an art or of a branch of science, that we can be satisfied with noting likenesses and differences which are only to be explained by some novel theory or hypothesis. Soon or late, the law of our own consciousness demands that we find unity behind laws. For ex-

ample, the phenomena of the rapid passage of the human embryo through the various forms of pre-mammalian life, has been considered an important biological discovery and is designated as the "law of recapitulation." But, unfortunately, the scientists of Haeckel's day could not look up. They knew, instinctively, that the price which must be paid for knowledge of eternal law is obedience to the Eternal, and they did not wish to obey. So they kept on looking down at the material phenomena which they could see, and tried to reason up toward the generalizations which lie behind the phenomena. They perceived the law of analogy as inverted, proceeded to reason "as below, so above," and as one result, we have the current absurdity of man descended from the ape, on the highest scientific authority.

Truly, we are "heirs of the Ages," and our heritage includes not only the splendid efforts of countless men in search of truth—their mistakes as well as their successes—but it must also include all the revelations of the "Ancient Wisdom" which we are able dimly and gropingly to understand. Instead of multiplying new names and diagrams which would tend to show the interplay of blind forces in a mechanistic universe, let us try to find and observe, if we may, the appearance and operation of some universal tendency, in a world where all matter is conscious, and all forces, except man, are obedient to the law above them. Since it is truth that we would trace, we must expect to find it issuing from that marvellous world of causation which we may enter only by way of metaphysics; as we must likewise expect to find it escaping us into the shadows of the mineral world, where only the physics of radioactive substances permits our entrance a little way toward the mysteries.

The idea of a hierarchical principle behind the visible and invisible universe, is a fundamental thought in ancient philosophies which teach that one life, in many grades, extends from God to mineral; that the lesser derives from and is a reflection of the greater, and that its activities run parallel to those of its parent. Furthermore, it is taught that the superior grade does not arise from a mere compounding of the inferior, but is rather an integration of all lesser aspects into a unitary existence of a higher degree. This is a marvellously rich concept to the open-minded biologist, including as it does, not only the fields of developmental morphology, individual as well as racial, but also the province of systematic classification; for it is quite possible that our recognition of animal and vegetable species, genera, families and orders, is in truth but a recognition of the hierarchical gradations of life. The evolution of the plant and animal worlds has been, indeed, dominated by a process through which the lesser has ever been compounded into the higher. Or, since we may be reading the story in the inverse order, we may justly suggest that the drama of organic evolution has been a progressive revelation of the hierarchical principle.

Starting with the swarm of unicellular organisms which constituted the flora and fauna of the ancient sea, science traces a progressive compounding and integration from unicells into organisms composed of simple tissues, from these tissues into organs, from organs into systems, till at last the com-

plex animals and plants which now dominate the earth appear. But with these final forms the integrational principle seems, so far as science can discern, to come to an end. There is no evidence that apple trees are compounding physically with other apple trees to build up a higher organism; neither are human beings progressing toward the physical form of a Proteus many armed and many eyed. Why the apparent halt in the universal scheme? May it be that the halt is, indeed, only apparent, and that elsewhere the process continues in logical sequence? Is individuation necessarily bound up with physical continuity? Are there, perhaps, certain biological phenomena which may suggest that seemingly discrete and independent organisms may, after all, constitute a single being of a superior degree?

With this question in mind let us turn to the field of botany. It is surely not without significance that various Masters of Wisdom have drawn some of their richest symbols of the hierarchical principle from the plant world,—the vine and its branches, the sacred ash tree of Norse mythology, the famous banyan “rooted above and branching downward”—all chosen, it might seem, because plant forms and plant activities exhibit this spiritual law with special vividness.

Let us then examine for a moment a few peculiar phenomena, which have long puzzled the botanist, and see what light we may be able to throw upon our problem.

There is a lowly group of organisms found sometimes in rotting wood or among decaying leaves which the botanist calls slime moulds, though their relation to the true fungi is very slight and their animal attributes are so marked that the zoologist also lays claim to the group. In the active vegetative state the simplest forms consist of myriads of tiny amoeba-like cells, which wander here and there, wholly independent of one another, and pick up food particles by the simple expedient of flowing around them.

But as the substratum in which they are living becomes dryer, these simplest of organisms begin to behave in a peculiar manner. Obeying a mysterious “impulse,” they creep toward a common point where they heap up into a small mound. Slowly the mound rises to a column. Obeying other “impulses,” certain companies cling together, form walls around themselves and build up a slender, resistant stalk. Up this living ladder creep their comrades till they reach the apex of the column where they become transformed into a mass of dust-like spores. Sometimes secondary stalked and whorled spore-masses may push out from the sides of the main axis till the whole definitely individualized structure comes to mimic the fruiting bodies of certain true fungi, of certain green seaweeds, or even the whorled flower or fruit clusters of some flowering plant.

What is the explanation of the mysterious “impulse” that seems to take control of free-living and independent units, and then organizes them into a new individual of a higher degree? In this phenomenon, to what does the word “individual” apply? Is it the separate amoebae that are “individuals,” or is it the organized group—the integrated mass—which deserves the name?

The botanist believes that the second of the alternatives is the more likely; to him the fruiting body is the real individual, and he gives it a Latin name. If that opinion be true, what then shall be said of the ordinary animal amoeba—the “simplest of all animals,” and studied as such by every student of elementary zoölogy? Is it an independent organism, or is it, likewise, a mere unit of an organism whose true body (the swarm which has arisen from a single cell) may be scattered through many cubic feet of water? May individuality be, after all, a purely relative term?

In the sea at Naples, grows a delicate seaweed belonging to the siphonalian algae—plants so-called from the fact that their threads are not divided into visible cellular units (as is the case in most organisms), but consist, instead, of branching tubes lined with protoplasm and containing many nuclei. This type of body is obviously ill-adapted for an upright position; indeed the siphon-algae represent a point at which nature failed in her efforts to construct successful plant forms. It is interesting, however, to note that a compensatory adjustment is made of that architectural deficiency, for the alga in question, when very young, creeps along the sea bottom, and sends up branching threads, only a few inches high. Then, as it grows older, a mysterious “impulse” weaves together the separate threads into a slender rope which flares out above into a fan-like expansion. “In union there is strength,” and this small, tough, firmly plaited cable is able to resist the onslaught of the waves. In more advanced members of the group, the intimacy of the union is further enhanced by odd, grappling devices whereby the individual members are enabled to join their fingers together.

In these algae, then, even as in the slime fungi, separate units are drawn together by a mysterious “impulse” to form an organism of greater complexity and solidarity.

One more example, taken from the last act of the drama of plant life, will show that the same principle is being applied most curiously to the evolution of the flower. Huxley called the flower the primer of the morphologist. Nature has lavished all her arts on it, and, to the evolutionist, it represents the marvellous perfected workmanship of millions of years of experiment. All through the division of flowering plants the hierarchical principle is at work, though it has reached its most extreme expression in the families of the spurges and the composites. The latter is the dominant family of seed plants; it embraces the asters, goldenrods, sunflowers, etc., and is estimated to include 13,000 species of plants. It rides the crest of the advancing wave of evolution. The name, “composite,” itself suggests the significant character of the family; all the members possess a composite head or “compound flower”—in other words the so-called flower is really a society made up of many tiny flowers. These are commonly differentiated into central disc florets which carry on the essential work of reproduction, and a circlet of marginal ray-florets brilliantly coloured for display and insect attraction; last of all an aggregation of leaves forms a protective cup around the whole organization. The mimicry of a simple flower is most odd; the disc florets corre-

spond in position and function to pistils and stamens; the ray-florets likewise simulate petals, while the green cup resembles a true calyx. This floral society—this metaphysical marvel—as though impatient with any static condition, has not rested with the formation of a simple head; it is once more on the road to higher attainments. In the globe thistle, for example, the apparent simple heads enclose secondary heads which in their turn protect the small florets. We are quite justified in describing it as a flower of the third degree.

It is of interest to note that the compounding process is often accompanied by considerable differentiation among the individual florets themselves. Some produce pollen, some bear seed, some attract insects through colour display. This is an example of that biological principle of "division of labour" which generally accompanies colonial life. It makes unnecessary certain parts, which, while useful to the simple, free-living flower, have become superfluous and impeding to the aggregation now working together as a group. The archaic, protective calyx is quite discarded or is converted into a mechanism for seed dispersal, and even the corolla is undergoing reduction. The individual florets, in many cases, are so highly modified, that, separated from the higher unity, they would be valueless to the plant. As parts of the whole association, however, they make their contribution to the harmony. The outcome of this process of elimination and specialization must be to reduce the flowers to their essential reproductive devices. When this shall have been realized, there will result an amazing resemblance to the simplest of single flowers such as the buttercup.

In passing it may be noted that this peculiar curve in the evolution of plant and animal groups has impressed many students of fossil plants and animals. Through a process of slow secular differentiation, the highest member of a group is brought to simulate the lowest, though it may be separated from it by ages of time. Yet the last member, though similar, is never a replica of the first; it integrates all its history into a new body. The curve is not a circle—it is a spiral rather. A parallel to this phylogenetic curve is seen in the life history of an individual organism and is implied in the familiar term, "second childhood."

From these three examples—the slime-mould, the alga, the daisy—examples which might be multiplied almost indefinitely—we have come to see that the hierarchical principle is very evident in the plant world and that it is not necessarily expressed at all times in the physical form. The slime-mould, we believe, is just as truly an organism before the union of its amoeboid cells as afterwards; the unity of the algal filaments preëxisted before its phenomenal appearance; the florets of the composite head, though individual and separate from one another, are dominated by an ideal. Are spatial relations, then, but a *maya* concealing the real nature of an individual? What is a species, a genus, or a family of plants and animals? What is the "spirit of the hive" which subordinates instinctual bees and ants to the good of the group? What is a flock of birds, a school of fish, a herd of deer? What is The Theosophical Society?

Perhaps the foregoing examples show us that what for biology is a mystery, only concealed by the doubtful expedient of technical terminology, begins to take on significance and import in the light of simple metaphysical principles. To be sure the orthodox biologist will regard this interpretation as a recrudescence of the "sterile speculations of the Neo-Platonists and Nature Philosophers." He will accuse us of an attempt to substitute for gravitation, the idea of angels who trundle the planetary hoops through space. Well, metaphysics has learned something in several hundred years, and perhaps in several hundred more science may do the same—science which despises metaphysics and yet is forced to use metaphysics in defining its fundamental "reals"—matter and energy.

Some of the analogies here brought forward may be strained or even false, for this article is nothing more than an effort to voice the conviction that there is a way of redemption for science, now fast degenerating into a wearisome analysis of phenomena. It is time that we tried to open the biological realm to traffic in another direction. The way of mechanism has turned out to be a dusty path and we shall not mourn overmuch if it be closed up and labelled: Not a biological thoroughfare—Dangerous.

R. E. TORREY.

Do those things that will not injure you; and calculate before the act, nor receive sleep upon your softened eyes before you have thrice gone over each act of the day—What have I passed by? What have I done? What necessary act has not been done by me? And beginning from the first, go through them. And then, if you have acted improperly, reproach yourself; but if properly, be glad.

—PYTHAGORAS.

FIFTY YEARS

THE Theosophical Society celebrated its fiftieth anniversary at its Convention last April—well in advance, some might say. But wise with its accumulating years and their experiences, the Society knew then that we should pass the actual date, because, in fact, the period represented by the date already had been passed, so invariably does true success surmount and then accelerate time. Ahead of her generation always, being of the substance of Eternal things, she now has outstripped her own calendar by seven months,—an auspicious number for those who reckon in occult figures.

Deeply, deeply we rejoice; we, who in this seemingly frail bark staked our all, and weathered the heavy storms, the mutinies, the hourly danger of shipwreck—from rocks ahead, from submerging seas—worst of all, from traitors in our company. But bravely and staunchly, thanks to good pilots and the guiding stars, our ship has steadily advanced, true to her course, these fifty years. Deeply, deeply, do we rejoice, and with thankful hearts.

You will all remember, Fellows of the Society, in spite of this rejoicing, how stern and solemn was the note our last Convention struck, how clearly and with what emphasis our responsibility was expressed, and the need for further and greater effort. In these intervening seven months, please heaven, the resolutions and aspirations that ennobled and inspired us then, have quickened and matured, so that light and strength and vision may be ours, and courage, to meet the years that lie ahead. We shall need them all.

Let us not think the worst is over. If worst there ever be, that worst is yet to come.

In these seven months, it is to be hoped, we have tightened our armour, and looked to our equipment, and kept our weapons bright and ready. For to live we must advance. No use to say: Maintain our position. That spells ignominious defeat—dying of dry-rot without striking a blow. Die, if you must, “fighting, fighting, fighting, driven against the wall,”—never of dry-rot!

But there is no need to die—remember that. In this conflict we die if we are overcome; but if we are the stronger we cannot be overcome—so be we continue fighting. There lies the crux of the matter. For the fact is, that while we really are fighting, we always are the stronger, since the powers of the White Lodge are on our side, and though our strength be little, their strength through us can be much, if we consent to the strain of it. But, O depth of ignominy, we grow “tired,” we whine because we have no rest, because it is so hard, because there is no end to it—because, because,—an endless stream of them. Or, trifling and shallow, we forget. How much “fight” is there in a man in that condition!

There is something you can do, however, even at this low stage,—you can take that wretched coward by the throat and you can choke him. Hold him, hold him,—however much he struggle, however piteously he cry, hold him, and tighten your hold until he is limp in your hand. Then, as the blackness about you lifts, you can return where the guns are roaring, and take your proper place again in the front line with your comrades. Dear place, the only dear one on earth, since it is the place the Master has assigned, and the danger he honours you by permitting you to share with him.

Facts we must face, and the bald fact is that every time we identify ourselves with our lower natures, in big or in little, we have gone over to the enemy; and the fate of the Theosophical Movement, of the Cause of the Masters of the Great Lodge, depends day by day and hour by hour, on our success or failure, on our ability to maintain "right self-identification" and to fight, open-eyed, courageous, without intermission, or desire for intermission. That spirit and that accomplishment it is which has brought us this far. That spirit and that accomplishment alone can take us one step farther.

Let us look forward a bit: what do we see? A wedge of Light, advancing slowly in the darkness, making the darkness visible. Conspicuous from every angle, each break, each waver, each irregularity distinctly seen; the watching, malignant enemy hidden and aware. Of that wedge we are a part. As it advances it grows narrower may be, drawn out because of lack of substance; the sides thin, easily broken; easily cut off from the rear. Yet One who stands at the point of the wedge does not pause. Ah! there are those about him who will fight for him to the last; but when you think of the peril is not your heart in your mouth, and is not your soul on fire to be close to him, that glorious Leader and Warrior, and if death it be, to die by his side!

These are pictures to keep in our minds, thoughts to dwell with as we go about our days, enveloped as they are in glamour and distracted by the pitch of life in Kali Yug. For these are *realities*, not the appearances upon which men usually gaze. When we contemplate them the veil has lifted somewhat, and we have become aware, if only for a moment, of what is really happening. We are seeing life in this world as it really is.

Why not so see it always? Why not give full rein to the feeling surging over us, why not live with and for Eternal things, yea, even in the streets of New York, keeping inviolate the citadel of our hearts, keeping pure and unfaded the vision of Truth. Then we cannot fail, we cannot be lost in the dust and hurry of our age and of material things. No, we shall use even them, as was intended, for means to our immortal ends, in service of the Lodge and of our Master, transmuting mud and vapour into divine agencies. Is not this the miracle of Theosophy, this turning of the lower to the higher, this transfiguration of the mortal into the Immortal? Do it in your own natures, O my friends, my comrades, and you will have gone far to do it for the whole world. So shall that wedge of Light advance, advance, into the darkness about it, until at last there shall be no darkness left,—the Day of the Great White Peace and of the Lord's Kingdom will have come.

Yet there is a word even for the weakest and least. You who feel that your knees sink under you, that your very heart turns livid—yes, there is a word even for you. Better that your name should be enrolled on the golden roll of the fallen, who at least volunteered; better to have tried and failed in a glorious Cause, than to remain as the beasts that perish—better far. And perhaps,—perhaps even for such as you it may not be failure; perhaps on your weak and useless body another may climb to success, who but for your example in trying might never have tried at all.

K.

Professing to be nothing new, claiming, indeed, an antiquity and universality far beyond the uttermost bounds of human history, Theosophy embraces every department of thought and knowledge, physical, psychic, mental and spiritual, and constitutes in itself a complete philosophy on all planes of existence. It is, in fact, the ancient Wisdom-Religion which has existed from the remotest antiquity and contains in its secret archives the history of mankind and the origin and structure of the universe. Teaching that the Divine Spirit is all and in all, that nothing is eternal save spirit, that all else is passing manifestation, transitory, impermanent and illusory, it holds forth a destiny to man the grandest and most ennobling that can be conceived.

Animated by a spark from the Divine, it is alike man's duty and his privilege to fan this spark to a glow, the glow to warmth, warmth to flame and flame to a consuming fire that burning within him shall utterly purge his complex constitution of every element that is gross and material, until finally, after, it may be, long æons of development, pure spirituality shall become his heritage, at-one-ness with the Divine his reward.

What scheme of destiny can surpass the splendour of this, what utmost aspiration or potency of bliss be unfulfilled? Self must be conquered. The way is long, the path thorny, trials and temptations will assail, the foot will be bruised, the heart will faller, courage yield, fortitude fail; again and again, mayhap, the difficult ascent must be retrodden and the weary steps be driven forward by sheer force of will; but the goal is secure, and though the successive heights tower rank on rank beyond each other there is the sustaining glory of conquering endeavour, and the end is immortality, omniscience and eternal participation in the Divine existence.—WILLIAM LUDLOW (1891).

LETTERS OF H. P. B. TO DR. FRANZ HARTMANN

1885-1886

I

OSTEND,
December 5th.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

You must really forgive me for my seeming neglect, of you, my old friend. I give my word of honour, I am worried to death with work. Whenever I sit to write a letter all my ideas are scattered, and I cannot go on with the S. D. that day. But your letter (the last) is so interesting that I must answer it as asked. You will do an excellent thing to send to the *Theosophist* this experiment of yours. It has an enormous importance in view of Hodgson's lies and charges, and I am happy you got such an independent corroboration; astral light, at any rate, cannot lie for my benefit.¹ I will only speak of No. 4 as the correctness about the three other letters you know yourself.

This looks like the private temple of the Teschu Lama near Tchigadze—made of the Madras cement-like material; it does shine like marble and is called the snowy “Shakang” (temple)—as far as I remember. It has no “sun or cross” on the top, but a kind of algiorna dagoba, triangular, on three pillars, with a dragon of gold and a globe. But the dragon has a swastica on it and this may have appeared a “cross.” I don't remember any “gravel walk”—nor is there one, but it stands on an elevation (artificial) and a stone path leading to it, and it has steps—how many I do not remember (I was never allowed inside); saw from the outside, and the interior was described to me. The floors of nearly all Buddha's (Songyas) temples are made of a yellow polished stone, found in those mountains of Oural and in northern Tibet toward Russian territory. I do not know the name, but it looks like yellow marble. The “gentleman” in white may be Master, and the “bald-headed” gentleman I take to be some old shaven-headed priest. The cloak is black or very dark generally—(I brought one to Olcott from Darjeeling but where the silver buckles and the knee-breeches come from I am at a loss).² They

¹ This refers to the clairvoyant (psychometric) examination of an occult letter which was printed, together with the picture, in the *Theosophist* of 1886. The psychometer was a German peasant woman, entirely uninformed in regard to such things; but gave as it appears a correct description of a Buddhist temple in Tibet, with its surroundings and the inscriptions within; also of the lamas or priests and of the Master, and also of some people working in the neighbourhood of the temple. The picture could not have been read from my own mind, as I have never seen such a temple, or if I have been there in the spirit, that visit has left no trace in my personal memory.—FRANZ HARTMANN.

² The explanation of seeing the gentleman in knee-breeches may be that I was just then very much occupied with the spirit of the well-known occultist, Carl von Eckartshausen.—F. H.

wear, as you know, long boots—up high on the calves, made of felt and embroidered often with silver—like that devil of a Babajee had. Perhaps it is a freak of astral vision mixed with a flash of memory (by association of ideas) about some picture she saw previously. In those temples there are always movable “pictures,” on which various geometrical and mathematical problems are placed for the disciples who study astrology and symbology. The “vase” must be one of many Chinese queer vases about in temples, for various objects. In the corners of the temples there are numerous statues of various deities (Dhyanis). The roofs are always (almost always) supported by rows of wooden pillars dividing the roof into three parallelograms, and the mirror “Melong” of burnished steel (round like a sun) is often placed on the top of the Kiosque on the roof. I myself took it once for the sun. Also on the cupolas of the (dagoba) there is sometimes a graduated pinnacle, and over it a disk of gold placed vertically, and a pear-shaped point and often a crescent supporting a globe and swastika upon it. Ask her whether it is this she saw, Omt ram ah hri hum, which figures are roughly drawn sometimes on the Melong “mirrors”—(a disk of brass) against evil spirits—for the mob. Or perhaps what she saw was a row of slips of wood (little cubes), on which such things are seen: If so, then I will know what she saw. “Pine woods” all around such temples, the latter built expressly where there are such woods, and wild prickly pear, and trees with Chinese fruit on that the priests use for making inks. A lake is there, surely, and mountains plenty—if where Master is; if near Tchigadze—only little hillocks. The statues of Meilha Gualpo, the androgyne Lord of the Salamanders or the Genii of Air, look like this “sphinx”; but her lower body is lost in clouds, not fish, and she is not beautiful, only symbolical. Fisherwomen do use soles alone, like the sandals, and they all wear fur caps. That’s all; will this do? But do write it out.

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

II

WÜRTZBURG,
December (), 1885.

MY DEAR CONSPIRATOR³:—

Glad to receive from your letter such an emanation of true holiness. I too wanted to write you; tried several times and failed. Now I can. The dear Countess Wachtmeister is with me, and copies for me, and does what she can in helping, and the first five minutes I have of freedom I utilize them by answering your letter. Now, as you know, I also am occupied with my book. It took possession of me (the epidemic of writing) and crept on “with the silent influence of the itch,” as Olcott elegantly expresses it—until it

³ H. P. B. used to call me in fun her “conspirator” or “confederate,” because the stupidity of certain persons went so far as to accuse me of having entered into a league with her for the purpose of cheating myself.—F. H.

reached the fingers of my right hand, got possession of my brain—carried me completely into the region of the occult.⁴ I have written in a fortnight more than 200 pages (of the *Isis* shape and size). I write day and night, and sure that my *Secret Doctrine* shall be finished this—no, no, not *this*—year, but the next. I have refused your help, I have refused Sinnett's help and that of everyone else. I did not feel like writing—now I do. I am permitted to give out for each chapter a page out of the Book of Dzyan—the oldest document in the world, of that I am sure—and to comment upon and explain its symbology. I think really it shall be worth something, and hardly here and there a few lines of dry facts from *Isis*. It is a completely new work.

My "satellite,"⁵ I do not need him. He is plunged to his neck in the fascinations of Elberfeld, and is flirting in the regular style with the Geblard family. They are dear people and are very kind to him. The "darling Mrs. ———" has shown herself a brick—unless done to attract attention and as a *coup d'état* in the bonnet business. But I shall not slander on mere speculation; I do think she has acted courageously and honourably; I send you the *Pall Mall* to read and to return if you please; take care of the paper—

To have never existed, good friend, is assuredly better. But once we do exist we must not do as the Servian soldiers did before the invincible Bulgarians or our bad Karma, we must not desert the post of honour entrusted to us. A room may be always had at Würzburg; but shall you find yourself contented for a long time with it? Now the Countess is with me, and I could not offer you anything like a bed, since we two occupy the bedroom; but even if you were here, do you think you would not go fidgeting again over your fate? Ah, do keep quiet and wait—and try to *feel* once in your life—and then do not come at night, as you did two nights ago, to frighten the Countess out of her wits. Now you did materialize very neatly this time, you did.⁶ Quite so.

Yours in the great fear of the year 1886—nasty number.

H. P. B.

III

(No Date.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

Two words in answer to what the Countess told me. I do myself harm, you say, "in telling everyone that Damodar is in Tibet, when he is only at Benares." You are mistaken. He left Benares toward the middle of May, (ask in Adyar; I cannot say for certain whether it was in May or April) and went off, as everybody knows, to Darjeeling, and thence to the frontier *via* Sikkim. Our Darjeeling Fellows accompanied him a good way. He wrote

⁴ This was in answer to a letter in which I complained of the irresistible impulse that caused me to write books, very much against my inclination, as I would have preferred to devote more time, to "self-development."—F. H.

⁵ Babajee.—F. H.

⁶ I know nothing about it.—F. H.

a last word from there to the office bidding good-bye and saying: "If I am not back by July 21st you may count me as dead." He did not come back, and Olcott was in great grief and wrote to me about two months ago, to ask me whether I knew anything. News had come by some Tibetan pedlars in Darjeeling that a young man of that description, with very long flowing hair, had been found frozen in the (forget the name) pass, stark dead, with twelve rupees in his pockets and his things and hat a few yards off. Olcott was in despair, but Maji told him (and he, D., lived with Maji for some time at Benares), that he was not dead,—she knew it through pilgrims who had returned, though Olcott supposes—which may be also—that she knew it clairvoyantly. Well I know that he is alive, and am almost certain that he is in Tibet—as I am certain also that he will not come back—not for years, at any rate. Who told you he was at Benares? We want him sorely now to refute all Hodgson's guesses and inferences that I simply call lies, as much as my "spy" business and forging—the blackguard: now mind, I do not give myself out as infallible in this case. But I do know that he told me before going away—and at that moment he would not have said a fib, when he wept like a Magdalen. He said, "I go for your sake. If the Maha Chohan is satisfied with my services and my devotion, He may permit me to vindicate you by proving that Masters *do* exist. If I fail no one shall ever see me for years to come, but I will send messages. But I am determined in the meanwhile to make people give up searching for me. I want them to believe I am dead."

This is why I think he must have arranged some trick to spread reports of his death by freezing.

But if the poor boy had indeed met with such an accident—why I think I would commit suicide; for it is out of pure devotion for me that he went.⁷ I would never forgive myself for this, for letting him go. That's the truth and only the truth. Don't be harsh, Doctor—forgive him his faults and mistakes, willing and unwilling.

The poor boy, whether dead or alive, has no happy times now, since he is on probation and this is terrible. I wish you would write to someone at Calcutta to enquire from Darjeeling whether it is so or not. Sinnett will write to you, I think. I wish you would.

Yours ever gratefully,

H. P. B.

IV

(No Date.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

I read your part two—and I found it excellent, except two or three words you ought to change if you care for truth, and not to let people think you

⁷ The fact is that Damodar was never asked to go to Tibet, but begged to be permitted to go there, and at last went with the permission of H. P. B., on which occasion I accompanied him to the steamer.—F. H.

have some animus yet against Olcott.⁸ Such as at the end "Presidential orders" and too much assurance about "fictions," nor are Masters (as living men) any more a fiction than you and I. But this will do. Thus, I have nothing whatever against your theory, though you do make of me a sort of a tricking medium.

But this does not matter, since I wrote to Dr. S. H. and will write to all—"Mme. Blavatsky of the T. S. is dead." I belong no longer to the European Society, nor do I regret it. You as a psychologist and a man of acute perception, must know that there are situations in this life, when mental agony, despair, disgust, outraged pride, and honour, and suffering, become so intense that there are but two possible results—either death from a broken heart, or ice-cold indifference and callousness. Being made to live for purposes I do not know myself—I have arrived at the latter state. The basest ingratitude from one I have loved as my own son, one whom I have shielded and protected from harm, whom I have glorified at the expense of truth and my own dignity, has thrown upon me that straw which breaks the camel's back.⁹ It is broken for the T. S. and for ever. For two or three true friends that remain I will write the S. D. and then depart for some quiet corner to die there. You have come to the conviction that the "Masters" are "planetary spirits"—that's good; remain in that conviction.

I wish I could hallucinate myself to the same degree. I would feel happier, and throw off from the heart the heavy load, that I have desecrated their names and Occultism by giving out its mysteries and secrets to those unworthy of either. If I could see you for a few hours, if I could talk to you; I may open your eyes, perhaps, to some truths you have never suspected. I could show you who it was (and give you proofs), who set Olcott against you, who ruined your reputation, and aroused the Hindu Fellows against you, who made me hate and despise you, till the voice of one who is the voice of God to me pronounced those words that made me change my opinion.¹⁰

I could discover and unveil to you secrets for your future safety and guidance. But I must see you personally for all this and you have to see the Countess. Otherwise I cannot write. If you can come here, even for a few hours, to say good-bye to me and hear a strange tale, that will prove of benefit to many a Fellow in the future as to yourself, do so. If you cannot, I ask you on your honour to keep this private and confidential.

Ah, Doctor, Karma is a fearful thing; and the more one lives in his inner life, outside this world and in regions of pure spirituality and psychology, the less he knows human hearts. I proclaim myself in the face of all—the biggest, the most miserable, the stupidest and dullest of all women on the face of the earth. I have been true to all. I have tried to do good to all. I have sacrificed myself for all and a whole nation,—and I am and feel as though

⁸ This refers to my *Report of Observation at the Headquarters at Adyar*.—F. H.

⁹ Babajee, whose Brahmanical conceit caused him to turn against H. P. B. when he became convinced that he could not make her a tool for the propaganda of his creed.—F. H.

¹⁰ This explains the letter printed in the notorious book of V. S. Solovyoff, page 124. The intrigue was acted by Babajee, who, while professing great friendship for me, acted as a traitor and spy.—F. H.

caught in a circle of flaming coals, surrounded on all sides like an unfortunate fly with torn-off wings—by treachery, hatred, malice, cruelty, lies; by all the iniquities of human nature, and I can see wherever I turn—but one thing—a big, stupid, trusting fool—"H. P. B."—surrounded by a thick crowd circling her¹¹ of traitors, fiends, and tigers in human shape.

Good-bye if I do not see you, for I will write no more. Thanks for what you have done for me. Thanks, and may you and your dear, kind sister be happy.

Yours,

H. P. B.

V

(No Date.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

Every word of your letter shows to me that you are on the right path, and I am mighty glad of it for you. Still, one may be on the right way, and allow his past-self to bring up too forcibly to him the echoes of the past and a little dying-out prejudice to distort them. When one arrives at knowing himself, he must know others also, which becomes easier. You have made great progress in the former direction; yet, since you cannot help misjudging others a little by the light of old prejudices, I say you have more work to do in this direction. All is not and never was bad at Adyar. The intentions were all good, and that's why, perhaps, they have led Olcott and others direct to fall, as they had no discrimination. The fault is not theirs, but of circumstances and individual karmas.

The first two pages of your letter only repeat that, word for word, which I taught Olcott and Judge and others in America. This is the right occultism. Arrived at Bombay, we had to drop Western and take to Eastern Rosicrucianism. It turned (out) a failure for the Europeans, as the Western turned (out) a failure for the Hindus. This is the secret, and the very root of the failure. But, having mixed up the elements in the so-desired Brotherhood—that could not be helped. Please do not misunderstand me. Occultism is one and universal at its root. Its external modes differ only. I certainly did not want to disturb you to come here only to hear disagreeable things, but (I) do try: (a) to make you see things in their true light, which could only benefit you; and (b) to show you things written in the *Secret Doctrine* which would prove to you that that which you have lately learned in old Rosicrucian works, I knew years ago, and now have embodied them. Cross and such symbols are world-old. Every symbol must yield three fundamental truths and four implied ones, otherwise the symbol is false. You gave me only one, but so far it is a very correct one. In Adyar you have learned many of such implied

¹¹ The crowd alluded to is the same Brahmano-Jesuitical army which has now ensnared certain well-meaning but short-sighted "leaders" of the European Section T. S.—F. H.

truths, because you were not ready; now you may have the rest through self-effort. But don't be ungrateful, whatever you do. Do not feel squeamish and spit on the path—however unclean in some of its corners—that leads you to the Adytum at the threshold of which you now stand. Had it not been for Adyar and its trials you never would have been where you are now, but in America married to some new wife who would have knocked the last spark of mysticism out of your head, or confirmed you in your spiritualism, or what is worse, one of you would have murdered the other. When you find another man who, like poor Olcott, will love and admire you as he did—sincerely and honestly—take him, I say, to your bosom and try to correct his faults by kindness, not by venomous satire and chaff. We have all erred, and we have all been punished, and now we have learned better. I never gave myself out for a full-blown occultist, but only for a student of Occultism for the last thirty-five or forty years. Yet I am enough of an occultist to know that before we find the Master within our own hearts and seventh principle—we need an outside Master. As the Chinese Alchemist says, speaking of the necessity of a living teacher: "Every one seeks long life (spiritual), but the secret is not easy to find. If you covet the precious things of Heaven you must reject the treasures of the earth. You must kindle the fire that springs from the water and evolve the Om contained within the Tong; one word from a wise Master and you possess a draught of the golden water."

I got my drop from my Master (the living one); you, because you went to Adyar. He is a saviour, he who leads you to finding the Master within yourself. It is ten years already that I preach the inner Master and God and never represented our Masters as saviours in the Christian sense. Nor has Olcott, gushing as he is. I did think for one moment that you had got into the epidemic of a "Heavenly Master and Father God," and glad I am to find my mistake. This was only natural. You are just one of those with whom such surprises may be expected at any moment. Commit one mistake, and turn for one moment out of the right path you are now pursuing, and you will land in the arms of the Pope. Olcott does not preach what you say, Doctor. He teaches the Hindus to rely upon themselves,¹² and that there is no Saviour save their own Karma. I want you to be just and impartial; otherwise you will not progress. Well, if you do not come and have a talk—I will feel sorry, for I will never see you again. If you do, the Countess and I will welcome you.

Yours ever truly,

H. P. B.

¹² The reputed "Postscript" in No. 7, Vol. XVI, of the *Theosophist*, goes to show that in this case H. P. B. was wrong.—F. H.

(To be continued)

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART V. SECTIONS 3-10

A KING-INITIATE

FOR several reasons, the story of King Pravahana Jaivali is one of the most interesting single passages in the Upanishads. To begin with one of the lesser reasons, it is contained in each of the two greatest Upanishads, with significant variants, of which we shall have something to say. Now it happens that, of these two great Upanishads, the *Chhandogya* is traditionally affiliated with the *Sama Veda*, while the *Brihad Aranyaka* is in the same way associated with the *White Yajur Veda*. But the simple truth is that the version in the *Chhandogya* has nothing in the world to do with the *Sama Veda*, just as the version in the *Brihad Aranyaka* has no real relation whatever to the *Yajur Veda*. Nor have the divergences between the two versions any possible connection with the relation of these two Vedas to each other. The same tradition links the *Katha Upanishad* to the *Yajur Veda* and the *Prashna Upanishad* to the *Atharva Veda*, while the *Aitareya Upanishad* is assigned to the *Rig Veda*.

There would seem to be excellent reasons for regarding this whole process of affiliating the great Upanishads with one or another Veda as so much fiction, albeit fairly ancient fiction. And this antique fancy has given birth to another, which one finds repeated again and again in the writings of Western Orientalists: the supposition, namely, that the Upanishads represent the intellectual speculations of the Brahmans, of the various schools which handed down the verses of the Vedas, and commented on them. There is convincing evidence of two things which bear directly on this view, in the story of King Pravahana. First, it is made absolutely clear that the most essential part of the Upanishad teaching, as set forth in this story, did not belong to the Brahmans, nor did it originate with them. Second, it is made equally clear that this central essence is in no wise the result of intellectual speculation. A wholly different origin is assigned to it.

This central essence is, in fact, the substance of the Greater Mysteries, imparted to the tried and tested candidate during Initiation. The essential teaching of the Mysteries may be divided into two parts, which are really inseparable: the teaching of Reincarnation and the teaching of Liberation. As revealed in Initiation, in the complete cycle of Initiations, this twofold teaching presents the entire spiritual structure and substance of the Universe. The teaching of Reincarnation discloses the infinitely varying destinies of the vast majority of mankind, and every phase of operation of the law of Karma. The teaching of Liberation, as practically and immediately

experienced in the cycle of Initiations, carries the candidate upward through stage after stage of the ascending spiritual spheres. As the Disciple becomes the Adept, as the Adept becomes the Mahatma, the Buddha, the Dhyan Chohan, he will see and experience face to face every reality and power in the whole spiritual Universe, up to, and including, the Eternal Mystery.

This whole cycle is indicated in the story of King Pravahana, in a symbolic form which is at no point difficult to penetrate, if we use the clues to be found scattered through the Upanishads. The symbols belong to what has been called the Mystery Language. They appear to be exactly the same as those which are used, let us say, in the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, and in the earlier and more mystical chapters of the *Popol Vuh*, which is almost the only accessible record of the ancient Occult Schools of Guatemala and Central America. It may be suggested, in passing, that a part of the substance of the *Popol Vuh* is so ancient that it contains memories of the spiritual history and powers of the Third Race, and also of the sinking of Atlantis.

With this preface, we may come to the story of King Pravahana, as it is told in the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, adding more detailed comment at the end.

KING PRAVAHANA JAIVALI

Shvetaketu, verily, grandson of Aruni, went to the assembly of the Panchalas. Him Pravahana, son of Jivala, addressed:

"Youth, has thy father instructed thee in the teaching handed down?"

"He has instructed me, Sire."

"Knowest thou how these beings, going forth at death, go upward?"

"No, Sire."

"Knowest thou how they return hither again?"

"No, Sire."

"Knowest thou the parting of the two ways, Path of the Gods and Path of the Fathers?"

"No, Sire."

"Knowest thou how that world is not filled to overflowing?"

"No, Sire."

"Knowest thou how, at the fifth offering, the Waters arise and speak with human voice?"

"No, Sire."

"How, then, didst thou say that thou hast been instructed? For how could he, who knew not these things, say he had been instructed?"

He, verily, put to confusion, went to his father's dwelling, and said to him:

"Without having instructed me, verily, thou saidst, Sire, 'I have instructed thee.' The Rajanya has asked me five questions. I was not able to set forth one of them."

He said:

"As thou hast told them to me, I do not know even one of them. If I had known them, how should I not have told them to thee?"

So Gautama went to the King's dwelling. When he had come thither, the King had due honour shown to him. On the morrow, he went up to the assembly. To him the King said:

"Of the wealth of men, honoured Gautama, thou mayest choose a wish."

He said:

"Thine, verily, O King, be the wealth of men! But that word which thou saidst in the presence of the youth, declare that to me!"

This was difficult for him. He commanded him:

"Abide thou here a certain time."

He said to him:

"As thou hast said to me, Gautama, as this Wisdom never previously, before thee, goes to the Brahmans, because of this, therefore, among all peoples it has been the rule of the Kshattriya."

Then he said to him:

"That world, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; of it, the son of Aditi is the fuel; his rays are the enveloping smoke; day is the flame; the moon, the embers; the lunar mansions among the stars are the sparks. In it, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer Faith; from it, thus offered, the Lunar Lord comes to birth.

"The Rain-lord, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; of it, the Wind-lord is the fuel; cloud is the enveloping smoke; lightning is the flame; the thunder-bolt, the embers; the thunders, the sparks. In it, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer the Lunar Lord; from the Lunar Lord, thus offered, rain comes to birth.

"The Earth-Power, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; of it, the circling year is the fuel; the radiant ether is the enveloping smoke; night is the flame; the directions of space, the embers; the intermediate directions, the sparks. In it, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer the rain; from it, thus offered, food comes to birth.

"Man, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; of him, the perceptive and active powers are the fuel, the enveloping smoke, the flame, the embers, the sparks. In him, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer food; from it, thus offered, the power of generation comes to birth.

"Woman, verily, Gautama, is a sacrificial fire; in her, the formative powers are the fuel, the smoke, the flame, the embers, the sparks. In her, in this sacrificial fire, the Bright Powers offer the power of generation; from it, thus offered, the embryo comes to birth. Thus, verily, at the fifth offering, the Waters arise and speak with human voice.

"After he has lain within for ten lunar months, or for however long it be, as the embryo covered by the chorion, he comes to birth. Having been born, he lives his full life span. When he has gone forth from the body at the appointed time, the fires, verily, take him whence he has come, whence he came to birth.

"Then those who truly know, and they who, in the forest, worship, saying, 'Faith, fervour,' they, verily, come to birth to the flame, from the flame to

the day, from the day to the fortnight of increasing moonlight, from the fortnight of increasing moonlight to the six months when the sun goes northward, from these months to the circling year, from the circling year to the son of Aditi, from the son of Aditi to the moon, from the moon to the lighting; there is a Spiritual Man, not of the sons of men; he causes them to enter into the Eternal. This is the path, the Way of the Gods.

"But they who, in the dwellings, worship, saying, 'Sacrificial rites, purification, giving of gifts,' they, verily, come to birth to the smoke, from the smoke to the night, from the night to the waning fortnight, from the waning fortnight to the six months when the sun goes southward, the months which do not attain the circling year; from these months to the realm of the Fathers, from the realm of the Fathers to the shining ether, from the shining ether to the moon; there is the Lunar Lord. That is the food of the Bright Powers; him, the Bright Powers consume.

"Having dwelt there so long as the accumulation lasts, they return again by the same road to the shining ether, from the shining ether to the wind; having become wind, he becomes smoke; having become smoke, he becomes mist; having become mist, he becomes rain-cloud; having become rain-cloud, he descends as rain; then in this world as rice or barley, herbs or trees, sesame or beans; thence, verily, it is difficult to come forth; when one eats this food and turns it into vital power, he comes to birth again.

"Then they whose conduct here is righteous, the prospect for them is that they will enter a righteous birth, birth as a Brahman, a Kshatriya, a Vaishya; but they whose conduct is foul, the prospect for them is that they will enter a foul birth, birth as a dog, as a pig, as an outcast.

"But they who go by neither of these paths, are these mean beings continually returning, 'Be born, die!' as they say; this is a third station. Therefore that world is not filled to overflowing. Therefore let him seek to guard himself from that. There is this verse:

"He who steals gold, he who drinks intoxicating liquor, he who dishonours his teacher, he who slays a knower of the Eternal, these four fall, and, fifth, he who associates with them.

"But he who knows these Five Fires, even though associating with these, is not stained by evil; clean, purified, possessing a holy world is he who knows thus, who knows thus."

COMMENTARY

There are obscurities, and probably both omissions and interpolations in the text, but its general meaning is clear. Let us try to shed some further light on it by comparing with it the parallel version in the Sixth Part of the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad*.

There are certain minor differences in the wording of the questions which King Pravahana addresses to the youth Shvetaketu; when the youth had failed to answer them, the King invited him to remain, with an implied promise to

instruct him, but the youth, disregarding the invitation, ran away to his father. Again, when his father, who is called in both versions Gautama, son of Aruna, had confessed that he also could answer none of the questions, he suggested that he and his son should go together to King Pravahana, to become his disciples. The youth answered, "Go thyself, Sire!" So the father, with the humility that his son so completely lacked, came alone to the court of King Pravahana.

The King welcomed him, bade him be seated, and had water brought for him. Then, it would seem, Gautama gave a gift to the King; though the text is not certain, and the pronouns are not quite clear. However this may be, the King said:

"To the honourable Gautama we give a wish."

Then he said:

"The wish is promised to me! The word which thou saidst in the presence of the youth, declare that to me!"

He said:

"Among divine wishes is this, Gautama. Therefore ask a wish of human wishes."

He said:

"It is known; there is store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slaves, of tapestries and robes. Be not niggardly toward me, Sire, in that which is mighty, infinite, illimitable!"

"Then in the consecrated way, Gautama, this should be sought!"

"I come to the Master as a disciple!" for saying this, verily, they came of old time as disciples. So, acknowledging that he was his disciple, he dwelt with him.

So far this added passage, which enriches the other version in a definite way; for the offer of the human wishes, by which the King tries and tests his visitor, is a sacramental formula, so to speak, for the trials and tests of the aspirant for discipleship. It is almost word for word the same as the offer made by Yama, Lord of Death, to Nachiketas. It is the equivalent of "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," in another Drama of Initiation.

This sacramental formula, therefore, makes it clear that it is here a question of the trials preceding Initiation, and thereafter of Initiation.

The substance of the teaching regarding the Five Fires, to which we shall return, is practically the same in both versions. Then once more, we have certain illuminating additions:

"He lives as long as he lives, and so, when he dies, they bring him to the fire. . . . In the fire, the Bright Powers offer the man; from this offering, the man is born of the colour of the sun. They who know this thus, and they who, in the forest, worship Faith and Truth, they, verily, come to birth to the flame, from the flame to the day, from the day to the fortnight of increasing moonlight, from the fortnight of increasing moonlight to the six months when the sun goes northward, from these months to the world of the Bright Powers, from the world of the Bright Powers to the sun, from the sun to the

lightning realm; to them, become as lightning, a Spiritual Man, Mind-born, coming, causes them to go to the worlds of the Eternal. In those worlds of the Eternal they dwell for illimitable ages. For them, there is no return."

This is in certain respects the better version. In both, it is quite clear that we are in presence of a natural symbolism, in which are contrasted the fire and the smoke of the funeral pyre, day and night, the waxing and waning month, the waxing and waning year, to represent a series of ascending planes, with their positive and negative poles.

Those who, in the forest, that is, in the life of discipleship, worship Faith and Truth, representing the principle called Buddhi, rise from the fire in a vesture of the colour of the sun, and ascend through the succession of planes, in each gravitating to the positive pole. It is again a picture of Initiation. Then, when they have attained the spiritual world, spoken of as the realm of lightning, the Spiritual Man, the Mind-born son of Brahma, who is the Higher Self, causes them to enter the Eternal. For them, there is no return, the cycle of rebirth has been fulfilled. This, then, is the Path of the Gods, the Way of Liberation.

Equally clear is the description of the Path of the Fathers, which is the Way of Reincarnation. We shall gain a clue to these two names, if we remember the teaching that the Higher Ego is the Manasa-putra, the Mind-born; while the middle nature, the psychic man, is the representative of the Lunar Pitri, the Father, the Lunar Lord of our symbolism. Those in whom the centre of consciousness and will and love is in the higher nature, are thereby drawn to the positive pole of each successive plane, and thence, through the mediation of the Higher Self, to the Eternal. But those in whom the centre of consciousness and will and love is in the psychic, or lunar, nature, are thereby bound; they are drawn toward the negative pole of each plane, until they come to the lunar realm, which has been called Devachan. There they remain, until the accumulation of spiritual energy has worked itself out. Then they return to birth by the selfsame way. The planes, becoming increasingly more material, are graphically described as ether, wind, smoke, mist, rain. The actual incarnation is also described in symbolism almost as transparent; the incarnating person must find, by psychical gravitation, a family magnetically akin to him; until he does, "it is difficult to come forth."

With the fuller insight coming from the later sections of our story, it is not difficult to find the meaning of the earlier, in which the Five Fires are described. It is once more a description of the descent into incarnation, whether at the beginning of a world-period or at each rebirth. Faith, sacrificed in the first fire, is once more the spiritual nature, which is in a sense sacrificed on that plane by the necessity of descending to the plane below, where the Lunar Lord, the psychic nature, is born, or emanated from the spiritual nature. So the soul descends into birth.

The Man and the Woman have both a literal and a universal meaning; they are of the macrocosm as well as the microcosm, Purusha and Prakriti in the Cosmos, as well as man and woman on this earth. And the five ele-

ments, fuel, flame, sparks, and so on, in each of the sacrificial fires, represent at once forces in the different principles of the individual man, and the corresponding forces on each plane of manifested Nature.

So we have in outline the teaching, the imparting of which through immediate spiritual experience constitutes Initiation into the Greater Mysteries. Through such Initiation, and not through intellectual speculation, comes the wisdom which the great Upanishads impart, while veiling it in symbolism.

This brings us to an exceedingly interesting question: Who was in possession of this wisdom? To whom did the institution of the Mysteries belong? It is because the story of King Pravahana answers this question that we have called it one of the most interesting passages in the Upanishads.

The father of the youth, who in both versions is called Gautama, son of Aruna, is a Brahman; the words of the King make this quite clear. More than that, he has imparted to his son the hereditary lore handed down among the Brahmans, and another passage, which comes later in the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, and in which the same father and son appear to figure, makes it clear that both father and son had studied and learned by heart the whole of the *Rig*, *Yajur* and *Sama Vedas*, which are there mentioned by name. So they were fully instructed Brahmans.

Is it, then, conceivable that these Brahmans could be thus familiar with the three holy Vedas, and yet be completely ignorant of the twin teaching of Reincarnation and Liberation? It is conceivable, for there is in fact no mention of either doctrine in the *Rig Veda*, and the two other Vedas are built of essentially the same materials. It would appear that the view of the world after death, in the *Rig Veda*, is not in harmony with this twofold teaching, but is rather what may be described as Ancestor Worship; the souls of the father, grandfather and ascending ancestors dwell in a shadowy world, where they are dependent for their well-being on offerings of food made by their descendants. And this view, with the obligation of offering food to the shadowy ancestors, has been so deep-rooted and persistent, that even to-day it is the central principle of popular Hinduism. The theory of Brahmanical law is that the son inherits his father's property primarily that he may have the means of offering the periodical sacrifices, called *Shraddha*, to the shade of his father and to those of his ascending predecessors; and when it has been shown that a certain individual, acting in accordance with the Brahmanical rules, has offered the *Shraddha*, this is taken by the courts as evidence that he is the rightful heir. When sons are lacking, a son may be adopted; and immense importance attaches to the adoption of sons in India, precisely for this reason.

So that in fact the *Rig Veda*, the central spiritual heritage of the Brahmans, does not contain the teaching of Reincarnation and Liberation. Shvetaketu might have known the *Rig Veda* by heart, as we are told he did know it, and yet have remained entirely ignorant of any knowledge of Reincarnation and Liberation, and therefore unable to answer even one of the five questions which the Rajanya addressed to him.

Rajanya is the equivalent of Rajaputra, the modern form of which is Rajput. Concerning the relation of the Rajanyas to the Brahmans, the Vaishyas and Shudras, there is an interesting passage in the *Mahabharata*, which tells us that "the colour of the Brahman is white, the colour of the Kshatriya is red, the colour of the Vaishya is yellow, the colour of the Shudra is black." Since the skin colour of the Brahman is to this day white, while the lowest castes are black, it is antecedently possible that the two other colours named are also skin colours. A direct study of the Rajputs of pure race shows, in fact, that they are a red race; while non-Aryan races, like the Santals and Shavaras, who still follow agriculture, the traditional occupation of the Vaishya, are yellow, though deeply sun-tanned.

Between the Brahman and the Shudra of to-day, there is obviously a difference of race. It would seem that there is also a like difference between Rajput and Brahman, the one belonging to a red race, the other to a white. Perhaps it would be accurate to say that they represent different subdivisions of the same sub-race, corresponding to the differences between the great Races. It would further appear that the Rajputs, not the Brahmans, were in possession of the Greater Mysteries, which were "handed down from Guru to Guru among them," as the Commentary on this passage attributed to Shankara Acharya expresses it; and that we have, in the story of Pravahana and Gautama, the first instance of the Initiation of a Brahman into these Mysteries, which "never before had been imparted to a Brahman." Pravahana, son of Jivala, the King and Initiator, is the central figure in this epoch-making event.

C. J.

(To be continued)

To bear adversity well, is difficult; but to be temperate in prosperity, is the height of wisdom.—FROM THE SANSKRIT.

MY PACK OF QUESTIONS

IT is popularly understood that the hero of *Pilgrim's Progress* bore his sins on his back, in a great pack of which he longed to divest himself. Sometimes I doubt it, and suspect that what really weighed him down was the number of questions life had brought, to which he could get no answers. Being an earnest and a prudent body, he might easily have amassed an alarming quantity of them,—and being a forceful person, their very bulk might have led him to take steps to get rid of them. Bunyan does not appear to have been impressed with this phase of Pilgrim's trials, but I regard him as a comrade, for I frequently carry around with me bundles of questions that would match his pack. Only, instead of picking up my pack and going off determinedly in search of help, I am inclined to add to the accumulation, bemoaning its weight but secretly making use of it for shade and warmth.

Some of my questions, I have shamefacedly to admit, could readily be answered by a little investigation at any library—and yet I do not take them there. Others would be resolved by patient digging into the books that I have by me—but I do not dig. Others have to do with secrets that do not thrive on printer's ink,—such questions as: "How does a human being feel?" It is true that many of those who have gone a long way toward becoming human, have written accounts of their inmost feelings. These ought to help me, and they do until I reach the point of practical application to some situation confronting me. It may be a vigorous, intelligent, spirited boy who, having been found in some relatively minor fault, is betrayed into lying down on his back and wailing over the injustice of life and the uselessness of further effort. The case is before me, and it is my move. I look over my cabinet of examples, and I see that on a similar occasion a certain big soul entertained and charmed the culprit, until shortly the youngster was himself again, standing on his own feet and eager to do what he could to repair his wrong-doing. Alongside that is another example—a man who just opened his heart and let his little friend see and feel how unworthy, how contemptible such an attitude was in anyone, even a boy, who wished to face life as a real man should—making for him a picture of courage that glowed in his memory and saved him from many a misadventure. Then there was a third man who touched the boy's whole life by a different method. He took time to get into the boy's mind and heart, at that moment of low ebb; he discovered just how the boy took his wrong turn when the pressure upon him was a bit too strong. Seeing clearly both the right path and the point at which the boy had left it, he was able to make the boy see also—together they looked at the situation with the interest that the boy might have brought to the working out of a puzzle, and he acquired, then and there, a method of working out the next puzzle, plus the desire to do it. *Three* excellent examples for me, but which can I best adopt and apply to the case before me?

Then there are so many times when, in one's own training, one longs to know how other human beings are feeling, as they meet the very conditions that confront oneself. Take such a simple, external matter as bad weather. This is an unseasonable day; cold, with a high wind and driving rain. Duty does not call me out into it, so my only necessary contact with the weather is with its chill. And yet I find that I am not what I call *myself*. There are centres inside me that grumble and moan over the lack of "tone" which sunshine brings them; there are lazy ones that loudly proclaim the impossibility of doing this or that in such weather; there are cunning ones that let slip duties with which they are charged, and plead the weather in self-defence. I wish I knew whether the same ferment is going on in the other people around me. They look steady and responsible as they go about their usual occupations, scolding a bit over the day, but plodding or racing on. Are they in the midst of such inner revolt and confusion as I feel? Why, I ask myself, do I care for an answer to that question—what can it matter to me one way or the other? There I get a clue, for perhaps it matters because I want to feel that I am not behaving so much worse than the rest of my fellows. If they were suffering from none of those inner complainings, then I should try to beat my whisperers back and bid them be dumb. But if that ought to be done, why not do it? Have I no standards of my own that I need to go peering into other people's windows, to see where theirs register? It is perfectly simple, says another part of myself. You have duties; you should do them, fair weather or foul, thinking not of the conditions made for you, but of the trust reposed in you when another day of life was granted to one so often negligent, or asleep on post. Are you fearful that you may, if you stop measuring by others, put too much effort, too much love, too much of selflessness into the day? What possible excuse is there for this mania, except it be a lurking desire to feel yourself companioned when night comes, and you have to offer up a day that you must see falls far short of your best?

Checkmate there; but quickly came a new question of a hardier breed: What sin, what fault, what lack in me most hinders the work that I long to do for Masters? The chances are that I have not been left in the dark about it; friends must have pointed it out to me—little people and hostile people must have met that obstruction in me and tripped over it with dismay or delight. *Which* is it? Shall I let it grow older and stronger, to flout me still more defiantly? Demanding an answer, the answers came in droves. Turn whichever way I would, there stood another accusing answer, ready to champion some new fault or other as the gravest and the most sapping. Just before their number completely overwhelmed me, I recalled King Midas—I had always believed that a good hearty laugh at the dire results of his golden touch would have freed him and his victims from it. Now I had the chance to test the remedy on myself,—and with all the confidence I could summon, I laughed in the face of all those faults that dared to call me father; laughed, and grabbed the nearest one, firmly. Instantly, the others, rallying to the rescue, under-

took to show me that they were far more worthy of my attention, far more desperate. Frequently, I had been tricked in that manner, but this time I turned my back upon them all and looked over my captive.

It was one of the meekest looking of the whole crowd; its name was Inattention. All my life it had clung close to me and had balked me in many an achievement. Still we were better friends than I cared to admit. Strangely enough it had done me many a good turn, for its twin-brother, Attention, would always work for me to good purpose whenever it suited Inattention to flash the signal, while my frantic signals went unheeded. Now, with its roving eyes upon me, I knew that I had to decide whether I would tame that creature and make it obedient to my will or refuse the contest I had precipitated. It was firmly entrenched amidst the habits of a life-time. If I gave battle there could be no limit to the price I was prepared to pay for success. Was it worth the price? What would victory assure me?

For one thing, it would mean that I should gain the power to put the whole of myself into whatever I chose to do. If it were the reading of a book, or listening to an address—I could bring to bear every faculty and power I had, with some chance, consequently, of really understanding the message. How much of my thought-time was now wasted in dealing with misconceptions and half-grasped ideas? Memory reproduced for me many conversations I had heard or participated in, that had revolved for hours around some surface misunderstandings,—first, perhaps, of what was said in a paragraph cited; second, of the point at which one or the other person took issue with the author; third, of the point at which others took issue with the objector:—until finally it was discovered that when we were all looking at the same point we had no differences of view that were worth discussion. So also when we undertook to recommend the action to be taken in some practical affair—we were tenacious enough in our opinions, but which one of us ever had the facts right, and the personal relations clear, and the bearing of all on the work itself? One might plead lack of capacity, of wisdom, of experience—but, facing facts, it was clear that what might be called confusion-time (hours that would have been saved if all one's attention had been brought to bear) would amount to many hours at the end of the week. Six books a year might really be mastered if such confusion-time were redeemed and put into reading.

That, however, did not move me to come to grips with my struggling captive, Inattention; the contest was one that did not appeal to me—and I knew of no tactics in which it had not already proved to be the better strategist of the two. There was just one spot at which, had I any least hope of victory, I was prepared to engage without regard to cost. To rid my prayer-time of this intruder would indeed be worth the struggle. Then I could enter into the quiet of my heart and speak to the Master from there, intent only upon him. Greatly desiring this escape from an inattentive mind, I saw in a flash my resemblance to the young mother from whose nursery I had just escaped. We had both desired to talk over plans for the family's future, but our talk had been little more than a friendly wig-wagging across the unbridged torrent of

interruptions that came from her unruly children. Uncontrolled at best, they were galvanized into increased activity by their mother's desire for quiet; instinctively they felt that she might be willing to pay a good price for it, in the form of unusual permissions and gifts if they were sufficiently persistent in their demands. In the same manner, my Kama-children clamoured for notice when I had turned to conversation with the Master. In would swirl thoughts of the duties of the past hour, turning swiftly from regret that I had so little fruit to offer, to insistent comments upon how they ought to have been done. Worse still are those voices of duties just ahead, claiming that they need to be outlined, to a nicety, before the time to perform them comes:—if put aside now, if deprived of attention, merely because it is my wish to say my prayers, how shall I ever act rightly, they demand; refusing, meanwhile, to budge from the place they have gained in the centre of my consciousness.

Real prayer was impossible under such conditions—so the issue was clear enough; I knew that I had to control Kama-manas if I did not wish it to overwhelm me, at this spot. But how? I had lost confidence in all the methods I had tried. There was one, the favourite method of a teacher whom I greatly admire, that I had never ventured upon. It called for hardihood, for valour, for grown-up qualities. It was the simple method of facing what had to be done, determined to put it through. Precipitately, lest the flame of recklessness should burn out,—I threw myself forward into the contest. Childishly, and yet with calculation that no way of retreat must be left open, I called upon the high gods to witness my resolve; and I burned another line of bridges when I told my friends. There are still countless questions in my pilgrim's pack, but for the twelvemonth I have one all-engrossing problem—How to put all of myself into everything that I do. E.

Among a man's equals a man is sure of familiarity; and, therefore, it is good a little to keep state, in order to retain respect.—BACON.

MEN IN THE MAKING

"According to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel."

I

SHELLEY AND GRAY

SHAKESPEARE says of his Brutus, in the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, the "elements" were

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—"This was a man."

Poets and men of letters in general, are sly wights; when the aspect of their countenance appears to be most grave, in their sleeves they are often laughing uproariously. In the case of Brutus, who would not wish to ponder and assay Shakespeare's words before accepting them? The more philosophical Dante made an altogether different interpretation of the character of Brutus, and placed him in the deepest pit of Hell in the devil's very mouth. Certain noble traits that shot across the background of treachery would seem scant foundation for the generous estimate of Brutus ascribed to "Nature." To be "a man" ought surely to mean more than to be streaked with manhood.

In other persons of history, as well as in Brutus, ingredients seem brought together to begin the making of men—"elements" vile and noble, tossed in one heap. Experience suggests that "Nature's" method, with men, as elsewhere, would be slow, seeing that an end is envisaged finer than a hasty-pudding or a half-baked loaf. What sifting would precede the mixing—to bolt out chaff and other dirt! Then what weighing and measuring to secure proper proportions—what beating and stirring to blend all those elements into a new and larger unity, an individuality! Not until the mixture comes from the oven, "tried in the furnace," can judgment be given. Human prejudices and partialities might indeed judge hastily, but one would hardly expect "Nature" to declare "This is a man," until potential manhood had unfolded toward the measure "of the angel."

In comparison with "Nature's" slow methods and mature judgments, the pronouncements of the world are incomplete. A quality like generosity may be recognized in some poet, but it may exist side by side with meanness, vanity, and other ignoble traits. The mere critic of the world, seeing no vista of reincarnation open for the purifying of the poet, and feeling that unity exists somewhere among the contradictory traits, if only he could find it, may endeavour to reconcile antagonistic elements. Often this so-called reconcilia-

tion merely blurs and smooths away the facts. Or the critic may do as Professor Saintsbury does in speaking of Shelley; that ripe and conservative judge frankly exhorts people to "forget all about Harriet when you are reading *Hellas*." "Do not," he continues, "when you are assessing the merit of anything, from *Hours of Idleness* to *Don Juan*, trouble yourself with the fact that Byron certainly had one of the worst fathers, one of the worst mothers, and one of almost the worst wives possible." All cannot follow that advice. There may be readers who experience no qualm whatever over the dastardly behaviour of some artist toward his family, and who, in defence of the artist, can repeat "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart." To others, that quotation gives no explanation at all; they would feel that the alleged soul in dwelling apart must long to quit the artist for ever, or else ought to undertake police work, and bring him to a sense of ordinary decency.

The old Chinese philosopher, Mencius, a Confucian sage of the fourth century B. C., viewed the successes and failures of human life with more wisdom than is shown by the world. To him, people were not finished products; they were only "in the making." They were learning lessons, receiving discipline, in the school of life. He saw the great and minor catastrophes of individual lives, as the result of excesses and deficiencies which are brought to men's attention by a fostering Teacher (the Divine Compassion), to the end that, by removing those faults, men may approach nearer to Heaven's ideal for them. Mencius thus expresses his observation and experience: "When Heaven is about to confer a great mission on any man, it first disciplines his mind with suffering, and his bones and sinews with toil. It exposes him to want and subjects him to extreme poverty. It confounds his undertakings. By all these methods it stimulates his mind, strengthens him, and supplies his incompetencies."

Let us test that principle and see whether it throw any light upon some of the "mixed" characters of history—men whose lives show more or less unworthy sides, but whose souls, it is argued, were like stars and dwelt apart. Shelley is a good case for a test. As a contrast is often helpful, making black stand out more sharply against white, Thomas Gray might be studied with Shelley. The juxtaposition of those two men is natural, since Shelley's most admired work is the elegy on Keats (the *Adonais*), and Gray is known only by his famous *Elegy*.

Those who are well-informed declare of the *Elegy*, that no other piece of our literature has so passed into current phrases,—the wholesale adoption of its lines for every day use is evidence of the need supplied by Gray's words, and of their "inevitability." It is difficult, by reason of their constant repetition, to gain a fresh impression of lines that so long ago left the field of poetry to become household utilities of speech. As one comes again to the verses, they seem commonplace.

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.

We do not warm to them. One reason may be that Gray was born on the other side of Turner, and, after much high colour, as well as false colour, his unrouged verse seems pale.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn.

Commonplace as the lines may appear, however, they have at least this merit—they say one thing, and say it plainly.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.

Would not many people covet the ability to express one thing plainly, instead of giving an impression to six different listeners of as many meanings, all alien to each other, as well as to the original thought?

Gray's reputation for one hundred and seventy-five years makes untenable an opinion that would rate him as commonplace. Conservative critics esteem him for the fineness of his art. Sir Edmund Gosse declares the *Elegy* to be marked as is nothing else in our language, by the quality of "balanced perfection." Matthew Arnold quotes with approval Sir James Mackintosh who thought Gray "of all English poets the most finished artist." Swinburne, whose judgment would be most likely to be whimsical, censures much of the *Elegy*, but declares that Gray, nevertheless, maintains his "sovereign station unassailable." Gray's art is indeed of a kind to fill Swinburne with envy and despair. Consider such words as, "drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold." What easy and fine mastery of unapparent alliteration! In contrast with that easy mastery, which disarms expectation before satisfying it, Swinburne was often a panting victim of the alliterative device, chasing, or chased by, any letter of the alphabet that thrust its head from cover. Gray's art is all of a piece with this fine mastery. It was finished, not half-done; he put away all his tools, and brushed up his sawdust and shavings. He spent eight years upon the hundred and twenty-eight lines of the *Elegy*, because, in Red Indian fashion, he drew together all the leaves behind him, in order that his foot-prints might not appear.

Praise as we may the refinement and finish of Gray's art, at the end, we have to admit that the poem moves us little. It seems incredible that the *Elegy* represents a young man's reaction to death,—death in his own family and among his friends. We think of the poem as a description of "glimmering twilights," of quiet years in "the cool sequestered vale of life," "far from the madding crowd." Of grief, of the struggle between doubt and faith, of hope and fear, there is nothing. As a whole, the famous *Elegy* with all its "balanced perfection," touches a very small part of our nature.

Now turn to the *Adonais*, that poem written hurriedly, in a few months of 1821. It likewise contains verbal and rhythmical felicities, but its greatness

lies not there. It stirs us. We feel ourselves, as John Addington Symonds wrote, in the grip of an irresistible "inner force, victorious over every outer condition and circumstance." What is that mighty inner force which Symonds felt but did not name? We can, with all confidence, declare it was no personal quality of Shelley's, since Shelley was a failure in every condition and circumstance, and was victorious over nothing. The shipwreck of his own life and the misery he spread to others, though obvious, has not been so clearly recognized as to make impossible a hero-worship that blurs every distinction between right and wrong. Robert Browning sets an example of that worship in his familiar lines,

And did you once see Shelley plain
And did he stop and speak to you?

Francis Thompson, a Catholic poet, speaks of Shelley dancing in and out of Heaven's gate. Such extravagant disregard of fact for sentimental fancy has proved too much for French sanity to bear without protest, and one can think of the recent life of Shelley by Maurois, the *Ariel*, as written to correct indiscriminating worship. Heaven is not a place for Shelley to enter, littering its floor with his discarded wives and children! Notwithstanding the mistakes of his life, an "irresistible inner force" is felt in his poems. What may that force be? We shall have to guess, since Symonds gives no further hint. The dates of the two contrasted poems may aid in the guessing. Gray finished the *Elegy*, and sent it to his friend, Horace Walpole, in 1750; the *Adonais* was written in 1821. That is, each poem is twenty-five years removed (approximately) from the all-important cycle, the last quarter of the century; Gray antedates that cycle by twenty-five years, and the *Adonais* follows it at equidistance. Further, in the *Ode to the West Wind*, Shelley speaks of that inner force, under the symbol of the wind, and he calls it "destroyer and preserver." Shelley was born in 1792. Is the inner force of his poetry that of the Lodge, which, in the final quarter of the century, again sent witness of itself into the world? Is there a gulf between the world of Gray and the world of Shelley that is caused by the periodic re-emergence of the Lodge upon the material plane?

Gray's period is usually called the "classical" period of our literature. That name supplies the final clue. We shall be so bold as to guess that the power felt in the *Adonais* is nothing less than the power of the Lodge,—and that there is a difference (though in minor degree) between Gray's period and Shelley's, like that which separates the old classical world of Greece and Rome from the newer civilization, beginning with the fall of Rome in 525 A.D., and including our contemporary epoch.

The radical difference between those two cycles of civilization may be apprehended in brief, by considering a short poem that is characteristic of each. For the Roman period, take the lines of Catullus to his mistress's sparrow, as translated by Byron.

Ye Cupids, droop each little head,
 Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
 My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
 Whom dearer than her eyes she loved:
 For he was gentle, and so true,
 Obedient to her call he flew,
 No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
 But lightly o'er her bosom moved.

And softly fluttering here and there,
 He never sought to cleave the air,
 But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,
 Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
 Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne
 From whence he never can return,
 His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
 Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

With those lines of Catullus which are the most celebrated poem the ancient world addressed to a creature, contrast Wordsworth's well-known verse:

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee, and rejoice.
 Oh cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery.

To Catullus, the sparrow was a toy for his mistress; it gave her some charming poses, and added to her prettiness. To Wordsworth, the cuckoo was a voice sounding in the wilderness of the material world ("the world" that "is too much with us"), a voice sounding to call men's attention to the world of the Spirit. The difference between the two poems is radical. What is the cause of that difference? The Incarnation of the Avatar. In passing from His inner plane of life to take upon Him our flesh, He placed a Heart within all life, within the flesh of beasts, within the flesh of trees, within the flesh of minerals, within the flesh of atoms. It is His Divine Heart that sounds mysteriously within the voice of the cuckoo, calling men to the invisible world.

Gray's verse is marked by the new quality of "Heart" which characterizes the civilization that arose in the train of the Incarnation. A very striking example of it is found in the stanza of the *Elegy* that is most profaned in flip-pant quotation,—the one beginning,

Full many a gem of purest ray serene.

What is it in the third line of that stanza that brings a quiver to the lip? What is there hid at the heart of those unseen flowers which so deeply touches? Is their wasted sweetness a symbol of the compassion poured out lavishly by the Lodge,—compassion that is wasted upon the arid hearts of men? Did Gray, who hated every kind of display, conceal at the heart of his nameless flowers, Christ's lament over Jerusalem—the wasted efforts of the messengers who are stoned by humanity? It would seem as if Wordsworth had hidden tears beneath the petals of his "meanest flower," but that Gray, who tried to conceal all his art, hid within the flowers that blush unseen, even the thoughts that lie below the depth of tears.

If we think of the coming of the Avatar as a major activity of the Lodge, we might call the periodic activity at the end of the century a minor movement. Such a minor movement took place in the epoch between Gray and Shelley, bringing a new infiltration of the quality that has been called the "Heart." What is felt in Shelley's verse is nothing less than the mighty power of the Lodge. That power, brought down to the world from its true plane, tried to form a current and travel back to its home, but found itself against a solid wall of materialism. Shelley, Byron, Keats, were porous stones in that wall, and some of the Lodge force leaked through them.

The effect of the Lodge force seems clearly apparent in Shelley's verse, giving it depth and height and a moving power that are not found in Gray's. A new question follows naturally. Did the Lodge force have a similar influence upon Shelley's life, heightening and deepening his human qualities? In his inner unfoldment is there a marked advance beyond that of Gray? The answer to this new question is "yes," though in interpreting that affirmative reply, the words of Mencius must be held in mind. The evidence of Shelley's inner advance is found in his failures, because Heaven's success often begins with the wrecks of earth. The words of Mencius suggest that miscarriage of purpose, disappointment, and misery may be signs of Heaven's favour, intervening to direct a man's attention to faults that must be amended.

Judged from the viewpoint of the world, the odds for happiness and success in life would be overwhelmingly in Shelley's favour. Look at the chances of the two boys as they entered Eton. Shelley had almost everything that gives success; Gray, nothing, neither family, nor wealth, nor position. Gray was the son of a capable London milliner whose husband was not altogether worthless, though nearly so; by sacrifice and thrift, she was able to educate the only one of her twelve children who survived infancy. Gray was studious by nature, and at Eton his refined tastes attracted the friendship of Horace Walpole (son of the Premier) and of other boys of like station. Those friendships saved Gray from schoolboy bullying, to which poverty and studious habits would have exposed him, and brought him respect and recognition; and the intimacies begun in school-days continued during his whole life. He travelled with Walpole for two years on the Continent, and, back in England, met the people of distinction who formed Walpole's circle. Though he chose the life of a scholar, and settled at Cambridge, Gray maintained his concen-

tions with the world also, not cloistering himself at Cambridge, but leaving it, as inclination moved him, for London and Walpole's companionship. The course of his life is symbolized in the finish and balanced perfection of his verse; it was not a Bohemian or Dryasdust existence, but a life of polished and urbane refinement. He was the most learned man of his age, and, what is more rare, a man of true culture, interested not only in literature, but in music, painting, and landscape. It is natural to expect that with so many gifts, Gray would make much of his rich opportunities—but he did not so; he reaped nothing from those years except boredom and low spirits, to which he refers constantly in his letters. To a friend he writes: "Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits and will even affect to be jocose and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world." Later, writing from Cambridge, he says: "The spirit of laziness begins to possess even me. Yet has it not so prevailed, but that I feel that discontent with myself, the *ennui*, that ever accompanies it in its beginnings. Time will settle my conscience, time will reconcile my languid companion to me; we shall smoke, we shall tinkle, we shall doze together, we shall have our little jokes, like other people, and our long stories. Brandy will finish what port began." Again he writes: "To be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone, and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing." Given a varying and diversified environment that commonly would be judged as insuring against boredom, Gray sought relief from tedium, first, in travel, and, finally, in small details of ill-health,—that last infirmity of nervous minds.

Shelley's outlook at Eton, while not free from hazard, seemed hopeful. His family, though new-rich, enjoyed the friendship of the Duke of Norfolk, through whose influence his grandfather was to acquire the title, Baronet. Shelley was not an athlete, and he was a student. Wealth may outweigh those two disadvantages, but the boy made no effort to conceal his preferences for Plato and for chemistry,—and such mature taste invited persecution and bullying, which fired his hatred of intolerance and injustice. There followed lawless and sordid years of misery for which "tragic" would be too dignified an epithet. At every decision he had to make, there were, perhaps, among the leeches who called themselves friends, those whose judgment was clearer than his own,—those who, when some course of action was proposed, could see another course that involved less evil. Shelley refused any counsel but his own. The final result of his sincere effort to spread justice, truth, and righteousness on earth, was recognition that he had only increased the sum of human misery. To see havoc as his life's planting and harvest, wrought the wholesome work of humiliation, and started his repentance.

The relative position of Gray and Shelley as men is indicated by a line of Stephen Phillips which makes mention of "souls not yet ascended into Hell." The line is undoubtedly inspired by Dante's conception of people who, think-

ing themselves "good enough," made no efforts at self-improvement and no choices between right and wrong. Such "good" people, when judged by a standard higher than the world's, find themselves vagabond,—Heaven refuses them because they are not good enough to enter its gate, and Hell rejects them because for its realm they are too good. Dante consigned them to a vestibule of the neutral, where they dwell, beneath contempt, too low in development even to enter Hell. Shelley was no neutral. However darkly he saw a truth, he gave himself completely to carrying into action his darkling glimmer—as when he went to Ireland, at personal risk and expense and discomfort, because it seemed his duty to enlighten and emancipate the Irish. Save for the influence of Heaven spoken of by Mencius, Shelley might have been a contented county squire. Touched by Heaven (as Gray was not), the evil as well as the good elements in him were stirred, and he ascended into the Hell of suffering which Gray never entered.

There were courageous elements in Shelley, and also the faculty of complete self-giving. Eternity offers ample opportunity for eliminating his evil and developing his good traits. How interesting to know him after his elements shall have been so mixed, that Mother Nature can truly and proudly call him a man, "according to the measure of the angel"!

C. C. CLARK.

A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere, when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—CARLYLE.

EVOLUTION AND HUMAN NATURE

These three unities abide in man by nature as one life and one kingdom. In the lowest we are sensible and animal: in the middle we are rational: in the highest we are kept according to our essence. And thus are all men by nature.

RUYSBROECK.

"IT becomes plain that there exists in Nature a triple evolutionary scheme for the formation of the three *periodical Upadhis*: or rather three separate schemes of evolution which in our system are interwoven and interblended at every point. These are the finite aspects on the field of Cosmic Illusion of ATMAN, the seventh, the ONE REALITY" (*Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I, 181).

Using the same figure of speech, one might describe a musical scale as an aggregate of separate tones "inextricably interblended at every point," so closely interblended, in fact, that one tone cannot be sounded without involving the others. Each tone is an undivided part of the whole scale, a nucleus of sound radiating outwards to contact other centres of vibration and surrounded by an atmosphere of overtones. The ancients recognized in the seven-stringed lyre a symbol of the Universe which is both manifold and one.

In music a concordance or a theme or a symphony is an integral whole embracing within its indivisible unity many lesser units. But is there not a universal significance within this experienced fact which makes possible the enjoyment of music? "As above, so below." In the beauty of a simple concordance may be found an image of that perfect interweaving of three schemes in cosmic evolution to which Madame Blavatsky refers.

Unfortunately the men whose genius re-discovered the idea of evolution in the last century, were almost exclusively concerned with the physical scheme. They found anatomical and paleontological evidence that all species are in a condition of more or less rapid change. At the same time they recognized that these variations of living forms are not haphazard and anarchic but reveal a direction, a continuous progress from the first semi-animate entities of the primeval ocean-beds through a series of other creatures, manifesting first life and then intelligence, and culminating in man. However, because their minds had been moulded by preoccupation with tangible and objective things, they interpreted these phenomena in terms of the accepted laws of physics. They explained life and intelligence and spirituality as functions or modes of matter. This would not have been necessarily erroneous, if they had given a philosophical definition of matter. But their "matter" was not the Mulaprakriti of the Wisdom Religion. It was the stuff of the objective world or rather it was that stuff as they imagined it to appear when it was split up into its "ultimate elements," the atoms of physical speculation. Many

evolutionists, like Huxley and Spencer, felt the insufficiency and one-sidedness of such a theory, but they were distracted by their personal controversies with the theologians and seem to have feared that any less materialistic bias might be construed as a surrender.

Madame Blavatsky was accepted as an ally neither by the scientists nor by the theologians. But, leaving aside the occult side of her teaching, one can see clearly that she did nothing but introduce into the subject the factors of common sense and of common experience.

She began by accepting unreservedly the testimony that all bodies, the human included, represent stages in the progressive differentiation of matter. But she set side by side with this tenet the proposition that the human self, as distinguished from the matter of the human body, is not a function of physical evolution, that it has its own line of descent which has, indeed, always been more or less interwoven with the physical but has only been *consciously* interblended with it in quite recent times.

It is, perhaps, most easy to approach her meaning, if we disregard for the moment the question of what man has been and simply consider him as he is. One may profitably begin with oneself. What do I mean when I say that I am a human being?

I mean that I tend to identify myself with my powers of will, desire and imagination, which I consequently regard as more really mine than any other part of my consciousness. The centre of self-hood thus formed may not be very high, it may be a mere knot of psychic elements and almost devoid of spirituality; but it is certainly above or at least outside the normal physical consciousness of the body. From this centre I use or abuse my body, its senses and faculties and automatisms. Out of the amorphous mass of my physical experience, I abstract elements which in the crucible of my *human* consciousness are transmuted into mind-images and preserved as memories. In short, there is a division between the bodily life and the mental life, and I feel myself to be more closely identified with the mind than with the body. The bodily life is the food of the mental, in the sense that it is the object of the mind's consciousness; but the mental is not the product of the physical any more than the *form* of the body itself is the product of the food that it eats.

In the cult of Osiris and in the Eleusinian Mysteries of Demeter and Persephone, the life of man seems to have been compared to the grain, which grows by virtue of the elements that it absorbs from the soil, but which derives its form and proper life from the seed that falls into the soil. The human soul, descending into the soil of physical life, converts its potentiality of Self-consciousness—consciousness of the Real Self—into an actual growing and living thing.

Let us assume that there is in every being a ray of the one Reality, the Monad which is traversing the kingdoms of Nature in quest of Self-consciousness. In the mineral, the plant, the animal, there is the monadic essence, a spiritual energy not yet conscious of itself but endowing each kingdom with the potentiality of serving as the vehicle or ground for the evolution of the

kingdom next above it. Imagine this "limitation" of the Monad through contact with matter, as being in fact an externalization of its own potentiality of Self-consciousness and as occurring *pari passu* with an "extension" of creative power in the Hierarchies of Beings whose Monads have already attained varying degrees of Self-consciousness. It seems that by virtue of their attainment they have the power to awaken Monadic Self-consciousness in other beings, and that it is this power which acts upon matter, as the potency, the life and form within the seed acts upon the elements of the soil and air with which it is brought into contact. Through this creative action of the Hierarchies, we may conceive, the Monad is enabled to pass continuously from lower to higher stages of relative Self-consciousness. When a given form is attained, it is incorrect to speak of this as only an evolution from the next lower stage; it is also an involution from above. To the extent that a being has identified itself with the nature of the Hierarchy which has provided the seed of a new state of consciousness, that being may be said to have changed its whole heredity, as according to the theory of the old Roman Law an adopted son assimilated all the rights and responsibilities, as well as the name of the family into which he was received as a member. So man, if he identify himself with his power of deliberate thought, may justly claim descent from the Divinity which endowed him with the power.

"1. The Monadic (evolution) is, as the name implies, concerned with the growth and development into still higher phases of activity of the Monad, in conjunction with:—

"2. The Intellectual, represented by the Mânasa-Dhyânis . . . the 'givers of intelligence and consciousness' to man and:—

"3. The Physical, represented by the Chhâyâs of the lunar Pitris round which Nature has concreted the present physical body. This body serves as the vehicle for the 'growth' (to use a misleading word) and the transformations through Manas and—owing to the accumulation of experiences—of the finite into the INFINITE, of the transient into the Eternal and Absolute.

"Each of these three systems has its own laws, and is ruled and guided by different sets of the highest Dhyânis or 'Logoi.' Each is represented in the constitution of man, the Microcosm of the great Macrocosm; and it is the union of these three streams in him which makes him the complex being he now is.

"'Nature,' the physical evolutionary power could never evolve intelligence unaided—she can only create 'senseless forms.' The 'Lunar Monads' cannot progress, for they have not yet had sufficient touch with the forms created by 'Nature' to allow of their accumulating experiences through its means. It is the Mânasa-Dhyânis who fill up the gap, and they represent the evolutionary power of Intelligence and Mind, the link between 'Spirit' and 'Matter'—in this Round" (*Secret Doctrine, ibid.*).

The immediate, practical importance of these ideas is very great, if they be really descriptive of the laws of evolution. If man is not only an evolving

creature, like all the others, but actually possesses self-conscious free-will, he can accelerate or retard or even reverse the process of his growth.

Since he is to a certain degree the creator of himself, man stands on a higher plane than the animal. He contains within himself the potentiality of a more complete interblending of the three schemes of evolution. Because of this potentiality, it is said that he has a Soul. It is his destiny to compound with his physical nature a greater proportion of spiritual and mental elements than is present in animal life.

This is an ideal. How does man fulfil it?

It is certain that he has succeeded in doing "something different." To borrow the language of electrodynamics, many of the vibrations which he sends into space are not of the same wave-length as the vibrations emitted by the lower kingdoms. There is as much difference between man and the animal, as there is in music between an elementary concordance of two or three tones within a single octave and a long composition utilizing all the tones of six or seven octaves.

The most elementary of human beings seems indescribably complex, when compared to the most developed of animals, although an animal may be an excellent animal and a human being may be a failure as a man. An ultra-modern tone-poem contains innumerable suggestions of meanings not found in a folk-song, but the folk-song is quite likely to be the more beautiful of the two.

In the lower kingdoms of Nature, where free-will as we know it does not exist, the interblending of the three schemes of evolution proceeds as if according to a law of harmonic progression,—form, function and instinct corresponding to one another during all their cyclic changes. Following a suggestion of Bergson, one might say that the centre of animal consciousness is in its living form or physical structure, which can scarcely be separated, however, even in theory, from its functions and instincts; for a normal animal seems to feel and to think only while it is acting and in response to a physical stimulus demanding a definite series of reactions. In the average man—to continue the same line of thought—the centre of consciousness is on the mental plane. He can feel and think without moving his body; that is, he can act imaginatively without acting physically. It is, perhaps, the most characteristic mark of human beings that they live in memories and expectations, in a psychic world which reflects the physical rather than in the physical world itself.

There can be nothing evil *per se* about memory and expectation, for these signify that a certain stage of evolution has been reached, just as the animal's correlation of instinct and physical action signifies a lower stage. Yet it is a fact of experience that an increase of mental consciousness does not necessarily imply a more perfect harmony, a greater wisdom in the conduct of physical life. Consider such a simple thing as appetite. In the animal, hunger is the response of instinct to the body's need of food. In man it is partly instinctive, of course, but dominated by a psychic anticipation of pleas-

ure. This psychic side of appetite can even assume a semi-independent character, so that—as many know to their cost—we can engender or keep alive a desire for food when the body does not need it at all.

One might multiply instances of the failure of our minds and bodies to interblend harmoniously and to coöperate. As a result, human history, though containing moments and suggestions of divine beauty, is largely a succession of discords, an anomaly in evolution.

It has been suggested that this discord is the consequence of the human Soul's failure to make right use of free-will and intelligence, the gifts of the Mânasa-Dhyânis. With them the Soul has received the privilege and duty of sharing self-consciously in the formative work of Nature—and it has "refused to create." Since the creative power is irresistible, it must act at one point if not at another. So it seems to have passed on to energize certain centres of consciousness on the animal plane, and the Soul is impelled by its "original sin" of disobedience to identify itself with the aggregate of these lower "lives."

The "personality" thus formed may be compared to the monsters which "Nature" unaided "created from her own bosom, . . . the water-men terrible and bad" (*Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, II, p. 52 seq.). It is a product and consolidation of creative force run riot, devoid of spiritual meaning, severed from the Logos. When man identifies himself with it, he lays aside his own life, for its motives are not his motives. Neither animal nor in any deep sense human, it is an accident of Nature which is in discordant relation both with the spiritual world above and with the physical world below.

The Neoplatonists, describing the personality, called it the *suntheton*, the composite nature which results from the descent of spirit into matter, from the assimilation of the Soul's powers by that which is not Soul.

The mysterious wisdom of the animal, its instinct, seems destined in man to develop into the spiritual faculties of self-conscious judgment, aspiration and intuition. Instinct is a bond linking the individualized animal entity to the collective consciousness of its species; it aligns the motives of the animal with the purpose of the Universe. But the lower nature of man has no motives for its actions apart from its personal expectation of pleasure and its personal dread of pain. It is aware of the Universe as a vague and hostile influence, to be placated by ritual or outwitted by cunning; though it would infinitely prefer, if it had its way, never to think about the Universe at all.

Yet, wherever one finds traces of Theosophical teaching, there is an insistence upon the supreme reality of the Soul in itself. It may deceive itself into imagining that it is only a bundle of psychic impressions, but while it is present—though only as a spark—in the self-consciousness of man, it retains the potency of bringing into manifestation the potentialities of its true nature. Like a seed, though remaining dormant in the soil for years, it does not lose its inherent vital power of creation. Much of its power is, indeed, not immediately available, being imprisoned in the lower nature, and this must be reclaimed by long effort, but there is surely a fund of unexpended energy in

every individual soul, an energy which the Divine Power of the Universe is ready at every instant to reinforce.

It seems that this proper life of the Soul is more manifest now than is sometimes realized. Whenever we are moved, even in the slightest degree, by genuine admiration or respect or even recognition of anything beyond the narrow circle of ordinary personal life, is not this outflowing movement of consciousness an act of the Soul? Or to phrase it otherwise, could such a movement be possible, if there were no Soul? For what else is the Soul but the "longing to go out towards the Infinite"? When that spiritual aspiration is perfectly blended with the mental and physical elements of a purified personality, human nature will become a concordant part of the Song of Life.

Doubtless there are few lives so utterly self-centred, that no awareness of the grandeur and beauty of the Universe, no flash of disinterested compassion—as in the presence of death—can ever illumine their darkness. But how few are those who have made even a semi-conscious effort deliberately and intelligently to subject their lower personal life to this higher life of the Soul! To act thus is to act with and as the Soul; it is to resume the duty of creation which was abandoned as a conscious process so long ago.

In this connection it is interesting to recall a sentence in the first Note of *Light on the Path*. "The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the occultist, who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life."

One may profitably consider the actual process whereby the artist creates, for in so far as his aim is creative, he must obey a universal law. Imagine an artist in the presence of an object which he recognizes as beautiful. His consciousness is first stirred by and then goes out towards the beauty of that which he contemplates. He forgets personal plans and cares; if his aspiration be strong enough, he forgets for the time being that his "personality" exists. A greater or lesser proportion of creative force, which is ordinarily expended for personal motives, is turned to the service of the Soul. As a result—in the words of Plotinus—his contemplation of the beautiful emanates or overflows into action. The type or mode of his action is determined by his aptitudes, by moulds ready-made in body and mind, as the form which beauty assumes in his perception is determined by the natural bias of his intellect and emotions and by the training of his senses. For example, a painter's sense of sight is more subtle than his sense of hearing; it penetrates more deeply into Nature and is more obedient to his will and imagination; colour means more to him than sound. Therefore, the action which accompanies his meditation on beauty takes shape as a painting, not as a symphony or a poem.

What is the explanation of this faculty of the artist, first to see in Nature what others do not see, and then to translate his vision into terms which

others can understand? We speak of his work as creative because it actually enriches the experience of all who view it with any sympathy and understanding. It provides a medium whereby they can share a real part of his consciousness. But from what source does he derive this gift?

Some will say that he was born with it, but unless he has added to his inheritance, he is not a creator in this life, though he may repeat what he achieved in another incarnation. There is another view—a Neoplatonic fancy, possibly—that as we share the artist's spirit through his work, so the artist himself comes in contact with a higher spirit through the object which he contemplates and finds beautiful; that a spiritual being has meditated with love upon the divine essence of this object and has left within it as the cause of its visible beauty a fragment of His consciousness, to be found there and assimilated by the human creature whose devotion *imitates* the act of his sublime predecessor. The artist cannot see all the beauty deposited in the object by some messenger of the Logos, nor can he give expression to all that he sees, but he testifies that there is a source of his inspiration greater than himself. After all, his perception of spiritual values within the physical is a mode of the same faculty which enables others to appreciate his own work. One difference between genius and non-genius, as it seems, is that the vision of genius penetrates more deeply into reality and its action is more powerful, more sure.

The artist sets himself apart from the average man whose view of the clearest truth is refracted by a screen of habitual illusions about himself and about the world. In so far as the artist attains in his creative moments to a certain union with universal consciousness, he moves towards the true path of evolution. His self tends to become a concordant blending, an "harmonic progression" of spirit, mind and body. Like the animal in a state of Nature, he cannot act imaginatively without acting physically and he has gained on a higher plane that direct perception of things which is manifested in the animal as instinct.

Unfortunately the artist is seldom able to hold his sense of identity with the Soul, save during brief moments of creative ecstasy, nor can he produce those moments at will. More than most people, he is apt to be subject to "reactions," to fatigue and negativeness.

Modern psychologists have commented on the fact that intense feeling of any kind acts as a stimulus to the subconscious nature. Under the stress of love or anger or any strong emotion, all sorts of memories and submerged fears and desires mount to the surface. One cannot experience a pure desire without arousing other desires less pure and more mediocre. It may happen that an artist of strong purpose can draw from these lower desires their content of force and add it to the force already present in his aspiration. More often it is the aspiration that is vampirized by the unredeemed elements of the personality. The artist is more creative than most men, but how limited is the field of his creation! All those tracts of his nature which have no direct relation to his art are left uncultivated, strewn with weeds. In his attitude

towards this lower nature he, too, "refuses to create"; and the consequence of his denial is more severe for him than for others because his powers are greater and their loss reacts more keenly on the Soul.

What is true of the artist is true of all great individuals who are yet not great enough to unify their natures in a single movement of aspiration towards the Eternal. Saints, priests, philosophers, savants, warriors, statesmen, men of thought and men of action, have given of their genius to humanity, but so few of them have offered all that they could have offered, had they really devoted themselves completely and to the utmost to that which in part of their natures they ardently loved. A scientist whose studies open new portals for the human mind, is so absent-minded that he forgets to comb his hair in the morning; a saint whose life is a pattern of heroic suffering, finds virtue in the belief that all who do not share his intellectual dogmas must be damned for ever and ever. If the scientist and the saint had made their self-sacrifice even a little more complete, what a difference it might have made to the world!

This sounds fantastic, perhaps, and yet such seems to be the only logical deduction from the data of consciousness. Therefore, unless we decide to do nothing at all, there is but one choice,—Chêlaship, the ideal offered to, though not obligatory upon, every student of Theosophy.

In one aspect, Chêlaship may be defined as the act of complete self-giving. Thus the Chêla differs from those who are *only* saints or scientists or artists, in the degree that he makes a self-conscious and continuous effort to turn the whole of his powers into one ascending current of aspiration. This purpose held constantly before his heart and intelligence, is not only opposed to the world's spirit of compromise; it is markedly different from the spirit of many who have been regarded as unworldly. A fanatic sitting on a pillar in the wilderness does not compromise with his fanaticism, but he is not a Chêla, for the reason that he is seeking something for himself, even though it be sanctity and purity and wisdom. The Chêla, whose nature is undividedly bent towards self-submission to the All-Soul, accepts the fact that he can hold nothing back, that nothing is acceptable to the All unless everything is given. He does not try to keep his lower nature as a place where he can take a vacation when the duties of the higher become very arduous,—which is the fault of the greatest men of the world. Nor does he seek holiness because of the subtle pleasures and the heightened sense of superiority that accompany it—which seems to be the purpose, though unavowed, of too many righteous persons.

After all, the Chêla is only a thoroughly normal human being who is bringing to fruition that promise of Self-creation, to which *Light on the Path* refers, when speaking of the "pure artist." The three streams of evolution tend to constitute a harmony in his nature. That which the artist achieves during rare intervals of creation, the Chêla seeks to maintain as a permanent condition. Therefore, he can allow no sterile fancy to dominate his thought and will; his thought must become a reflection of Truth only, and the test of its

validity will be its power to command and control the actions and reactions of the physical man. As Guyau has said: "*Celui qui n'agit pas comme il pense, pense imparfaitement.*"

Whereas the animal's life is concentrated in the body and the average human creature dwells only in the tiny sphere of the personal mind, the Chêla lifts the centre of the self nearer to that point where the individual and the Universal, the microcosm and the Macrocosm, become one. If one may dare to speak so boldly of what is beyond one's present comprehension,—the Chêla stands not far from the completion of a great cycle of growth and at the beginning of a Real Existence; the seed of Self-consciousness in the Monad has felt the breath of life. In accordance with the Buddhist expression, at the end of the Path which he treads he will "see and know the Universe face to face."

S. L.

Not him who possesses much, would one rightly call the happy man; he more fitly gains that name who knows how to use with wisdom the blessings of the gods, to endure hard poverty, and who fears dishonour worse than death.—HORACE.

“VOLUNTEER” OR “PRESSED MAN”?

“THE day of optimism” is a description recently given to this cycle by one of the modern enthusiasts of the School of “Say it often enough and it becomes true.” But—is this true? Take the question of obedience: The World War called over 4,500,000 men to the colours in this country. More millions were bribed into civilian war work by needlessly high pay. What was the general experience—a hopeless lack of discipline: an utter unwillingness to subordinate self-will to the general will for the general good; pessimism among the individuals in service regarding obedience as necessary and even as a possibility, and a greater pessimism among leaders of all grades as to the possibility of exacting obedience from Americans. Moreover, the records since the War show that this is an inherent state; not an ephemeral one called into being by war.

“The day of optimism” finds unanimity of pessimism regarding anything and everything that has survived from the past. Let any one suggest, in the light of biological research, and by the analogy of the dogma of evolution, that that which has survived may have survived because of its worth-while-ness—what happens? The self-styled “optimists”—who believe fancies are more potent than facts, and that printed statutes do overcome the laws of nature—cry aloud: “Away with you, you pessimist.”

A man in a fever often has increased strength. It may be an artificial strength. Use of it may be debilitating, even fatal. The doctor who keeps the patient quiet, and who seeks to restore him to a normal state, is not called a pessimist. Yet let a corresponding situation arise with a group or in a nation, and the friend or advisor who urges caution and endeavours to restore normal health, is labelled “pessimist,” or told: “Don’t run down your country.”

Does it not all trace back to a simple question of obedience—obedience to fact; to law; to the highest in one’s self? Is not the optimism of disobedience a form of pessimism of the worst and most dangerous type? Is not one of the greatest problems of the day how to make ourselves and our nation optimists regarding the possibilities of and from obedience, and pessimists regarding the use and value of disobedience?

Nowadays people are encouraging young children to seek “experience” in order to “develop temperament.” Disobedience is not only condoned but even encouraged in children as an admirable exhibition of temperament. Lavishly endowed, private, “progressive” schools, based openly upon developing self-will in children and non-use of rule and regulation, are dotting our

land. Would it possibly overcome the prevalent psychism in parents, if they took the trouble to dig down in their recollections and to bring to the surface that much of the doings and sayings recorded in their childhood days on their childish minds that have been potent influences—both for evil and good—in their own lives? One of the really startling experiences in the case of this particular student, in the quiet, yet poignant, drama of entrance upon and membership in the T. S., has come from such digging down, and such bringing out, of childhood contacts. To say nothing of whatever power of obedience he possesses, which is traceable to a disciplined (hence, a happy) childhood, there is, for instance, the somewhat surprising fact that, whatever reality he finds in the functioning of the Fourth Dimension, he has been enabled to trace back to the residuum of impressions, absorbed in utter unconsciousness, made upon him as a child of seven and eight. Seated on the knee of one or the other participants, he used to listen to discussions between his father, and General Ludlow and other scientific men, about Madame Blavatsky's writings. Especially did the conversations focus on Zoellner's *Transcendental Physics*—a fat little tome in foreign print, which the child viewed with a reverence which a savage pays to a fetish.

En passant it may be said that a great personal debt is felt to be due by the writer to the martyred Zoellner. This is because, more than once, as a child, he heard (and has never forgotten) his scholarly and scientific father defend attendance upon and activity in the Episcopal Church, including acceptance of the "miracles," by saying he believed that Christ understood and functioned in the Fourth Dimension, as had come to be realized through Zoellner.

It was all words to the child ("Oh! never mind George," he used to hear at a scandalmongering neighbour's house, "He's only a child; he won't understand." He did not "understand"—but he was "impressed." Often—too often—years later he did understand—to his own harm and to the injury of others). The "Fourth Dimension" was merely words in those long ago days—but contact with the T. S. leads us to believe that words are indeed, "things."

This is put forth against the tendency of parents to expose little children to anything and everything, either because "they will not understand," or else because "they will gain experience." What will Karma bring such parents? Perhaps a childhood in homes of greater fools than themselves (if that be possible), or the anguish, in this life, of seeing their children maimed beneath the millstones of reality, with realization that a wiser exercise of their parenthood could have saved that cruel necessity.

The Lords of Compassion must take an especial interest in children. This belief is not only based on the truly lovely attitude of the Masters Siddhartha and Jesus, but on current-day research. Hence it is, that all is not evil that remains in our minds from childhood exposures. Much, very much, good may remain—yet this is no warrant for reckless exposure. This student stops to wonder where his bones would be lying, or else in what jail or asylum he would be reposing, had he not been blessed with parents who unashamedly

adopted and closely followed a code of parenthood set up, at the very latest, by a great, great grandmother of the XVIIIth Century.

Among the "beneficent" peoplings of the student's mind in childhood, was something recently brought to light by a consideration of the cases of Bishop Brown, Colonel Mitchell of the Air Service, Senators Borah and Brookhart, and other types of the "fearless, independent thinkers"; the men "disobedient only for the public good" (as if that were possible), who are such heroes to the mob in these days of sensation sans sentiment, talking sans thinking and acting on impulse sans caution—especially sans caution in behalf of others. Again and again the child heard conversations that ran in about the same tenor—such as:

"Major —, are you a Republican or a Democrat?"

"Neither."

"Not a Mugwump!" (often in tones of horror).

"I take no part in politics."

"Don't you vote?" (always in tones of horror).

"I never have."

"But don't you think it is the duty of every American citizen to vote?" (uniformly in tones of triumph).

"I accepted my commission in the Regular Army before I was of age. I consider it wrong for a soldier to vote on his Commander-in-Chief."

"But you have a right to vote?" (invariably in tones indicating complete puzzlement).

"Of course I have—but I am a volunteer and not a pressed man. At any time, if we are at peace and I am not in disgrace, I may resign my commission—to exercise all my 'rights' as a citizen. But so long as I volunteer to serve I must give up many of a citizen's 'rights.' I give them up gladly—yes, and proudly, for as I told you—every Regular Army Officer is a volunteer and not a pressed man."

Since those days, reading has brought out a corollary, not appreciated mentally in childhood, although adequately exemplified in the upbringing given. This is that every Regular Army that has "volunteers" in its Commissioned ranks, has prepared them for the "exercise of discretion" by one form or another of years of unthinking and mandatory obedience and of unremitting "repetitive routine." Marryat was credited with reforming the British Navy by "pounding home" the dictum: "To be able to command, one must first learn to obey"; but he only restated a truth as old as man. Some form of cadetship is a prerequisite to winning a Regular's Commission on any plane. Education is necessary to permit choice.

But, of course, to a child the distinction, the vital distinction, between the proud position of seeking service and the ignoble status of being compelled to serve, meant nothing. For many years what his father used to say was only verbal mnemonics—not the inspiring memory that it has come to be. All that was real at the time was a glow of pride in the father's rightness—why he was right was then immaterial—one just knew he was right. People did

not understand the point that was made then, as was evident from their reactions. People evidently do not understand that point to-day, judging by their actions. Yet it is a point made clear in all Scriptures and in all sorts of more material human teaching. It has even been adjudicated upon in America, in a case that has been "obscure" so far, yet, if only people thought straighter, would be ranked as one of the "leading cases."

This adjudication is to be found in the Massachusetts Reports: "John J. McAuliffe *vs.* Mayor and Board of Aldermen of New Bedford"; the full title is given because this commentator feels it carries a lesson in itself. New England in its best aspects—and really it has many—to this hour may trace them to a better day in England, modified by a little-appreciated Gallic influence (Bowdoin, Faneuil, Le Baron, Revere—for instance), reincarnating, on this side of the Atlantic, individualism, with respect for a common law and for the rights and privileges of others. Basically, America is still the older England—not the present travesty of a great and manly nation—but the older England, somewhat more civilized under French influences, and always under steady attack from non- and anti-British influences, which distinctly do not follow the old British standards. Hence, the interest in the full title of this case. On the one hand, an obviously Irish name; on the other side, the names and forms of English government surviving in an old American town, which proudly presents its heirship to an older British town. The Massachusetts Supreme Court, by the way, ranks high throughout the English-speaking world and its courts. Is it only a coincidence that it is still one of the very few American Courts the members of which are appointed for life, and not elected, in one way or another, for a term of years?

Not surprisingly, this Irishman was a policeman. New Bedford had forbidden its policemen to be active in politics. McAuliffe had been. So, in January, 1891, complaint was filed against him for political activities. On February 3, 1891, he was removed. At the moment he acquiesced in the ruling. Some influence, not discernible in the musty old records, yet hardly unimaginable, led him to change his mind. With that same superb reliance upon the very processes of the law that he had been flouting, which characterizes the pacifists and collectivists of the present day, McAuliffe ran, so-to-speak, hotfoot to "the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." He petitioned "for a writ of mandamus to restore the petitioner to the office of policeman in the city of New Bedford."

The full Bench gave the case consideration. The Judge—in Massachusetts a member of the Supreme Bench is still a "Judge" and not a "Justice"—who wrote the opinion was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., now the honoured and octogenarian Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court. He was of straight and proud Yankee lineage. He had graduated from Harvard. He had served with ability and courage as a Commissioned Officer in the

¹ The whole case and the full opinion are of immediate interest, but the pages of the *QUARTERLY* are too valuable to quote them in full. They will be found in 135 Massachusetts—McAuliffe *vs.* New Bedford—216 et seq.—G. W.

Army during the Civil War. He had been wounded. All this, by the way, has been chronicled by his father in *My Search for the Captain*. His associates on the Bench all bore old English names.

So, we find typical Nova Anglicans of the old school meeting the Hibernian challenge to dare to place any limit upon the "Constitutional right" of "freedom of speech"—outside Ireland! The opinion, moreover, was unanimous. The following excerpts may be read with interest by both sides in the current controversies over the distinguished "independents," whose names were given as types of what is popular to-day:

"It is argued by the petitioner . . . that the part of the rule violated was invalid as invading the petitioner's right to express his political opinions, and that a breach of it was not a cause sufficient under the statute.

"One answer . . . to this argument is that there is nothing in the Constitution or the statute to prevent the city from attaching obedience to this rule as a condition to the office of policeman, and making it part of the good conduct required. The petitioner may have a constitutional right to talk politics, but he has no constitutional right to be a policeman. There are few employments for hire in which the servant does not agree to suspend his constitutional right of free speech, as well as of idleness, by the implied terms of his contract. The servant cannot complain, as he takes the employment on the terms offered him. On the same principle, the city may impose any reasonable condition upon holding offices within its control. This condition seems to us reasonable, if that be a question open to revision here."

The distinction between "rights" and "obligations" has rarely been more concisely or more directly stated. This distinction may be found in all religious teaching. For instance, it is not stated, yet it is patently implicit, in the Office for "The Ministration of Baptism to Such as Are of Riper Years and Able to Answer for Themselves," in the *Book of Common Prayer*; a service which was added in England in 1662, and which has been selected as an illustration because of its combined notes of religion, warfare, and voluntarily assumed obligations.

It is hard nowadays to welcome any kind of limitations which may require any type of obedience. Blindness does not stop there: the popular acclaim of "freedom of speech" swamps even memory of "freedom of choice." We cast aside the crown for a bauble. The Regular Army officer, who feels pride in not being drafted but in having volunteered, recognizes himself as a free-man, when he exercises his power of choice and obeys to the letter of law and regulations. The raw militiaman feels himself enslaved whenever asked to obey. He cries aloud for "freedom of speech."

If only we would cling to the principle of "the Divine and only irrevocable gift of God—freedom of choice," we should always be volunteers and should never sink to the level of pressed men. Students of Theosophy who have come to a recognition and an acceptance of the "Twin Doctrines" of Karma

and Reincarnation, should have little difficulty in attaining a rejoicing obedience—in big things, in little things, in all things. We say we believe that we are incarnated volunteers—no longer embryo souls swept along *en masse*. We express a verbal faith that our allotments in our physical lifetimes have been chosen by us, under Guidance it is true, yet still by voluntary acts, as being exactly and immediately ideal for the real purposes of our Souls. Yet we may allege that there are circumstances and inhibitions in our lives which "prevent" the full and exact obedience we "should like" to observe. Where is our belief!

Even people who do not accept or do not understand Karma and Reincarnation, need not feel "pressed" if they too will hold fast to the doctrine of freedom of will to choose between good and evil; that basic doctrine of all Christian denominations and of all religions. No misfortune, no malchance, no handicap, ever kills the power to be a freeman and to choose aright.

Hence it is that, if any of us find restrictions and limitations which we have voluntarily assumed, appearing to be onerous and confining, perhaps the distinction between "volunteer" and "pressed man" may change our attitude. Instead of acting under the "rights of a citizen," and mutinying, we may come to recognize the "obligations" of the "volunteer," who has been accepted and trained as an "officer and gentleman." Then we shall "not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto our life's end."

And—placed in New England as I am these days—I do not forget the sound occultism that lies within the Pilgrim heroine's famous mandate—"Speak for thyself!"

GEORGE WOODBRIDGE.

I will govern my life, and my thoughts, as if the whole world were to see the one, and to read the other; for what does it signify, to make anything a secret to my neighbour, when to God (who is the searcher of our hearts), all our privacies are open.—SENECA.

THE DAWN OF INDIVIDUALITY IN THE MINERAL KINGDOM

*I walked in a desert.
And I cried,
"Ah, God, take me from this place!"
A voice said, "It is no desert."
I cried, "Well, but—
"The sand, the heat, the vacant horizon."
A voice said, "It is no desert."*

THE BLACK RIDERS.

ALL this happened many years ago.
At first I was very rebellious when I found that mineralogy was a compulsory subject in my course in ———y at the University of ———; and I tried hard to have it replaced by something more sympathetic. Science had never attracted me. "It is so exact," I protested.

"But," smiled a fellow student, wishing to be encouraging, "mineralogy as a whole, is not considered to be one of the 'exact sciences.'"

"Oh, isn't it!" I growled, irritably. "I don't know what you call 'exact.' Listen to this. I remember thinking myself awfully clever not long since, because, after having 'crammed' a bit on the subject, preparatory to the winter's work, I made a statement after class one day to the effect that the cleavage angle of calcite was 75°. Of course, I did not care a scrap what the cleavage angle really was, but I did want to impress my listener. 'You are quite wrong,' broke in a wiseacre, standing nearby (a very officious person,— I had not even looked his way), 'the cleavage angle of calcite is 74° 55'.' Frankly, now, I should hate to be as fussy as all that!"

Indeed, *why* be "exact,"—that had always been my plea in life. If you are exact, then what is there left as food for the imagination? You might as well fit yourself tidily into a straight jacket at once, and be done with it! "The Arts," music, pictures, literature, had always been my battlefields, if one can call them such. These appealed to me, they "spoke my language."

"There is plenty of room for helpful and amusing discussion if you live in that world," I argued. "For instance, it has long been a pet conviction of mine, a kind of inherited tradition, that the Beethoven Opus 111 is, in music, a perfect counterpart of what Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind' is in poetry. Many a happy night have I spent comparing the mighty invocation of that splendid sonata, phrase by phrase, with the majestic sweep of the Ode, line for line. In the course of time, I meet some kindred spirit, and I speak my thoughts. 'Oh,' replies the kindred spirit, 'do you think so? Shelley's "Ode

to the West Wind?" To me the Opus III is much more like Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." There you are! A basis for amicable discussion at once, and for the simple reason that it is a matter of opinion. But an acute bisectrix! Whatever can you do with an uncompromising thing like that? There is no alluring uncertainty about an acute bisectrix. You know just what it is, and what it does and why it does it,—imagination quite left out. Long live the Arts!" I cried.

"The trouble with you," broke in another wiseacre (the place bristled with them!) "is that you think you have *too much* imagination for the study of science. Now I give you just one month to discover that you have not anything like enough."

"Thanks for the tip," I cried, cheerfully unconvinced, "we'll see."

And before the month was over, I *did* see. I saw all kinds of things, and I have gone on "seeing" ever since.

" . . . for one star differeth from another star in glory."

I Corinthians, chap. 15, verse 41.

" . . . ultimately the Kosmos is *one*—one under infinite variations and manifestations."

"The Elixir of Life."

One of the first things to arrest my attention, as I laboured with my new subject (very cross and bewildered in the beginning with what seemed to me unnecessarily difficult names and terms and modes of thought) was the *individuality* of crystals. Even between members of the same family there was sure to be some subtle, and as it were some psychic difference, for I found that as individuals they had "habits" amounting to a rudimentary imagination; that there was a distinct display of memory, as manifested in the repetition of these habits, however elementary that memory might appear to be when compared with units of the higher kingdoms; there were of course, the clearly marked sympathies,—the "chemical affinities" recognized by science,—for crystals, being "homogeneous solids," or individuals in their own right, it follows that in the *haute société* of the mineral world these preferences are very much in evidence; and beyond a doubt (oh, refreshing discovery!) there was a marked sense of humour evident in the mimicry of one mineral by another,—the pseudomorphs. Further still, I learned that what appeared to my dull perception as the hard, inflexible substance of the mineral world, proved to be "elastic" and capable of "expansion"; that the "elastic contents" of a crystal differed in different directions, and in a very complicated manner, showing that an individual crystal was capable of individual adaptation along certain lines, and under certain special conditions but that it reacted along those lines and under those conditions only. (And how true a parallel may we find in ourselves,—obtuse to Life's stimuli from one quarter, quickly responsive from another.)

My "discoveries" accumulated rapidly, and I soon found myself in the

possession of a mass of unclassified facts, as well as notebooks full of those intriguing "possible facts" known to every student, together with countless "hints," "suggestions," etc., and this to such an extent that I realized, with a kind of intoxication, that I was on the very threshold of a (to me) wholly undreamed-of world, a kind of scientific fairy-land, entrancing in its beauty and promising almost anything in the way of surprise and romance, if I had but the eyes to see, and the perseverance to keep to my course. "Come, come," I admonished myself with Macbethian spirit, "'screw your courage to the sticking-place',"—and without further ceremony I plunged in.

Perhaps the second consideration to awaken my enthusiasm, was the remarkable fact that nothing which I could discover in the life of a mineral, was without its almost exact correspondence in the "higher" kingdoms,—in plants, in animals, in human beings. To students of Theosophy, the thought that all life is one, that matter in its countless manifestations, on different planes or in different kingdoms, is the *same* matter,—these are familiar thoughts; but to one who is still merely theosophically inclined, and that even quite unconsciously (as was the case with me at that time), the discovery of an underlying Unity of Being amounts to nothing less than a breathless revelation. I suppose I had always felt this unity of life, with that strange, inner sense common to most nature-lovers; but I had never before had the hard and fast scientific corroboration which awaited me now, and which seemed to bring all my scattered nature-impressions to a sharp focus.

First I learned that a crystal waxes strong and grows if it is given the proper food. As a baby rose tree will grow and shoot out lovely and delicate branches if it be planted in a soil in which it can thrive; as the animal or human baby will get its strength and will increase in size if given the food which nourishes it; so the baby crystal, if supplied with the particular chemical substance which is its life, increases in size and develops and, as an individual, takes its place in its own world.

More remarkable still, so it seemed to me, was the power of recuperation after a severe hurt,—not an uncommon occurrence in this lowest of the kingdoms. We have all watched some poor, broken arm of a cherished plant or bush, send out fresh shoots from the very spot where its life-blood had been drawn; we have all seen terrible wounds in mangled human bodies heal with well-nigh miraculous rapidity; but how comparatively few of us have been witnesses, in some laboratory experiment, of the amazing restorative energy shown by crystals when replacing lost "tissue"? Thus a crystal, exhibiting faultless geometrical form, may be broken or crushed almost beyond recognition, but, if given an "infusion of blood" (that is to say, if it be so placed that it can absorb a sufficient amount of its own chemical substance), it will grow once more, in its effort to regain symmetry, into a perfect whole with astonishing celerity and accuracy. Indeed, a crystal actually broken in half, if given the conditions necessary to life on its own plane, will grow into two perfect crystals, each half developing apparently *from within itself* (though science says by accretion) the form of the missing half, until the perfect whole,

the original design, is complete,—and then it stops! At least, if it grow further, its growth progresses symmetrically along the definite lines laid down by the Master Builder, no longer in the one recuperative direction only. Truly the “Elixir of Life” is at the heart of every crystal individual, and it is in watching such silent alchemy as this, such tenacious obedience to the laws governing its own life, that we may recognize a rudimentary memory in the mineral world, for, of course, the astral form of the crystal was not damaged when the crystal itself was broken in half, and the individual, being able to remember its own archaic likeness, could therefore reproduce it in faultless imitation. And however much nature spirits may have to do with the rebuilding of crystal “tissue,” I cannot help believing that *within the individual crystal itself* there must, none the less, be the “tendency to repeat” the primitive habit,—memory, in short.

There was a third point which I noted, and this was the necessity for the cultivation of a habit of minute, patient and sympathetic observation, the need of giving the closest attention to every new aspect of this very new subject. If I failed to be on the alert at every moment, whether during the lecture hour or in the demonstration class afterwards, I always came away with the suspicion, generally developing into a sad conviction, that I had missed the very “trail” which would have led me out of a puzzling labyrinth, or which would have brought me to a quicker and a better understanding of some baffling enigma. Indeed, this sharpening of the habit of careful and exact observation increased to such an extent that it soon amounted to a kind of animal instinct, that instinct which is quick to detect and to follow the scent of the longed-for quarry.

This reminds me of a story which used to be told of the great Louis Agassiz of Harvard, one of the “idols” of my childhood. The story runs that the son of an eminent surgeon of Boston wished to complete his studies in medicine by a more thorough knowledge of natural history, so, rather against his father's wishes, he entered Professor Agassiz's laboratory. The morning of the first day, a Monday, he was given a trilobite with the injunction: “Examine this fossil carefully, and write down whatever you notice regarding it.” Young X worked diligently all that morning, making very full notes of what he could observe. In the afternoon, Professor Agassiz passed his desk, and running hastily over the notes, remarked: “That is quite good, so far, but of course you have only begun your examination.” Nothing daunted, X spent the remainder of that day making many more notes. The next morning, Professor Agassiz again appeared, and again remarked with cheerfulness: “X, you are really doing quite well. Keep right on. This is a very good specimen of a trilobite.” X “kept on”; each day he “kept on”; and each day Professor Agassiz, examining the notes which had been made, repeated with ever-increasing cheerfulness: “Keep right on.” At the end of the week, when young X returned home to spend the week-end with his people, his father asked him what progress he had made in Professor Agassiz's laboratory. X described his week's experiences. “What!” exclaimed the aston-

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This is a story with a very real and a very penetrating moral, and no one can afford to ignore that moral, no matter in how homely a guise it may be presented; for how many of Life's secrets, lying at our very doors, must we miss, for no better excuse than lack of observation. Indeed, we are told that unless we have acquired the eyes to see, we might "meet an Adept in the flesh" or "live in the same house with him and yet be unable to recognize him"; and although the very act of recognition would imply a high degree of interior recollection, rather than one of detailed, exterior scrutiny, yet shall we not, perhaps, discover that the primary steps toward our goal will take us along this very path,—the path which involves a deliberate and painstaking attention given to every-day phenomena? How otherwise, can we make the first beginnings? How can we hope to fit ourselves to discern the Greater Mysteries of Life, if we go about with our eyes closed to most of the lesser realities which lie, invitingly, all about us? Think of passing a Master without recognizing him! What a terrible price to pay because of the "innocuous habit" of inattention!

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Looking at the subject, therefore, from the Cosmogonic point of view, we reflected, far, far below in the mineral kingdom, so much of the glory from the spheres, that these reflections, repeated over and over, seem as multitudinous as the stars in the heavens, the tracery as endless as Eternity. There is hardly a Cosmic Motion described in *The Secret Doctrine*, without its reflected semblance in the mineral world. Thus, when we look at us of the waters which carry in solution the chemical substances which the embryonic minerals are lying,—those waters so necessary to the plants, those fertile waters so full of hidden and dormant crystal nuclei,—we recognize the mirror-image of what the Stanzas call "the slumbering Life" (Stanza III, Sl. 2), those Waters wherein is "the Germ in Darkness."

We describe the orderly unfolding of the Cosmos, and this through the stages of tenuity up to final Manifestation; so we are not surprised to find the lowest of kingdoms, the identical sequence in miniature, for a mineral, is capable of passing through these same states, "from materiality" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 737) from the gaseous to the liquid to the crystalline,—to consolidation in form. (The most familiar and well known example.) Further, in the life of any mineral that sooner or later, it may be thousands of years or a paltry time, there comes a time of dissolution when it returns once more to the transformation process known to geology as "decomposition." Every crystal, like a Cosmos, has in its own small way, its rhythm of birth and death. Pralaya. Science has not yet reached the point where it can define rhythmic law regarding the evolving and involving of mineral life, but perhaps one day we shall learn something about it, and we are in some form, even if very shadowy. In the meantime we must content ourselves with that.

Minerals are what we may call one aspect or phase of differentiation. With crystals this is especially true, and in the mineral world, well to note the distinction, for of course, all minerals are more than is everything which looks like a human being in its vital soul. "Many are the soulless men among us," we are told in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. I, p. 255), and just as in the vegetable and

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Minerals in general are what we may call one aspect or phase of differentiated matter, but with crystals this is especially true, and in the mineral world we shall do well to note the distinction, for of course, all minerals are not crystals, any more than is everything which looks like a human being in reality an immortal soul. "Many are the *soulless* men among us," we are told in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. I, p. 255), and just as in the vegetable and

² I am not, of course, taking into account the "artificial production" or the "hastened disintegration" which can be demonstrated in laboratories.

the animal worlds there are higher and lower forms of life, so, in this "lowest" of kingdoms, we find minerals which (perhaps owing to adverse conditions during the process of cooling, perhaps to some latent element of Tamas in their own composition) have failed to respond to the laws of symmetry and so have not succeeded in reaching individual expression. This is the amorphous mineral. On the other hand, there are the more energetic units (those maybe who are born under a "lucky star"), and these, held at first in solution, spring, when their hour strikes, into such definite and beautiful forms as are hardly equalled in the whole wide sweep of Nature. I say that they "spring" into life, as though it were an instantaneous process, but the formation of the average crystal is a very slow affair indeed, as is well known. Time, it would seem, is of not much more account in the making of a crystal, than it is in the formation of a Cosmos. In commenting on the Stanzas, *The Secret Doctrine* says that the "Slumbering Waters of Life" may be considered as "Primordial Matter with the latent Spirit in it" (vol. I, p. 93). The amorphous mineral, I think, may be looked upon as analogous to the "latent Spirit"—Primordial Substance not yet manifesting itself in Form; while the crystal may be taken as symbolic of individual, self-conscious life, a minute but clear reflection of the "Germ which dwelleth in Darkness" and which has evolved into "That, and That is Light" (Stanza III, Sl. 8).

I have just spoken of the difference between an amorphous mineral and a crystal. When Nature has had "fair play" (or when she has "played fair"!)—I mean when a mineral has been deposited under certain ideal conditions, then we watch the "transformation of the mineral atom through crystallization" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 266) and at once, "as in a glass darkly" we recognize its prototype,—the birth of a Cosmos. A mineral separates very, very slowly from solution. If for some reason the process be hurried, the geometrical marvel of the perfected form will not come to fruition. Time, as already said, is of no account in the mineral world. When in the embryonic state, if the crystal architecture is to be faultless, the germ-soul, lying in the waters must be free and unhampered,—free to develop all its beautiful faces, all its lovely, predestined form. Water is of paramount importance in the mineral world, as it is also "in all cosmogonies" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 93), for, as just pointed out, it is in the "waters" (the "mother-lye" of *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 267) that the crystal seeds or germ-souls are held, our Cosmic parallel being (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 93): "The Waters of Life or Chaos—the female principle in symbolism—are the vacuum (to our mental sight) in which lie the latent Spirit and Matter." It is by these waters that the germ-soul is nourished into life, being at first "vaporious, soft and plastic," to borrow a phrase from *The Mahatma Letters*, and becoming eventually "hard and concrete."

This book, *The Mahatma Letters*, is so full of material for mineralogists, even for the most humble of would-be mineralogists, that one asks oneself: "How is it possible that I have lived all these years without it?" To the question: "Does every mineral form . . . always contain within it that

entity which involves the potentiality of development into a planetary spirit?" the answer is given: "Invariably; only rather call it the *germ* of a future entity, which it has been for ages" (p. 88). Now it is these "primordial, cosmic, atom" souls in minerals which give so much food for reflection, and a belief in which, did he but guess it, would dissipate the very difficulty which the average man of science experiences when he tries to explain the "habits" of crystals. These habits *cannot* be explained to any satisfaction unless the existence of an "essence, or spirit, or soul"—call it what you will,—is admitted, even while it may be thought of as still semi-blind, as still groping.

To continue what the Master K. H. writes: "You must take each entity at its starting point in the manvantaric course as the primordial cosmic atom already differentiated by the first flutter of the manvantaric life breath. For the potentiality which develops finally into a perfected planetary spirit lurks in, *is* in fact that primordial cosmic atom" (p. 89). What a picture of never-ending unfoldment in those few lines! This infinitely tiny but potent germ-spark, imprisoned at first in a crystal, starting on its unthinkable protracted journey upwards, groping its way Home, up through all the planes of all the kingdoms to the very highest! On this steep, upward journey we watch it, now coming into incarnation, now going out; now solid, now gaseous; repeating in its own infinitely small way, the Great Cosmic Breaths.

In the mineral kingdom, reincarnation is as much the one reasonable explanation of progressive life as it is in the world of men, and while it would be injudicious to claim the same degree of individualized reincarnation for the units of this kingdom as we are in the habit of doing in the case of the more evolved of human beings, the subject as a whole seems to me to be worthy of a sympathetic investigation, especially when it becomes a question of comparing the higher and more evolved types of crystals with human beings *en masse*. If one goes to a museum and spends an hour looking at some of the lovely and perfect shapes to be found in any good mineral collection, and reflects upon the degree of obedience to the laws governing its own life which helped to produce each one of these perfected forms; if one then returns home, passing through a few of the more crowded thoroughfares of a very crowded city, noticing the "dregs" of humanity (if, indeed, some of these dregs may still be thought of as human), I think the scales will dip in favour of the mineral and not of the human kingdom.

As is the case with a Cosmos, or with a human being, no sooner does a crystal come into incarnation than it begins to follow the fore-ordained sequence,—it becomes the victim of change ("the law of this vibratory existence" as *Light on the Path* has it), and this particularly when it is exposed to atmospheric conditions, which is the equivalent of the "wear and tear of life." Sooner or later all minerals are acted upon in one or more of the many ways known to Nature; by hydration, oxidation, carbonization—what not. These chemical processes are the early beginnings of the crystal's dissolution, of its Pralaya. But we know that the very chemical substance which *as crystal* decomposes, takes life again, at some future time, in the same perfection of

geometrical form which is, indeed, its own individual expression. And this will be true even though, when clothed in a new body, its "habits" may tend to mask its real identity.

In our elementary geology books, all of us, as young people, have followed the romantic adventures of certain detached portions of disintegrated or of weathered rock, though in those heedless years, in the heyday of youth, we have not always had the eyes to see that particular kind of romance. Take the familiar example of a grain of sand (silica dioxide) which once upon a time, thousands on thousands of years ago, formed, as a crystal individual, an integral part of its group, perhaps a granite cliff. Becoming, in the course of time, separated as a result of denudation, it is knocked about the world, hither and yon, losing its old, familiar appearance as it goes, shedding its "transitory vehicle" little by little, as a human ego sheds its lower principles after the death of its physical body. Perhaps it may be washed into a river, its Kamaloka, to be ground smooth by many purgatorial processes into a rounded pebble; perhaps when at last it reaches the still peace of ocean depths, its Devachan, it may have been diminished in mineral bulk to the size of a grain of sand; but when its Karma is ripe (and in *Light on the Path* we read: "It is said that every grain of sand in the ocean bed does, in its turn, get washed up on to the shore and lie for a moment in the sunshine")—when its Karma is ripe, let this tiniest of sand grains, *to our eyes* a dead thing, battered, discoloured, opaque, find itself in water containing in solution some of the chemical properties necessary to the formation of quartz (a process I have already alluded to), and at once, that little shapeless body, that travel-stained little sand grain, will grow as a bulb grows when it is planted in good, sweet earth, sprouting the beautiful hexagonal crystals with pyramidal caps, so familiar to us. The dormant life, held for those countless thousands of years at the heart of that minute individual, blossoms once more, and it starts anew,—life in a fresh body, life built upon its dead past. If this is not Tanha, then I do not know what Tanha means. Thirst for life in the human kingdom most certainly has its counterpart in thirst for perfect geometrical form, which *is* life, in the mineral world. For form means individual life to the mineral as it does to the reincarnating human, and without form there would be no individual life at all on this plane of existence. Who shall say, then, that reincarnation belongs only to the world of men?

"Number Seven, the fundamental figure among all other figures . . . must have its *raison d'être*." *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, p. 38.

"Nature geometrizes universally in all her manifestations. There is an inherent law—not only in the primordial, but also in the manifested matter of our phenomenal plane—by which Nature correlates her geometrical forms."

The Secret Doctrine, vol. I, p. 124.

Of course life in the mineral kingdom is septenary; any student of Theosophy would expect this, but even the Theosophically unconverted scientist has been

forced to this conclusion, and more and more do we find him pointing out to a somewhat mystified public (himself, no doubt, also mystified) the prominence of the number seven when related to natural phenomena. Many years ago, when I first began my studies, we were taught that there were but six crystallographic systems or types of crystal architecture. Quite recently it has been recognized, however, that this mode of reckoning was incomplete;³ that without a seventh system the beautiful and varied forms, whether primitive or evolved, could not be accounted for satisfactorily,—and no wonder!

As there is the "Septenary Hierarchy of conscious Divine Powers . . . each of the various groups has its own designation in the Secret Doctrine" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 49); as "The One Ray multiplies the smaller Rays" (Stanza VII), so we recognize the "Primordial Seven" mirrored down through the kingdoms until the inorganic world is reached. We are told that each one of the "Seven Rays" is different from each of the other Rays, each Manifestation being peculiar to Itself. Coming lower in the Scale of Life, we know that every incarnating human ego belongs on one or other of these Seven Rays, and that it is by the slow process of evolution that each human being learns to conform to the laws governing his own Ray,—though until he has attained definite crystallographic form, that is, some degree of spiritual consolidation, Cosmically speaking he would probably be somewhat difficult to classify, because still merely amorphous. Coming still lower, *The Secret Doctrine* tells us that all the "earliest forms of organic life also appear in septenary groups of numbers" (vol. II, p. 628). Lowest of all, the mineral world echoes back the Hierarchical Seven in the seven crystallographic systems, but as in the case of the higher kingdoms, some degree of perfection must be attained before group life in any sense can be entered upon.

Crystallography is the study of the definite geometrical forms taken by mineral substances when these substances have had the chance to crystallize, and in my day the crystal faces themselves played a much more important part in determining the system to which a particular crystal belonged, than they do now. That is to say, if we found that the full number of faces necessary for identification were not present, we argued that this was due to "suppression," the result of imperfect development, and we called these poor cripples (for so we considered them) by the staggering name of "tetartohedral." Now, however, a crystal is not judged according to its external appearance, for, more often than not, this is very deceptive, and the number of faces is no longer a determining factor in classifying minerals. (We are in Kali Yuga, let us remember, and appearances are at a discount, even with those, scientists or non-scientific, who have never heard of Kali Yuga.) According to present day reckoning, the true elements of symmetry are to be found in the planes of symmetry and the axes of symmetry.⁴ These planes and axes of symmetry are not concrete and visible as the faces are, one might call them

³ Thanks for this are chiefly due to the invaluable work done by members of the staff in the Department of Minerals in the British Museum, during the early years of this century.

⁴ I do not mean to imply that planes and axes of symmetry are a recent discovery, but that they are now given a greater emphasis than formerly.

invisible laws which influence the life of the individual, and its outer expression. You cannot actually see or touch a plane of symmetry as you can the beautiful facets of the crystal; you cannot touch it or hold it in your hand any more than you can "touch," concretely, the law of Karma, but you know that the law is there because of what happens. Bertrand Russell, in his book, *The A. B. C. of Atoms*, speaking of electricity, says: "It [electricity] is not a thing like St. Paul's Cathedral; it is the way in which things behave."⁵ We might make use of this somewhat popularly phrased illustration, and apply it to the planes and axes of symmetry:—since a mineral crystallizes according to certain geometrical laws, or in a certain geometrical form, we know that it must have such and such "planes" and "axes." We might, in fact, for the sake of greater clarity, define these as follows:—a plane of symmetry is a *position* in the crystal, an axis of symmetry is a *direction*, and according to these "positions" and following such and such "directions" certain definite forms result. The laws are there, invisible, but intensely active.

A plane of symmetry, then (although I have described it rather metaphysically as an invisible position), is an all important factor in the architecture of any crystal, for once the planes of symmetry are determined (and there may be several in a crystal), this remarkable fact will be disclosed,—on both sides of these invisible planes the crystal will be found to be symmetrical to such perfection, that the one half will be the *mirror-image* of the other, a reflection within a reflection. This symmetry will not always be immediately apparent, indeed at the first glance there may appear to be no symmetry at all between these two halves, but a closer examination will prove beyond dispute that in the disposition of the faces, no matter what their relative sizes, not the least trace of anything asymmetrical can be found; the looking-glass half will be faultless. Here we get our first shadowy glimpse of *duality* in the mineral world, duality "which is, as it were, the very essence of its [the Manifested Universe] *Ex-istence* as *Manifestation*" (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 44), for these two halves may be regarded as distinct, even though they are fused, and both are necessary to the perfection of the whole.

I have often wondered if a plane of symmetry, that filmy division, so insubstantial that *physically* it may be considered as non-existent, might possibly be thought of as a nascent plane of consciousness, while an axis of symmetry might be considered as the direction which that consciousness takes,—a kind of potential will. Thus a mineral, crystallizing in the cubic system, could be thought of as possessing a more extended consciousness, a more evolved will, than a mineral belonging to any of the other systems; for the cube has the highest degree of symmetry possible among crystals, *i.e.*, the greatest number of planes and axes of symmetry, and it was chosen, no doubt, in ancient times, as the symbol of perfection, on account of this very interior austerity and poise. Analogies may be carried on *ad infinitum*, and the danger of an analogy is well known to be equal to the lure. When, however, we real-

⁵ Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 170, where electricity, as we know it, is described as an *effect* and not a *cause*.

ize that it is the axis of symmetry which actually determines the system to which an individual crystal belongs (the power of the will being the determining factor in evolution on all planes); when we discover that it is around and in conformity to the plane of symmetry that the salient physical (geometrical) characteristics of the mineral are developed (manifested life being impossible without consciousness), perhaps we shall feel that the point has not been laboured too far.

I have just said that the symmetry of a crystal is not always superficially evident, and that the development of faces seems often so irregular, almost eccentric, that the true symmetry is masked—this illusive appearance suggesting that the crystal in question has been unable to bring its personality into line—but one of the most astonishing revelations in the whole sweep of natural science, is what is known as the *constancy of angle in crystal faces*. No matter what “habits” an individual crystal may display, no matter how unequal in size its facets may be, nor how out of its normal proportion the crystal may appear, because it is composed of a definite chemical substance, each facial angle will be true to the geometrical law governing its crystal development,—the particular “class” in the particular “system”—even to the tiniest fraction of the fraction of an inch.⁶ Doubt this, and the reflecting or the contact goniometer will convince you immediately, for no matter what the “tricks of expression” the particular crystal may have assumed, each and every angle will be found “constant.” Members of one family, the same blood flowing in their veins (the same chemical substance), yet each with physical characteristics so dissimilar that the relationship is almost completely obscured, will yet prove themselves faithful to “family traditions.”

In the mineral world, the reality of inner relationship is determined by means of exact calculation; therefore whatever superficial differences there may appear to be among crystal individuals of the same system (and after all, if what we see is but the outer personality, it is not surprising that these differences exist!), there is always the basic resemblance, though there is no blind uniformity. Each “brother” conforms to the laws which govern every other “brother” of that order, the inner group life being thus firmly established, indissolubly knit together. I think we should be able to see in this a *collective consciousness* of a very advanced type, the kind of collective consciousness which might well serve as an inspiring ideal, the kind which is referred to in *Lucifer* (vol. 3, p. 410):—“there is in reality no more difference than between a forest and its trees, a lake and its waters.”

How happy for us of a “higher” kingdom if we could learn to make Brotherhood as real as this! What a change would come over the face of Life if we could remember that underneath all the various and deceptive habits which we are much too quick to detect in one another, there is That at the heart of each which, if recognized, would instantly establish the true relationship! “Learn to look intelligently into the hearts of men,” we read in *Light on the*

⁶ There is of course the one exception which proves the rule,—but this is too long a story.

Path. Why, then, these idiosyncrasies should have no more power to create in us a "sense of separateness" than can the apparently unequal and twisted crystal faces destroy, in reality, the constancy of angle! Consciously or unconsciously, the human race presses forward toward the attainment of a vaster symmetry than it can as yet conceive: at least let us hope that this onward march is sure. This will mean a *Collective Symmetry* built up by individual effort, each unit having attained to perfected form. If, as individuals, we could display one thousandth part of the insatiable thirst for symmetry manifested by every crystal which takes shape, what a marvellously faceted life-form would be the result!

"'Soft stones that hardened' . . . 'hard plants that softened' . . . for 'it is from the bosom of the stone that vegetation is born.'"

The Secret Doctrine, vol. II, p. 628.

Once, many years ago, I wandered alone through the gently rolling fields which stretch for miles along the tops of the rugged headlands, forming the south coast of Cornwall,—Cornwall, that country of mystery, where the past and the present meet. Below me dropped the sheer faces of the magnificent battlemented cliffs; around me stretched green meadows full of bright summer flowers, and I watched them delightedly as the cool wind from the ocean—a sapphire sea, never more full of magic than when seen from the Cornish coast—tossed them and played with them, making their crimson and orange and deep blue petals flash in the sunlight; for flowers love the soft, Cornish breezes and the rich, Cornish earth, and they grow there in great luxuriance. Suddenly, round a sharp turn of the tortuous little meadow path which I was following, I came upon the loveliest flower garden that one could wish to see, though it was fixed, immovable. Over the broad face and the softly rounded sides of a huge greenstone rock which was half buried in the high bank skirted by my little meadow path, thick as the very grass on which I stood, were growing thousands of tiny quartz crystals, the seeds brought and planted there (how long ago, who knows?) by the waters, rich in silica, of some neighbouring spring. Just as flower seeds are carried by the winds, these mineral seeds had been transported by the waters, and the rock was powdered with the slender, translucent needles, so thick that there was hardly any rock to be seen,—a whole flower garden of beautiful clustering crystals, the minute facets flashing back the clear sunshine, separated into every prismatic colour, now deepest purple, now palest rose, the same colours that the nodding flowers in the fields all about me were flaming on that warm mid-summer afternoon. Only because their world is built of matter a little less plastic, the lovely quartz flowers could not move and dance as the field grasses and flowers were doing, but the same life-urge was there, in the crystal as in the flower, the same yearning for perfection, for the beauty of symmetry. I took my magnifying glass (I was never without it), and I studied

that little brotherhood of crystals carefully, slowly, and not one that was really imperfect could I find among the hundreds which I examined, though each small hexagon, capped by its tiny pyramid, was in some indefinable way, different from its neighbour, just as there were no two field flowers exactly alike.

I was spell-bound, held as if by enchantment, it was such a lovely sight! As the field flowers, swayed by the cool sea breezes, scattered their perfume, so, with each change of light in the sky, the little crystal flowers sent out throbbing colour-signals, the inner language of the mineral world, those throbbing, changing colours seeming to give to the slender crystal shapes a gentle movement, all their own. As I stood there dreaming, there seemed to me at that moment, no difference whatever between the little people of the two kingdoms; for was there not a "blood bond," a magical interplay of life-forces, a metempsychosis, when the soul of the mineral, unable to incarnate in its own natural form, had been drawn up into the body of the plant to nourish it; the dying plant, giving back in its turn to the soil, the mineral essence which it had borrowed? And who knows how many countless summers that little rock garden had seen wax and wane? How many lonely winters it had passed, waiting for the spring, and for the new-old companions to come again?

It was hard to tear myself away, but I had wandered far from home, the shadows were growing long, and the sun, in golden splendour, was sinking off there in the far West, beyond the league on league of burnished ocean. With the deepening twilight, the field flowers would close their eyes for the night, and the little crystal flowers would no longer flash their colour-signals,—not until the coming of another sun; but with the new day I knew that each would call again to each, in the old, familiar language, and so on and on it would go, through the fast changing years.

At last I turned homewards, slowly, reluctantly (it was almost dusk now) and as I walked, I thought of the pale, still loveliness of the quartz crystals; the rapturous response to the call of Life in the deep-hearted poppies.

"Not any flower that blows
But shining watch doth keep;
Every swift changing chequered hour it knows
Now to break forth in beauty; now to sleep."

Thus I sang to myself. "I will go there next week and spend the whole day," I said,—but that was just one more dream which did not come true, for I never passed that way again.

D.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE seventeenth day of November, 1925. "To-day is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of The Theosophical Society," said the Ancient, "and although we celebrated this great birthday at our Convention last April, we can afford once more to rejoice, to give thanks,—and to take warning. Most of us, I suspect, would freely confess, at least in our own hearts, that it is only by some sort of miracle that we, individually, have pulled through; for by our own strength and virtue we could not have done it, and must thank the high gods and our fellow-members, or some of them, for the blessing of still fighting in the ranks. Pray heaven we die, fighting! Death cannot be far off for some of us. May you, who are younger in years and in the work, be supported as we have been! And let all of us learn from the past, seeing when and why we tripped or so nearly tripped, turning to the Lodge in our hearts for light, if we need light, for decision, if we need decision, and then resolving—'highly resolving'—to forestall the danger by attacking it before the same weakness or blindness exposes us again. For the future of the Society rests in our hands. The Masters cannot maintain it unless its members supply a vehicle for the Lodge spirit and purpose,—a vehicle of purity, heroism, nobility, large-heartedness, large-mindedness, freedom from superstition, zeal, discretion, and an ever-increasing love of truth and goodness and beauty, as these come down to us from above. We know how the least of our efforts are welcomed by Masters, and that they reinforce us to the utmost limit of safety. We have everything in our favour,—except the lying glamour of the world, the lying clamour of the flesh, the lying snares of the devil. What fools we are,—that the same old tricks still have any power!

"'Experience,' says youth; 'I must have experience; it is not fair to expect me to see things as you see them. You are old; you have tasted; you have suffered and enjoyed, and now, with one foot in the grave, you preach at me!' 'Child,' I reply, 'you are as old as I am; perhaps older. How many more millions of times will you want to taste the things you have already tasted,—with tears of blood as the result. I am not preaching at you. I am trying to drive some sense into your head because I would give my ears if, at your age, someone had tried to drive the same sense into mine, and because, in so far as I know how to pray, I am praying that when I am born again and am as young as you are, and younger, there will be not one, but a score of people, with or without feet in the grave, who will hammer the truth into me! At least get rid of the cheapest and silliest of all illusions,—that there is any folly you have not already committed, or any worldly experience from which you have not already suffered. I know exactly what you think you want, and you can't have it because it doesn't exist. Your vision of it is false. You

see heaven through the spectacles of earth: so you see neither earth nor heaven. Really, there is no choice, because, if you were to decide that you want the earth, or earthly things, regardless of heaven, you could only reap misery, seeing that, in spite of yourself, you would remain a Soul; and because, if you were to decide that you want heaven, but a little of the earth too (which is the usual decision), you would find that both escaped you. . . . But enough of youth. Fundamentally, its problem is in no way different from ours."

"That is very true," said the Historian. "The cause of misery is the same at all ages, as Buddha declared many centuries ago: it is wrong self-identification; it is 'Thirst, that leads to re-birth, accompanied by pleasure and lust, finding its delight here and there,—namely, thirst for pleasure, thirst for existence, thirst for prosperity. . . . The body, O Disciples, is not the self. . . . Sensation, O Disciples, is not the self. . . . Nothing which is perishable, painful, subject to change,' can be regarded as mine, or 'this am I, this is my self.' Old or young, we still thirst for sensation,—for the sensation of peace, of harmonious surroundings, of pleasant mental occupation, of absence of distress, when we no longer thirst for 'thrills.' We worry over perishable things, which is proof of wrong self-identification, because it is the personal self that clings to trivialities and will not detach itself from them. You remember the words attributed to Jesus in one of the Mohammedan books: 'Life is a bridge; pass over it; do not build upon it.' We build upon it, allowing ourselves to become immersed in the cares, the desires, the hopes, and especially (as we grow older) the fears of the personality. There are those for whom prayer has become a penance, because it reminds them of all their sins, of all their worries, of all their griefs, of all the things they want and cannot have, which are not and which ought to be. We yearn for beauty, and either see it where it does not exist—victims of glamour—blind to the eternal beauties—or grieve for the hideousness we do see. So with goodness, so with truth.

"Two men looked out through prison bars.
The one saw mud;
The other, stars.'

"We should see the mud, but we should see the stars also; and for every five minutes that we give to consideration of the mud, we should give at least ten minutes to contemplation of the stars. Further, instead of confining our thought of the stars to their remoteness, we should train ourselves to notice their reflection in the mud, the nearness of their light as it touches our eyes, the meaning of their rays as these pass through our being,—for does not one star differ from another star in glory?

"I began to read a book the other day (which is about as much as I accomplish nowadays in the way of reading!),—a new book by Basil King, called *Faith and Success*. I had enjoyed his *Conquest of Fear*, and there is much in his last book that I thoroughly like. But he says that motion pictures

have 'done more to rouse the Imagination in those in whom it was suppressed than all that the past centuries have contributed together.' I utterly disagree, and I disagree as flatly when he adds that, until the arrival of the motion picture theatre, the imagination had been starved in China, Japan, India, Africa, as it had been among the 'humbler classes' (what a misnomer!) of our own people. It is only in such countries as China, Japan, India, and among the 'humbler classes' there, that the Imagination flourishes. For those peoples, the world is made perpetually wonderful by the participation in human affairs of gods and demons, gnomes and sylphs and salamanders, Rishis and Star-Angels and ancestors,—or had been, until the arrival of motion pictures and their like. Apart from that, however, in any case in Japan, children are taught from infancy to use their imaginations, especially in the perception of hidden beauty. The poorest, unable to buy any work of human art, become independent of such extraneous aids by learning to recognize in the most commonplace of objects—a water-worn stone, a shadow on a wall, a fallen leaf—a beauty transcending the works of man. Taught to look for it, they find it. It is we, with our money, who are poor; yet we might learn to acquire their riches, and to find, not only in simple, natural objects, but, above all, in the commonplace and otherwise monotonous events of daily life, revelations of the eternal beauty, actions of the divine goodness, hints of celestial wisdom."

"Excuse a very blunt question," said the Student, as the Historian paused; "are you able to practise what you have just been preaching?"

"I am not," the Historian replied; "but I try, not merely from a sense of duty, but because I realize that, whenever I fail, it spells misery, big or little, both for myself and my friends. It is no easy matter to cure a tendency, and I caught myself this morning, as I made my way through the canyons of lower New York, saying to myself, half aloud, 'These beastly streets, these absolutely beastly streets!' I admit they are beastly, and that it would be lamentable if I thought they were beautiful; but I certainly do not need to convince myself of such an obvious truth by repeated affirmation: and why dwell on their inhuman ugliness? Why does my mind turn to that, rather than to some charming trait in the character of a friend, or to some verse from one of the great scriptures of the world, or to some memory or hope of other and better spheres? I suppose the answer is that the street is there, and the friend is not. But this would mean that my mind is dominated, or in any case unduly influenced, by sense impressions and by passing stimuli. It is very humiliating."

"Part of the trouble in your case is that you find distinct pleasure in your own mental vituperation," commented his old friend, the Philosopher, with a broad grin. "I can see you composing anathemas as you fight your way through the millions of little Jew girls on lower Broadway during the lunch hour!"

"Whatever the cause, I am determined to stop it," the Historian continued, "and my excuse for sermonizing about it before I have done so, is

that at least I so clearly perceive the ideal, and the effects of the bad mental habit I have been condemning."

"There is another subject which I should like to touch upon, if I may, in connection with our fiftieth anniversary," the Ancient now resumed. "Because we live and work in Kali Yuga, the Black or Iron Age, it is inevitable that The Theosophical Society should throw up psychic counterfeits,—travesties of itself, grotesque perversions of its nature and mission. For many years, no reference to these was made in the *QUARTERLY*. We have always refused to deal in personalities. No one can ever say that our members exploit themselves in our pages, or that the *QUARTERLY* is ever used for personal ends. We have no quarrel, personally, with these psychic counterfeits. Some of them—more years ago than I can number—I knew; but they mean no more to me now than characters in ancient history. I should not refer to them by name, except for the fact that at all costs they invite it. They advertize themselves and their pictures in their own magazines, to such an extent that it would be cruel to refer to Point Loma without mention of the 'Leader and Official Head,' or to speak of the Adyar Society without identifying it with Mrs. Annie Besant and 'Bishop' Leadbeater. It is not, however, to Mrs. Tingley that reference needs to be made. Point Loma exists, but the purpose of its existence is so obvious that, as a travesty of The Theosophical Society, its existence is almost innocuous. Mrs. Besant, unfortunately, still has a reputation in the world which makes her dangerous to the good name of Theosophy,—and Theosophy must be defended. Years ago, she possessed rare oratorical powers, and perhaps still possesses them. In any case, she seems able to draw a crowd, and she presents to these crowds a travesty of Theosophy which I shall not characterize because her own words will do so more effectively than I can. I have before me a magazine called *The Herald of the Star*, for September, 1925. It is described as a Special Congress Number,—the Congress being that of 'The Order of the Star in the East,' the 'Head' of which is J. Krishnamurti; the 'Protector' of which (or of whom) is Mrs. Annie Besant. The Congress was held in Holland. The magazine is well supplied with photographs—of Mrs. Besant, of Krishnamurti, of Leadbeater, and of men dressed as Bishops, in full 'pontificals,' a blend of Rome and Greece, extravagant, gorgeous—'Bishops' in their own little church, the 'Liberal Catholic Church,' in which the sacraments are clairvoyantly administered, with aura streaming through the walls, and the most wonderful 'uplift' that ever was, thanks to Mr. Leadbeater's observation of the aura as he sits two thousand miles away at Adyar. However, it is best to let Mrs. Besant speak for herself—though the photographs tell us even more than her words: the photographs tell everything. I have never seen such faces: they are terrible. If you want to see the face of a devil, look at these"—and the Ancient handed it round—"and is not that seared image of the spirit of the world, of worldly ambition and love of power? Is this a picture of the flesh? What better proof of blindness,—to

"The 'Address by Dr. Besant' begins with a description of the occult hierarchy. ('I am one of those,' she says in a later address in the same magazine, 'who always see a kind of diagram on which my knowledge is arranged, so to speak'; and she arranges the Lodge accordingly.) At the head of the hierarchy is the 'King.' 'We know that He came with His three Pupils from another world, the planet Venus . . . immediately below Him, the three Pupils of whom I spoke, and that wonderful Flower of our humanity, the Lord Buddha, of the same rank as They, after His great illumination. And then there come three Mighty Ones; the Lord Vaivasvata Manu . . . the Bodhisattva . . . the Maha-Chohan . . . the Bodhisattva, Krishna-Christ as He is sometimes called. . . Then below Them come the Chohans of the seven Rays. . . Keep then, I pray you, that rough outline in your minds, for I have no time to go into it in more detail.'

"It should perhaps be explained at this point that 'Bishop' Arundale, who followed Mrs. Besant, began his comments on her speech in these words: 'You have had on this most memorable morning the great privilege of listening first to the representative in the outer world of the world's greatest KING. As His representative, she has given to you His message. Not often is it given to the Great King's messenger to convey to the outer world His orders and commands. . . From our Mother, our Chief, you had the power.'

"So we come back to the 'message': 'And now I have to give to you, by command of the King, I have to give to you His Message, and some of the Messages of the Lord Maitreya and His great Brothers,' to wit: the aforesaid Bodhisattva, 'Krishna-Christ,' is going to take possession of the body of Krishnamurti, as the body of Jesus was taken possession of, in Palestine, by the same exalted entity. (It will be noted, therefore, incidentally, that Adyar adopts a very ancient 'heresy.') This is to happen very soon. Krishna-Christ has already chosen 'His twelve Apostles—a significant number, "the twelve" . . . He has already chosen them, but I have only the command to mention seven who have reached the stage of Arhatship, which seems to be the occult status for the small circle of His immediate disciples and messengers to the world. The first two, my brother Charles Leadbeater and myself, passed that great Initiation at the same time, together because of our future work together, at the time that I became President of the T. S.'"

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"Don't laugh," the Ancient exclaimed. "I can sympathize with your feeling, but that Theosophy, or any of its teachings, should be thus dragged, the mud, is almost unendurable."

It was not fair to present the matter in this light, and then to tell facts, bad enough in themselves, with any touch of irony. We tried straight faces, but did not always succeed, as the Ancient continued

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"Having installed herself and 'Bishop' Leadbeater as the two chief Arhats, Mrs. Besant proceeded to name the five others, members of her society, two

of them Orientals, and the rest of them 'Bishops,'—Wedgwood, Arundale, Köllerström. They were more recent Arhats, baby Arhats, so to speak, but quite genuine, because 'Bishop' Köllerström, on the same occasion, had a good deal to say about his own 'passing of that great fourth Initiation of which our Chief has just spoken to us,' and about his little trip to Nirvana, when, in his own words, 'as it is put in *The Light of Asia*, "The dewdrop slips into the shining sea."' A pity the dewdrop did not stay there, some may think; but it didn't, because there it was, dressed up as a Bishop, mitre and all, able to assure a rapt audience that 'you also may feel something of that marvellous Life burning, throbbing, pulsing through your bodies, even as Jesus must have felt it, even as Krishnaji (pet name for Krishnamurti) will feel it, even as to some extent we at the fourth, the Arhat Initiation have felt it.'

"It is worth noting incidentally," continued the Ancient, "that Mrs. Besant, who is not lacking in a certain political astuteness, has the Krishnamurti avatar 'sewn up' in advance—if you will pardon the slang—by means of her diagram. She is not a mere Arhat,—far from it. As already explained, at the head of the hierarchy is the 'King,' with his three pupils from Venus. Well below him, and presumably below the three pupils, come the three 'Mighty Ones,' including the Bodhisattva, 'Krishna-Christ.' Now modesty evidently prevented Mrs. Besant, on *that* occasion, from saying that she is one of the three pupils of the 'King'; but modesty did not prevent the statement: 'Taking the first Ray with, as Head, the Great King, we have one of these representatives in myself.' She delegates Krishnamurti, and even 'my brother Leadbeater,' to the second Ray. Consequently, if the Avatar does not behave himself—that is to say, if he should develop ideas of his own—she will be in the position, strategically, to produce a 'command' from the 'Great King,' deposing him! If it were not so transparent, it would be ingenious.

"But now for another feature of the situation, the reverse of humorous. Krishnamurti, who is to be the 'vehicle' of 'Krishna-Christ,' the Bodhisattva, has for ages been interested in Universities, it appears, and therefore it is but natural that 'a great Theosophical World-University' is to be established under his auspices with as little delay as possible. This University is to be managed by the Arhat, 'Bishop' Wedgwood (some of you may have heard of him), who, speaking on the same occasion, declared that 'the great difficulty with most of us is, we suffer so much from *repression*. The whole course of training in our modern civilization has been in the *repressing* of people, not only in their youth, but in the whole course of life.'

"I do not wish to speak openly. Indeed, it would be impossible to do so. But I want you to notice that last quotation, and to try to understand why I am dragging this unsavoury subject into the pages of our beloved QUARTERLY. It is because I fear a terrible explosion from the midst of all that hocus-pocus,—an explosion that will make the name, Theosophy, a scandal and a byword; and because all of our members would suffer unjustly from the repercussion, I want them to know what is going on, and to remind them that the purity

and nobility of their own lives will be their best protection, as well as the best defence they can afford Theosophy and The Theosophical Society. That we abhor the doings of the Adyar Society in all its ramifications—'Star' and Co-Masonry and Liberal Catholic Church included—it is our duty to declare, because their ways are evil, and because we must protect The Theosophical Society in the eyes of the public. Let no one imagine that we have the slightest connection, inner or outer, with Adyar, and, instead of waiting until the crash comes, it is a duty to make that fact clear now."

The Ancient had said his say. There was a pause. Then the Outsider commented: "Something of what you have been telling us has already found its way into the popular press. A recent issue of the London *Sphere*, which I brought with me this afternoon, intending to ask you about it, contains a paragraph about Coué, and then continues,—'Meanwhile, if there is excitement among the auto-suggestionists in London, there is even more among the fervent Theosophists. The Theosophical Society has been celebrating its jubilee, and before its meeting at the Queen's Hall last Sunday, the word was passed round that the "Inner Circle" had a Messiah in its keeping. It was even hoped that Mrs. Annie Besant might announce him from the platform. No such announcement was made; but a pamphlet distributed on instructions from the "Inner Circle" emphasized the "widespread expectation that some great spiritual Teacher is likely soon to appear among us—an expectation which is manifesting itself in almost all parts of the world." Since then the Theosophists have been telling each other in confidence that Mrs. Besant and another are carefully training the awaited Teacher, but that he is not yet quite ready for his work of regeneration.'

"The contributor to the *Sphere* then says: 'It may sound fantastic, but that, I assure you from first-hand evidence, is a tale that is seriously told among hundreds who believe in the late Madame Blavatsky's letters from mystic personages in Thibet some three decades ago, and in the mixture of Cabalism, Buddhism, and Brahminism, which arose as Theosophy from the contents of those letters. If only any investigators had ever met any Thibetans who had ever known in the flesh the mystic personages presumed to have written the Blavatsky correspondence, there would be fewer grounds for assuming of Theosophists that day by day in every way they grow queerer and queerer.'"

"It makes the situation for our members in England almost impossible," said the Ancient. "Public propaganda of the truths of Theosophy does more harm than good, because it merely helps to advertize Mrs. Besant. I have often thought that every copy of the *QUARTERLY* sold there, should be labelled 'No connection with what *you* have heard about Theosophy!' And England is going to be deluged with this Messiah business: an unspeakable outrage. I am thankful in any case that for years past our members there have been advised that they should concentrate all their efforts upon the transmutation of themselves into living stones, as foundation for the work of the future, when Adyar and its monstrosities shall have passed to the place where they

belong. The nucleus in England has been kept alive. It is small, but clean and strong. That is enough to assure a healthy growth when the hour for growth comes. Meanwhile, the most that members there can do outwardly is to declare—'*That* is not Theosophy! *That* is a hideous perversion of the ancient Wisdom Religion! *That* is flatly opposed to the teaching and purposes of Madame Blavatsky!'"

"Speaking of travesties," the Philosopher commented, "reminds me of an alleged history of the Society, published not long ago in New York, written by one who never met Mr. Judge or any of those about whom they write so familiarly, and whose association has been with some ex-members of Point Loma—a disastrous introduction either to an understanding of Theosophy or to its history. They write with an air of considerable authority, and quote from many documents to prove whatever it may be that they want to prove, going into great detail, especially when dealing with the period following Mr. Judge's death. The trouble is that they do not know what they are talking about, deriving all their information at second or third hand, and from people who never at any time were close to Mr. Judge or to the centre of the work. They quote from some private papers, with evident ignorance of others issued during the same period, with the result that their quotations, torn out of their setting, are meaningless when not positively misleading. Their picture, therefore, is like that seen in a broken kalcidoscope. As I was a participant in many of the events which the authors undertake to relate and to explain, I found myself alternately amused and amazed by their misinterpretations. It is greatly to their credit that they have such admiration for Mr. Judge, but this book, evidently published at their own expense, is, to put it mildly, a most unfortunate expression of their sentiment. It would have wounded Mr. Judge, because of its attacks on those who were closest to him, and its utter misrepresentation of the Cause for which he gave his life."

"Well," said the Student, "Kali Yuga doubtless means the Black Age, but I think the Topsy-Turvy Age would best describe the particular sub-cycle through which we are now passing. When body-snatching is featured on the front page of our newspapers, not as a crime, but as an achievement. . ."

"Do you mean in Egypt?" asked the Outsider.

"Yes, especially in Egypt, though the same kind of thing is going on all over the world,—and worse, in so far as the indecent exposure of the private lives of their own forebears, perpetrated by people in Europe who ought to know better, is one degree worse than the physical violation of tombs.

"Look at the way, too, in which British and French 'statesmen' are weeping with joy because some German politicians show signs of forgiveness,—not of repentance, but *of* forgiveness! England, perhaps, is to be forgiven: France, perhaps, is to be forgiven; even Belgium, perhaps, is to be forgiven,—by Germany! The wild beast of Europe, having been temporarily disabled, though still roaring and threatening, is patted and fed with cake, and finally agrees to be 'good,' only to demand more cake, more favours, while docile

Allied—or ex-Allied—statesmen, rush to satisfy its appetite. A topsy-turvy world indeed!"

"But there are still some who see straight, at least on that subject," interjected the Historian. "There is a small weekly paper published in Brussels, *La Revue Catholique*, which is said to be the personal organ of Cardinal Mercier, who wrote those splendid Pastoral Letters during the War. It contains brief editorials on current events, and after the publication of the Locarno treaties, this, freely rendered, is what it said:

"Locarno! . . . Another stage in the journey toward Peace. The twentieth, or is it the thirtieth, in seven years?

"Never before has the modern world, product, as it is, of the baneful principles of 1789, so openly displayed its impotence. Democracy, it has been said and re-said, won the War. It is forgotten, incidentally, to add that, in order to do this, Democracy was obliged to nullify itself.

"Democracy has lost the Peace. . .

"After seven years of conference after conference, the point has been reached at which they no longer dare to speak to Germany of her guilt. . . Tomorrow, doubtless, all demands for reparation will be abandoned. . .

"And if only Peace were nearer in 1925 than it was in 1918! But. . . who would dare affirm that it is?

"The Pact of the Rhine! The blindness of Paris, of London, of Washington and . . . of Brussels, also, missed the opportunity which existed immediately after the war, to create a Rhine State which would have been worth all the treaties.

"A security treaty! But that very treaty reconstitutes German unity, as a necessary preliminary,—when the dismemberment of a Prussianized Reich would have provided the supreme security for Europe.'

"How is that for clear thinking and plain speaking? Nothing topsy-turvy about that!"

"And nothing topsy-turvy about this, either," declared the Student, triumphantly; "the Soviet authorities in Russia, following the example of the Vatican, have put Theosophy on their Index; they have banished books on Theosophy from all their public libraries!"

"It is certainly a comfort to have men and movements properly lined up," the Historian agreed; "and there is no mistaking the source of Soviet 'inspiration.' That Adyar draws its 'inspiration' from the same source, Mrs. Besant is now making abundantly clear. For that, at least, we can be thankful. The Masters of the White Lodge will see to it that no sincere student of Theosophy need be deceived. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

September 8th, 1918.

DEAR ———

Your second question, in the record I enclose, is the equivalent of asking: If I want to become physically strong, should I exercise or, instead, dwell upon the reasons why I want to be strong? The answer is, *Both*. You must exercise, but as exercise is a dreary business without a strong motive, it is wise to pay attention to the motive. . .

I approve of your trying to exercise your imagination.

Referring to the last page of the record: Do you know what your soul is doing—that you were, as you say, “furious” with ——— for crediting you with having followed her experiences of the day, although she was away from you? Are you certain that she was wrong and you right? Are you sure that your soul is not doing many things, all the time, of which you should be conscious, but are not? What do you think your soul does? What is the use of exercising your imagination if it cannot carry you over such an obstacle as ———’s ideas about your help? I have more faith in you than you have in yourself; and evidently much more belief in your soul than you have.

But the point is that I like these records and believe you are doing very well indeed. Keep it up. It helps everything and everybody, all around.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

October 8th, 1918.

DEAR ———

Your reports are so satisfactory, and you yourself are such a comfort in these hard times, that I am grateful to you; and am writing you to-night, although just home (9 p. m.) from a long day in town,—because I want you to know how I feel. You help much more than you know—much more than you can realize—by just going on trying to be good and to do your duty as well as you can. Also I want to thank you for your special help with the work on ———. I do not know what I should have done if you had not come so nobly to the rescue. I never seem to have any time any more.

Commenting on your reports: Yes, I am quite sure that the penances given us by the Master, by events and by the circumstances of our lives, are much better for us than self-imposed and artificial penances. At some point or other, all saints have been ordered to stop giving themselves penances; and it has been pointed out to them that they can get the same discipline and self-

control by using the events of daily life as their penance. Witness your own feeling, at times, that a great many more people want a great deal more help and advice than you have time and strength and nervous energy to give. Is not living through such a feeling, and rising triumphantly above it—carrying the weaknesses of the lower nature with you as you rise—much more of a real conquest of self, a much more dynamic and constructive accomplishment, than going without sugar, or meat, or what not? The penance is a negative thing, which has positive results if it be true, but in itself it is negative. The victory over self in daily life is a positive thing, also with positive results, of course.

Answering your question, I have, of course, often felt that too many people wanted too many things of me. It is one of the commonest of experiences of anyone trying to help, or rather whose duty it is to help others. We do not feel it when we are trying to help; we only feel it when it is our duty to help, and we are not quite up to the level of our task. The cure for it is to go ahead regardless of fatigue, disinclination, or the feeling that we are without inspiration. The effort to go ahead without regard to our feelings will arouse Kundalini, and before we know it, inspiration will come, and we shall find that we meet the demands of the occasion: or rather we find that the demands are met: we, are only the machinery, the necessary machinery. Our effort was the oil which enabled the machine to move, or the power that enabled it to work. Remember that you have an unlimited credit at the bank. All you have to do is to draw the checks: but you must draw the checks; they will not draw themselves. Even the Master cannot pay checks that are not made out and presented.

I can sympathize with what you say about systematic self-examination. All I can say in reply is that it is necessary, and sooner or later you will discover that necessity. It is like a great many other things in the inner life. We know about them and experiment with them—play with them, for some time before we really awaken to a realization of what they mean, and what they accomplish. These awakenings come along the road; and, as a rule, follow the faithful performance of a practice when it is persevered in without full understanding.

It is so, also, with loving the Master. Our lower self does not love him. Quite the contrary; and unfortunately we are our lower selves a very large part of the time; and a part of the lower self is still with us, even in our best moments, or at any rate in all but our very best. But one day we get free, if only for a second, from the incubus of this lower self, and we feel, we love, with our real self. It is a revelation, and we never forget the intensity and vividness and power of our feeling. We carry it back into ordinary life, and although we lose it, we know we have had it, are capable of it, and that a part of us, the real part, is actually, at all times, feeling that way.

Now I have told you all I know, and I must stop and go to bed.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 18th, 1918.

DEAR ———

Another comment on your fortnightly record: Your question about "attacking the lower self with fury"—and the routine writing of checks. Suppose you were a French soldier in the trenches, and found yourself becoming bored with daily digging—what would you say to yourself? Translate your answer into terms of devotion to the Master.

At ———, you should try to think of yourself as the Master's representative. You should think of his interest in all those people; of his desire to father and mother them,—above all to companion them, to give of his love and sympathy. Then you should do it for him and with him, not of course assuming any rights nor even any particular *outer* duties. It is an inner attitude that is needed, and your lack of self-confidence, your suspicion of their feeling for you, will prove the obstacle in your nature to be overcome.

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

December 1st, 1918.

DEAR ———

I return the last three reports. You are a nice child but you still have silly fits, and you had one when you suggested living under obedience as a practice for your prospective work. What on earth have you been doing for the last several years? Your stock of obedience (which is quite large, fortunately) has been used and at times strained, from day to day, almost from hour to hour, for a long time. Did you not know it?

You have had and you are having all the current practice in this virtue that you can stand. Think how many scores of times you have gone to ——— with a problem, have been entirely dissatisfied and disapproving of his treatment of it, and have gone off and done exactly as he said, and exactly as you thought most unwise. Think how many scores of suggestions you have made which have not been adopted. Think how many times you have been told to stop fussing about the affairs and business of others.

Did you think that living under obedience meant that you would be told what to eat and drink and wear? That is all elementary and easy.

The point, however, is that you have had the experience, and it is your task now to realize that fact, and to draw from your experiences the knowledge needed to guide others.

I can give you one general piece of advice. The secret of a good director is not to direct. The more authority a person has, the fewer orders he should give. The ——— gives practically none. His disciple is not up to the mark if ——— has to give him a suggestion. You must use the utmost care not to give positive and definite directions, and to be careful about your expression of preferences.

If those at ——— think that the answer to their request is that they will get more specific directions than heretofore about their daily lives and work, they are mistaken. The exact opposite is the case. If they are fit for the next step, it will mean that they must do what is right with less direction—not more. Parallel with this of course goes the other fact,—that they must give the utmost heed and obedience to every hint, or suggestion, or request, or direction they do get.

A rare hint = a disciple

An occasional suggestion = a young disciple

An occasional request = a postulant

An occasional direction = a neophyte or applicant.

You should have understood this law. It is plain enough.

Your increased responsibility will arise, not from the need of giving more directions than you have been giving, but from the increased risk which those you direct will incur because of their effort or resolve or the ideal they are trying to live. Your task will be to save them from the consequences of failure by not putting them to the test they cannot meet,—and to do this while satisfying their demand for direction and advice. See?

I will talk it over with you if you like: after you have thought it over.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. GRISCOM.

Men and women make sad mistakes about their own symptoms, taking their vague uneasy longings, sometimes for genius, sometimes for religion, and oftener for a mighty love.—ELIOT.



REVIEWS

El Teósofo, Vol. I., No. I, published by the Venezuela Branch, at Norte 3, No. 38, Caracas.

It is a great pleasure to welcome the first number of *El Teósofo*, the new quarterly review, which succeeds *Dharma*, a friend of many years standing, published by the Venezuela Branch of Caracas. Many years ago, Mr. Judge visited Caracas, and *El Teósofo* is full of the fire of enthusiasm for the Cause which he then kindled. It is filled, too, with the spirit of loyalty to the principles for which he gave his life, and with loving gratitude and devotion to those who have brought and are bringing the light of Theosophy to the darkness of the world. The name, *The Theosophist*, was chosen "to reclaim a name that belongs to the Theosophical Society and to expiate the offence committed against H. P. B. in the profanation of *The Theosophist*, the first magazine which she founded." It is dedicated to those Masters and their Chêlas who have been back of the Theosophical Society since its founding fifty years ago, and is "reverently laid on the Altar of their service" as "the humble offering of grateful sons." It is further dedicated to the memory of all those disciples of the past who, from time immemorial, have fought to the death to fulfil the will of the Father, and to bring the light of the Ancient Wisdom to men; to the memory of Juan Benzo, "a granite stone of the foundation," to Francisco Dominguez Acosta, "knight of God," and to the memory of "all those companions, humble and silent, who have passed to the other side of life."

The greater part of the magazine consists of valuable and timely articles translated from back numbers of the *QUARTERLY*, *The Path* and *The Theosophist*. These are so well chosen that we find ourselves wishing that someone would retranslate *El Teósofo* into English in order that the articles it contains might be read, or re-read, by many to whom they are not now accessible. Having in mind the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Society on November 17th, 1875, these articles include "The Future of the Theosophical Society," from the *Key to Theosophy*, and two others on the same subject, "Notes and Comments" from the *QUARTERLY* of January, 1911, and "A Reincarnation," by E. T. Hargrove, reprinted from the *Path* of December, 1895. Among the translations are several articles by Mr. Judge, "Karma" by Prof. Mitchell, and "Is Time a Dimension of Space," by Mr. Johnston. There are also specially contributed articles. There is a "Questions and Answers" department, "Echoes and Notes," and a report of the activities of the Venezuela Branch.

In its "Statement of Our Position," it reiterates its loyalty to the fundamental principles of the Society, and closes with a tribute to THE THEOSOPHICAL *QUARTERLY* which "with the trumpet of the Angel of the Resurrection, calls the dead to life."

"And the Venezuela Branch, which is an integral part of the Theosophical Society, of its plan and of its goal, makes itself an echo of that voice with *El Teósofo*. From THE THEOSOPHICAL *QUARTERLY*, *Dharma* received its direction and its inspiration, and *El Teósofo*, which is a continuation of *Dharma*, takes refuge in the beneficent shade of that great tree, which bears the fruit of life immortal. . .

"At the beginning of our labours for the brotherhood of all men, we extend our hand in greeting to those who, in whatever way, are also working for the same end."

J. F. B. M.

The Forum for August, 1925, contained a valuable letter from Mr. Charles Johnston in refutation of misstatements by M. Jules Bois, who contributed a series of articles to that magazine on "The New Religions of America," and who confused the teachings of Madame Blavatsky with the travesties of those teachings which are being propagated by Mrs. Besant and her followers. We congratulate *The Forum* on living up to its name. H.

Introductory Botany, Part I, The Structure and Classification of Seed Plants, by R. E. Torrey, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Botany, Massachusetts Agricultural College; Second Edition, Amherst, 1925; price \$1.80.

A considerable familiarity with elementary text-books in Botany long since convinced the reviewer that the majority of them would surely kill what budding germ of interest the student might have had in the subject. Dry, formal, and lifeless, most of them are, even though accurate, and even though the exposition of the science be logical and sound from the standpoint of pedagogics. Here we actually have a readable book, written in a pleasant, easy style, with a wealth of carefully selected and entertaining illustrations. QUARTERLY readers are not concerned with a technical critique, and we must restrain professional enthusiasm for a more timely occasion.

There are two aspects, however, in which this volume stands apart from the stereotyped text-book. First, from the very beginning it relates detailed and apparently pointless bits of information about plants, back to theories and scientific generalizations of wide interest. In other words, the student can see the "point" of this and that fact or series of facts in botany, a question which he is always asking in every subject, and which the average elementary text-book never answers, on the ground that he lacks sufficient information to comprehend it.

The second feature about Dr. Torrey's book is the preface and introduction, which contain a declaration of his personal views on the functions of science and religion, the limitations of the former and the need of the latter in correctly defining the real aim and purpose of life. While nowhere so termed, these views might fairly be called Theosophic, in that they are prevalent among members of this Society. The author writes very earnestly, and obviously feels strongly that the real purpose of a college is to train men in body and mind for the real Quest of Life. We are heartily in accord with all his points of view, and are convinced that they have enabled him to write a better text-book of botany. We also admire his courage in declaring them.

L. G.

The Bhagavad Gita, Interpreted by Franklin Edgerton, Assistant Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Pennsylvania; The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1925. Price \$1.00.

Students of Theosophy will find much to admire in this scholarly, intelligent and sympathetic study of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Much of it covers familiar ground. Take, for example, this exposition of the doctrine of Karma: "A man is exactly what he has made himself and what he therefore deserves to be. An early Upanishad says: 'Just as (the Soul) is (in this life) of this or that sort; just as it acts, just as it operates, even so precisely it becomes (in the next life). If it acts well it becomes good; if it acts ill it becomes evil. As a result of right action it becomes what is good; as a result of evil action it becomes what is evil.' In short, the law of the conservation of energy is rigidly applied to the moral world. . . And all this is not carried out by decree of some omnipotent and sternly just Power. It is a natural law. It operates of itself just as much as the law of gravitation. It is therefore wholly dispassionate, neither merciful nor vindictive. It is absolutely inescapable; but at the same time it never cuts off hope. A man is what he has made himself; but by that same token he may make himself what he will. The soul tormented in the lowest hell may raise himself to the highest heaven, simply by doing right. Perfect justice is made the basic law of the universe. It seems hardly possible to conceive a principle of greater moral grandeur and perfection." Equally felicitous is the description of Nirvana: "the concept of the perfected state as a kind of pure and—so to speak—unconscious consciousness, and transcendent bliss" (pages 20 and 23).

The dozen chapters which make up the book are studies, such as "The Upanishads," "Soul and Body," "Action and Rebirth," "The Way of Devotion to God" and "Practical Morality."

Something over fifty years ago Matthew Arnold wrote, concerning the term God: "The seemingly incurable ambiguity in the mode of employing this word is at the root of all religious differences and difficulties. People use it as if it stood for a perfectly definite and ascertained idea. . . ." This sentence, and much more in *Literature and Dogma*, to the same effect, is brought to mind by the constant use of the term, God, in Professor Edgerton's book. Many students are likely to feel that it is not quite in harmony with the spirit of the *Bhagavad Gita*; that it might have been better, as Matthew Arnold himself suggested, to use "the Eternal." There is a real difference between the concept of a "personal God" and the concept of the Logos revealed through a perfected person; the latter appears to us to be the key-note of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Emerson has a good deal to say on this subject.

Again, Professor Edgerton appears to be influenced unconsciously by the telescoping of centuries in the chronology of ancient India, under the direct pressure of Archbishop Ussher's chronology, of which there is abundant evidence in the earlier *Asiatick Researches*. From one point of view, Sanskrit literature was discovered by the West a century too early. The damage done to its chronology has not yet been repaired.

A minor point. Though the use of the word "Hindu" is so widespread, it is really a glaring anachronism to apply this modern Persian importation into India to the period of the Fig Veda and the older thought of India. It is almost like speaking of the Englishmen who built Stonehenge. This is, as we say, a minor point. Professor Edgerton's book has many virtues.

C. J.

Aristotle, by W. D. Ross, M. A., Deputy Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford; Charles Scribner's Sons, 1924; price \$3.75.

This is really an abridgment of Aristotle's works within the compass of a single volume. Mr. Ross has followed the course of the great philosopher's thought step by step, with a minimum of digression even for the most necessary comment. His book is, therefore, useful for anyone who has neither the time nor the burning desire to read Aristotle unedited; although the method of presentation is a little cold and dry, in which respect it is again a faithful copy of its original.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Ross has not tried more effectively to interpret, as well as to transcribe Aristotle, for such commentary as he does offer, is singularly illuminating. In particular, he has a clear notion that the real contribution of Aristotle to Western thought was scientific rather than metaphysical. "Aristotle fixed the main lines of the classification of the sciences in the form which they still retain, and carried most of them to a further point than they had hitherto reached; in some of them, such as logic, he may fairly claim to have had no predecessor, and for centuries no worthy successor" (p. 6). As a metaphysician he seems in general to have borrowed his ideas from Plato, although he was not always generous enough to admit this indebtedness. But whereas Plato presented the most abstract concepts in a series of charming and poetical images, Aristotle cast them in the mould of a hard and fast system which has ever since been the delight of academic minds.

In the reviewer's opinion, the best chapter of the book is on Aristotle's *Psychology*, especially the part of that chapter which discusses the theory that there are two "reasons" in man, the active or immortal and the passive or mortal. Doubtless, Aristotle learned the doctrine from Plato, but he imparted to it an intellectual bent which has had a great and not wholly beneficent influence upon subsequent efforts of theologians to define the Soul. In justice to Aristotle, however, it should be noted that the Greek *nous* is inadequately rendered by "reason," for it also included other faculties, like aspiration, which we tend to associate with the heart rather than with the intellect. In any event, it is instructive to compare his statements, as interpreted by Mr. Ross, with other expressions of the doctrine of the duality of the Soul which are more familiar to students of Theosophy.

"Light is the condition of a medium which has been made actually transparent by the pres-

ence of an illuminant and it is its actuality that makes it possible for the eye which *can* see actually to see, and for the visible object actually to be seen. Similarly, the fact that active reason already knows all intelligible objects makes it possible for the passive reason, in itself a potentiality, actually to know, and for the knowable actually to be known. . . . It is clearly implied that active reason, though it is in the Soul, goes beyond the individual. . . . Though active reason is always unmixed, it is implied that its true nature is obscured during its association with the body. . . . Does this imply that the disembodied reason is conscious, as the embodied reason is not, of the full extent of its knowledge? . . . It is probable that Aristotle believed in a hierarchy reaching continuously from the lowest beings, those most immersed in matter, up to man, the heavenly bodies, the intelligences, and God; the active reason in man being one of the highest members of this hierarchy but having others as well as God above it" (p. 150-153).

S. L.

Ancient Indian Historical Tradition, by F. E. Pargiter, M.A. Oxford University Press, 1922; price, \$4.00.

Perhaps we can best approach the consideration of this thoughtful and scholarly book by recalling a series of essays, reprinted in *Five Years of Theosophy*, such as "Shakya Muni's Place in History," and "Was Writing Known Before Panini?" These essays and others of the same series do two things: they show that much of what passes for the history of India, in the writings of Orientalists like Albrecht Weber and Max Müller, is really a tissue of rather dogmatic conjectures; and they at least lay the foundation for a sounder historical structure.

The title of Mr. Pargiter's book led us to hope that he might have built on this foundation; that he might give us at least an outline of certain periods of the older history of India, not hopelessly telescoped, but with a true sense of historical perspective.

While this hope has not been fully realized, we have a good deal of material that may contribute towards its future realization; we have a method in some ways both novel and valuable. What that method is, the first sentences of the Preface suggest:

"The views about ancient India now held by scholars are based upon an examination of the Veda and Vedic literature, to the neglect of Puranic and epic tradition; that is, ancient Indian history has been fashioned out of compositions, which are purely religious and priestly, which notoriously do not deal with history, and which totally lack the historical sense. The extraordinary nature of such history may be perceived, if it were suggested that European history should be constructed merely out of theological literature."

So the author sets himself to extract the historical essence from the epics and Puranas. He does his work with praiseworthy thoroughness, yet in a degree he is admittedly building in the air: he has no firm foundation for his chronological system. As a result, he reaches the conclusion that the central conflict of the Mahabharata war took place approximately in the year 950 B.C., in the teeth of the tradition which places that event something over five thousand years ago.

What appears to us the strongest and most original element in this book is the consistent and often successful effort to separate the historical tradition of the royal Kshatriyas, who are also called Rajanyas and Rajaputras or Rajputs, from the teachings of the priestly Brahmins, who worked for centuries to build up a dominant priestly tyranny in India, reaction against which was one element at least in the religious movement of the Buddha. We believe that Mr. Pargiter has been too much influenced by the conjectural history of Occidental scholars, some of whom were under the yoke of Archbishop Ussher's chronology; and that he has not succeeded in uncovering the real foundations of Indian history.

C. J.

Books reviewed in these columns may be obtained from The Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 314.—*We are told in "Light on the Path" to kill out ambition. How can we be sure that we have done this, and how get rid of ambition if we still find it?*

ANSWER.—We may be quite sure that we have not killed out ambition or any other fault or weakness. If we think we have, we need to be most watchful at this point, for our absence of humility there is almost certain to trip us. The only safe course is to assume that any fault, once detected, is still potentially present, and to be ceaselessly on our guard. For instance, an apparent diminution of ambition might be due to an increase in sloth rather than in selflessness. The way to conquer any fault, is to transform it. All faults are perverted virtues, and the stolen force that they contain should be reclaimed for our use. Ambition for personal success should be turned into burning desire for the success of the Master's cause,—just as a good football player should lose all thought of personal applause in his desire for the victory of his team.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—One way of making sure would be constantly to examine our motive. Why have we done, thus and so? Why did we want this or that? Was it for growth in personal stature; in any degree for our own ends? Or was it that the purposes of the soul might be advanced, that the divine will might be done? And if our lower natures trick us, and our minds give us specious and plausible reasons for the rightness of our motive, we might try to examine our actions. Do they bear out the idea of selflessness of motive? Are their results, in so far as we can see them, constructive and helpful to others? If we still find personal ambition, self-surrender cannot be complete, and we have then to make it so.

C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 315.—*It seems to me that faith proves itself. Every ordinary action is based upon it. Why then is it so difficult for human consciousness to rely and act upon it in matters of spiritual life?*

ANSWER.—The well known saying of a Master regarding the potency of faith when even as great as a grain of mustard seed, seems to imply that a lively faith in things spiritual is not generally prevalent. The faith we have as a basis for ordinary action is probably in most cases the result of gradual development, due to our having acted repeatedly on what was at first the merest fragment of faith. Perhaps this gives one clue to an answer. To what extent, in the past, have we acted on such faith as we have, in matters of the spiritual life?

C. S.

ANSWER.—The trouble is that true "human consciousness" does not really exist, short, at the least, of an accepted chela or disciple. In the letters published in *The Occult World* the Master K. H. wrote: "Earth is the battle-ground of moral no less than of physical forces, and the boisterousness of animal passion, under the stimulus of the rude energies of the lower group of etheric agents, always tends to quench spirituality. What else could one expect of men so nearly related to the lower kingdom from which they evolved?" St. Ignatius Loyola expressed the same idea in his: "I presuppose that there are three kinds of thoughts in me: that is, one my own, which springs from my mere liberty and will; and two others, which come from without, one from the good spirit, and the other from the bad." In one sense, faith may

be compared to dynamite, as both may be used for widely different purposes: dynamite is available for Bolsheviki seeking to slay, or for Waldo Smith seeking to bring more water to New Yorkers.

G. W.

ANSWER.—We make it difficult through our own self-will, as we depart in this or that particular from conformity with the divine will. The results of our actions are what might have been expected; and as we look at them, we either realize the facts, or find our "faith" shaken. Constant and renewed self-surrender should make it easier for us to rely and to act upon faith.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Are not our ordinary actions based rather on belief and on desire which creates belief? The wish is father to the thought. Belief is passive, faith is active and positive. Faith is an extraordinary force and governs *extra-ordinary* action. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; if we have *true* faith, that faith which is a "power of Buddhi" and not mere phantasy, we can rely upon it in the spiritual life. S.

QUESTION No. 316.—*It has been said that a man who lacks courage has no understanding of that quality in another. How then can he acquire courage? What possibility is there of his gaining (1) comprehension of it; (2) desire for it?*

ANSWER.—A man may lack courage, but surely no man under the sun can be totally devoid of all possibility of developing courage. The mere fact that a man keeps his body alive, indicates that he has got the potentiality of a real will, which some day may make him a hero. But the question seems to be: how can an almost absolute coward gain some comprehension of and desire for courage? There would seem to be no teacher but Life. Life is the supreme wonder-worker. Think of the deep-sea fishes and of the little spider, which the Mt. Everest expedition found high up on the eternal snow. Life is the Wisdom of God, one and undivided, present everywhere, infinitely capable of bringing every germ to fruition. And all things, even the basest, contain that germ of perfection, for the world is a unity.

Was not the Great War an instance of the Providence of Life? How many cowards has it raised to the stature of brave men!

S. V.

ANSWER.—Each man has within himself a spark of the Infinite, which contains the potentiality of all virtues, all qualities and powers in the universe, just as all of the tree is contained potentially in the seed. No man is entirely lacking in the seed of courage or of any other virtue. Right action in any direction results in the production, so to speak, of conditions favourable for the germination of these seeds. There is no one who has not enough courage to make a beginning; and the way to increase one's stock of any quality is to follow what one has of it, to meditate on it and to sacrifice for it. Love springs from sacrifice; and desires, good and bad, grow by brooding on themselves. To acquire courage, meditate on it and on the different ways in which it may be manifested, read of instances of it, and seek opportunities to practise it. Life will provide them.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—It is safe to assume that the man who lacks the ordinary degree of courage is concentrated on self; that there is vanity of position, desire for the world's good opinion, self-conceit. Constantly apprehensive of disadvantages to himself, constantly thinking how this or that is going to affect him personally,—fear of injury or loss to self makes a coward of him. How can he acquire courage? By a change of purpose, by losing himself in a larger motive. Let us suppose that life brings him to a point where, for the first time, he sees himself for what he is, and that then Divine Love touches his heart. He will begin to hate his cowardice because it stands in the way of his newly awakened desire, to do the will of the Divine Powers, to serve them for love's sake—and so he attains some comprehension of what courage really is.

A.

ANSWER.—The life of Madame Blavatsky might be cited as an example of the difficulty people have in understanding a type of courage that is far higher than their own. Among the multitudes who knew her and her work, few appear to have had any comprehension of the

high courage displayed in it. There is also the courage of Masters, which we may glimpse in the letters from them that have come down from the early days of the society. Or we may read, in far greater detail, the life of the Master Christ,—a pattern of superb courage, from beginning to end. Enthusiastic admiration for any manifestation of courage that really moves us, must be a step toward it—perhaps a long step if we set ourselves to copy, in the little duties of daily life, whatever form of this quality we most love and revere.—A. B.

QUESTION NO. 317.—*We are told to avoid the sense of separateness, and yet all life seems to be a matter of subtly graded relationships. In what way does the sense of separateness differ from one's unavoidable sense that some people are akin to one and some are not? Need this imply either criticism or dislike? And is it not an intuition that we ignore at our peril?*

ANSWER.—From one point of view a sense of separateness would seem to indicate a taint of self in our motive, of something approaching a feeling of superiority. A lack of humility lurks within the feeling that there is about us something special and unusual which makes our needs and our efforts of extraordinary moment.

This is quite different, however, from the instantaneous recognition in the individual, free, to a degree at least, from self, and bent on blending himself as a unit in a whole, that some people are akin and some are not. This represents, on the one hand, the best in us reaching out to the best in others; on the other hand, the realization of a fact,—that there are some who do not talk our language, and who are worlds and lives removed from us in knowledge and feeling. This latter case, revealing to us a need, should arouse, not a sense of separateness, but compassion and a desire to help which we could not ignore. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—It seems that there is error in the statement. We are not told to "avoid" the sense of separateness but so to deal with ourselves that we are no longer swayed by that sense. We are told to "live in the Eternal": and is it not from the effort to do this that the "sense of kinship" proceeds? From that source also comes the intuition named by the querent. The indulgence of criticism or dislike amounts to permitting oneself to be swayed from one's goal. A. K.

ANSWER.—All beings are one in their essential nature in the Absolute, Parabrahm; but all manifestation appears as duality or separate existence. All beings will be consciously and deliberately one, when they shall have attained perfection. We must always distinguish between their essential oneness and the relative degree of oneness they have so far attained as individuals. St. C. B.

ANSWER.—The injunction, "Kill out all sense of separateness" may be best understood through the comment of the Master who framed it: "Do not fancy you can stand aside from the bad man or the foolish man. They are yourself, though in a less degree than your friend or your master. But if you allow the idea of separateness from any evil thing or person to grow up within you, by so doing you create Karma, which will bind you to that thing or person till your soul recognizes that it cannot be isolated." J.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings at 64 Washington Mews. The meetings begin at half past eight and close at ten o'clock. Those of the winter and spring of 1926 are on the evenings of January 2nd, 16th, and 30th; February 13th and 27th; March 13th and 27th; April 10th and 24th (Convention meeting); and May 8th and 22nd. Visitors are welcome at these meetings. The location of 64 Washington Mews is on the north side of the Mews, the second door from the Fifth Avenue entrance—the Mews running midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North.

CHARLES W. LILLY

On September 12th, died Charles W. Lilly, a valued and devoted member of the Society. The Vice-President of his Branch (Los Angeles) writes of him as one whom they can ill spare because of his vitally imparting so much of humility, faith and trust, self-effacement and willingness to obey, to their work,—and speaks particularly of his gentleness and unfailing consideration of others, adding that "his struggle and striving were always a real and living sacrifice."

JOHN SCHOFIELD

In Corunna, Canada, on October 12th, died the Reverend John Schofield, Ph.D., an old and beloved member, who will be well remembered by readers of the QUARTERLY as, for a long period, the author of *The Elementary Articles*, until the infirmities of advancing years obliged him to relinquish his task which Mr. Griscom then assumed.

One by one the old guard salutes and passes on. Those of the later generation in the Work must see to it that their lights are burning and their equipment ready, since their day cannot be much delayed. Who are prepared now to fill the places of those who have recently gone?

STANDARD BOOKS

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	7.50
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Through the Gates of Gold.....	cloth, 1.20

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,

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

DEVOTIONAL: Bhagavad Gita; Crest Jewel of Wisdom; Fragments; From the Upanishads; Letters That Have Helped Me; Letters to Friends; Light on the Path; The Parables of the Kingdom; The Song of Life; Through the Gates of Gold; Voice of the Silence.

PHILOSOPHICAL: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Isis Unveiled; Key to Theosophy; Plotinus; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Talks on Religion; Theosophical Glossary; Transactions; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.

INTRODUCTORY: Culture of Concentration; Echoes from the Orient; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

The Theosophical Society

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



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

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

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

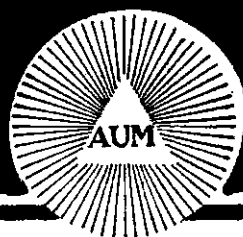
"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

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

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

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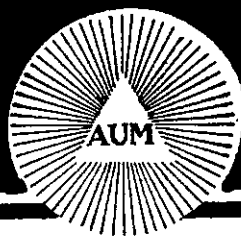
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DISCIPLINE FOR DISCIPLES

THE rules of conduct which the Buddha enjoined on the members of his Order are embodied, as almost always, in a story; and again, as always, this story is told with the charming iteration which has been likened to the love of children for a favourite tale, told over and over again in exactly the same words; an iteration sanative and soothing to the mind in these hectic days of rush and hurry.

But, in addition to charm, there was a very practical purpose in this verbal sameness; both those who told the stories, disciples spreading the knowledge of their Master's teaching, and those who heard, had the lesson of each discourse engraved on their memories, as by the continual falling of water-drops on stone; thus was the teaching carried abroad and perpetuated.

Since this story is of no great length, it may be worth while to follow all the repetitions, to reveal to our feverish time the mental quietude of an earlier and wiser day, when disciples and laymen had time to hear, mark, learn and inwardly digest. So we come to the story:

"Thus have I heard. Once upon a time the Master was walking on the high road between Rajagaha and Nalanda with a great company of disciples, with five hundred disciples. Suppiya also, the Pilgrim, was walking on the high road between Rajagaha and Nalanda with his pupil, Brahmadata the youth. There indeed Suppiya the Pilgrim speaks dispraise of the Buddha, speaks dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks dispraise of the Order; and again Suppiya the Pilgrim's pupil, Brahmadata the youth, speaks praise of the Buddha, speaks praise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks praise of the Order. Thus these two, teacher and pupil, flatly contradicting each other, held close to the Master and to the company of disciples.

"And so the Master halted at the king's rest-house at Ambalatthika to pass one night there, with the company of disciples. Suppiya also, the Pilgrim, halted at the king's rest-house at Ambalatthika to pass one night there, with his pupil Brahmadata the youth. There also, indeed, Suppiya the Pilgrim in many a phrase speaks dispraise of the Buddha, speaks dispraise of

the Law of Righteousness, speaks dispraise of the Order, and again Suppiya the Pilgrim's pupil, Brahmadata the youth, speaks praise of the Buddha, speaks praise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks praise of the Order. Thus these two, teacher and pupil, flatly contradicting each other, held close to the Master and to the company of disciples.

"And so, what time night ended and dawn came, many of the disciples assembled together within the circle of the hall, and as they were seated together this manner of talk arose: 'Wonderful, brethren, admirable, brethren, is this, that by the Master, the sage, the seer, the Arhat, the supreme and perfect Buddha, the differing character of beings should be so clearly discerned. For this Suppiya the Pilgrim in many a phrase speaks dispraise of the Buddha, speaks dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks dispraise of the Order, and again Suppiya the Pilgrim's pupil, Brahmadata the youth, speaks praise of the Buddha, speaks praise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks praise of the Order. Thus these two, teacher and pupil, flatly contradicting each other, hold close to the Master and to the company of disciples.'

"And so the Master, seeing the manner of talk of these disciples, drew near to the circle of the hall, and having drawn near, seated himself on the seat prepared for him. And being seated, the Master addressed the disciples: 'In what talk, disciples, are you engaged, seated together, and what discourse is set forth among you?' Thus addressed, the disciples said to the Master: 'Here, Sire, what time the night ended and the dawn came, we were assembled together within the circle of the hall, and as we were seated together, this manner of talk arose: "Wonderful, brethren, admirable, brethren, is this, that by the Master, the sage, the seer, the Arhat, the supreme and perfect Buddha, the differing character of beings should be so clearly discerned. For this Suppiya the Pilgrim in many a phrase speaks dispraise of the Buddha, speaks dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks dispraise of the Order, and again Suppiya the Pilgrim's pupil, Brahmadata the youth, speaks praise of the Buddha, speaks praise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks praise of the Order. Thus these two, teacher and pupil, flatly contradicting each other, hold close to the Master and the company of disciples." This was the discourse set forth among us when the Master came.'

"If other men, disciples, should speak dispraise of me, or should speak dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak dispraise of the Order, there should not be anger and indignation and wrath of heart among you. For if, disciples, others should speak dispraise of me, or should speak dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak dispraise of the Order, if you should thereupon be angry and beside yourselves, this would be a barrier to you. If other men, disciples, should speak dispraise of me, or should speak dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak dispraise of the Order, and you should be angry and beside yourselves, could you know whether it had been well spoken or ill spoken?"

"Not so, Sire!"

“If other men, disciples, should speak dispraise of me, or should speak dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak dispraise of the Order, then what is not so should by you be unravelled as being not so, saying, “For such reasons this is not so, this is not the truth, this is not among us, this is not found among us.”

“Or if other men, disciples, should speak praise of me, or should speak praise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak praise of the Order, there should not be joy, and rejoicing and exultation of heart among you. For if, disciples, other men should speak praise of me, or should speak praise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak praise of the Order, and there should be joy and rejoicing and exultation among you, this would be a barrier to you. If other men, disciples, should speak praise of me, or should speak praise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak praise of the Order, then what is so should by you be acknowledged as being so, saying: “This is so, this is the truth, this is among us, this is found among us.”

“Things of minor import, disciples, concerned with this lower world, matters of outward conduct would a man of the world speak of, speaking praise of the Tathagata. And what, disciples, are these things of minor import, concerned with this lower world, matters of outward conduct that a man of the world would speak of, speaking praise of the Tathagata?

“Abstaining from the taking of life, the ascetic Gotama refrains from taking life, he has laid the mace aside, he has laid weapons aside, he is gentle, pitiful, he lives with compassionate kindness for every being that has life”; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

“Abstaining from taking what is not given, the ascetic Gotama refrains from taking what is not given, accepting what is given, awaiting what is given, he lives with honest and pure heart”; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

“Abstaining from unchastity the ascetic Gotama follows chastity, he lives a holy life, not entering into marriage, not following the way of the world”; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

“Abstaining from malicious speech, the ascetic Gotama refrains from malicious speech; having heard here, he does not repeat there, to cause enmity against these; or having heard there, he does not repeat here, to cause enmity against those; he lives, binding together the divided, confirming the united, a lover of harmony, rejoicing in harmony, speaking words that make for harmony”; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

“Abstaining from harsh speech, the ascetic Gotama refrains from harsh speech. Whatever words are innocent, pleasant to the ear, kind, going to the heart, urbane, grateful to mankind, delighting mankind, such words does he speak”; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

““Abstaining from idle talk, the ascetic Gotama refrains from idle talk. His words are timely, his words are true, he speaks to the point, he speaks of righteousness, he speaks of discipline, he speaks words to be treasured, fitly illustrated, ordered, effective”; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.””

These are admirable qualities, full of sweetness and light; why then does the Buddha speak of them as things of minor import, concerned with this lower world, matters of outward conduct?

The answer is given a little later in the story, where the Buddha says: “There are, disciples, other things, profound, hard to see, hard to realize in consciousness, bringing peace, excellent, not to be attained by argument, subtle, to be known only by the wise; which the Tathagata proclaims, having himself realized them and seen them face to face; they who would rightly praise the Tathagata in accordance with reality, would speak of these.” These larger matters include not only the whole range of scientific, philosophic and religious thought, but also all the higher states of spiritual consciousness, with their insight and their powers, up to, and including, Nirvana. In comparison with these greater themes, the rules of conduct are minor matters, concerned with the outer world. A good and pious man might possess them all without being in any real sense a disciple, an Occultist; but a candidate for discipleship must possess them all before he can become in any real sense a disciple, before he can make any real progress in Occultism.

For the disciple, these qualities and virtues are indispensable. They are equally a part of the life of the Master. The Buddha practised each and all of them himself before he enjoined them on the disciples of his Order, and he and his Arhats continued to practise them. For they are enjoined on all disciples of the Order. In a later episode exactly the same list of virtues is repeated, with the single difference that the disciple, instead of the ascetic Gotama, is described as practising them.

In the third rule, the word translated “chastity” is “Brahma-charya”; it means chastity in the fullest sense: chastity in thought, chastity in word, chastity in act. But it means more, and this larger meaning gives us a clue to the law, the principle involved. For, literally translated, the word means “service of the Eternal,” or “walking in the way of the Eternal.” It implies a completeness of devotion, a singleness of heart and mind and act, that exclusive service which is an indispensable condition of any real advance in Occultism.

The Master Christ has set forth the same principle in a passage which is the foundation and justification of all monastic orders, even though many of their members may not understand its full import:

“The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage: but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.”

This profound saying is in no sense a condemnation of marriage, which may be, and should be, a sacrament, instinct with sacrifice and mutual service, offering each day spiritual lessons that must be learned before the higher way is entered. And the Master Christ has laid down an ideal for wedded life, closing with the words: "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

But when it is a question of those who shall be accounted worthy of that world, then the higher law, the higher way of life, supersedes the lower; man is passing from the life and growth and activities of the natural body to the life and growth and activities of the spiritual body, in which he is destined to attain conscious immortality. The development of the spiritual body, following the birth from above, is set forth by Paul, writing to the Master's followers at Corinth; it is taught in the same terms, but in more complete detail, by the Buddha, closely following and incorporating the far older teaching of the Upanishads. These passages have already been quoted and need only be referred to here. The point is that this new way, this entry into a higher world, calls for every atom of force and effort that the man possesses. He cannot follow two ways at the same time.

The Buddha not only enjoined celibacy and chastity on the members of his Order, those whom he selected because with spiritual eye he discerned that they were "worthy of that world"; he even intervened, almost in the midst of the ceremony, to prevent the marriage of one whom he wished to enroll in his Order.

The whole story is related with that rich and gracious humour that is so characteristic of the Buddhist records, in virtue of which Siddhartha the Compassionate should be recognized not only as an Avatar of Holiness, but as the Avatar of Humour also. The persons of the story are close kin of his; the bridegroom in prospect is his cousin Prince Nanda, a son of the sister of Queen Maya, Prince Siddhartha's mother. And the prospective bride is the Buddha's younger sister, a lovely princess, who bore the name, Beauty of the Land, so fair that she was in love with her own beauty. And the dramatic events of the story took place at a time when the Buddha was on a visit to his royal father, King Suddhodana, at the ancient city of Kapila.

When the ceremonies in preparation for the marriage of Prince Nanda were in progress, the Master entered the house, as though seeking an offering of food, in conformity with the rule that he received only what was freely given. He placed his bowl in the hands of Prince Nanda and wished him good fortune. Then rising from his seat, he departed without taking his bowl from the hands of the Prince. From reverence for the Tathagata, Prince Nanda did not dare to say: "Reverend Sir, take your bowl," but thought within himself, "He will take the bowl at the head of the stairs." But even when the Master reached the head of the stairs, he did not take the bowl. Prince Nanda thought: "He will take the bowl at the foot of the stairs." But even there the Master did not take the bowl. Prince Nanda thought: "He will take the bowl in the palace court." But even there the Master did not

take the bowl. Prince Nanda greatly desired to return to his bride, and followed the Master much against his will. But so great was his reverence for the Master that he did not dare to say: "Take the bowl," but continued to follow the Master, thinking to himself: "He will take the bowl here! He will take the bowl there! He will take the bowl there!"

Meanwhile, they brought word to the bride, Beauty of the Land, saying: "Lady, the Master has taken Prince Nanda away with him; it is his purpose to take him from you!" Then Beauty of the Land, with tears streaming down her face and with hair unkempt, ran swiftly after Prince Nanda and said to him: "Noble sir, I pray you to come back." Her words shook the heart of Nanda; but the Master, still without taking the bowl, led him to the abode of the Order and said to him, "Nanda, dost thou desire to become a disciple?" So great was Prince Nanda's reverence for the Buddha that he refrained from saying, "I do not wish to become a disciple," and said instead, "Yes, I wish to become a disciple." Then the Master said: "Admit Nanda as a disciple."

Meanwhile Anathapindaka, the princely giver, had built a great abode for the Master and the Order of disciples, and the Buddha went thither and took up his residence. While the Buddha was residing there, we are told that the disciple Nanda became discontented, and began to relate his sorrows to the other disciples, saying: "Brethren, I am dissatisfied. I am now living the life of a disciple, but I cannot bear to live the life of a disciple any longer. I intend to abandon the higher precepts and return to the lower life, the life of a layman."

The Master, hearing of this, sent for Nanda and said to him: "Nanda, it is said that you spoke thus to a company of disciples: 'Brethren, I am dissatisfied. I am now living the life of a disciple, but I cannot bear to live the life of a disciple any longer. I intend to abandon the higher precepts and return to the lower life, the life of a layman.' Is this true?" "It is true, Master." "But, Nanda, why are you dissatisfied with the life of a disciple? Why cannot you bear to live the life of a disciple? Why do you wish to abandon the higher precepts and return to the lower life, the life of a layman?" "Master, when I left my home, my noble bride, Beauty of the Land, with tears streaming down her face and with hair unkempt, parting from me, said: 'Noble sir, I pray you to come back.' Master, it is because I constantly remember her that I am dissatisfied with the life of a disciple, that I cannot bear to live the life of a disciple any longer, that I intend to abandon the higher precepts and return to the lower life, the life of a layman."

The episode which follows is even more surprising than the story itself. It is related that the Master, exerting his spiritual power, induced a vision in the consciousness of Prince Nanda, carrying him in imagination to one of the celestial worlds. As they were proceeding thither, the Buddha showed Nanda a burnt field where a monkey that had been singed in the fire sat disconsolate on a stump. In the celestial world, the Buddha showed Nanda a group of rosy-footed nymphs, attendants of King Indra, and asked him

this question: "Nanda, which do you consider more beautiful, your bride, Beauty of the Land, or these rosy-footed nymphs?"

Somewhat unchivalrously, as it seems, Nanda made reply that, in measure as the lady was more beautiful than the singed, disconsolate monkey, so the rosy-footed nymphs were more beautiful than the lady.

Thereupon, the Buddha promised Nanda that, if he remained steadfast in the life of a disciple, he would receive as a reward the rosy-footed nymphs. The vision was at an end, and the Buddha and Nanda returned to the consciousness of the outer world.

We are not told who revealed this astonishing incident, but the recorder informs us that it was not long before there was common talk among the disciples to this effect: "It appears that it is in the hope of winning rosy-footed nymphs that the disciple Nanda is living the life of a disciple; it appears that the Master has promised him that he shall receive as a reward the rosy-footed nymphs."

Thereupon, his fellow-disciples treated Nanda as a hireling, one bought with a bribe, saying to him: "It appears that the disciple Nanda is a hireling; it appears that the disciple Nanda is bought with a bribe. It appears that he is living the life of a disciple in the hope of winning rosy-footed nymphs; it appears that the Master has promised him that he shall receive the rosy-footed nymphs as a reward."

But the disciple Nanda paid no heed to them, even though they called him a hireling, one bought with a bribe. Dwelling in solitude, withdrawn from the world, mindful, ardent, resolute, in no long time he attained the supreme illumination seeking which they leave the worldly life for the life of the disciple. Thus illumined, he knew that his bondage to rebirth was ended, that he had attained the goal, that he should return no more. Thus Nanda attained to Arhatship.

And the Buddha, fully illumined, knew that Nanda had attained to the supreme illumination, that he had attained to Arhatship. As the Buddha perceived this, Nanda himself approached the Master, saying: "Master, I release the Master from the promise that I should receive as a reward the rosy-footed nymphs." And the Buddha replied: "Na da, with my consciousness I grasped your consciousness, and saw that you had attained to liberation, that you had attained to illumination. When your heart was released from desire, at that same time I was released from my promise."

As was their wont, the disciples discussed the matter, saying:

"Brethren, the Buddhas are wonderful! The disciple Nanda became dissatisfied with the life of a disciple because of Beauty of the Land; the Master, by the lure of the rosy-footed nymphs, won Nanda to complete obedience."

The Master, approaching, asked: "Disciples, what is the manner of your talk as you sit here together?" And when they told him, the Master said: "Disciples, this is not the first time that Nanda has been won to obedience by the lure of the other sex; this also happened in a former birth." Thereupon, the Master related the following birth-story:

Once upon a time, when Brahmadata was king in Benares, there dwelt at Benares a merchant named Kappata. Now Kappata had a donkey which was wont to carry loads of pottery for him, and each day he journeyed seven miles. On a certain day Kappata loaded his donkey with a load of earthen pots, and went with him as far as Takkasila. And while he vended his wares, he allowed the donkey to run loose. As the donkey wandered along a bank beside a watercourse, he beheld a lady donkey and straightway went to converse with her. When she had greeted him, she said: "Whence come you?" "From Benares." "Why have you come?" "I have come on business." "How large was your load?" "A large load of earthen pots." "How many miles did you travel, carrying so large a load?" "Seven miles." "In the places to which you journey, is there anyone to rub your weary feet and back?" "There is no one." "If that be so, your life is indeed a hard one."

As the fruit of her words, dissatisfaction arose within the heart of the donkey. When the merchant had sold his wares, returning to the donkey, he said: "Come, let us set forth." "Go yourself; I shall remain here."

Time and again with gentle words the merchant sought to persuade him; but when, for all his persuasion, the donkey would not be moved, the merchant fell to using harsh words, saying: "I will make a goad with a long spike; I will tear your body to shreds. Know this, donkey!"

But the donkey replied: "You say you will make a goad with a long spike. Very good! Then I will set my forefeet firm and, kicking with my hind feet, I will knock your teeth out. Know this, merchant!"

When the merchant heard this, he meditated, questioning within himself what might be the cause. As he looked this way and that, the eyes of the merchant fell on the lady donkey. "Ho!" said he, "without doubt it was she who incited him. Therefore, let me say to him: 'I will bestow on you a mate like that.'" So the merchant said to the donkey: "A four-footed mate, possessing all the marks of beauty, with a face like mother-of-pearl, will I bestow on you. Know this, donkey!"

Hearing this, the heart of the donkey rejoiced, and he replied: "A four-footed mate, possessing all the marks of beauty, will you bestow on me. If that be so, merchant, while until now I have travelled seven miles a day, henceforth I will travel fourteen miles a day."

"Good!" said Kappata, "let us proceed." Taking the donkey, he led him back to the cart.

Not many days passed when the donkey said to the merchant: "Did you not promise me a mate?" The merchant answered, "I did so promise, and I will keep my word. I will provide for you a mate. But I will provide food only for you. It may not be enough for you and your mate; that is for you to settle. Nor, should offspring be born to you, will there be more food. Whether it will suffice for you all, is for you to settle."

When the merchant spoke thus, desire died in the heart of the donkey.

In conclusion, the Master said: "In that birth, the lady donkey was

Beauty of the Land; the male donkey was Nanda; I myself was the merchant. Thus in a former birth was Nanda won to obedience by the lure of the other sex."

There remains the fate of the lady, Beauty of the Land. It should be understood that, though bereft of her bridegroom, she did not suffer hardship or privation in other ways. A princess in the palace of a wealthy father, all her needs and wishes, save only her wish for Nanda, were supplied; nor does it appear that she suffered any discredit or unkindness because of the interrupted marriage.

So she appears to have lived in comparative content while, one after another, the members of her family gave their spiritual allegiance to the Buddha and became members of the Order. So, for sheer loneliness and without any genuine vocation, Beauty of the Land decided that she too would join the Order, to be nearer to her kin. The recorder makes quite clear that, though a member of the Order, she was still as much in love with her own beauty as in bygone days; she even shunned her mighty brother because she feared that he might speak disparagingly of her charms.

Finally, however, she became curious to hear him, and drew near, hoping that the Buddha might not recognize her. But his divine vision immediately made the whole situation clear, and, to cure her of self-love, he created the form of a heavenly nymph, of celestial beauty far surpassing the beauty of mortal women, so that even Beauty of the Land confessed to herself that she was far outshone. Then the Buddha caused the phantom nymph to pass through the years in a few minutes, until she was afflicted with painful wrinkles and white hair, toothless and bent like a crooked stick; finally fate overcame her, and cruel death, and Beauty of the Land knew her own charms would likewise wither and die. So, realizing the impermanence of the impermanent, and confirmed in the right way by the Buddha, the lady reached enlightenment. The story is told at length in Burlingame's translation of the *Dhammapada* Commentary, from which we have condensed it.

The moral is exactly the same as that which Paul conveyed, writing to the disciples at Colosse: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above . . . Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth . . . seeing that ye have put off the old man, and have put on the new. . . ." Or, as he wrote in more universal terms to the disciples at Corinth: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

FRAGMENTS

ALL souls must know hours of darkness and discouragement. There is no sin in these so be they do not lead to despair. Despair alone spells veritable failure, since it means surrender of the conflict. Yet from even this failure we can rise again, though the rising will prove difficult.

Sometimes I wonder that men blame themselves so much for darkness, when more grievous conditions appear often to sit lightly upon their consciences. To me there were more merit in plodding on faithfully in the dark, than running in a flood of sunshine. How much of our groaning at darkness comes from our love of comfort?—that comfort, the desire for which we are bidden to “kill out,” one of the three first tasks set us at the beginning of the Way.

We pray in times of dryness and our prayers are torments in their emptiness. Yet we summon courage and continue, voicing the words which fall dead upon our hearts like torches quenched in water. I see power in this which makes for fortitude. I see fealty to a promise made the soul. Ashes, perhaps, but beneath those ashes what coals are burning, suggesting fires for future days. How easy to pray in happier hours, when the skies of our heaven are blue, our meditation steeped in peace, and we are borne upward on angels' wings! These are blissful moments truly, for whose blessing we needs must be thankful, but they are spiritual *luxuries*, and he who has set his face toward the snowy peaks where Masters dwell must learn to do without, on all planes of his being; must endure and conquer hardship and deprivation. How can a man hunger, unless he be denied bread? how thirst, unless he go without water? how learn to create light, unless he labour in darkness? Foolish that we are, who cannot see our richest opportunities when life offers them with both hands in answer to our needs!

These are early aspects of that abyss of which *Light on the Path* tells us that none pass through without bitter complaint. Its very brink terrifies us,—yet if the Master be at its depth!—as surely he is at the depth of all experience. But we must sound the depth to find him; he is never on its surface: and the depths are what we fear, and, fearing, turn from. If I seek the depths of my dryness in prayer, of my numbness in meditation, and remain there *in continued praying*, I shall find the Master as surely, *more* surely, than in the heights to which as yet my feeble strength can carry me but

poorly. For at that centre of things, height and depth are the same,—there where the Heart of Life is beating. One way is sure and swift if I have the courage, because I have sacrificed; and the other is slow and uncertain, for all its beauty, because I have received.

So the eternal paradox revolves upon us, the paradox that issues from duality and our dual natures, the fulfilment of one, meaning the death of the other. The psychic consciousness translates as darkness the Light that has blinded it, until living in that darkness it is transformed from earth-mist into radiance, and sees by the glow of its own Illumination.

It would appear then that *sustained determination* was the object,—a determination on all planes, which no obstacle can turn aside. This is the disciple's first acquirement, the foundation upon which all the others must rest. Why grieve then, when in answer to our first sincere demand, the good Law gives us means by which to learn? Only in the hot furnace of affliction can such steel be tempered, only in adverse conditions such a quality be perfected.

I bethink me of the words: The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

CAVÉ.

When a soul makes the resolution of walking steadfastly in the path of virtue, and of refusing nothing to God, our Lord, beholding this great plan, furnishes by interior means that which will bring the undertaking to success. It is the great highway of the spiritual life. We must pass through vast deserts and through long nights, that is to say, we must suffer much dryness and prolonged darkness, in order that the soul may be deprived, not only of exterior and temporal things, but also of itself, and of the self-love that is natural to it. This is accomplished by the withdrawal of all heavenly sweetness, and by the conflict with temptation. This enables the soul repeatedly to strain every nerve: and so often to protest its determination of belonging to God, that, making firm resolutions, it finally acquires fixed habits of righteousness.—P. SURIN.

CARDINAL MERCIER

"De tous les Gaulois, les Belges sont les plus braves."

THE first time that I saw Malines was on an autumn day in 1914, a day closing in toward sundown. I had crossed the frontier from Holland into Belgium the afternoon before; had stopped the night at an hotel in Antwerp—an hotel swarming with insolent Prussian officers—and now, having obtained the necessary passes, I was driving on to Brussels in a little, open, one-horse carriage. I had never been in Belgium before; the Netherlands had seemed to have no special allure for me, and though I had often read of the wide flat spaces, I was yet quite unprepared for the long distances, the remote horizons. Therefore it was with a kind of shock of surprise that, miles before we reached Malines, my eyes were arrested by a most majestic sight. Out of the level plain, like a gigantic hope rising above the dread monotony of daily life, with a suddenness that suggested enchantment, with an immense, irresistible grandeur because of its complete isolation, towered the loftiest cathedral spire which I thought I had ever seen. It looked as though it had stood there since the dawn of time, indescribably aloof, yet intimately close; it did not seem to dominate its surroundings, as so many cathedrals do; it was more like a flaming exhortation, a resistless call to rise, to dare, if necessary to die.

This was my first sight of St. Rombaut, though I did not yet know it by that name.

"What is that, over there?" I cried, rather breathlessly to my driver, for breathless indeed I was, so strong and deep had been the appeal of that soaring, lonely spire.

The driver, a pathetically old and feeble man (so many of the young ones were fighting at the front) gave an apprehensive start, not yet having noticed the direction in which I was looking, and thinking only of the hated Germans, and their unprovoked attacks on civilians:

"What . . . what . . . where?"

"Why," I answered, surprised, being still new to the phenomenon of war-nerves, "the cathedral over there, across the plain."

"Oh," he sighed, with evident relief, his harsh voice, unconsciously to himself, growing gentle, rather hushed, as though he were speaking of home, and safety, and of much needed repose, "that is the town of Malines, with the church of St. Rombaut; that is where his Eminence, the Cardinal Mercier lives."

"Cardinal Mercier," I repeated to myself, reflectively. "Oh, yes, of course."

This was before the time when the great churchman had come to be known internationally as "the fighting Cardinal," for it was still in the very early days

of the war; but he had for years been known to the secular world of both hemispheres, on account of his brilliant university career, while to his own people he had long since been the beloved priest, the never-failing friend of the poor; and he was recognized nationally as the leader of the Conservative Catholic Party, as well as the honoured counsellor of King and of Pope. Therefore, Cardinal Mercier's name was not wholly unknown to me, but how often, after all these years, have I recalled that first view of St. Rombaut from many miles away, as night was falling; how often have I thought of what, even then, it symbolized—though I did not guess how deeply the impression was burning itself in—for even in those early stages of the war, with that first view, there seemed to come to me the prophecy of what one great soul would accomplish, simply by remaining true to his own greatness. I have never lost the freshness, the sharpness, of that first war-time message; it was so vibrant, that the strong voice still seems to call to me across the windy spaces,—the voice of one whose life was to be a splendid, ceaseless exhortation, reaching straight to the hearts of his people, stirring them to rise, to dare, if necessary to die.

I never had the good fortune to know Cardinal Mercier personally, but I had not been in occupied territory a week, before I realized that there were two names on the lips of everyone,—the King, and the Archbishop of Malines. The King was at the head of his army, off there in the west, heroic, undaunted, unconquered; the Cardinal was everywhere, now in Malines, now in Rome, now here, now there, keeping alive by personal contact, by unflagging zeal and encouragement, the fires of patriotism. If ever a man cried out: "No compromise with the enemy!" that man was Cardinal Mercier. His story is so well known, the great and noble part he played in the war is so familiar to us all, that there seems to be nothing new to write, yet sometimes the individual experiences or impressions of those who were close spectators, are of interest, and to an eye-witness there are sure to remain certain incidents which must for ever live with a vividness which is not possible to those who have read of these things only from a distance.

I think that no one who was in the war zone at the time, will ever forget the explosion (I can think of no other word to suit the case) which followed the reading, in all the churches throughout the Kingdom, of that first, now famous war-time Pastoral Letter, on New Year's Day, 1915. In normal times it had long been the custom that these Pastoral Letters should be sent out and read, at regular intervals, in Belgium; it is an ancient tradition, and the "faithful" have ever found both comfort and inspiration in them; but in these first months of the war, when Cardinal Mercier, already "suspect" by the Germans, was under the severest kind of observation, the chances were all against his being able to address any such Letter to his flock. Yet rumours were rife that such a letter was, none the less, being prepared, and that it would be printed, and that, furthermore, it would be sent to and read in every church in Belgium during the Christmas season. Of course the Germans also got wind of this rumour, and we civilians began to hear whispers of raids on printers' shops, of threats to the Cardinal, of this and of that; but we waited confidently,

for even in those four short months we had gauged the Cardinal as the Germans *never* gauged him, even in as many years. It will be understood, of course, that with the coming of the Germans, all printing, except such as was done under their supervision, was strictly prohibited; therefore we knew what barriers would have to be surmounted if the promised Letter were really to be given to the expectant people.

Christmas Day came. I well remember that on Christmas Eve a bright moon shone, and that I stood long at my open window listening to the far distant guns, thinking of those brave men at the front, happier, probably, for all their danger, than those whom they had left behind in hateful, daily contact with the "green-grey monster." Christmas was a hard, sad day for the Belgians. They are an intensely independent people, intensely home-loving, yet their country was no longer their own; they had to share their homes with the hated invader. Christmas week passed, and then, on New Year's Day, at the celebration of the morning's mass, thundered the Cardinal's great message, *Patriotism and Endurance*. A new spiritual call to arms rang out from two thousand pulpits to millions of soul-hungry and soul-weary people all over the land. "During the reading of this document in the churches, one could hear the flight of a fly," wrote, at the time, a man who was stirred to the depths of his being by what he had just heard.

I have used the word "explosion" to describe the response of the Belgian people to that ringing appeal to their loyalty and sustained courage, but I do not mean to imply that any outer event of importance took place as a result of the words they had listened to. As far as I can remember, there were no "demonstrations," for Cardinal Mercier had strongly counselled moderation, and a "needful forbearance" so long as that did not "violate our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery." The "explosion" was *interior*, save for a few amusing bubbles on the surface of life; it was too deep for words or for wasted superficial energy. In one sense there was a certain relaxing, or more properly a sense of being eased, such as we feel when we have finally made up our minds as to the course we intend to take and keep; in another sense there was such a renewed tightening of sinews as to make one think of cold steel, like a man who buckles on his armour and feels its weight, but ignores that because he knows himself to be equipped. If you looked, you could see the change in the transformed faces, which shone with a new light of hope and faith and determination. It would indeed be difficult to exaggerate the deep breath of defiance which all Belgium drew on that day; the electrical atmosphere, the hurried questions which seemed to be thrown like a challenge from "conquered" to "conqueror":—"Well, what now?" And the impotent indignation of the Germans! Oh, that was best of all! We heard tales of von Bissing, and his now celebrated helmet which he is supposed to have kicked all over the place, in his baffled rage. I do not suppose that most of us will ever know whether that particular tale is historical or legendary (though legends are said always to have their roots in fact); no one could go through the *rue*

de la Loi, where the Governor General lived, without a pass (difficult to obtain), so we do not even know how such a story leaked out; but even if von Bissing himself managed to avoid the kind of frenzy with which he is charged, there can be little doubt that most Germans in Belgium at that time, *wanted* to kick their helmets about (metaphorically at least) in sheer, unavailing exasperation and outraged pride.

Of course, though, as the days passed, there *were* the "bubbles on the surface," and men, for all their stern, set faces, met and laughed aloud jeeringly in the streets, regardless of danger; women passed German officers of all ranks in the streets as though they simply did not exist, ignoring them so completely and so pointedly as to mark them out for ridicule to any on-looker, and everywhere the name of "*le saint cardinal*" was heard. Whimsical indeed, was a scene which I witnessed, and in which, as a matter of fact, I unexpectedly played a prominent rôle. One day, early in the New Year, I was walking along the Chaussée Charleroi, and just in front of me were swaggering two German officers, faultlessly turned out, a fact of which they were evidently entirely conscious. I was very much occupied over a problem which had just arisen, however, and did not give them much thought, until suddenly my attention was attracted to two untidy urchins who had somehow unnoticed, projected themselves between me and the German officers. These small boys were laughing together and whispering, little heads wagging insolently, little eyes rolling with secret amusement, nudging each other and shrugging their shoulders,—and I knew that something was afoot. Then one of them gave a signal, and without a moment's pause (it looked as though they had been submitting themselves to a long and patient drill, so much military precision and so much gravity did they suddenly assume),—without a moment's pause they fell into the well known Prussian "goose-step," left, right, left, right, with little legs thrown rigidly out in front of them, with little clumsily shod feet pointing stiffly in the most approved "goose-step" fashion. Click, click, on they marched solemnly, after the two German officers, and I marched on in the rear, for the moment too frozen with horror to take any action. Then I came to my senses with a start. Those unspeakably jolly little Belgian boys were running themselves and their families into a ghastly danger and I knew it, and much as I applauded their spirit, and much as I was hugging this open insurrection to my heart, I could not allow them to go on. I thought of their mothers and what *they* would say if they were there, so without further hesitation I rushed at the two culprits (a surprise attack from the rear), seized them by their respective collars, and jerked them unceremoniously out of their parade step, before those self-complacent German officers had got wind of the intended insult.

"*Eh, les gosses!*" I exclaimed severely, "don't you know that you must not do that? What would your mothers say? Go home at once."

"Why," retorted one, his small face aglow with the fun of the dangerous game, "that is just what the Cardinal Mercier would *like* us to do. Why not?"

I confess I think that child came somewhere near the truth, for if Cardinal Mercier had been a little boy, under the same conditions, I think that is *just* what he would himself have done,—“the fighting Cardinal.”

The time passed slowly on. If anything could deepen the new hope which had sprung up on that New Year's Day, if anything could intensify the enthusiasm, it was the news, not so very long after, that Cardinal Mercier had refused unequivocally to sign an ignominious paper, prepared by the Germans,—a kind of recantation of what he had written in the Pastoral Letter; while if anything could stiffen the defiance, and fan it into flame, it was the persistent rumour that he had been made a prisoner in his own archiepiscopal palace at Malines. The story of those eventful days, of his dignified, invariably courteous, but perfectly definite refusal to withdraw any of the statements he had made in the Pastoral Letter; his firm adherence to his right, as Primate of Belgium, to print and circulate that Letter, can be read in any book which recounts the story of his war days, and it is a story well worth the reading. This naturally quiet, retiring man had the inflexibility of steel, and a tenacity, where his ideals and his duty were in question, which was completely defeating to those who tried to coerce him. As I went about my work, day by day, I had ample opportunity to see the effect of this firm stand of Cardinal Mercier, on the *morale* of the people. “It is a moving thing,” was written of him at that time, “to see opening this duel between one man standing alone, armed simply with the power of right, and one of the most formidable Empires of the world.” He never flinched; he stood immovably for what he knew to be his duty as churchman and as man, and he daily risked his life and his liberty to sustain and comfort his priests and his people. I suppose that the world has seldom seen a better example of a student, a born recluse, who, because of moral obligation and the circumstances of his life, becomes, in the turn of a moment, the trenchant man of action.

I think perhaps that next to the reading of that first war-time Pastoral Letter, there stands out in my memory one other incident of national importance, which has a poignancy that is never dimmed, and I think never can be dimmed. This was the playing of the National Anthem, *La Brabançonne*, after the celebration of mass on Sunday mornings in the church of St. Jacques, behind the Royal Palace, which had been transformed by the Queen (before the Court had been forced to leave Brussels), into a hospital for wounded Belgian soldiers. I do not remember just when this custom was first established, and no one *ever* seemed to understand or to explain why the Germans permitted it at all, but it has always been my private conviction that Cardinal Mercier was responsible for it, and that the Germans, as usual, felt their impotence when coming face to face with him. It is a fairly large, and to me, not a particularly sympathetic church, but it is filled with such deep and sacred emotions as can be found only when masses of people meet together by common consent, whether for the purpose of expressing a deep and widespread sorrow, or in order to show their loyalty and devotion to a great cause. Imagine a war-harassed people, whose King had been driven into exile; who were not

allowed to wear their national colours; who had seen men and women and even children butchered before their eyes; who could get practically no authentic news from the outside world save what the invading enemy chose to permit; who could not even travel a few miles, from one town to another, in their own country, without permission from that enemy (permission being but too often denied)—imagine those people hearing their own National Anthem swelling on the full voice of a splendid organ, for just a few minutes, once a week! On these occasions St. Jacques was, of course, always crowded; there was seldom even standing room in the aisles, unless you went hours ahead of time. People waited in long lines, hoping to get in, but always, hundreds had to turn sadly away. I only attended a few times, for my duties made that Sunday morning hour a difficult one for me, but those few times are indelibly engraved on my memory. As mass drew toward its conclusion, one could feel the intensity of emotion deepen, and at its termination, after a solemn and impressive pause, when not a sound could be heard, not even the low breathing of that rapt crowd, the crashing and martial chords of *La Brabançonne* would thunder. Hardly a man or woman of that vast congregation who was not in deepest mourning, hardly anyone who was not thinking of those who had already fallen, or who might be on the eve of making the great sacrifice; but all stood immobile, like statues, silent, grave, only in their eyes one could see the fires burning. It remains a sacred experience, and one came away feeling that one had been allowed to look for a brief moment on the bared heart of a suffering friend. I think Cardinal Mercier *must* have been behind it all; it had his peculiar touch.

One of Cardinal Mercier's most passionate wishes, when the first terrible sweep of the Germans across Belgium had passed, was that the rebuilding of the devastated areas should begin at once, and I well remember my surprise and admiration when, motoring into the provinces in the spring of 1915, after the long, dark, miserable winter, I witnessed the energy, the unflagging hope, which the simple peasants, who had lost their all, displayed. Friends from home had sent me war funds, and I wanted to distribute the money personally, where it seemed most needed. This took me far afield, to terrible Dinant, round by the forts of Namur and Liège, north again through unforgettable Louvain, up toward Visé, where the Germans first crossed the Belgian frontier,—in fact it seemed as though we had been the length and breadth of the little Kingdom. Of all the crowding memories which I brought back with me, two stand out,—one never quite knows why one event is remembered more than another, though perhaps in this case, it was because the name of Cardinal Mercier was especially invoked.

In a tiny little town, not far from Hasselt, we stopped, because one of the Belgian friends who was with me wanted to get news of a certain convent with which she was intimately connected. We found the town in ruins, of course; the village street with scarcely a wall intact; the convent itself mostly but a pile of bricks; but we sat out in what had been the convent garden, we sat on piles of loose bricks or on fallen pieces of coping stone,—whatever we could find—

and the Mother Superior told me some of their story. They had hoped, up to the last moment, that they would not have to leave; war had never touched any of them, and they had no conception of what it was like; but news came one night that the Germans were advancing quickly, that they were not two hours' march away; that all the women and children in the village must run for their lives; that there was not a moment to be lost. The Mother Superior said, turning to one of the nuns: "Do you remember what a time we had with all our ducks and chickens? And then, the little pig! . . . We were determined," she continued, addressing me, "that we would not leave *anything* which the Germans could eat; besides, we loved our pets and we did not want them killed, so we started out, at eleven o'clock that night, to walk into Holland and safety, but every nun carried an indignant and protesting hen or duck under each arm, and I," said the Mother Superior, with great dignity, but with a lurking twinkle in her eye, "*I* carried the baby pig." When later, on the general advice of Cardinal Mercier (in a parochial letter, I think it was), all Belgian refugees were advised to return to their homes, which they were exhorted to commence rebuilding at once, this little company of good women decided to follow the counsel of the Prelate; but sad indeed was the home-coming. Hardly any village remained, and only a few sad traces of their convent. "But," added the Mother Superior, with an air of great good sense and acceptance, "there is still a small corner of what was once our school room standing, and we have begun school again with such children as have returned, and since his Eminence has advised rebuilding, we all take turns" (meaning herself and her nuns) "in trying to piece our walls together. All our builders have gone to the front, and there are only Monsieur le Curé and a few old men and the women and children left; but you see we are getting on very well" she concluded, pointing to a place in the garden where there was a kind of home-brew of cement, "our walls are rising only very slowly, it is true, but on these fine, clear moonlight nights, we can work in shifts all night long, and I think we shall soon have a roof over our heads again,—and Monsieur le Curé tells us that that will surely please his Eminence," and her voice sounded as though she were receiving a benediction.

That is one picture. The other is of an old and lonely man, sitting on the ruins of his home, not far from where the terrible battle of Eppeghem had been fought. We sat on the edge of what had once been the cellar of his little house, now a mere shapeless hole in the ground,—the cellar where, he told me reminiscently, he used to store his potatoes in the winter. The guns, though distant, were loud that day,—a big battle was evidently going on along the Yser—and I looked with surprise at a tiny peach tree (a delicate pink mist), because it seemed so out of place there, in those dreary surroundings. I remember how much I missed the singing of birds (that was the fault of the peach tree,—it made me long to hear them), but when I asked this quiet, lonely man about them, he told me that they had all gone, and that they had never come back. He told me that he was going to begin rebuilding because all good Belgians had been asked to do this, but that he had no heart for it. Then after a distressed

pause, he told me a story which I cannot write, a story of his granddaughter and his two young grandsons, left in his care when their father went with his regiment; how before they were shot he had been forced by the Germans to dig their graves, and then, afterwards, how he had buried them. We sat there a very long time in silence; he shed no tear, he only bowed his head over his folded hands, and was so still that it was like death. Then, at last he looked up:

"Did you hear the Pastoral on New Year's Day? Do you know it?"

"Yes," I answered, "I know it well."

"Ah, then you will understand"; but seeing that I wanted him to explain further,—“that Pastoral Letter was the first thing that gave me back some courage—may his Eminence be blessed for ever—for when, in my bitterness, I used to ask myself why so much shame and misery should come to us all, I repeated those words of his: ‘There is nothing to answer. The answer remains the secret of God.’”

During the remaining months that I was in Belgium, there was daily and increasing evidence of Cardinal Mercier's tireless devotion. He was everywhere, exhorting, comforting, cheering. He never allowed the courage of the people to weaken, he never allowed their faith in ultimate victory to relax. He was utterly fearless, and disdainful of personal safety; personal considerations of any kind never seemed to enter into his calculations. He called the Germans to severe account for every misdeed, regardless of threats, pursuing them until he obliged them to listen; pounding at their doors until he forced them to answer. His fiery denunciation of the treatment of his priests, large numbers of whom had been tortured and killed during the first unbridled weeks of invasion; his loud and indignant protest in the cause of the Belgian army doctors confined in Heidelberg; his dogged insistence that a rigid inquiry must be made into the known assaults on civilians by German soldiers;—all these matters, which have now become the history of past days, were to us, who lived in and through those days, very vivid history in the making. Indeed, I often wonder what life in occupied Belgium would have been, with Cardinal Mercier out of the picture, for we were like a huge internment camp, so cut off were we from the outside world. Only a little real news ever sifted in to us; most of it had to be seen through German spectacles,—the German press. In the twelve-month that I was there, I received only two letters of any kind from home, and those were smuggled in by secret courier. This gives an idea of our isolation, and if I, as a “neutral,” felt this isolation, even while knowing that at any moment I chose, I could leave the country and turn my back on the hated enemy, what must it have meant to the Belgians, who were obliged to endure to the very end, and that end still uncertain! Internment camps are not very healthy places; the war showed us that. Too often misgiving, if not actual despair, gnaws at the roots of courage. “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” Cardinal Mercier recognized the danger of just this, and he did his utmost to keep our hope and our faith alive; he pounded at us as he pounded at the Germans, only in a different key, and we all became malleable under the magic of his touch. Always he called to us to consecrate our lives more per-

fectly to Christ, the Master; his own life seemed lost in Him. He rebuked us for our weaknesses: "You are at the mercy of events, whereas you ought to dominate them. You obey your emotions, whereas it is your duty, and within your power, to control them. Reduce them to silence . . ." Always he pleaded for more austerity of living: "I exhort you . . . to accept with all your hearts the privations you have to endure; to simplify still further, if it be possible, your way of life." He never spared us, but he had faith in us, and that faith was our great inspiration and refreshment: "Do you not feel that the war . . . purifies you, separates your higher nature from the dross, draws you away to uplift you towards something nobler and better than yourselves?" "Truce, then, my Brethren, to all murmurs of complaint." It has been well written of him, by one who knew and loved him: "Belgium under the occupation without Cardinal Mercier as guide and support, is unthinkable."

Cardinal Mercier was, no doubt quite unconsciously to himself, very much of a Theosophist, possessing in marked degree many of the qualities which we recognize as indispensably Theosophical. No one can read his Pastorals, the Retreats to his Priests, or his Letters, without recognizing an immensely wide and generous tolerance for everything, great and small, always providing that it possessed the one essential,—integrity of purpose. "Christian Unity" had long been one of his profoundest hopes, and thinking and planning for it occupied his last hours. In 1916 he gave a public address in Brussels, in which he said: "National union of hearts is linked among us to world-wide brotherhood. But above this sentiment of world-wide brotherhood we place respect for absolute right, without which intercourse either between individuals or between nations is impossible." Therefore we see that, side by side with this great and noble tolerance of his, was its twin opposite,—a stern and vigorous condemnation of evil. His eyes were never for a moment blind to the justice of the cause for which his nation was fighting, and his published letters to von Bissing are gems of coldly courteous defiance, of scathing and merciless accusation, such as must have withered whatever Teutonic susceptibilities the German Governor General of Belgium possessed. Yet while calling the Germans to strictest account for their nameless atrocities and outrages, he reminds his own people that these ills must be borne with courage and with patience,—even, it is hinted, with a secret, and as it were, a holy content, for may not this great calamity, which has swept over the land, be, in fact, an opportunity for the settling of debts, a just accounting for past sin? There is almost a suggestion of Karmic working when he writes: "It would perhaps be cruel to dwell upon our guilt now, when we are paying so well and so nobly what we owe. But shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be required." Suffering to him, is essential to growth, and he speaks of the "providential law of suffering"; "there is even more virtue at times in suffering than in action." "To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the

name of a Christian," and since we know that we grow with suffering, "it ill becomes us to complain whatever we may be called upon to endure."

Cardinal Mercier had no Christian Science illusions about good and evil. His views on the subject were sharp and clear. If he had known of the Black Lodge, he would have been the first, I think, to recognize that his fight was against the Black forces, that this very fight was "the visible expression of a vast invisible conflict." His ideas of patriotism far transcended nation-limits. Love of country was symbolic of the Unity of all Life, and this, to Cardinal Mercier, meant service in the cause of Christ. "The religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the Absolute,"—in Unity of Being. But there can be no Unity of Being where evil is in the midst; therefore he says: "I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligation of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil, and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore in soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience." Further, in order to preserve or to re-establish this unity when evil threatens: "Wars have become inevitable, and as long as there are upon the earth men guilty of allowing their passions to dominate their reason, and their reason to set itself above the Divine Will, universal pacifism will be a dream. Nay, more than this: to desire peace for its own sake, peace at any price, would be to accept with equal indifference justice and injustice, truth and falsehood; it would be an act of cowardice, an impiety." "Nevertheless," he continues, "a great artist is able to resolve discords into harmonies"; and this, to Cardinal Mercier, means that Love and Sacrifice are indispensable to Life: "Across the smoke of conflagration, across the steam of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? . . . What does it matter whether you die young or old, in bed or on the battle-field, far from those belonging to you, or near to them? What in the last resort will it matter to you whether your days have been passed happily, in a much loved home, in comfort and abundance, surrounded by affection and esteem, or whether you have lived in affliction, in solitude, perhaps in poverty, bowed down with suspicion, humiliation, and oppression? How will you look upon and judge these trifles, when you contemplate them from eternity? Whatever may betide you, there is something in you which no person and no event can touch; this is your soul. And this soul, which belongs to you, and is yours, of which you are the master, was made to enjoy God, and will enjoy God, if that be your desire; it will embrace Him and be embraced by Him, not for the brief space of a man's life, or for an historic period, but eternally, for ever and ever. So, Brethren, lift up your eyes, I beseech you, and keep them fixed upon the pole star of your eternity. Eternity! We all lack courage to look at it steadily, even for a space. Lay hold of it as closely as you can; keep it fixed in your

imagination for an hour, a half hour, a quarter of an hour; concentrate your thoughts on it; during this quarter of an hour see only this, and in it God, the God that was made Man, your Creator, your Saviour and your Judge; you, confronting it, made for it, determine to forget all else, for this short space of time; and you will rise enlightened, tempered, fortified." "Such is the fundamental solution of the essential problems of life, for individuals as for nations: the Passion before the Resurrection, death to attain life, the Cross to enter into glory."

Finally, in one of the bitterest hours of that long and bitter ordeal, looking forward with the eyes of faith to the anniversary of Belgium's independence, this prophecy: "When in 1930 we remember the dark years of 1914-1916, they will appear to us brighter, more majestic, and, provided to-day we know how to make up our mind, they will prove the happiest and most fruitful of our national history. '*Per crucem ad lucem.*' Light springs from sacrifice."

T. D.

Again you will perhaps encounter effeminate temperaments for whom war is simply the explosion of mines, the bursting of shells, the slaughter of men, the shedding of blood, a litter of corpses; you will find low-souled politicians who see no other stake in a battle but the interest of a day, the capture of territory or of a province. But no! If, in spite of its horrors, war—I mean a just war—has so much austere beauty, this is because it is the unselfish inspiration of a whole people, which gives, or is prepared to give, that which it values most, its life, for the defence and vindication of something which cannot be weighed, which cannot be numbered, which cannot be bought; justice, honour, peace, liberty!

CARDINAL MERCIER.

AN APPROACH TO SPIRITUAL SCIENCE

ALL science has its roots in experience, and among the causes to which it owes its origin, none has been more potent than the two-fold need to understand our experience, and so to record it as to make it of benefit to ourselves and to others. In any approach to spiritual science, therefore, we must be concerned with the problem as to how each aspect of this dual need may be met, and we may best begin by asking ourselves what is involved in understanding, and upon what it rests.

In the infinite variety of our contacts with what lies within and without us, we meet things that seem ordinary and natural, composed of elements that we recognize and that are grouped together in familiar ways. We say that we *understand* these things, meaning thereby that we see them as of one piece with the whole unified body of past experience, which *underlies* our present standpoint and outlook. But other things seem strange, startling, and so out of line, or even contradictory to our preconceptions, that we do not see how they fit into what we already know. Such things appear as a break in the unity and coherence of experience, and in order to understand them, this break must be filled in, and the new be assimilated to the old by a process of *explanation*. The derivation of the word shows the nature of the process. Literally, *ex-plain* means, from the plain; so, to explain any thing or happening is to show how it arises from plain things. It is to unify the strange with the familiar, by looking so deeply into each, so analysing both, as to see the one as but an extension of the other. Therefore, though no experience is ever exactly repeated, since the total content of consciousness can never be twice the same, the possibility of understanding any happening depends upon our ability to regard it as in some way a repetition or continuance of what we have met in the past, recognizing within it the same elements, combined and controlled in accordance with the same principles, as are present and operative in ordinary events. The secret of the mysterious and the great must be found, if it is to be found at all, within the simple and the small; and science, in furthering its purpose of making understanding possible, must advance less by the discovery of new principles—which, being new, would themselves require explanation and co-ordination with the old—than by the extension of familiar principles into new fields, through the perception that they have a wider application than we had supposed.

The classical example of this, in physical science, is Newton's formulation of the law of gravitation. It would be absurd to credit him, or any one, with the discovery of the *fact* of gravitation. The knowledge that apples, and babies,

fall when not held up, is at least as old as the human race. We give Newton credit, not for the discovery of this principle, but for the leap of the imagination which enabled him to lift it from the earth to the heavens. He conceived of its *universal* application, assuming that, as the apple fell to the ground, so *all* things must fall together, and in this universalization of every one's concrete, commonplace experience, he found the explanation of the courses of the stars.

If we turn now from the need of understanding, to that of recording our experience, and ask ourselves what it involves, we shall find that the requirements of description and explanation are essentially the same. We see at once that we can describe only what is permanent and already familiar to us, or what is composed of permanent and familiar elements; for all description must employ words or symbols which have a fixed meaning, and this meaning can only have been acquired through the experience of the past.

Therefore, whether we look to the one aspect or the other of the dual function which science must fulfil, we see that the possibility of each depends upon there being, within all difference and variation, something which persists unchanged, uniting and reconciling the new with the old. It is the aim of science to search out and reveal these permanences, and were it not for our faith in their existence, the whole enterprise would be meaningless and left without support. In the last analysis, therefore, science rests upon the inherent and ineradicable faith of man that the universe is in some way one, that its fabric is all of one piece, so that, wherever we lay our hand upon it, we touch the same warp and woof. It implies that within the experience of any thing, lies wrapped the potential experience of every thing; or, in Emerson's much quoted phrase, that within each atom the whole universe contrives to integrate itself. This is the basic faith from which all science has its rise.

But though faith in unity be the beginning, we must remember that its realization is the goal. It is not unity, but multiplicity, which we first see, when, in advance of explanation, we look out upon the variety of nature, or inward to the complexities of our own moods; and this multiplicity can be unified only little by little, as contiguous elements are observed to cohere along some thread of permanence which lies within them. Each different experience presents a new question, but furnishes, also, a new vantage point for understanding, a new centre from which explanation and unification can proceed. Thus it is that science has become subdivided into many sciences, each spreading from a different centre of familiar experience and revealing unity within fields which, at first separate, become merged through the overlapping of their steadily advancing boundaries. So we might become acquainted with a foreign state, by taking up our residence successively in its principal cities and exploring their environs in ever widening circles until the whole country had been covered. The advantage of such a method is immediately apparent—even where it be not forced by the presence of chasms that we have been as yet unable either to fathom or to bridge; for though the entire world has now been so mapped as to enable us to locate Versailles, let us say, with reference to Chicago or Peking, it is far more easily and economically visited from Paris, and

described in reference to it. Indeed, if we were to make the journey from one of the more distant points, it is probable that we should go first to Paris, and in all the early stages of the trip we should be concerned, even more generally, with the problem of getting to Europe. It is this which would appear as our real difficulty, and we should have little doubt that we could find Versailles, and walk in the beauty of its gardens, if some kind genie would only set us down upon the soil of France.

I think that it is in some such way as this that most men feel, when they first turn their thoughts to spiritual science and to the possibility of exploring for themselves its riches. It seems to them to be concerned with a far distant country,—beyond a wide ocean, or unmapped deserts, which they do not know how to cross. They feel at home with matter, and can see physical science as close at hand, occupied with their own familiar experience and everyday affairs. But the very word “spirit” suggests to them something infinitely remote and “other-worldly.” It is strange that this feeling should be so common, for the least reflection shows that it cannot be sound. However wide and unexplained be the gulf between spirit and matter, between the inner and the outer world, it is certain that life itself unites them, and that everything that lives, lives in both worlds at once. We need no other genie than our own self-consciousness to transport us to where we already are; no other magic than that of life to annihilate the gulf.

What is it that we mean by “spirit”? As a word it is derived from the Latin *spiritus*, “the breath of life,” and if we turn to the dictionary we shall find a long list of the ways in which it is used: “an immaterial substance,” “an intelligent being imperceptible to the senses,” “the soul of man,” “ardour, courage, temper or disposition of mind, the intellectual powers of man as distinct from the body, . . . the purest part of a body, its essential quality, . . . real meaning as opposed to the letter, the immortal part of man, pre-eminently the Holy Spirit, anything eminently pure and refined.” Are these ideas remote and unfamiliar to us? Are they not, on the contrary, concepts that enter into all our sentient life, more closely and intimately a part of our being than is anything material? Indeed, as we consider what we know of matter—which physical science to-day has so refined as to leave only the substratum of invisible centres of force—and reflect on how that knowledge has come to us, we are forced to recognize that we know it only through the powers of the spirit,—through consciousness, sensation and thought,—and that we can know nothing in any other way. For consciousness itself is not material but spiritual, “an immaterial substance,” an intelligence “imperceptible to the senses.” Therefore it is clear that, of the two, it is not matter but spirit which lies closest to us, so close and familiar as to be “the breath of life,”—for surely nothing, unless it be his God, or the Master on whose ray he stands, can be closer to a man than his own self, or more familiar to him than his own thought. It is with these close and familiar things that spiritual science is primarily concerned, and it is through and in them that it reveals the eternal principles and unities of spiritual life.

It may, perhaps, be objected that we are using "spirit" and "spiritual" in a very broad sense, to make them thus coextensive with the whole of life, covering consciousness and the self, the thinker and the thoughts he thinks, will and imagination and desire, and the essential being of all things, in contradistinction to the vehicle which makes manifest that being. To this we should make a two-fold reply. First, that we must give these words the broadest possible meaning, if they are to indicate the true scope of spiritual science; and, second, that at the beginning of any inquiry we need general rather than specific terms, lest our speech become more precise than our thought. To revert to our previous illustration, a man in Chicago must consider how he is to get to Europe, before he finds it pertinent to determine how he will thereafter shape his course to Versailles. The general direction is all that he needs at first, and it is only confusing to insist upon the exact compass-bearing of his ultimate destination. As we advance in spiritual science, we shall have to become more and more discriminating, and shall have the greatest need to refine our use of words. We shall be hampered at every turn by the lack of precisely defined terms to express subtle shades of meaning, and shall be tempted to coin words (as physical science has had to do), or to borrow from older tongues, more habituated to metaphysical distinctions, or (again following the example of physical science, in its use of such words as force, power and energy) to establish apparently artificial differences between synonyms. But here at the outset we are concerned with broad groups of concepts, continents of experience and thought; and as, to us in America, to look to France or Belgium, Italy or Spain, is alike to look to Europe, so we may use the common part of many different words, the soul and the self, the thinker and perceiver, the individuality and the personality, to point to the spiritual being of man. All are of the spirit, rather than of matter, and we need not be troubled because, as not all that is human is humane, so not all that is spirit is spiritual, but may, on the contrary, be of the earth, earthy.

Whether we be good or bad, therefore, concerned with the aggrandizement of self or in furthering the interests of others, turning our thoughts to the making of money or to preparation for the life after death, we are nevertheless spiritual beings, living in the spiritual world, and rich in the spiritual experience whose meaning and universal significance it is the function of spiritual science to reveal. Day by day and in every moment of the day, we are instinctively obedient to spiritual laws which we yet leave unrecognized; and in order to reveal and bring them to clear consciousness, we have only to follow the same procedure, in dealing with our spiritual experience, as physical science pursues in its investigation of material phenomena. In the way in which *our* consciousness moves we have a working model of the way in which *all* consciousness moves; and we have but to examine the familiar, commonplace working of our own thought—the most familiar of all things to each of us—in order to uncover spiritual principles which characterize the action of spirit through the whole range of our experience, and which "explain" the remote by showing its unity with what is at hand.

We may well approach spiritual science by means of this experiment, and inquire more closely into the nature of thought. How do we think?

The answer is not immediately obvious. We think in many different ways. But as we review our thoughts—not now in close examination, but rather in broad outline—we see that they tend to group themselves on different levels or planes. Perhaps the first and lowest which we notice is the mere “day-dreaming,” where idle fancies, mental images, reflections and echoes of thought and desire, drift in disconnected fashion through our minds. We shall not concern ourselves with this plane, where our mental life is little more than that of the oyster,—content to open its mouth for whatever food it may waft to it. All that we need note of this is that we are, in fact, in a psychic sea—an ocean of thought stuff. Let us at least rise above the fish, which seeks and pursues its food, and consider purer thought, thought which has an aim, the thinking that seeks an answer and which is demanded of us whenever we must decide what is true and what is false, or how we shall act. We may best examine this by the illustration.

Watching a paper-hanger. He is scraping the old paper off the wall. The boy's attention is arrested by something “queer” in the paper-hanger's hand, the scraper. His little finger is not curled around the handle, but held out straight, like that of a very “genteel” person drinking tea. This is strange to the boy. What does it mean? Has he hurt his little finger? The boy looks more closely and notices that the little finger nail is very long. He thinks that if the little finger were closed around the end of the scraper, this long nail would probably run into the palm of the hand. Closing the fist makes this seem most likely; so the sense of “queerness” is narrowed down from the position and movement of the hand to the mere fact of long finger nails. But *why* should the paper-hanger have long finger nails? What does it *mean*? Long finger nails suggest a Chinaman. The boy has never seen a Chinaman, but he has been studying geography and has read that Chinese gentlemen cultivate long finger nails. He wonders if the paper-hanger is a Chinaman. He brings to mind what the geography said of the Chinese,—that in addition to long finger nails, they have yellow skin, slanting eyes, and long, straight, black hair, which they wear in a pig-tail. He tries to fit these characteristics to the paper-hanger. They do not fit very well. There is certainly no pig-tail. The hair is not black; it is red. He is not quite sure about the skin, as he does not know how yellow a skin must be in order to be yellow. It looks as though there were “some yellow” in the paper-hanger's skin. The same doubt exists about the eyes. How slanting must eyes be in order to be slanting? The eyes seem to slant “some.” But the boy is not satisfied. The explanation that the paper-hanger is a Chinaman removes the “queerness” of the long finger nails, but it introduces other “queernesses,”—a Chinaman without a pig-tail and with red hair. The suggested solution does not fit all the facts. The boy stares and ponders.

The paper-hanger lays his scraper down and opens his hand. The boy sees

his other finger nails. They are as short as his own. At first, this makes the mystery deeper, the problem harder, the "queerness" all the more "queer." Why should just one finger nail be long, instead of all ten long, or all ten short? But suddenly this added difficulty suggests a new explanation. Only part of his finger nails are long; perhaps he is only part Chinese,—one-tenth Chinese. This comes as a great light. The pieces of the puzzle seem to fall into place; the eyes slanting "some," the "some yellow" in the skin. The hair? Here a difficulty remains. What would one-tenth black hair and one-tenth pig-tail look like? The paper-hanger's hair is "pretty long," and it *might* be a brighter red. Perhaps one-tenth black hair and nine tenths very, very red hair would mix just that way. The boy feels safe. He *understands*. The anomaly has disappeared, and only intense interest remains in seeing a new kind of being, who, nevertheless, has a place among other beings.

This illustration exemplifies the typical movement of some thought through its successive phases. That small boy was thoughtful and indeed scientifically, throughout. It matters not at all for our purpose, that his conclusions were later proved untrue. He nevertheless, reached the goal it had set itself,—the attainment of a view which removed the disturbing sense of singularity, and reconciled all the known facts in one coherent, self-consistent system. Misled only in the way in which material science itself is so often misled, though it takes us a little aside from our main theme, it managed to trace the sequel which revealed this, and taught the boy a lesson which he knew he learned, but never afterwards forgot.

A new chapter opened when, later in the day, he told his mother of his discovery. She would not have it that "Paddy Murphy" was even one-tenth Chinese. As for the long finger nail, she said it was gotten to cut it; and to the boy's rush of protestation that he had forgotten to cut just one finger nail, that, as plain as the sun in his finger, he was remembering all the time, and that he was Chinese, she replied only that she was sure he was not. In the fixity of her unbelief, the boy's eager arguments and protests till their backwash undermined even his own faith, and he was reminded of similar incidents before—in an inner turmoil of bewilderment, irritation, and the first chaotic beginnings of intellectual humility. His mother *knew*. She did not need to think; she was just *sure*. But how could one be so sure? How could one know, without thinking? And what was wrong with thought, when it all fitted, and yet was not true? The boy returned to the dismantled room, again to stare and ponder at the paper-hanger, who was not Chinese but Irish, though he had a finger nail that only a Chinaman should have.

By this time the old paper was off and some of the new on, a narrow strip of wall having been reached between the corner and the door. A length of paper lay unrolled on a long board table. Paddy placed his rule, and, without tool or pencil, with only one swift movement of his hand, a sharp crease

We may well approach spiritual science by means of this experiment, and inquire more closely into the nature of thought. How do we think?

The answer is not immediately obvious. We think in many different ways. But as we review our thoughts—not now in close examination, but rather in broad outline—we see that they tend to group themselves on different levels or planes. Perhaps the first and lowest which we notice is the mere “day-dreaming,” where idle fancies, mental images, reflections and echoes of thought and desire, drift in disconnected fashion through our minds. We shall not concern ourselves with this plane, where our mental life is little more than that of the oyster,—content to open its mouth for whatever food the tides may waft to it. All that we need note of this is that we are, in fact, immersed in a psychic sea—an ocean of thought stuff. Let us at least rise to the plane of the fish, which seeks and pursues its food, and consider purposive thought, thought which has an aim, the thinking that seeks an answer to a question, and which is demanded of us whenever we must decide what is true and what is false, or how we shall act. We may best examine this through a concrete illustration.

A small boy is watching a paper-hanger. He is scraping the old paper from the wall, and the boy's attention is arrested by something “queer” in the way he holds the scraper. His little finger is not curled around the handle, but is held out straight, like that of a very “genteel” person drinking tea. It seems strange to the boy. What does it mean? Has he hurt his finger? He looks more closely and notices that the little finger nail is very long. He thinks that if the little finger were closed around the end of the handle, this long nail would probably run into the palm of the hand. Closing his own fist makes this seem most likely; so the sense of “queerness” is narrowed down from the position and movement of the hand to the mere fact of long finger nails. But *why* should the paper-hanger have long finger nails? What does it *mean*? Long finger nails suggest a Chinaman. The boy has never seen a Chinaman, but he has been studying geography and has read that Chinese gentlemen cultivate long finger nails. He wonders if the paper-hanger is a Chinaman. He brings to mind what the geography said of the Chinese,—that in addition to long finger nails, they have yellow skin, slanting eyes, and long, straight, black hair, which they wear in a pig-tail. He tries to fit these characteristics to the paper-hanger. They do not fit very well. There is certainly no pig-tail. The hair is not black; it is red. He is not quite sure about the skin, as he does not know how yellow a skin must be in order to be yellow. It looks as though there were “some yellow” in the paper-hanger's skin. The same doubt exists about the eyes. How slanting must eyes be in order to be slanting? The eyes seem to slant “some.” But the boy is not satisfied. The explanation that the paper-hanger is a Chinaman removes the “queerness” of the long finger nails, but it introduces other “queernesses,”—a Chinaman without a pig-tail and with red hair. The suggested solution does not fit all the facts. The boy stares and ponders.

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This illustration exemplifies the typical movement of sound, reflective thought through its successive phases. That small boy was thinking logically, and indeed scientifically, throughout. It matters not at all, for our present purpose, that his conclusions were later proved untrue. His thought had, nevertheless, reached the goal it had set itself,—the attainment of a point of view which removed the disturbing sense of singularity, and which reconciled all the known facts in one coherent, self-consistent whole. He was misled only in the way in which material science itself is so often misled; and though it takes us a little aside from our main theme, it may be worth while to trace the sequel which revealed this, and taught the boy a lesson he scarcely knew he learned, but never afterwards forgot.

A new chapter opened when, later in the day, he told his mother of his discovery. She would not have it that "Paddy Murphy" was Chinese, not even one-tenth Chinese. As for the long finger nail, he had probably forgotten to cut it; and to the boy's rush of protestation that he couldn't have forgotten to cut just one finger nail, that, as plain as plain, in the way he held his finger, he was remembering all the time, and that it all *fitted* for him to be Chinese, she replied only that she was sure he was not. Against the calm fixity of her unbelief, the boy's eager arguments dashed themselves in vain, till their backwash undermined even his own faith, and left him—as had many similar incidents before—in an inner turmoil of bewilderment, irritation, and the first chaotic beginnings of intellectual humility. His mother *knew*. She did not need to think; she was just *sure*. But how could one be so sure? How could one know, without thinking? And what was wrong with thought, when it all fitted, and yet was not true? The boy returned to the dismantled room, again to stare and ponder at the paper-hanger, who was not Chinese but Irish, though he had a finger nail that only a Chinaman should have.

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appeared on the paper beside the ruler's edge. The boy almost jumped, as first amazement, then relief, and finally delight, swept over him. Now, indeed, he understood! He mustered up his courage to make Paddy confirm what he had seen. "Do you leave your nail long," he asked, "so that it can mark the paper that way, without any pencil?" "Sure, sonny," said Paddy, "you guessed it the first time." "It wasn't the first time," said the boy; then added, after a moment's illuminating introspection, "At first I thought it had to be in you. But it doesn't; it can be in what you are going to do." To which cryptic remark Paddy could only answer "Hey?"

The boy had discovered for himself the reason why he had been misled,—a discovery which was to prove of lasting effect upon all his later thinking and whole view of life. Unintentionally and unconsciously, he had confined his search for the solution of his human problem, within the same limits that material science, having first imposed them upon itself in its study of physical phenomena, has hesitated to overstep in the newer and broader field of biological research. He had sought, as does such science, only a genetic explanation: to find something in the nature and origin, the heredity or "evolution," of the paper-hanger, which would account for his peculiar characteristic. In his ignorance of any use which one long finger nail could serve, the facts had not suggested any *purpose* to him, and so he had left purpose wholly out of his considerations. But it was there that the solution actually lay; and though the boy did not know the value of the lesson he was learning, he began from that day to try to read his riddles in terms of free will and freely chosen desires, as well as of compulsion; to look forward as well as back, in the realization that what nature and the past do not explain, purpose and the future may make clear, since, in the flux of life, where we deal ceaselessly with middle terms, the character of the means is determined no less by the ends they are to serve than by the beginnings from which they are shaped, and past, present and future can be understood only as one.

We must return, however, to our proper theme, and our immediate concern make clear, through the illustration we have given, the characteristic which marks all sound reflective thought. We may recognize seven phases through which it proceeds.

1. Arresting of attention by something anomalous, something unplaced in the body of our experience, or, more generally, which raises a challenge to explanation; in short, the becoming aware of the problem. (The boy is struck by the odd way the paper-hanger

2. Focusing of attention upon that which has arrested it, to determine the anomaly consists, the problem thereby becoming narrowed and set. (The "queerness" of the position of the hand becomes the problem of the long finger nail.)

3. Development of thought, by a process of suggestion, from the outer to the inner, from *percepts* to *concepts*, from the outer, concrete facts to the related inner store of abstract conceptions, memories and

ideas, which offer themselves as suggestions for a possible solution. (The concrete fact of long finger nails suggests the concept of a Chinaman.)

4. The tracing, in detail, of the consequences of the suggestion, uncovering and unfolding what it involves and necessitates. (The characteristic eyes, skin and hair of a Chinaman.)

5. The passing back of thought from the unmanifest to the manifest, carrying with it a picture of the expanded consequences of the conceived solution, which is compared in detail with the concrete facts,—this comparison involving a re-examination of the facts. (The boy considers the paper-hanger's eyes, skin, and hair, in comparison with his imagined picture of a Chinaman.)

6. The use of this comparison as a test, whereby the thinker decides whether the suggested explanation must be rejected, modified, or accepted as true. (The boy rejects a Chinaman with red hair.)

7. The turning of thought to the action required by its decision. (The boy stares and ponders,—until the discovery of new facts prompts a new suggestion, and the cycle repeats itself.)

Of these seven phases in the rhythm of such reflective thought, the first and last two, four in all, deal primarily with the facts as they appear in the outer world, where the problem had its origin and where whatever action is needed must be taken. The third and fifth are transition stages, linking the outer and inner together in the ascent from percepts to concepts and in the descent again from conception to fact; while the middle stage, the fourth, is occupied directly with the inner world of ideas and their content and consequences. There is thus a lower quaternary and an upper triad; and though such a division, when drawn, as here, from a single example, may appear arbitrary and artificial, it is nevertheless typical, and may be constantly recognized in the interaction of spirit and matter.

But what is of more moment to us than the classification of the phases through which thought passes, is to see clearly that, like life itself, thought links the inner and the outer world, and is constituted by an interaction between them. The initial sense of irregularity, which prompts the movement of thought, is itself such an interaction,—a perception of discrepancy between the inner world of our ideas and the outer world of facts. This interaction must continue until the discrepancy is removed,—or until thought is abandoned. This is the first principle of unity or of wholeness: that, as it is above, so it is below; that all must be one. And if we attempt to generalize this principle, which our illustration reveals, and to consider it in its universal characterizing all spiritual being, we shall see it as fundamental principle, and shall recognize anew that *holiness* and *wholeness* are the same root and mean the same thing.

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THEN they began to talk about elementals and such like, a especially in relation to help us, and what about them? As they past, and I meditated on my old Sou soul. My Southern lady was an F limited and fine; Presbyterian to the for her power of scriptural referenc that for a short time she should We really liked each other

appeared on the paper beside the ruler's edge. The boy almost jumped, as first amazement, then relief, and finally delight, swept over him. Now, indeed, he understood! He mustered up his courage to make Paddy confirm what he had seen. "Do you leave your nail long," he asked, "so that it can mark the paper that way, without any pencil?" "Sure, sonny," said Paddy, "you guessed it the first time." "It wasn't the first time," said the boy; then added, after a moment's illuminating introspection, "At first I thought it had to be in you. But it doesn't; it can be in what you are going to do." To which cryptic remark Paddy could only answer "Hey?"

The boy had discovered for himself the reason why he had been misled,—a discovery which was to prove of lasting effect upon all his later thinking and whole view of life. Unintentionally and unconsciously, he had confined his search for the solution of his human problem, within the same limits that material science, having first imposed them upon itself in its study of physical phenomena, has hesitated to overstep in the newer and broader field of biological research. He had sought, as does such science, only a genetic explanation: to find something in the nature and origin, the heredity or "evolution," of the paper-hanger, which would account for his peculiar characteristic. In his ignorance of any use which one long finger nail could serve, the facts had not suggested any *purpose* to him, and so he had left purpose wholly out of his considerations. But it was there that the solution actually lay; and though the boy did not know the value of the lesson he was learning, he began from that day to try to read his riddles in terms of free will and freely chosen desires, as well as of compulsion; to look forward as well as back, in the realization that what nature and the past do not explain, purpose and the future may make clear, since, in the flux of life, where we deal ceaselessly with middle terms, the character of the means is determined no less by the ends they are to serve than by the beginnings from which they are shaped, and past, present and future can be understood only as one.

We must return, however, to our proper theme, and our immediate concern is to make clear, through the illustration we have given, the characteristic rhythm which marks all sound reflective thought. We may recognize seven successive phases through which it proceeds.

1. The arresting of attention by something anomalous, something unplaced in relation to the body of our experience, or, more generally, which raises a question and challenges explanation; in short, the becoming aware of the existence of a problem. (The boy is struck by the odd way the paper-hanger holds his hand.)

2. The dwelling of attention upon that which has arrested it, to determine in just what the anomaly consists, the problem thereby becoming narrowed and more sharply set. (The "queerness" of the position of the hand becomes narrowed to the problem of the long finger nail.)

3. The passing of thought, by a process of suggestion, from the outer to the inner world, from *percepts* to *concepts*, from the outer, concrete facts perceived, to the related inner store of abstract conceptions, memories and

ideas, which offer themselves as suggestions for a possible solution. (The concrete fact of long finger nails suggests the concept of a Chinaman.)

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We turn next to consider the character of this interaction. As we have already observed, it is a rhythmic or *cyclic* movement back and forth between the manifest and the unmanifest, between spirit and matter, involving the alternation of induction (the suggestion or intuition of a concept as a *fact*)

and deduction (which unfolds and applies in detail the consequences of that concept). No thought is complete that does not include each of these complementary processes. Thought, feeling, interest, which concern themselves only with abstractions and theories, without passing on to their concrete application in action, or which, on the other hand, are confined to concrete things, without reference to the spiritual significance within them, alike break this cycle and become thereby fragmentary, false and futile. The universality of this cyclic law is immediately apparent. Wherever we look we see the same cyclic progression. Every action, every normal movement of life, follows the same rhythm. We see it in the running up and down of the sap of a tree, the budding and withering of its leaves; the succession of summer and winter, of day and night, of waking and sleeping; in the birth and death and rebirth again of the human soul; in evolution and involution, and the alternate periods of cosmic manifestation and pralaya. Always and everywhere there is this alternation of stress between spiritual meaning and material expression, this beating of the heart, characterizing all of life, from our simplest thought to God's creation of the universe.

As the purpose of this paper was only to indicate a way of approach to spiritual science—to show that it is at hand, close and accessible to all, through the familiar processes of our own everyday thoughts and feelings and acts—we cannot expand it unduly. But before we leave the illustration we have been considering, we may use it to open one more vista into the world of realities and the nature of our being.

As we look back to that small boy's thought, typifying so many greater things, we see that in the first half of the cycle, in the inductive half, where thought ascends through intuition and suggestion, from the manifest world of facts to the unmanifest world of concepts, the thinker exercises *choice*. The concept adopted as a trial solution of the problem is not *determined* by the facts, it is only *suggested* by them; and in general we have to choose between a variety of proffered suggestions. Moreover, the character of these suggestions is dependent no less upon the thinker than upon the outer conditions which prompt them. Here, therefore, there is *freedom*,—the exercise of personal preference and of choice. But once this choice is made, freedom is suspended until the time comes for the trial solution to be definitely confirmed or rejected. In the second half of the cycle,—the descending arc, where thought, having chosen its concept, works out its content and consequences through the process of deduction,—there is no choice. Here the thinker is under the compulsion of the spiritual being of the thing thought. It is what it is. It contains this and this, and not that and that. It has such and such consequences, and no others; and they follow, whether we will them or not. Here there is the dominion of *necessity*.

The secret of the mysterious and the great lies wrapped within the simple and the small. The trivial movement of a boy's thought reveals the scope of fate and freedom, of Karma and free-will.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

S. O. S.

THEN they began to talk about guardian angels, and about fairies and elementals and such like, and their possible relation to ourselves, especially in relation to help: do they help us, and how do they help us, and what about them? As they talked my thoughts wandered back to the past, and I meditated on my old Southern lady,—God rest her captious noble soul. My Southern lady was an F. F. V. of Scotch extraction, stately and limited and fine; Presbyterian to the verge of rabies, and the envied of Satan for her power of scriptural reference. Her dark Karma (and mine) decreed that for a short time she should function as my chaperon and social sponsor. We really liked each other very much, and met in after years with mutual love and understanding and with all our old freemasonry of laughter unimpaired. But those early days together must be classed under the head of "monkey and parrot," for my own fine sense of the rights of seniority developed much later, while my Southern lady's perpetual application and misapplication of the scriptures was a *tour de force* of reverent blaspheming. Would that by quotation some hint of its maddening quality might be conveyed! If, for example, her own life clouds rolled up dark and threatening, she remarked "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"; when they gathered for some one else she said, "be sure your sins will find you out"; any sign that youth was kicking up its heels and feeling its oats was met by the reminder that it is the "wicked who flourish as a green bay tree," while, for herself, did it but stop raining, the very elements were invoked to prove that "the Lord taketh care of His own." The game as she played it had no rules, and the pseudo-spiritual reinforcements she brought up were of a breath-taking unfairness. Every match ended with her majestic announcement that the matter would be referred to the "throne of grace," and then I knew the game was up, for her throne of grace was her helpless minion and always decided in her favour. A great lady, a fine intelligence, a brilliantly humorous raconteuse,—faced with the Christian scriptures she unhooked her brains with the automatic gesture of one dropping a pince-nez, and thereafter lunged blindly about the arena, bereft of reason, but clutching fast her one obsession—that good Presbyterians are heaven's spoon-fed pets. So, being each of us, psychically, about five years old, and not having a grain of self-knowledge to pool between us, we loved, and laughed, and squabbled and parted by mutual consent. Meeting again in after years I, at least, had discovered that people, like cliffs, end where they finish, and had grown up to recognize my betters when I met them and to appreciate the fine Samuraian qualities of my friend. By-and-by it befell her to die as she had lived—in the lap of psychic luxury—and to pass, let us hope, straight into the Scotch Presbyterian Devachan, while I went on to further experiment, disillusion, expiation, and after long years, by many a winding

path, to home,—and *this was* home and these who were speaking were my brothers and my housemates. They were still talking about guardian angels, about fairies, about elementals—do they help us, and how and why and when, and well I knew their questions came, not from base material fear or greed, but from their aching desire to grow by any means.

One who knows was suggesting gently that we had never been told much about these matters—it was perhaps a sign that we should not think much about them; and then going on to speak of the Rays and the Masters at their head—for every one of us a Ray, for every one of us a Master—a Master eagerly stooping to help his children; and with that the half gods went, “once more the heartening splendour shone,” and what have those who are called, to do with baby talk?

Perhaps most talk about “help” is baby talk, and unbased assurance no less babyish than craven fear. The theosophical student of all people cannot talk about it until he has sorted himself out by planes, for we have only to look at plumbers and Easter lilies to see that there is help for every one and everything on one plane or another. We can examine ourselves by planes. Have I, in any real sense, learnt anything since those far-off days when I so blindly fought the smug, the parasitic, the jew-peddler point of view, or am I tarred with the same stick, and is it still a jolt to hear that the top of the Hierarchy does not concern itself with my shoe buttons and my steam heat? Have I taught myself by honest experiment that planes and states of consciousness are correspondences, that we pass from lower to higher, not by a greased pole, as might at first appear, but by a bridge built of our aspiration, our desire, our love, and best of all (for here lies our *help*), a bridge supported from the other end. Do I know yet that the combined forces of heaven cannot give me the help that is the spontaneous flowering of a state of reality if I linger in lower states of oscillation? Has it dawned upon me that my right effort is my friendly fairy, my right thought my guardian angel?

Surely there is a theosophical *modus vivendi* here, and that without invocation to the lower psychic, or treaty with sub-humanity. We might watch the chélas and so learn to have a little style about us. Chélas surely live on a plane where one takes no thought for daily bread, but need not quarrel with it; where steam heat and shoe buttons are provided for, but not by Dhyan Chohans; where it is possible to be quiet, but not a quietist, and where, in a state of chronic sanity, the higher carelessness is reached. The Hierarchy is an unbroken continuity from the Master down to “the last little tail-tip called Fifine,” and by this time, with all the help vouchsafed us, that ought not to be either you or me. Why not take heart and say to much that we have feared to let go, “*retro satanas*,” for “the seven wise ones fashion seven paths—to one of these may the distressed mortal come.”

L.S.

LETTERS OF H. P. B. TO DR. FRANZ HARTMANN

1885-1886

(Continued)

VI

April 3rd, 1886.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

I had given up all hope of ever hearing from you again, and was glad to receive to-day your letter. What you say in it seems to me like an echo of my own thoughts in many a way; only knowing the truth and the real state of things in the "occult world" better than you do, I am perhaps able to see better where the real mischief was and lies.

Well, I say honestly and impartially now—you are unjust to Olcott more than to anyone else; because you had no means to ascertain hitherto in what direction the evil blew from.

Mind you, Doctor, my dear friend, I do not justify Olcott in what he did and how he acted toward yourself—nor do I justify him in any thing else. What I say is: he was led on blindly by people as blind as himself to see you in quite a false light, and there was a time, for a month or two, when I myself—notwithstanding my inner voice, and to the day the Master's voice told me I was mistaken in you and had to keep friends—shared his blindness.¹³

This with regard to some people in Adyar; but there is another side to the question, of which you seem quite ignorant; and that I wanted to show to you, by furnishing you with documents, had you only come when I asked you. But you did not—and the result is, this letter of yours, that will also go against you in the eyes of Karma, whether you believe in the cross, empty of any particular entity on it—or in the Kwan-Shi-Yin of the Tibetans.

To dispose of this question for once, I propose to you to come between now and May the 10th, when I leave Würzburg to go elsewhere. So you have plenty of time to think over it, and to come and go as you like. The Countess is with me. You know her; she is no woman of gush or impulse. During the four months we have passed together, and the three months of utter solitude, we have had time to talk things over; and I will ask you to believe her, not me, when and if you come, which I hope you will.¹⁴

¹³ This refers to a certain intrigue, owing to which Col. Olcott was made to believe that I wanted to oust him from the presidential chair.—F. H.

¹⁴ When I went to Würzburg I found that the whole trouble resulted from foolish gossip, started by Babajee, concerning my relations with a certain member of the T. S.—F. H.

As to the other side of the question, that portion of your letter where you speak of the "army" of the deluded—and "imaginary" Mahatmas of Olcott—you are absolutely and sadly right. Have I not seen the thing for nearly eight years? Have I not struggled and fought against Olcott's ardent and gushing imagination, and tried to stop him every day of my life? Was he not told by me (from a letter I received through a Yogi just returned from Lake Mansarovara) in 1881 (when he was preparing to go to Ceylon) that if he did not see the Masters in their true light, and did not cease speaking and inflaming people's imaginations, that he would be held responsible for all the evil the Society might come to? Was he not told there were no such Mahatmas, who Rishi-like could hold the Mount Meru on the tip of their finger and fly to and fro in their bodies (!!) at their will, and who were (or were imagined by fools) more gods on earth than a God in Heaven could be, etc., etc.? All this I saw, foresaw, despaired, fought against; and, finally, gave up the struggle in utter helplessness. If Sinnett has remained true and devoted to them to this day, it is because he never allowed his fancy to run away with his judgment and reason. Because he follows his common sense and discerned the truth, without sacrificing it to his ardent imagination. I told him the whole truth, from the first, as I had told Olcott and Hume also.

Hume knows the Mahatma K. H. exists, and holds to it to this day. But, angry and vexed with my Master, who spoke to him as though he (Hume) had never been a Secretary for the Indian Government and the great Hume of Simla—he denied him through pure viciousness and revenge.

Ah, if by some psychological process you could be made to see the whole truth; if in a dream or vision, you could be made to see the panorama of the last ten years, from the first year at New York to the last at Adyar, you would be happy and strong and just to the end of your life. I was sent to America on purpose, and sent to the Eddies. There I found Olcott in love with spirits, as he became in love with the Masters later on. I was ordered to let him know that spiritual phenomena without the philosophy of Occultism were dangerous and misleading. I proved to him that all that mediums could do through spirits of others, I could do at will without any spirits at all; that bells and thought reading, raps, and physical phenomena, could be achieved by anyone who had a faculty of acting in his physical body through the organs of his astral body, and I had that faculty ever since I was four years old, as all my family know. I could make furniture move and objects fly apparently, and my astral arms that supported them remained invisible; all this even before I knew even Masters. Well, I told him the whole truth. I said to him that I had known Adepts, the "Brothers," not only in India and beyond Ladakh, but in Egypt, Syria,—for there are "Brothers" there to this day. The names of the "Mahatmas" were not even known at the time, since they are called so only in India.¹⁵ That whether they were called Rosicrucians, Kabbalists, Yogis—Adepts were everywhere Adepts—silent, secret,

¹⁵ In Ceylon everybody of high standing is called "Mahatma"; the title seems to correspond to what in England is called "Esquire."—F. H.

retiring, and who would never divulge themselves entirely to anyone, unless one did as I did—passed seven and ten years' probation and given proofs of absolute devotion, and that he or she would keep silent even before a prospect and a threat of death. I fulfilled the requirements and am what I am, and this no Hodgson, no Coulombs, no Sellin, can take away from me. All I was allowed to say was—the truth: There is beyond the Himalayas a nucleus of Adepts of various nationalities; and the Teshu Lama knows them, and they act together, and some of them are with him and yet remain unknown in their true character even to the average lamas—who are ignorant fools mostly. My Master and K. H. and several others I know personally are there, coming and going, and they are all in communication with Adepts in Egypt and Syria, and even Europe. I said and proved that they could perform marvelous phenomena; but I also said that it was rarely that they would condescend to do so to satisfy enquirers. You were one of the few who had genuine communications with them; and if you doubt it now, I pity you, my poor friend, for you may repent one day for having lost your chance.¹⁶

Well, in New York already, Olcott and Judge went mad over the thing; but they kept it secret enough then. When we went to India, their very names were never pronounced in London or on the way (one of the supposed proofs—that I had invented the Mahatmas after I had come to India—of Mr. A. O. Hume). When we arrived, and Master coming bodily to Bombay, paid a visit to us at Girgaum, and several persons saw him, Wimbridge for one—Olcott became crazy. He was like Balaam's she-ass when she saw the angel! Then came Damodar, Servai, and several other fanatics, who began calling them "Mahatmas"; and, little by little, the Adepts were transformed into Gods on earth. They began to be appealed to, and made *pūja* to, and were becoming with every day more legendary and miraculous. Now, if I tell you the answer I received from Keshow Pillai you will laugh, but it characterizes the thing. "But what is your idea of you Hindus about the Masters?"—I asked him one day when he prostrated himself flat before the picture in my golden locket. Then he told me that they (the Mahatmas) were their ancient Rishis, who had never died, and were some 700,000 years old. That they were represented as living in sacred trees, and when showing themselves were found to have long, green hair, and their bodies shining like the moon, etc., etc. Well, between this idea of the Mahatmas and Olcott's rhapsodies, what could I do? I saw with terror and anger the false track they were all pursuing. The "Masters" as all thought, must be omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent. If a Hindu or Parsi sighed for a son, or a government office, or was in trouble, and the Mahatmas never gave a sign of life—the good and faithful Parsi, the devoted Hindu, was unjustly treated. The Masters knew all; why did they not help the devotee? If a mistake or a flap-doodle was committed in the Society—"How could the Masters allow you or Olcott to do so

¹⁶ I could not doubt the existence of the Adepts after having been in communication with them; but I denied the existence of such beings as the Mahatmas were misrepresented to be.

and so?" we were asked in amazement.¹⁷ The idea that the Masters were mortal men, limited even in their great powers, never crossed anyone's mind, though they wrote this themselves repeatedly. It was "modesty and secretiveness"—people thought. "How is it possible," the fools argued, "that the Mahatmas should not know all that was in every Theosophist's mind, and hear every word pronounced by each member?"

That to do so, and find out what the people thought, and hear what they said, the Masters had to use special Psychological means, to take great trouble for it at the cost of labour and time—was something out of the range of the perceptions of their devotees. Is it Olcott's fault? Perhaps, to a degree. Is it mine? I absolutely deny it, and protest against the accusation. It is no one's fault. Human nature alone, and the failure of modern society and religions to furnish people with something higher and nobler than craving after money and honours—is at the bottom of it. Place this failure on one side, and the mischief and havoc produced in people's brains by modern spiritualism, and you have the enigma solved. Olcott to this day is sincere, true, and devoted to the cause. He does and acts the best he knows how, and the mistakes and absurdities he has committed, and commits to this day, are due to something he lacks in the psychological portion of his brain, and he is not responsible for it. Loaded and heavy is his Karma, poor man, but much must be forgiven to him for he has always erred through lack of right judgment, not from any vicious propensity. Olcott is thoroughly honest; he is as true as gold to his friends; he is as impersonal for himself as he is selfish and grasping for the Society; and his devotion and love for the Masters is such that he is ready to lay down his life any day for them if he thinks it will be agreeable to them and benefit the Society.

Be just, above all, whatever you do or say. If anyone is to be blamed, it is I. I have desecrated the holy Truth by remaining too passive in the face of all this desecration, brought on by too much zeal and false ideas. My only justification is that I had work to do that would have been too much for four men, as you know. I was always occupied with the *Theosophist* and ever in my room, shut up, having hardly time to see even the office Hindus. All was left to Olcott and Damodar, two fanatics. How I protested and tried to swim against the current, only Mr. Sinnett knows, and the Masters. Brown was crazy before he came to us, unasked and unexpected. C. Oakley was an occultist two years before he joined us.

You speak of hundreds that have been made "cowards" by Olcott.¹⁸ I can show you many hundreds who have been saved through Theosophy from drunkenness, dissolute life, etc. Those who believed in a personal God believe in him now as they did before. Those who did not—are all the better

¹⁷ The representative of the Society for Psychic Research was awfully angry because the "Mahatmas" could not see the importance of appearing before him with their certificates and producing a few miracles for his gratification. See the *Talking Image of Urur*.—F. H.

¹⁸ In many minds the misconceptions regarding the "Mahatmas" gave rise to a superstitious fear and a false reliance upon unknown superiors.—F. H.

in believing in the soul's immortality, if in nothing else. It is Sellin's thought, not yours—"the men and women ruined mentally and physically" by me and Olcott. Hübbe Schleiden is ruined only and solely by Sellin,¹⁹ aided by his own weakness.

No, dear Doctor, you are wrong and unjust; for Olcott never taught anyone "to sit down and expect favours from Mahatmas." On the contrary, he has always taught, verbally and in print, that no one was to expect favours from Mahatmas or God unless his own actions and merit forced Karma to do him justice in the end.

Where has Sellin heard Col. Olcott's Theosophy? Sellin had and has his head full of spiritualism and spiritual phenomena; he believes in spirits and their agency, which is worse even than believing too much in Mahatmas. We all of us have made mistakes, and are all more or less to blame. Why should you be so hard on poor Olcott, except what he has done personally against you, for which I am the first to blame him? But even here, it is not his fault. I have twenty pages of manuscript giving a detailed daily account of your supposed crimes and falseness, to prove to you that no flesh and blood could resist the proofs and insinuations. I know you now, since Torre del Greco; I feared and dreaded you at Adyar—just because of those proofs. If you come, I will let you read the secret history of your life for two years, and you will recognize the handwriting.²⁰ And such manuscripts, as I have learned, have been sent all over the Branches, and Olcott was the last to learn of it. What I have to tell you will show to you human nature and your own discernment in another light.

There are things it is impossible for me to write; and unless you come here—they will die with me. Olcott has nothing to do with all this. You are ignorant, it seems, of what took place since Christmas. Good-bye, then, and may your intuitions lead you to the Truth.

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

¹⁹ A certain German professor and spiritualistic miracle-monger, who never could see a forest on account of the number of trees.—F. H.

²⁰ These papers, filled with the most absurd denunciations against me, were concocted by Babajee out of jealousy and national hatred.—F. H.

STUDIES IN PARACELSUS

II

IN order to understand the point of view taken by Paracelsus, we must attempt to find the source from which he drew the foundations for his system of philosophy, both natural and celestial. It is right at the outset to lay emphasis on the distinction which he makes between the two, especially in his *Philosophia Sagax*. It is almost identical with that which St. Paul draws between natural and celestial, in I. Corinthians, xv. More will be said of this later.

Professor Stillman tells us, as Mme. Blavatsky told us years ago, that Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa was generally held to be the originator of the revival of Neoplatonism in the fifteenth century. Readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY will recall Mr. Stanley V. LaDow's study of Plotinus, and of the teaching which Plotinus, in the third century, had received from his instructor, Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the Neoplatonic school. We may, perhaps, briefly sum it up:

God is immortal and omnipresent, the foundation of all things, pure Light; matter and form are illusions, shadows of the soul, which derives from the universal soul. The Unknown God emanated His Image, the manifested Logos, the Word, which is Wisdom, Life, Light and Truth. God is Spirit, and is the spring from which flows all life. In the celestial world of the Spirit presides a supreme Over-Soul, within which are souls possessed of the power to think. The power to think is again an emanation from God, who is the basis of all thought. In this sense, mind is His Image. Soul is the product of the action of mind, and produces other activities, such as faith, aspiration and veneration, which ascend towards God; also speculation, reasoning and sophistry, which are occupied with a lower plane of life and consciousness, and with the still lower activities of mere physical life. Matter, *materia*, is formed around the soul within it, for every form has its soul, whether that form be apparently living or not. In all is Divine Life, in the stars as in the earth: as in heaven, so on earth. Souls tend to the higher or lower activities, and act accordingly. (This teaching is developed by Paracelsus, when dealing with the problem of free will, in *Philosophia Sagax*.) Those souls which tend to the higher, are purified and spiritualized and, with the knowledge coming from experience gained through discipline and purification, they attain, and are illuminated by the Light which lightens the world. To such a soul it is given to be united with the Supreme, as was recorded of Plotinus. Plotinus was followed by Porphyry, who formulated the tenet that the universal soul, "being essentially one with the infinite supreme Spirit, may by the power of the Supreme discover and produce everything. An individual soul purified and free from the body may do the same."

From the sixth to the fifteenth century Neoplatonism was almost completely neglected in Western Europe, though it was studied and developed by the Arabian philosophers. Its study was revived in the West by Nicholas of Cusa; and members of the Academy of Florence, like Pico della Mirandola and Marsilius Ficinus, were active students. Pico della Mirandola states that a pupil of his, perhaps Ficinus, gave at least some of his knowledge to Trithemius, while both Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus were pupils of Trithemius; further, we know that Paracelsus states that he was acquainted with the writings of Ficinus and Agrippa. But it is necessary to bear in mind that Paracelsus was a thinker too original to adhere strictly to any one form of philosophy.

So Paracelsus travelled to Würzburg, to a monastery near which town Trithemius had been transferred. One recalls, too, that a later pilgrim went to Würzburg, where a considerable part of the *Secret Doctrine* was written. Trithemius had penetrated some of the mysteries of the hidden secrets of nature, and among them were magnetism and what is now called telepathy. That Paracelsus studied these is evident; also that Trithemius influenced him to make a close study of the Bible. Paracelsus himself always insisted on the importance of this study. It is almost certain that he also studied the mysteries of Occultism; his writings show that he abhorred necromancy, the evocation of "shells," because he was convinced that it opened a door for the forces of evil. He affirms the powers of beneficent magic, but would limit its practice to those who had followed the life prescribed for the true Physician, who had attained the sight which pierces beyond the veil of external things revealed by the Light of Nature, to the spiritual vision of the realities seen by the eye of the Seer, the Nectromancer, as Paracelsus calls him, in the Light of Heaven. While studying with Trithemius, he learned to distinguish between the mental food which was in accord with his purpose, and that which thwarted his aspiration toward union with God, according to the Neoplatonic teaching. His aim was to heal as a physician, as Christ healed, but at the same time he sought ardently for all the means of healing which God had stored up in the arcana of Nature. This was the principle which inspired his active personal and experimental research. He forsook the things which led to worldly preferment and sought wisdom with as little concern for bodily comfort as the *Poverello* of Assisi.

A basic concept of Neoplatonism, as may be gathered from Plotinus, was the interrelation of all the phenomena of the universe, so that every phenomenon has an influence on every other. Closely linked with this was the principle affirmed in the Proem of the *Secret Doctrine*; "the fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul." It can hardly be supposed that the fifteenth century Neoplatonists, holding these two universal concepts, at the same time accepted the geocentric theory of the Ptolemaic system. Cusa and Copernicus certainly did not, and it would seem probable that their followers shared their larger view. All based their work on the principle of

Correspondence; the maxim, "As above, so below," was the foundation of their philosophy. The universe was the macrocosm, and man the microcosm. God manifested was the macrocosm; man was created "in the image of God." All other phenomena were due to the interaction of the influences existing between all external manifestations,—stars, planets, metals, herbs, animals, all proceeding from the one Supreme Source. The basis of the Natural Magic of Agrippa, as well as the philosophy of Paracelsus, lay in the reciprocal action between man, physical, mental and spiritual, and these influences; with the possibility that, through a knowledge of these occult and hidden forces, man could be guided by the powers of nature and the heavenly kingdom, and could also guide them in his turn. Paracelsus sharply draws the line between the natural man who, in the light of nature, obeys the influence of the stars, and the man who, wise through the celestial light, "rules the stars."

According to the *Natural Magic* of Agrippa, the world is threefold: elementary, sidereal and spiritual; everything being arranged in hierarchical order, the lower being ruled by the higher and receiving thence its virtue. Thus the Architect of the universe spreads His omnipotence through the angels, the heavens, the stars and planets, the elements, rocks, plants, animals, and man; and thus, in the view of Agrippa, it becomes possible for man, through the powers of nature, to reascend the ladder of life, and to gain supernatural powers and knowledge.

To aid in understanding Paracelsus, it may be well to state briefly the principles of the *Natural Magic* of Agrippa, so as to bring out its resemblance to the system on which Paracelsus based his philosophy of nature, super-nature and medicine. Natural Magic for Agrippa comprises: Physics, the knowledge of the nature of things in the universe as a whole, or in its parts, with their relations, actions, appearances, causes, times and seasons; Mathematics, which teaches the knowledge of three-dimensional nature and the observation of the courses of the heavenly bodies; and Theology, which teaches concerning God, the soul, intelligences, angels and devils, and religion in general, with sacred observances, rites and mysteries, and which finally gives instruction as to faith and miracles, together with the powers of words and numbers, and the mysteries of signatures and seals.

For Agrippa, all substances are composed of the four elements, Earth, Water, Air, Fire; here he follows Aristotle. Everything is formed of these elements, not only by aggregation but also by combination, as a result of composition and a consequent metamorphosis. In the same way, everything, when it perishes as such, returns into the elements. When found in things, the elements are mixed and combined; none in nature is pure, all forming transitions to another element. Diagrammatically they are:

hot	Fire	dry
:	:	:
Air		Earth
:	:	:
moist	Water	cold

This indicates that each of the four elements has two qualities, one of which is characteristic, while the other is transitional, leading to another element. There is an analogy with the critical states of modern physics, which are intermediate between two states of a given substance; for example, between ice and water, and between water and steam.

While not rejecting the idea of the Aristotelian elements, Paracelsus defines them somewhat differently. For him, the constituent principles of all bodies were his three alchemical elements: *Mercury*, the principle of liquidity and volatility; *Sulphur*, the principle of combustibility; and *Salt*, the principle which is permanent and resists the action of fire. For the three sciences of Agrippa, Paracelsus substitutes four: Philosophy, which includes natural philosophy; Astronomy; Alchemy, which means chemistry; and Virtue. These are the four pillars on which the science of medicine must rest. When we come to the study of his requirements for the true physician, we shall see that, for Paracelsus, these four pillars are the bases for all knowledge and life. Thus we have the symbolism of the Triad and the Quaternary in the manifestation of life and substance and consciousness.

For Paracelsus, all bodies, mineral, vegetable and animal, were varying combinations of the three basic elements, which he calls Mercury, Sulphur and Salt. These three principles are the antecedent cause of all activity, the final constituents of all bodies. They are the body, soul and spirit of all matter, which is One. The Archæus, the building power of Nature, has moulded of matter a myriad forms, each endowed with its essence, and each with its own specific character. Paracelsus observed and chronicled facts, not as an amateur of fragmentary knowledge, but because these facts led him to the mighty underlying laws whose workings they revealed, whose presence in and through all things he realized; laws wielded by Omnipotence working in an order potent in the microcosm as in the macrocosm.

The Cosmology of Paracelsus begins with the principle which he calls Yliaster, which Mme. Blavatsky defines as the "primordial Protomateria, that evolved out of itself the Cosmos." Yliaster is the Supreme Cause and Essence of all things, being the Father not only of the Son, but of all things that were, are, or will be; the primordial and original Cause of all existence. With this conception it is interesting to compare what Mr. T. Subba Row has said regarding Parabrahm and Mulaprakriti, in his *Discourses on the Bhagavat Gita*. Existence took place through the movement of the Will in the Word or Logos, through the creative Fiat. The cause lay in the inherent, eternal activity of the formless, immaterial Essence, and all was invisibly or potentially contained in the First Cause, or God.

Moved from within, Yliaster divided itself, as the process of segregation takes place within the germinating egg. It developed from within itself the Ideos, or Chaos, or Primordial Matter. This Primordial Essence manifests itself not only as vital force but also as vital substance, the material of which living beings consist. We have here the Life, Force and Substance of the *Secret Doctrine*.

In the Ideos or Limbus of Primordial Matter, endowed with the original power of life, but without form or any qualities that we can conceive,—in this matrix is contained the substance of all things and all beings. In this matrix was contained the principle which Paracelsus calls the *Mysterium Magnum*. To make clear what he means by this, he tells us that the seed is the *mysterium* of the plant, the egg is the *mysterium* of the bird. These are individual potencies; the *Mysterium Magnum* is the primordial potency of all things. The same thought is found in the symbol of the Egg of Brahma. The Limbus containing the *Mysterium Magnum* may be compared with a receptacle of seeds, from which came the Macrocosm, the manifested Cosmos, with its subdivision and evolution into *mysteria specialia*, from which separate beings came into existence.

The Great Limbus has its origin in the creative Fiat, and contains the potentialities of all things. The Lesser Limbus contains the potentiality of each individual being, and has its origin in the earth. In the Less are all the qualities of the Great; as above, so below.

Within Yliaster, the dividing, differentiating and individualizing power of the Supreme Cause began to act. This differentiating power, to which Paracelsus gave the name, *Ares*, Mme. Blavatsky identifies with Fohat. All production took place in consequence of separation, to which Paracelsus attaches a special meaning, derived from alchemy. From the Ideos proceeded the Elements—Fire, Air, Water, Earth—each Element having its own Yliaster, or primordial essence. In the *Secret Doctrine* (I, 274), Mme. Blavatsky says that the primordial Fire may have been pure Akasha; Air, simply Nitrogen, the “Breath of the Supporters of the Heavenly Dome,” as the Mahometan Mystics call it; Water, that primordial fluid which was required, according to Moses, to make a “Living Soul”; Earth, the primordial substance. These elements are the veiled synthesis, standing for the Host of the Dhyan Chohans, Devas, Sephiroth, Archangels. The Aether—Father Aether—is what Paracelsus called Archæus, the manifested source and basis of the innumerable phenomena of life—localized; localized, that is, when, instead of being regarded as a Cosmic Element, it is, as Paracelsus said, manifested in each member of the body of man—and animal and plant—each having its own Ares, Archæus, or Fohat.

The Elements, as the matrix of all creatures, are of an invisible, spiritual nature, and have souls. Everything, whether it manifest itself as matter or as force, is essentially a trinity. Thus the Elements, the synthesis of the Dhyan Chohans or Archangels, act under the impulse of Life upon the Ilus—the Protyle of the chemists—following out the plan traced for them eternally in the Divine Thought; thus they fashion the Cosmos. Nature, which Paracelsus uses in the widest sense, “is One, and its origin can only be the one eternal Unity. It is an organism in which all natural things harmonize and sympathize with each other. It is the Macrocosm. Everything is the product of one creative effort; the macrocosm and the microcosm (man) are

one. They are one constellation, one influence, one breath, one harmony, one time, one metal, one fruit" (*Philosophia ad Athenienses*).

There is nothing dead in Nature. Everything is living and organic, and consequently the whole world appears to be a living organism. There is nothing corporeal which does not possess a soul hidden in it. There exists nothing in which is not hidden a principle of life. There is no death in Nature, and the dying of beings consists in their return to the body of their Mother; that is, an extinction and suppression of one form of existence, and activity and a rebirth into another and more interior world, in a new form, with new faculties, adapted to new surroundings. Of this rebirth, more will be said later, when we come to the *Philosophia Sagax*, in which Paracelsus seems to have embodied the most mature aspects of his philosophy. Regarding the "return to the body of their Mother," it is illuminating to compare what Mme. Blavatsky says, in the *Secret Doctrine*, concerning the Fiery Lives: "Not only the chemical compounds are the same, but the same infinitesimal *invisible* Lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant and of the tree which shelters it from the sun. Each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—is a Life. Every atom and molecule in the Universe is both *life-giving* and *death-giving* to such forms, inasmuch as it builds by aggregation universes, and the ephemeral vehicles ready to receive the transmigrating soul, and as eternally destroys and changes the *forms*, and expels the souls from their temporary abodes" (I, 281). And again, regarding the life-fluid, which Paracelsus calls the Liquor Vitæ: "It has not deserted the body. . . . It has only changed its state from activity to passivity, and has become latent, owing to the too morbid state of the tissues, on which it has hold no longer. Once the *rigor mortis* is absolute, the Liquor Vitæ will reawaken into action, and will begin its work on the atoms *chemically*. Brahmâ-Vishnu, the Creator and the Preserver of Life, will have transformed himself into Shiva the Destroyer" (I, 587).

Paracelsus says that "two facts are discernible in Nature—in each thing—its body (form) and its activity (qualities). The latter is nothing other than an effluence of the Supreme Cause, because everything exists from the beginning in God, into whose unmanifested state all things will return in the end, and from whose power they all receive their qualities, or whatever they deserve on account of their capacity to receive and attract it." This last phrase suggests the operation of Karmic law.

Life is an omnipresent principle, and nothing is without life. In some forms life acts slowly, as in stones; in other forms, organized beings, it acts quickly. Each Element has its own peculiar living existences, belonging to it exclusively. These existences or beings, living in the invisible elements, are the elemental spirits of Nature, and in their totality are the Elements, as said above. They are beings of the *mysteria specialia*, and in the hierarchy of being they build the Cosmos according to the plan laid down in the Divine Mind. Thus for each world in the Cosmos there is a hierarchy of being,

creating and building and evolving all that it is, and all that is in it; the representative of the Divine Essence for that world or star, indissolubly connected and interdependent, the Anima Mundi of that world. With this may be compared the part of the *Secret Doctrine* which Mme. Blavatsky sums up thus: "This principle (of Life) on the manifested plane, that is to say, our plane, is but the effect and the result of the intelligent action of the 'Host,' or collective Principle, the manifesting Life and Light. It is itself subordinate to, and emanates from, the ever-invisible, eternal and Absolute One Life, in a descending and reascending scale of hierarchic degrees, a true septenary ladder, with Sound, the Logos, at the upper end, and the Vidyâdharas, the inferior Pitris, at the lower" (I, 588).

Or we may take another passage of the *Secret Doctrine*, dealing with the same subject: "The Sixth and Seventh Orders . . . are conscious ethereal Entities, as invisible as Ether, which are shot out, like the boughs of a tree, from the first central Group of the Four, and shoot out in their turn numberless side Groups, the lower of which are the Nature-Spirits, or Elementals, of countless kinds and varieties; from the formless and unsubstantial—the ideal Thoughts of their creators—down to atomic, though, to human perception, invisible organisms. The latter are considered as the 'spirits of the atoms,' for they are the first remove (backwards) from the physical atom—sentient, if not intelligent creatures. They are all subject to Karma, and have to work it out through every cycle. . . . A Dhyân Chohan has to become one. . . . Therefore the 'Four' and the 'Three' have to incarnate as all other beings have. This Sixth Group, moreover, remains almost inseparable from man, who draws from it all but his highest and lowest principles, or his spirit and body; the five middle human principles being the very essence of those Dhyânis. Paracelsus calls them the Flagæ; the Christians, the Guardian Angels; the Occultists, the Ancestors, the Pitris. They are the Six-fold Dhyân Chohans, having the six spiritual Elements in the composition of their bodies—in fact, men, minus the physical body" (I, 242).

Latter," says Paracelsus, "is, so to say, coagulated smoke—condensed—and is connected with Spirit by an intermediate principle which it is Spirit." This intermediate link between Matter and Spirit is the three kingdoms of nature. To its forms, Paracelsus gives names from the Alchemists. In the mineral kingdom it is called *Leffas* (in connection with the vegetable kingdom it forms the *Primum Ens*, possessing certain properties); in the animal kingdom it is called *Eves*; in the human kingdom it is called the *Sidereal Man*. Paracelsus is of the opinion that the body, whether in mineral, vegetable, or human

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"Matter," says Paracelsus, "is, so to say, coagulated smoke—condensed breath"—and is connected with Spirit by an intermediate principle which it receives from Spirit." This intermediate link between Matter and Spirit is present in all three kingdoms of nature. To its forms, Paracelsus gives names apparently derived from the Alchemists. In the mineral kingdom it is called Stannar, or Truhat; in the vegetable kingdom, Leffas (in connection with the vital force; in the vegetable kingdom it forms the Primum Ens, possessing valuable medicinal properties); in the animal kingdom it is called Eves; in the human kingdom it is called the Sidereal Man. Paracelsus is now describing the astral body, whether in mineral, vegetable, or human

being is connected with the Macrocosm, through the Microcosm of this intermediate element, which belongs to the *Mysterium*. Hence it has been received; its form and qualities are determined by the quantity of the spiritual elements in each manifested

being. Man, as such, is the highest being in manifestation, because in him Nature has reached the present culmination of her evolutionary efforts. In him are contained all the powers and substances that exist in the world, and he constitutes a world, the Microcosm. In him are contained all the Cœlestia, Aëria, Undosa and Terrestria; that is, all the forces and beings that may be found in the four Elements, Fire, Air, Water, Earth, out of which the Universe is constructed. Man is the Microcosm, containing in himself the types of all the creatures that exist in the world, "and it is a great truth, which you should seriously consider, that there is nothing in Heaven or upon earth which does not also exist in man, and God who is in Heaven exists also in man, and the two are One." Each man, as a member of the great organism of the world, can be truly known only when viewed in his relation with universal nature, and not as a separate being isolated from Nature. Man is dependent for his existence on Nature, and the state of Nature depends on the condition of mankind as a whole. "If we know Nature, we know man, and if we know man we know Nature."

The science and art of dealing with the relation of the Macrocosm and the Microcosm, which are one, is called by Paracelsus Astronomy, one of his four pillars of medicine. His Astronomy is, therefore, not the modern physical astronomy, nor is it the mathematical or astrological science of the sixteenth century. For Paracelsus, Astronomy is the wisdom which arises through a comprehension of the relationship of the Microcosm to the Macrocosm, whereby "the nature of man becomes known through an understanding of the upper sphere of the great world, as well as through investigation of his little world, as if they were (what they essentially are) one Firmament, one Star, one Being, although appearing temporarily in a divided form and shape" (*Liber Paramirum*). The sphere of the Universal Mind is the upper firmament, and the sphere of the individual mind is the lower firmament, but the two are intimately connected. "It is the knowledge of the upper firmament that enables us to know the lower firmament in man, and which reveals to us in what manner the upper firmament continually acts upon and interrelates with the lower firmament." Upon this knowledge the true Astrology is based, and Paracelsus deals at length with celestial and terrestrial astrology as a part of Astronomy, and with the "Signatures" of things which show the marks of the living forces acting within them, the relation they bear to the "lives" of mankind; thus the doctrine of "similarity" gains a new force in physics and medicine.

Paracelsus considers Magic to be a part of his Astronomy, and by this term he means the investigation of the parts of the Macrocosm, the connection of their ideal relations and the recognition of their inner nature, hidden things (of the soul), which cannot be perceived by the external senses, may be cognized by means of the sidereal body, the organism we may look into nature as the sun shines through the inner nature of everything may therefore be known through the powers of the inner sight." These are the

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Each living being is connected with the Macrocosm, through the Microcosm, by means of this intermediate element, which belongs to the *Mysterium Magnum*, from whence it has been received; its form and qualities are determined by the quality and quantity of the spiritual elements in each manifested

being. Man, as such, is the highest being in manifestation, because in him Nature has reached the present culmination of her evolutionary efforts. In him are contained all the powers and substances that exist in the world, and he constitutes a world, the Microcosm. In him are contained all the Cœlestia, Aëria, Undosa and Terrestria; that is, all the forces and beings that may be found in the four Elements, Fire, Air, Water, Earth, out of which the Universe is constructed. Man is the Microcosm, containing in himself the types of all the creatures that exist in the world, "and it is a great truth, which you should seriously consider, that there is nothing in Heaven or upon earth which does not also exist in man, and God who is in Heaven exists also in man, and the two are One." Each man, as a member of the great organism of the world, can be truly known only when viewed in his relation with universal nature, and not as a separate being isolated from Nature. Man is dependent for his existence on Nature, and the state of Nature depends on the condition of mankind as a whole. "If we know Nature, we know man, and if we know man we know Nature."

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Paracelsus considers Magic to be a part of his Astronomy, and by this term he means the investigation of the parts of the Macrocosm, the comparison of their ideal relations and the recognition of their inner nature. "The hidden things (of the soul), which cannot be perceived by the external physical senses, may be cognized by means of the sidereal body, through whose organism we may look into nature as the sun shines through a glass. The inner nature of everything may therefore be known through Magic, and through the powers of the inner sight." These are the powers through which

all secrets of Nature are discovered, and the physician should be instructed in this art, and become well versed in it; he should be able to discover far more about the patient's disease through his own inner perception than by questioning the physical anatomy reveals the inner organs of the body which cannot and through the skin, so this magic perception not only shows all the uses of disease, but further discovers the elements in medicinal substances in which the powers of healing reside. That which gives the healing power to a medicine is 'Spiritus' and this is only perceptible by the senses of the *sidereus magnus*."

"I have reflected much," says Paracelsus, "upon the magical powers of the soul of man, and I have discovered many secrets in Nature; and I tell you that he only can be a true physician who has acquired this power. . . . Magic Inventrix finds everywhere what is needed, and more than will be required. The soul does not perceive the external or internal physical construction of herbs and roots, but it intuitively perceives their powers and virtues, and recognizes their 'signatum'."

This signatum or signature is an organic vital activity, giving each natural object a similarity with some condition produced by disease, and through which health may be restored in the diseased part. The signature is often expressed even in the exterior form, and by observing the form we may learn something of the interior qualities, even without using the interior sight. Just as a man's character is often expressed in his appearance, even in the way he walks, or the sound of his voice, so the hidden character of things is to a certain extent expressed in their outward forms. "So long as man remained in a natural state, he recognized the signatures of things, and knew their true character; but the more he diverged from the paths of Nature, and the more his mind became captivated by illusive external appearances, the more this power was lost. . . . The influences of the macrocosm cannot so easily impress themselves upon a man who is self-centred as upon animals, vegetables and minerals, which they impregnate to such an extent that their characters and signatures may be seen in the colours, forms and shapes, and may be perceived by the odour and taste of such objects" (*De Natura Rerum*). The science which is based on a comparison of the external appearance of a thing and its inherent character is called by Paracelsus, Anatomy. This is obviously different from the modern science of physical anatomy, whose founders, Vesalius and Fallopius, slightly younger contemporaries of Paracelsus, were driven from Padua by persecution.

Paracelsus teaches that plants and minerals are in sympathetic relation with both macrocosm and microcosm; that animals, and consequently the animal (terrestrial) body of man, are in a corresponding sympathetic relation; that the (vital) activity of all organisms, including man, is the result of the action of the interior constellations, of "stars" (invisible forces) existing in his interior world, which is the human firmament. Each star in the great firmament and in the firmament of man has its specific influence, and the two correspond.

To study these relations is to study their Anatomy, as a part of the science of Astronomy. Whether Paracelsus was acquainted with the minute details of the structure of the autonomic nervous system or not, he knew much about the reflex relation of one organ to another, and their corresponding relations, exterior and interior, as represented by minerals, plants, animals, and stars.

Organisms, the material forms of invisible principles, take their origin from the soul of the world, symbolized by Water. By the decomposition of this Essence, by its "separation," a "mucilage" is formed, containing germs of life, from which, by the process which he calls *generatio æquivoca*, first the lower and afterwards the higher organisms are formed. Paracelsus looks upon the evolving forms as the necessary vehicles of a continually progressing, living, spiritual principle, the Archæus (Fohat), seeking higher modes for its manifestation.

In considering the way in which Paracelsus expands the teaching of the Bible in conformity with his own doctrines, we should keep in mind the distinction between the Elohist first chapter of Genesis, together with the first three verses of the second chapter, and the later Jehovistic passages. Paracelsus says that the animal elements, instincts and desires existed before the Divine Spirit illuminated them by creating man "in his own image," and thus moulded them into man through the work of the Builders, synthesized as the Four Elements. "The animal soul of man is derived from the cosmic animal elements; and the animal kingdom is, therefore, the father of the animal man. If man resembles his animal father, he is like an animal; if he resembles the Divine Spirit, which is able to illumine his animal elements, he is like a god. If his reason is absorbed by his animal instincts, it becomes animal reason; if it rises above his animal desires, it becomes angelic. . . . The man whose human reason is absorbed by his animal desires, is an animal; if his animal reason amalgamates with wisdom, he becomes an angel. . . . A man who loves to lead an animal life is an animal ruled by his interior animal heaven. The same stars (invisible forces) that cause a wolf to slay, a dog to steal, a cat to kill, a bird to sing, make a man a singer, an eater, a talker, a lover, a murderer, a thief. These are animal attributes, and they die with the animal elements to which they belong. But the divine principle in man, which constitutes him a human being, and by which he is eminently distinguished from the animals, is not a product of the earth, nor is it generated by the animal kingdom, but comes from God; it is God, and is immortal, because, coming from a divine source, it cannot be other than divine. Man should, therefore, live in harmony with his divine parent, and not in the animal elements of his soul. . . . Animal man is the son of the animal elements out of which his soul (life) was born, and animals are the mirror of man" (*De Fundamento Sapientiæ*).

A. KEIGHTLEY.

SYMBOLS ALONG THE WAY

A SYMBOL is that which represents something else, an outer signal of an inner truth. The Master Christ taught the multitude by the use of parables, stories which used outer things to express an inner meaning. It would seem, then, that a parable may be construed as a symbol in words, and likewise a symbol may be interpreted as a parable in sign. So we are daily being taught by the Master through symbols, if we would but have eyes to see, as surely as he taught those who had ears with which to hear, by means of parables some nineteen hundred years ago; and as these parables were taken from the simple things of daily life, a tree, a son, a sower, seed, so we may look to-day for his teaching in those seemingly all too simple duties and daily experiences of ours, and find in them the symbols of milestones along the highway to Heaven.

We must begin by forgetting that life is complex. Lived correctly it is nothing of the sort. It is only we who make it so when we slur over our own tasks or vault the fence and trespass in another's field. In the last analysis everything is simple. Is there anything more magnificent than simple grandeur? Could grandeur really be magnificent unless it were simple? Think of the most beautiful landscape you have seen and you will probably picture one of nature's simplest designs. So it is with everything in life; so it is with the whole of life. Great events are small things which became big, man is grown boy, the highest building was once only foundation, and the largest railroad system started as an idea. It is in the daily routine of our own simple duties that we must look for the symbols of the Master's teaching, for those little things that we can put to such big account for him. It is there we shall find the same simple kinds of illustrations that Christ used in his parables. It is from the right understanding and the right performance of these simple daily duties that we may cull the potentialities of immortal grandeur, just as in picking up an acorn we hold a symbol of the magnificence of a forest.

Life is simple so long as we stick to our own lasts. It is natural for the acorn to bring forth the oak, and it is just as natural for us to bring forth the true magnificence within us, out of the daily round of our allotted tasks. They are not humdrum, and we must not treat them as though they were. We should view them as though the Master came to us and said, "Here is something I particularly want you to do for me because I believe that you will do it well." Hence they are not drab duties after all, but trusts; and a trust is a confidence of one reposed in another. Its premise is faith, and faith is duplex. The same faith which reposes these trusts in us will show us, through the right performance of the tasks themselves, that they are the proper and natural ones for us to perform,—natural because we have an aptitude for them, and our aptitude for them makes them simple for us. All soil is not

productive of the same vegetation. It behooves us carefully to study the garden the Master has placed in our charge that it may yield of its natural best. There is more merit in raising a small bed of the best cabbage, if it be our duty to do so, than in producing acres of third-rate corn. "God enters by a private door into every individual," and the symbol of the open-sesame may be found in raising the best cabbage or in conducting an army across the Alps.

We should not mislead ourselves into thinking that there can be no relationship between raising cabbage and conducting an army; because there can be. It is not the acts themselves we should compare, but the why and the wherefore of the doing of them. If the motive which urges each be the proper performance of a trust reposed by the Master, if each be a conscious and natural carrying out of a branch of his service, then in essence both are the same; they spring from the same source and will feed the same reservoir. Thus it is with our duties if we accept them for what they really are, trusts reposed in us by the Master, and perform them as such; for all branches of the same service are correlative. Although our tasks may differ one from another, and "the duty of another is full of danger," still we may bring them out of the puny gully of isolation by performing them for him who entrusted them to us, and thus cause them to take their allotted places in the continuity of life, and become overlapping scenes in the great drama of the Soul. We must use, then, particular care in the performance of our trusts, for that which we raise in our gardens may be a symbol of the sustenance of the army, and "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Whereupon it will be clearly seen that although the duties of one differ from those of another, yet each may put into the performance of his tasks that which will bring them into juxtaposition, and will make him in truth his brother's helper. The middle step in a staircase is merely so because of its position in the sequence, and its utility is dependent on the steps below as well as on those above.

It is neither the purpose nor function of this article to attempt the detail of individual duties, for were this attempted it would immediately become involved, just as we become when we step outside the realm of our allotted trusts. As its title implies, it is but one of the many symbols along the way, but it can remain within its own boundaries and focus a lesson culled from the book of life, in the hope that this may help others not only in the performance of their daily tasks, but also to draw additional symbols from current events in general. For everything that is taking place contains parables in signs. It is for us to perceive the symbols and then rightly to apply their meaning in building "our Father's house."

A business plan which has come into considerable vogue in the past decade is that of selling merchandise on the instalment basis. Disposing of goods in this way so helped certain manufacturers to increase their output, that to-day the plan is used in disposing of many different kinds of merchandise to such an extent that in America it has become national in scope, and is even beginning to find favour in other countries. It is a plan which apparently suits a certain

pe both of seller and of buyer, and its popularity seems to be on the increase. Hence it should readily serve our purpose as an illustration from the current book of life. At this point, however, it may be well to remind ourselves that good and bad walk hand in hand, and one of the things we should do in every circumstance is to nourish the Jekyll and starve the Hyde. Each has its symbol, and we must learn to distinguish the sign language of each that we may discourse with the one and be dumb to the entreaties of the other. For nobody, even symbolic Hyde, can carry on a one-sided conversation for long. So it may be argued, and perhaps rightly, that the part-payment merchandising plan is mutually beneficial to both seller and buyer, as well as the reverse. Such a plan may be of mutual benefit in the case of the scholar wishing to obtain a certain set of books, in the case of a young couple enabling them to furnish their home, in the case of a corporation buying a fleet of motor-trucks to speed deliveries and lessen drayage-costs, in the case of a musician purchasing a particular piano, and in other similar instances. The advocates of part-payment may even carry their arguments so far as to point out that in renting a home one is acquiring shelter on the instalment plan, but what they fail to state, and probably to discern, is that the plan has been carried far past the utility stage, and into a fatty degeneration of unstable profits on the one side and ill-got pleasures on the other, caused by its own excesses.

This leads us from the plan itself, which in its inception may have been conceived with high-minded motives, and places us face to face with its broad application and the why and wherefore of its general uses. It is to this same place that we must bring ourselves in order to view impartially, and then to analyze, current events in general. As the commander of an army takes part in the battle yet remains aloof, so we must post ourselves far enough from the actual maelstrom, and yet near enough, to obtain a clear panorama, and, thus standing aside, permit the "warrior within" to scan the various movements and to diagnose them.

Returning to our illustration, in America to-day about ninety per cent of the phonographs purchased are sold on the instalment plan; approximately the same is true of pianos and player-pianos, and the selling of pleasure-automobiles is being more and more conducted on the part-payment basis. All we have to do is to look at the reason for the sale and purchase of most of these articles to see that the structure is unsound. He who passes along the streets of any town may hear and see the use to which these articles are being put by the majority, and it is this majority of seekers after the froth of pleasure to whom the manufacturers and distributors of such articles cater. Every instalment-contract signed merely to purchase pleasure is a two-sided liability. It is a liability for the manufacturer or distributor who carries the paper, as well as for the signer who has mortgaged some part of his future earnings for current pleasure. Such paper represents an asset to the carrier of it only after the last instalment has been paid, for the percentage of repossession and of replevins of articles thus sold runs into higher figures than the casual observer would suppose. But the glib salesman in his eagerness to

dispose of his wares, and the pleasure-seeking purchaser in his desire "keeping up with the Joneses," both blindfold themselves to the fact that the economic pendulum swings from depression to depression, and with every such swing very easily shrivels the frail surface-roots of top-soil income. Each in his desire to obtain something for the moment for himself, disregards entirely the wrong motive which urges him, or he does not wish to recognize that it is not the cup which benefits or poisons, but the liquid which is poured into it and quaffed from it.

No contract, whether instalment or straight payment, whether economic or otherwise, can be sound if its motive be solely for pleasure; for pleasure is the rubber ball of life and can be bandied about only just so long, for its resilience is limited. The instalment-contract, however, seems particularly to lend itself as a symbol of the ease with which pleasure may be acquired and the length of time it takes to pay for it. Often there are instalments still coming due long after the inclination to pay them has ceased, for the signer has acquired meanwhile a new and, for the time being, livelier ball, and his interest now is in paying for that. Pleasure leads a fickle chase, for it is self-gratification of the material senses; it is for sale, in one form or other, just around every corner, and even on bargain-day is expensive, for it is the tinsel of the garment of life and soon tarnishes. It must be ever renewed and each time with greater glamour, with a higher surface-polish, for the cry of the pleasure-seeking senses is for tinsel, more tinsel and always with more and greater glitter. Pleasure is the counterfeit of joy. Joy is rapture, joy is bliss; and bliss cannot be acquired through the medium of a bill of sale. It does not respond to the call for glitter, it does not ebb and flow with the hectic events of the day, it does not flourish on meals of more highly seasoned viands. Nor is it some external raiment with which one may cloak oneself in order to promenade the boulevard and momentarily to impress others. Rather is it a gentle unfolding from within of a serene radiance, the steady glow of which shines through and illumines, just as the love within a mother's heart shines through her eyes and lights the whole home of which she is mistress. Pleasure is terrestrial; joy is celestial.

Other analogies may be drawn from our simple illustration taken from the daily book of life, for greed, envy and similar traits are the goads. For the present purpose, however, the analogy drawn would seem sufficient to give a hint as to how to cull from the illustration used, and from current events in general, additional lessons, which we may read, analyze, and then apply so as more properly to carry out the trusts the Master has placed in our particular care. Pleasure is abroad, rampant and a variable. Joy is calm, a constant and at home. It can be found only in that garden which the Master has given us to cultivate; but once found there and nourished there, its serene light will shine forth so that others may be helped to "glorify our Father which is in Heaven."

G. M. W. K

DISCIPLESHIP AND WAR

IN a recent article in the *QUARTERLY* it was very definitely stated that from time immemorial the principles of discipleship have been presented as the principles of war; that by studying the principles of war, those of discipleship may be learned. In an earlier article by the same author, Marshal Foch's lectures on the *Principles of War* were reviewed as a practical treatise on the spiritual warfare which each aspirant for discipleship must wage against the evil in his own nature. In the light of these two articles, it has been exceedingly interesting to read, and to study, a book recently published entitled *Commanding an American Army*, by former Lieutenant-General Hunter Liggett, U. S. A., who commanded the First American Army Corps in France, first on the Marne, later at Saint-Mihiel, and then in the earlier part of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. In this last operation he became commander of the First American Field Army, which was conducting the whole attack, and which at one time was composed of well over one million men, the largest Field Army in the world. It was the privilege of the writer to serve in a minor capacity at General Liggett's Headquarters during these three operations, and to have the opportunity of observing the application of some of the principles mentioned, and the working out of some of the events described in his book. The connection, the parallel, between these principles observed in the command of large units of American troops in the field, and those observed by an aspirant for discipleship, fighting an inner warfare against his lower nature and the forces of evil, is often clear and distinct. The problems of the outer, and of the inner command, are in many cases the same. It is the purpose of the present writer to attempt to supplement, if possible, the two earlier articles mentioned above, by examining cases mentioned by General Liggett where this parallel seems to exist,—by citing certain specific instances where the problems of modern war, and the manner of their solution, seem to have a direct bearing on the way in which the problems of that inner warfare may be met. The quotations are from General Liggett's book.

A friend recently asked what characteristic appeared most striking in the tension of that moment when troops were about to go into action, and the reply was, the quiet, matter-of-factness of their attitude. This attitude is necessarily acquired by the conditions of modern war. The average person thinks of battle in terms of cavalry charges, with all the paraphernalia of thundering hoofs and clashing equipment, of creaking leather and flashing sabres; or in terms of glorious frontal attacks in mass, led by the commanding officer shouting encouragement to his men. As a matter of fact, while the storming of a position may be taking place here and there on a wide front, progress may be made along the rest of the line only by a process of quiet infil-

tration not visible to the eye. "I could not help being impressed by the absence of visible life on a modern battlefield when within clear range of the eye one hundred thousand men were trying to kill each other and yet nobody was visible; the only evidence of action being the continuous roar of artillery, machine gun, and rifle fire, and the bursting of shells." It is this lying still in enforced inaction under heavy fire, under shelling by high-explosive and gas, awaiting the moment to go forward against the enemy whom they do not see, that tries the morale which has been so arduously built up through long weeks of training and waiting, and that is far more difficult for troops, far more gruelling and testing of nerve and grit and control, than the moments of actual contact and hand-to-hand fighting. Much more time, indeed, is spent in preparation and in waiting in modern warfare, than in actual conflict, and the quiet matter-of-fact attitude of troops about to attack, tells the story of an inner sureness and of a high morale acquired during the preceding periods of effort, of mutual helpfulness, and of obedience to command.

The conditions of a modern battle-field are not unlike those in which the aspirant for discipleship finds himself. The inner enemy is often not visible; at best, he may be but dimly discerned. Yet there is a constant bombardment, there is harassing and demolishing fire from all sides, testing the purpose and will and perseverance. Hard, often, to recognize the exact point from which the shelling comes; the lower nature is subtle, and the connection between some outer temptation and an inner weakness is often not easy to see. One may not know for a time the point at which to make a direct attack. Understanding must come first, to some degree at least. Then comes an estimate of the situation, a study of the faults and weaknesses against which one is fighting. A process of quiet infiltration follows as a result of that study, by means of which points of resistance are surrounded and eliminated, and the props here and there are knocked from under some particular fault or sin, leaving it undermined and tottering. Then may come the signal for a general attack, perhaps inwardly, perhaps outwardly as the disciple may have long hoped; and as a result of that period of active waiting and preparation, he, too, finds himself calm and matter-of-fact, equal in success and adversity, ready, and unsurprised at all contingencies. He moves forward, confident through the spirit of obedience which he has acquired.

At one point General Liggett says: "Many of the Division Commanders were always anxious to make their front lines too strong, and there resulted from this practice useless loss of life by high explosive and gas shelling. Every effort was made in the First Corps to keep the front lines weak in numbers, and hold reserves well in hand and always ready, but well out of exposure." They do not always attack in force in modern war; it is often not until real necessity arises that the concentration of troops is moved forward. Is there not such a thing in the inner life as a too great concentration against, or a too constant contact with, the external manifestation of one particular fault? It is conceivable that through a too continuous brooding on this outer manifestation, we may blunt the edge of our perception of the facts that lie behind

it; that through over-familiarity with the outer form we may impair the quality of our inner effort, and so frequently consider it from a low plane of thought and feeling, that we come in fact to identify ourselves still more closely with the fault itself, with the resultant useless or harmful perversion of force and power. All this does not mean that we are not to keep guard at all times over the actions of our lives. We should be able to do this with lightly held front lines; it should not require a heavy concentration. But it is essential that we should maintain our perspective of the terrain upon which we are fighting, and not become so absorbed in what is occurring at any one given point that we lose our identification with the larger mission and plan. It is essential, too, that we should see our faults for what they are, without illusion, always with the success of that plan in mind.

We should remember that each fault is the perversion, the opposite, of some high quality, of some virtue. Along our whole individual battle front these opposites are ranged, and behind one set of opposites lie all the powers of evil and darkness, while, behind the others, is the force of the powers of Light. It is this general situation which we should bear in mind, studying how to render abortive the strength of the main forces of the enemy, of which our particular fault is one outer manifestation. Let us take the case of the man who finds himself, at his office, often irritable, often insistent and overbearing. Instead of concentrating on this irritability, this self-assertion—throwing his main forces into his front lines—resolving that by sheer effort of will he will not any longer manifest these qualities—let us suppose that he analyses the situation, in the attempt to see just when and where and how the element of self enters in. Why is he irritable? Because he is afraid that something will not go exactly right, or afraid of some risk, or some possible loss? Why is he self-assertive? Because he is convinced that no way of thinking other than his own can by any possibility be right, or because he is self-seeking in the sense that he wants the credit of any success for himself? If his analysis be correct, he will replace his former qualities with their opposites. For fear, he will substitute faith; he will replace opinionatedness and self-seeking with open-mindedness and consideration for the opinions of others. At the same time he will reinforce his motive, reminding himself that he is working with others in a common undertaking, that the united effort is what counts, and that it does not make a particle of difference whether or not he personally gets the credit for the doing of a particular piece of work, so long as it is done, and done well. He will apply to this particular outer task in his office, which he is not handling rightly, the inner principles of discipleship. He will undermine the strength which the inner enemy is able to throw in at that particular point on his individual battle line, at the same time that he strengthens his own hitting power at that very point—and this, too, without throwing in reserves—by his better understanding of, and more complete self-identification with, the larger mission and plan of his own High Command.

This wider analysis of inner conditions, this simultaneous action of several

kinds, is essential, not only in the cruder form of problem mentioned, but in the more subtle temptations of a higher plane of feeling and effort. A man, earnest and real in his intention, but too constantly immersed and absorbed in his own shortcomings, too closely concentrated on self, will find, in the very books of devotion to which he turns for light and help, in the very mention therein of spiritual and inner problems and of subtilties of thought and feeling, confirmation of his belief that his is really an exceptionally complicated and difficult case, and he will turn again with a thrill to a renewed contemplation of himself. He finds that for which he is looking. It is all far more simple than this. It is a question of ceasing to identify himself with himself. It is a question of right self-analysis, of right will; of vigour of attack at the right place and at the right time; of identification, in utter obedience and absorption, with the plan of the High Command, and not with the trench raids that are taking place in his front lines. Then, when the critical moment in the attack comes, he goes forward with reserves that are fresh and unimpaired.

Again, the principle, constantly reiterated by General Liggett, of always attacking strong points and machine guns by envelopment, and never directly; of "squeezing-out" a position by passing it on both flanks and then mopping it up from the rear,—presents a close parallel with a familiar inner problem. How often we persist in the frontal attack, resolved to overcome some particular fault, in order that we may advance all along the line, until, through our sheer obstinacy, and opinionatedness as to the necessity of gaining this objective *first* before further progress is possible,—our entire front is held up. A modern battle front is a long affair, about twenty-two miles wide in the case of the First American Army; one sees the necessity of this constant reiteration by General Liggett if uniform progress is to be made along the whole line. Our inner battle front likewise is a far flung line. Why should we think that we must perfect ourselves in one respect before we can advance elsewhere? Surely there are parts of our line where the progress is easier; surely we have strengths as well as weaknesses, virtues in embryo perhaps, which can be accentuated and developed, where progress can be made. As we grow in these ways, we find that we have passed this or that fault on both flanks, that growth in understanding and selflessness and loyalty and obedience have made it impossible any longer for that particular shortcoming to be the difficulty that it was in former days. We find that certain types of reading, certain kinds of conversation, no longer have any attraction or charm for us; we see them for what they are, as useless and futile; we are no longer willing to use up time and energy in these ways, realizing at last the double effect,—the unproductive expenditure of these two gifts, and the extent to which, by their right use, we may cause to increase and multiply within us finer appreciations, truer understandings of Reality itself. We discover that we no longer feel, as formerly, a glow of self-satisfaction from the performance of some duty; our motives and ideals have so been raised, insensibly as it were, that we are conscious only of dissatisfaction with the whole quality of our effort.

We no longer desire money or power for their own sake, but only as means to a larger end, that we may hold them in trust, using our stewardship in a sense most real, to benefit mankind. This change, this growth of vision, has come about by the strengthening within us of the spirit of real devotion, which in its turn has strengthened all our nascent virtues. Our inner battle line has passed by, in its advance, these former points of resistance. It remains for us only to pause long enough in that advance, to "mop-up" such psychic and emotional habits and moulds as still remain, in order to eliminate any danger of a possible and unexpected attack in our rear.

However effective this attack by envelopment may be against minor objectives, against isolated strong points, we are likely often to find, in our inner warfare, that our main attack must be conducted in a different manner. It is a fact in all military operations that there is some pivotal position to be obtained as an immediate objective, to be gained in a minimum of time, in order to control enemy railroads, supply-bases and lines of communication, and the movement of enemy reserves. This point gained, the enemy's position becomes untenable, and he is forced to retire not only at that point, but along his whole front, and as a result the next phase of the attack is easier, and the whole situation opens up. It is equally a fact that there may exist for each one of us a pivotal inner position which must be gained without delay, involving the immediate and complete destruction of some inner mould of thought and feeling, some preconceived idea, some tendency to evil, some sin in our lower nature. It is the strategic point of the enemy within us, from which he controls the situation, extending the ramifications of that control into every department of our lives, through the illusion that enthralled the lower mind. From this point, he strengthens everything that is evil in us, and moves his reserves to attack us in our unguarded moments. From it he may, in a moment of time, negative our inner effort for months past. Perhaps he has already extended his lines, so that no envelopment is possible, and nothing remains for us but an immediate frontal attack in force, resolved to oust him at all costs. Then, again, we must remember that our front is a long one, that things must move forward smoothly at all points, as well as at the point of the main attack, that our other forces must be up on the line, that we must not be diverted from our main consideration by the necessity of dividing our inner attention. There must be complete co-ordination of all our inner powers, of mind and imagination and desire and will; complete surrender of self-will; high courage; utter trust and faith in, and loyalty and obedience to, those Higher Powers who are directing our inner offensive. Thus the individuality will be in full command, drawing strength from the higher psychic plane of the personality, from the very forces of the enemy himself; in close communication with the Leaders through this bridge by which reinforcements reach us from the spiritual world.

"My belief was that the halt made under Army orders, when the Corps was reported to be on the Corps objective, was an error. It stopped the whole machinery of attack, which was difficult to set in motion again, and

we lost six hours, during which the enemy was able to bring up reinforcements all along the line. After the attack had started on the Corps Front there should have been no halt for the Corps except one imposed by the resistance of the enemy." There should have been no relaxation in the pressure exerted on the enemy, no limited objective, but, instead, a keen realization of the military value of pursuit, of that exploitation of success by which alone the fruits of victory can be garnered. In this terse comment by a great commander of troops in action lies a wealth of suggestion, a wide field for meditation, for those who are engaged in the inner conflict. What is a limited inner objective? What do we mean by the value of pursuit in our inner warfare? A concrete example, perhaps, is the case of a convert at a Rescue Mission, a drunkard for years, who has gone down to the depths of inner and outer degradation, and who has at last found a way of escape from his particular bondage, a new inner seeing. Night after night, week after week, month after month, he stands up in the meetings, when the time comes for him to give his "testimony," and returns thanks publicly that he has been saved and kept from the power of sin and drink. In nine cases out of ten he stops right there. He realizes that it was sin within him which made him drink; he realizes that redemption from that sin through spiritual power is a fact; but he fails to realize that his drunkenness was only an outer expression of an inner self-indulgence, —the particular point at which his own lower nature, in complete control, happened to break out. He fails entirely to realize that he has reached only a limited objective in this elimination of the outer consequences of his inner sin, that for the victory to be complete, he must pursue the advantage which he has gained. He is content with having given up drink, when theoretically he should stop at nothing short of complete purification. Still in terms simple but less crude, we are imposing a limited objective upon ourselves when, in our effort to overcome our love of comfort, we school ourselves not to take the most comfortable chair in the room; the value of pursuit for us would lie in training ourselves instinctively to pick out the most uncomfortable. To aid us in our inner growth we adopt a Rule of Life, rising in the morning at a regular hour; keeping a regular time for meditation and reading; regulating the amount and kind of food we eat; the amount of sleep we take and the time we take it. Regularity is the keynote of this outer Rule, but if we stop short at that and fail to carry this principle of regularity into our inner life, we have again halted on a limited objective, we have failed to press forward in pursuit, in the exploitation of such minor success as we may have gained.

The change of axis of an Army Corps, or of an Army in an offensive, the change of direction of an attack when once it has been started, such as took place in the operations of the First American Corps north of the Marne, and of the First American Army in the Meuse-Argonne offensive—in this latter case the change of direction was from North to East, one of ninety degrees—is an exceedingly difficult manoeuvre from the military standpoint, requiring especially efficient troop leadership and staff work. Yet a change of direction in attack is a familiar thing in the inner life, necessitated within, as in

outer warfare, by the development of the situation. We have started, perhaps, to attack certain obvious sins from a motive inadequate except at the very beginning,—from dislike or fear of their consequences. At all events, we have started; the offensive is on. But, as we progress, our motive changes, improves. We hate, not only the consequences, but the sin itself, in ourselves and in others. From this, it is but a step to the point where the motive which actuates us is love of righteousness and truth and honour and virtue for their own sake; devotion to the Cause which we have made ours; loyalty to those great Companions and Leaders who are directing the offensive of the powers of Light against the forces of darkness. We hate evil more, not less; but for love's sake now, because we see that, of itself and in us, it can thwart the plan of that High Command under whose banner we serve. In the meanwhile, our whole line has pressed forward in that inner offensive into new ground; we find ourselves on a higher plane of thought and feeling and effort. We see that some old objectives have in reality been gained; that the main strength of others now lies only in psychic habit and memory; that in certain other phases of thought and feeling and daily living the enemy is no longer on that part of our front. Before long, however, we realize that this real progress, this raising of the whole plane on which we are functioning, has not changed the character of the conflict, but has only intensified it. We recognize the main forces of the same enemy in new positions, on the higher ground, to which we are advancing; echeloned in depth and strongly entrenched; commanding the zone of our advance; watchful as ever to take advantage of any sign of weakness in us; attacking in the same ways as before, as we come to recognize, but on this higher plane and from different strategic points. Again our line is being held up, and, recognizing this, we change the direction of our inner attack to meet these new dispositions of the enemy.

It is true, as has been said, that such a change of direction under modern war conditions necessitates troop leadership and staff work of a high order. It involves strong protection for the outer flank, close inter-communication, a preservation of constant contact with the sources of supply. It is impossible for the individual elements comprising the attack, and thus changing direction, to make progress without the closest co-operation between the line and the staff. It is a mutual effort, varying in character and kind. The commander of troops is in the thick of the conflict, he sees only what is occurring on his immediate front, and little or nothing of what is taking place elsewhere. He is acting under orders, and under the constant necessity of transmitting information as to his progress to the staff, in order that his immediate higher commander may know how and when and to what extent to modify or change those orders. He is concentrating, in other words, on his own personal problem, and taking all the help and advice about it that he can get.

It is probably equally true, in modern war, that there are far more men, personal bravery being equal, who can lead a battalion or a regiment in battle, than there are those who can fill the staff positions corresponding in

rank. The functioning of the staff calls for a greater diversity, a wider range of qualities. The modern staff officer no longer sits on a hill out of range, as he did in the wars of the last century, while he watches the battle through a glass, and receives dispatches reporting progress from mounted couriers as they gallop up. On the contrary, he is constantly harassed and interrupted in his work by shell fire, in these days of long-range artillery, and, should the circumstances demand it, he is quite likely to go over the top with the attacking battalions, in order to make a report from personal observation to his immediate commander. He must possess all the qualities which an officer with troops possesses, and others besides. He must so thoroughly understand the psychology and ability of troops, so thoroughly grasp front-line conditions, that he can make an intelligent and illuminating report. But he must be able to work in a spirit of close co-operation and loyalty, in intimate association, with those greatly his superiors in rank, desiring nothing for himself, thankful only when some suggestion of his, some effort which he has personally made, proves helpful in the direction of the common Cause. The ideal staff officer of higher rank must be so in touch with the plan and purpose of the High Command, must have so made it a part of himself, that, going, say, from a Corps to a Division, and finding the Division Commander about to issue an order which is at variance with that plan and purpose, and which may cause it to miscarry, he should be able so to cause the divisional order to be modified and changed as to conform to the plan, and thus co-ordinate the action of the smaller unit with the mission of the Corps. Diplomacy, the art of handling men in ways far more difficult than by direct command, knowledge and wisdom, sureness and self-confidence in the most real sense, all are necessary. When a staff is composed of individuals with these characteristics, its effectiveness is immeasurably increased. "Perfect confidence between the commander and his staff must exist, if great results are to be expected. This high confidence, based upon mutual respect for proved ability, will produce a machine which will run with a minimum of friction; it develops team-work in the highest degree. It is astonishing how quickly the knowledge of proper relations at Headquarters will permeate throughout a command, no matter how large the command may be. There results a high morale."

Surely the parallel is clear throughout. Surely the principles of modern warfare, as exemplified in this discussion of a few of the problems which confronted American troops in the field, may be translated almost literally into terms of the principles of discipleship. The commander of the smaller unit of troops in the line corresponds to the aspirant for discipleship, who is engaged in controlling and directing his own immediate forces, co-ordinating them to the best of his ability to conform with what he knows to be the main purpose, reporting constantly on his problems and on his progress, and asking and receiving counsel and assistance, either from the older student who is his immediate superior, or from the High Command direct, through meditation within the depths of his own soul. The staff officer corresponds to the disciple of higher rank, who

has passed, through experience, through elimination of self, through sacrifice and devotion, through effort and will, to that degree of understanding and attainment which makes him trustworthy, able to be of help to his superiors in their direction of larger spiritual issues. Through the reports of the officer in the line, from the trained observation of the member of the staff, the necessary protection is given to an exposed flank, the word of encouragement or warning or rebuke or enlightenment is spoken at the very moment at which it is most needed, and the essential contact with the main sources of spiritual supply is constantly maintained. As for the staff itself, surely we may think of it in terms of group life, requiring as it does all the essentials of group unity, demanding that mutual co-operation and helpfulness, that mutual loyalty and understanding, combined with the high spirit of devotion to a common Cause, which so greatly strengthens the effort and increases the effectiveness of each one of its members.

We should do well to remember, too, in our analysis of the parallel between these principles of modern warfare and discipleship, the insistence which in each practical instance cited, has been implicitly laid on the preservation of the three cardinal points in modern strategy,—mobility, hitting power or offensive action, and guarding power or security. Each one of the three is essential; to be truly effective they must be combined. So, too, must they be combined in the inner warfare with which we are concerned, for if they are not, we shall find ourselves tied and bound by the chain of our sins, and immobile when movement is demanded of us; we shall find ourselves, just when we thought we were safe, attacked by the enemy in our rear; we shall find ourselves fighting as those that beat the air.

Real strategy is to determine the objective, and to maintain it unswervingly; and this is true within, as without. "It is well to remember . . . that principles do not change, though the method of their application is ever changing. No matter how much the machinery of war may be developed, in the final analysis it is the *man* we must understand." It is that right self-understanding to which we, too, must attain here and now, with a minimum of delay, in order that our inner objective may be determined and maintained. And just as devotion to duty is the key to the upbuilding of military character, so may it be said that true devotion is the key to the upbuilding within us of all those other qualities which will make and keep us faithful soldiers and servants of that Cause to which we have given ourselves.

STUART DUDLEY.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART VI. SECTIONS 1-16

THE ETERNAL AND THE UNIVERSE

THE passage of the *Chhandogya Upanishad* here translated, and especially the latter part, has become the key-stone of the Vedanta philosophy. The sentence, That Thou Art, which affirms the oneness of the Self and the Eternal, is quoted again and again as the Mighty Saying, or is simply alluded to by that name, as being too well known to require quotation.

Perhaps something of the freshness and charm of the story, the grace and humour with which the characters, father and son, are drawn, is overshadowed by this solemn treatment. We have met them before. They are the father and son in the great story of the King-Initiate, Pravahana son of Jivala; the courteous, humble father and the conceited son, who, rather than confess his ignorance and wait patiently to learn, turns his back on the great Initiate and runs away. And in this later tale the youth defends himself with the same pert vanity as in the earlier. He then said: "Without having instructed me, verily, thou saidst, Sire, 'I have instructed thee.'" In the present story he says: "I am sure that those teachers of mine did not know this themselves." His fluent self-defence characterizes the boy through and through.

Nevertheless he is the recipient of the most universal and far-reaching message in the Upanishads. What is here translated falls naturally into two parts; the conclusion of each part is marked, according to the usage of these old treatises, by a phrase repeated: "Thus he learned of him; thus, verily, he learned."

The first part presents the teaching of the emanation, from the Eternal Being, of the threefold universe, or the three worlds, corresponding in general to Parabrahm and the first, second and third Logos, in the *Secret Doctrine*. We may think of the three manifested worlds as the Spiritual, here called the Radiance; the Psychical, or the Waters; and the Physical, the Earth; or as Heaven, the Mid-world and Earth, according to a phrase often used in the Upanishads. But it should be remembered that the separation between them is one of manifestation only, not of essence. They are all manifestations, or apparitions, of Being, the only reality. We may think of the Radiance as the spiritual pole of manifested Being; Earth as the material, or negative pole; and the Waters as the world between. In this sense, the progression from Evil to Good corresponds to a reversal of polarity, from material to spiritual, from negative to positive, from receptive to creative.

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The division, Being, Radiance, the Waters, Earth, is really seven-fold, since in each of the three manifested worlds a corresponding Self is infused. Taking the microcosmic correspondence, we have these seven principles, beginning from the highest: the supreme Self; the spiritual self in the causal body; the psychical self in the psychic body; the habitual self in the physical body; or seven in all. It should be remembered that we are here using the word, psychical, to describe the whole middle nature, and not in the more limited sense of an abnormal phase of the mind.

When we come to the divisions of man, we find the same classification into three and a similar symbolism. Formative Voice stands for the spiritual nature, the Logos consciousness in the causal body. Vital Breath, formed of the Waters is the psychical consciousness in the psychic body; that is, in a body possessed of form. Mind is the consciousness in the physical body, a consciousness which, the Upanishad tells us, is formed of the essence of Earth. This is in harmony with what an Aryan Master has written: "Manas, pure and simple, is of a lower degree, and of the earth earthly; and so your greatest men count but as nonentities in the arena where greatness is measured by the standard of spiritual development."

In conformity with this symbolism, the physical experience of the personality is thought of as the food eaten; experience on the higher plane, which, for the moment, we are calling psychical, is similarly described as water which is drunk. If we carry this image a step farther, we can think of holy experience as divided into consecrated food and consecrated drink, thus establishing the symbolism of a sacrament, such as appears to have existed in the ritual of Osiris.

When it is said that "man is divided into sixteen parts," this probably refers to the division of five powers of perception, five powers of action, five vital breaths, and mind as the sixteenth. But we need not press the details of the simile too far.

In the second part, with the Mighty Saying as the refrain of each section, the purpose is, by vivid illustration, to establish the intuition of Spirit as present and operative everywhere and in all things.

The passage which describes the entry of separate beings into the Real, in dreamless sleep, has a parallel in the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad*: "Here the father is father no more; nor the mother a mother; nor the worlds worlds." In the deeper sense, it approaches the mystery of Nirvana. But the whole passage is one for meditation rather than analysis.

THE THREE WORLDS

There lived once Shvetaketu, Aruna's grandson; his father addressed him, saying:

Shvetaketu, go, learn service of the Eternal; for no one in our family serves the Eternal in name only.

So going when he was twelve years old, he returned when he was twenty-four; he had studied all the Vedas and was conceited, vain of his learning and proud. His father addressed him:

Shvetaketu, since you are conceited, dear, vain of your learning and proud, have you asked for that instruction through which the unheard becomes heard, the unthought becomes thought, the unknown becomes known?

What sort of instruction is that, Master? said he.

Just as, dear, by a single lump of clay everything made of clay may be known, for the difference is one of words and names only, and the reality is that it is clay; just as, dear, by a single jewel of gold everything made of gold may be known, for the difference is one of words and names only, and the reality is that it is gold; just as, dear, by a single knife-blade everything made of iron may be known, for the difference is one of words and names only, and the reality is that it is iron; just like this is that instruction.

But I am sure that those teachers of mine did not know this themselves; for if they had known it, how would they not have declared it to me? But let the Master tell it thus to me, said he.

Let it be so, dear, said he.

Being, dear, was in the beginning, one, without a second. But there are some who say that non-Being was in the beginning, one, without a second, so that from non-Being, Being would be born. But how, indeed, dear, could this be so? How from non-Being could Being be born? said he; but in truth Being was in the beginning, dear, one, without a second.

Then Being beholding said: Let me become great; let me give birth. Then it put forth Radiance.

Then Radiance beholding said: Let me become great; let me give birth. Then it put forth the Waters. Just as a man toils and sweats, so from Radiance the waters are born.

Then the Waters beholding said: Let us become great; let us give birth. Then they put forth the world-food, Earth. Just as when it rains, abundant food is produced, so from the Waters the world-food, Earth, is born.

Of all these, of beings, there are three germs: what is born of the Egg, what is born of Life, what is born of Division.

This Divinity beholding said: Let me enter these three divinities with this Life, with my Self, let me give them manifold names and forms. Let me make each of them threefold. So this Divinity, entering these three divinities, by the Life, by the Self, gave them manifold names and forms. That made each of them threefold. How, indeed, dear, these three divinities become each threefold, learn this of me.

In fire, the radiant form is from Radiance; the clear form is from the Waters; the dark form is from Earth. But the separate nature of fire is a thing of names and words only, while the reality is the three forms.

So of the sun, the radiant form is from Radiance; the clear form is from the Waters; the dark form is from Earth. But the separate nature of the sun is a thing of names and words only, while the reality is the three forms.

So of the moon, the radiant form is from Radiance; the clear form is from the Waters; the dark form is from Earth. But the separate nature of the moon is a thing of names and words only, while the reality is the three forms.

So of lightning, the radiant form is from Radiance; the clear form is from the Waters; the dark form is from Earth. But the separate nature of lightning is a thing of names and words only, while the reality is the three forms.

Therefore of old time those who knew this, the great lords and teachers of old, spoke thus: None of us may now speak of anything as unheard, unthought, unknown; for by these they knew. Whatever form was radiant, as it were, they knew it was from Radiance; whatever form was clear, as it were, they knew it was from the Waters; whatever form was dark, as it were, they knew it was from Earth. Whatsoever, verily, had been unknown, they knew that it was a union of these three divinities.

But, dear, how these three divinities, when they come to man, become each threefold, learn this of me.

Food that is eaten is divided threefold. Its grossest part becomes waste; its middle part becomes flesh; its finest part becomes Mind.

Waters that are drunk are divided threefold. The grossest part becomes waste; the middle part becomes blood; its finest part becomes vital Breath.

Things that produce radiant heat when eaten are divided threefold. The grossest part becomes bone; the middle part becomes marrow; the finest part becomes formative Voice.

For Mind, dear, is formed of food, of Earth; vital Breath is formed of the Waters; formative Voice is formed of Radiance.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Of churned milk, dear, the finest part rises to the top and becomes butter. Just so of food eaten, dear, the finest part rises to the top and becomes Mind. And so of the waters that are drunk, the finest part rises to the top and becomes vital Breath. And so when heat-giving things are eaten, the finest part rises to the top and becomes formative Voice.

For Mind, dear, is formed of Food; vital Breath is formed of the Waters; formative Voice is formed of Radiance.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Man, dear, is made of sixteen parts. Eat nothing for fifteen days, but drink as much water as you wish; for vital Breath, being formed of the Waters, will be cut off if you do not drink.

He ate nothing for fifteen days; then he approached him, saying: What shall I say, Sire?

Repeat verses of the Rig Veda, formulas of the Yajur Veda, chants of the Sama Veda, said he.

They do not come back to me, Sire, said he.

He said to him: As, dear, from a great fire, if one ember remain no bigger than a firefly, it will not burn much; just so, dear, of your sixteen parts

but one remains, and by this one part you do not recall the Vedas. Eat, and you shall learn of me.

He ate, and then approached him; and whatever he asked him, he repeated it all.

The Master said to him: As, dear, from a great fire, if one ember remain no bigger than a firefly, if it be fed with grass, it will blaze up, and will then burn much; so, dear, of your sixteen parts one remained; being fed with food, it blazed up, and through it you recall the Vedas. For Mind, dear, is formed of Food; vital Breath is formed of the Waters; formative Voice is formed of Radiance. Thus he learned of him; thus verily, he learned.

THAT THOU ART

Uddalaka, son of Aruna, addressed his son Shvetaketu, saying: Learn from me, dear, the reality regarding sleep. When a man sinks to sleep, as they say, dear, then he is wrapped by the Real; he has slipped back to the Self. And so they say of him, he sleeps, because he has slipped back to the Self. And just as a falcon tied by a cord, flying hither and thither, and finding no other resting place, comes to rest where he is tied, so indeed, dear, the man's mind, flying hither and thither, and finding no other resting place, comes to rest in vital Breath; for Mind, dear, is bound by vital Breath.

Learn from me, dear, the reality regarding hunger and thirst. When a man hungers, as they say, the Waters guide what he eats. And as there are guides of cows, guides of horses, guides of men, so they call the Waters guides of what is eaten. Know that the man grows up from this, dear, as a sprouting plant; and it cannot be without a root.

And where can the root be, save the Earth? Therefore, through Earth as outgrowth, seek the Waters as root; through the Waters as outgrowth, seek the Radiance as root; through the Radiance as outgrowth, seek Being as root; for all these beings, dear, are rooted in Being, abiding in Being, set firm in Being.

And so when the man thirsts, as they say, the Radiance guides what he drinks. As there are guides of cows, guides of horses, guides of men, so they call the Radiance the guide of what he drinks. Know that he grows up from this, dear, as a sprouting plant; and it cannot be without a root.

And where can the root be, save the Waters? Therefore, through the Waters as outgrowth, seek the Radiance as root; through the Radiance as outgrowth, seek Being as root; for all these beings, dear, are rooted in Being, abiding in Being, set firm in Being. And how these three divinities, coming to a man, become each threefold, that has been declared before.

And of him, dear, of the man when he goes forth, formative Voice sinks back into Mind, Mind into vital Breath, vital Breath into the Radiance, the Radiance into the higher Divinity. This is the fine essence, the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

As the honey-makers, dear, gather the honey from many a tree, and weld the nectars together in a single nectar; and as these find no separateness there, nor say: Of that tree I am the nectar, of that tree I am the nectar; so, indeed, dear, all these beings, when they enter into Being, know not, nor say: We have entered into Being. But whatever they are here, whether tiger or lion or wolf or boar or worm or moth or gnat or fly, whatever they are, that they become again. This is the fine essence, the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

These eastern rivers, dear, roll eastward; and the western, westward. From the ocean to the ocean they go, and in the ocean they are united; as there they know no separateness, nor say: This am I, this am I; so, indeed, dear, all these beings, when they come forth from Being, know not, nor say: We have come forth from Being. But whatever they are here, whether tiger or lion or wolf or boar or worm or moth or gnat or fly, whatever they are, that they become again. This is the fine essence, the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

If any one strike the root of this great tree, dear, it will flow and live; if any one strike the middle of it, it will flow and live; if any one strike the top, it will flow and live. So filled with Life, with the Self, drinking in and rejoicing, it stands firm. But if the life leave one branch, that branch dries up; if it leave a second, it will dry up; if it leave a third, it will dry up; if it leave the whole, the whole will dry up. Thus, indeed, dear, you must understand, said he. Abandoned by Life, verily, this dies; but Life dies not. This is the fine essence, the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Bring me a fruit of that fig-tree, said he.

Here is the fruit, Master.

Divide it, said he.

It is divided, Master.

What do you see in it? said he.

These atom-like seeds, Master.

Divide one of them, said he.

It is divided, Master.

What do you see in it? said he.

I see nothing at all, Master.

So he said to him: That fine essence that you perceive not at all, dear, from that fine essence the great fig-tree comes forth. Believe then, dear, that this fine essence is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Put this salt in water, and come to me early in the morning.

He did so, and he said to him: The salt that you put in the water last night, bring it to me, beloved.

Seeking its appearance, he could not see it, as it was dissolved.

On this side taste it, said he; how is it?

It is salt, said he.

In the middle taste it, said he; how is it?

It is salt, said he.

On that side taste it, said he; how is it?

It is salt, said he.

Cast it away, then, and return to me.

He did so; but it exists for ever. He said to him: You do not perceive Being in the world, yet in truth it is here. This fine essence is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Just as if, dear, one were to blindfold a man, and lead him far from Gandhara, and were to leave him in the wilderness, and to the east, to the north, to the south he should cry: Blindfolded am I led here, blindfolded am I deserted. And just as if one should come, and loosing the bandage from his eyes, should say: In that direction is Gandhara; in that direction you must go. And he asking from village to village like a wise man and learned, should come safe to Gandhara; so, verily, the man who has found a Teacher knows: It is only until the time of my release; then I shall find my home. And this fine essence is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

When a man, dear, is near his end, his kin gather round him: Do you know me, do you know me? they say. So long as formative Voice sinks not back into Mind, and Mind into vital Breath, and vital Breath into the Radiance, and the Radiance into the higher Divinity, so long he knows. But when formative Voice sinks back into Mind, and Mind into vital Breath, and vital Breath into the Radiance, and the Radiance into the higher Divinity, he knows not. And this fine essence is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

As, dear, they seize a man and bring him: He has stolen, they say; he has committed theft. Heat the axe for him. And if he be the doer of it, he makes himself untrue; maintaining untruth, and wrapping himself in untruth, he grasps the heated axe; he is burned, and so he is slain. But if he be not the doer of it, he makes himself true; maintaining truth, and wrapping

himself in truth, he grasps the heated axe; he is not burned, and so he is set free. And the truth that saves him from burning, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Thus he learned of him; thus, verily, he learned.

C. J.

(*To be continued*)

Spiritual happiness, like virtue and a sense of duty, needs an apprenticeship, and we are on earth to learn how to be happy in eternity.—LEFORTRY.

What an illusion the hope with which some souls delude themselves,—of becoming interior without mortification!—LEJEUNE.

Goodness does more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good.—LANDOR.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

WHEN I was eight or ten years of age my imagination was greatly stirred by my reading of Jack-the-Giant-Killer's magic cloak which made its wearer invisible. In fact, the stimulus of this story and that of Aladdin started my chum and myself making up stories for our entertainment whenever we were together. Into these stories we put as much of magic as we pleased, and we kept up the custom until we were so far into our 'teens that the growing requirement of plausibility made the game unsatisfactory. This early pastime gave us a feeling of control over imaginary situations which carried with it a considerable thrill.

Shortly after we gave up our game of magic, I began to hear of instances of clairvoyance and clairaudience experienced by occasional old Quakers, and of table tipping, thought transference and Christian Science cures. I can not recall having felt any great scepticism as to the occurrence of these things, but instead was intensely curious to know the *modus operandi*. Furthermore, if these things really happened they must all have happened under the workings of natural law, in spite of the different explanations offered; and I wanted to understand the real nature of the processes. This interest continued for several years, although it became gradually overlaid with new points of view.

During my whole youth I was under the influence of Quakerism, especially the teaching that one has within him an inner light, which not only tells when he has done wrong, but may, by careful nurture, point out in advance what should be done. Or, as the idea was often expressed, to the extent that one lives in harmony with the divine will, he will have clearer and clearer insight which will bring him into still closer harmony. There appeared to be no limit to the development thus promised. Here, indeed, was promise of power, and happiness too, if one ever got beyond doing the wrong thing.

At the age of twenty there fell into my hands an anonymous book called "The Great Work." It left the impression that after one had brought himself to live according to the highest tenets of ethics recognized by the world, he might be given further special instruction by certain mysterious beings known as Masters, whose existence was unrecognized and unsuspected by the world at large. The adeptship thus to be reached brought with it an inconceivable development of a man's faculties, and marvellous control of the forces of nature. Here was an extension of and a powerful addition to the religious teaching of my childhood. Not only did living in harmony with the divine will bring further insight and the promise of perfection, but it brought

actual personal contact with those who were perfected, and direct teaching by them.

And so I went to college, keeping my eyes open for Masters; but I failed to get on the trail of any of them while I was there.

The next year, after leaving college, I met at the University a man who was a member of The Theosophical Society. I soon found that our interests were fundamentally the same, and we became close friends. He introduced me to the Theosophical literature; and although the ideas of reincarnation and Karma were new to me, and challenging, the *QUARTERLY* and the books listed therein were written in a style which indicated that the authors were as wise as any I had ever read. So the literature tended to carry conviction of itself, and the more one pondered over the teachings, the better did they seem to explain the facts of life. The method of approach to the Masters as set forth in Volume I of Cavé's *Fragments* seemed fair and reasonable. What little I knew of physical science showed that the ultimate causes and operations of things were still sufficiently clouded in mystery, to leave a wide range for the occurrence of what is commonly called supernatural, so I did not balk at the recorded "phenomena."

Theosophy had another feature which especially recommended it, in view of my early desire to know the underlying causes of things. It made a single system of all truth, wherein the facts of life were knit together by operation under universal law. Religion, science and art were all based upon the fundamental realities of the universe, so that there could be no actual contradictions even if things often seemed paradoxical. "There is no religion higher than truth" was the motto of Theosophy.

Theosophy explained man—who he is, and whither he is bound—and gave handbooks for the journey. The traveller was invited to verify the maps by tramping the country. Since all of mankind is on the journey there would be no lack of companions, and the rewards were worth the exploration.

After I had attended several meetings of the New York Branch of the Society I found that the impression of integrity given by the *QUARTERLY* was strengthened by acquaintance with the members themselves. The question then became not whether Theosophy was what I wanted but whether I was fit to become a member of the Society. Upon being told that I might feel free to enter, since my interests lay there, I applied for membership.

V.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE man we call the Maid-of-all-Work turned to one of our contributors with what he evidently believed to be a happy thought. His face takes that expression whenever he thinks of something for someone else to do. "You have a great gift," he said. "I envy you. You can describe things, and most of us can describe ideas only, and then none too clearly. I wish you would write an article for the *QUARTERLY* on 'Things observed on Fifth Avenue.' It would make capital reading."

"This is the second time you have suggested that to me," groaned our contributor; "and the worst of it is that I am beginning to feel responsible. But I never *do* observe things on Fifth Avenue; I haven't the eyes for it, somehow. It seems to *say* nothing to me; it is as though I were trying to carry on an argument with a crowd of beings from another planet, whose tongue I could not understand and whose manners and customs were perfectly incomprehensible. Since you first suggested an article on Fifth Avenue, I have tried to look, but I see nothing. What is the matter with me? I'll try again; but these things (impressions I mean) do not really come by 'trying,'—that is always defeating. Unless it is natural and spontaneous, it is not an impression in any true sense, is it?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the other; "you have your article all but written. Put into black and white what you have just said, and you have it! You can begin like this: 'I have been asked to write an article on the sights of Fifth Avenue, which is an impossible thing for me to do, if only for the reason that there *are* no sights on Fifth Avenue. There is a blur, a blotch, a deafening roar,—and home again. If I were suddenly plunged to the bottom of the sea and then were asked to report on my observations, I could report nothing. In the first place my eye is not trained to distinguish differences in deep sea flora and fauna. In the second place there *are* no differences on Fifth Avenue. There is jelly—a vast surface of it—wiggling—presumably an elemental, embryonic state of matter, destined ultimately to be born. Some may see male and female, positive and negative; but I deny that any such distinction exists,—not on Fifth Avenue, in any case. No greater mistake can be made, theosophically, than to suppose that because one thing wears trousers and another thing wears the rudiments—or the remains—of a skirt, it is proper to assume some difference in sex. To assume that, would be almost as foolish as to assume the existence of a soul on the slim foundation of resemblances to the human form. Madame Blavatsky, when in London, for her health's sake was taken for drives in Hyde Park; but she wept and was made ill, because nearly everyone she saw was soulless.'"

"Stop, stop!" implored our contributor. "Don't deprive me of all hope! I told you I would try. Don't bewilder me with suggestions!"

"I have suggested nothing," the other protested. "Can't you see that I have not produced a single concrete image (jelly is not concrete; that's why it's jelly), but have dealt with ideas only, while, as I told you, your particular gift is the ability to describe *things*. And although I tried to paraphrase your thesis, I don't agree with it in the least. The forest exists, but the trees exist also. There are differences, and in the microscopic eyes of God, those differences must be immense."

"But what am I to do with them when I find them?"

"My friend, that is not for me to say. You are the artist, you are the creative genius; and it is for you to reveal the universal in the particular, the eternal in the transitory, the divinely beautiful in the commonplace."

"You expect me to reveal the divinely beautiful on Fifth Avenue?"

"Not necessarily; only if you find it. Maybe you will find, instead, a sort of Eighth Sphere, where the refuse of the astral world is dumped." And he laughed. "Cheer up," he continued. "There is only one thing that God really loves, and that is Heroism. Perhaps I am offering you your chance!"

"From whom are you quoting?" asked the Student.

The Maid-of-all-Work was not offended. "Quite right," he said. "I never had an original idea in my life, and I am none the less glad that you noticed it. A superb idea! It is from the French: that much I remember. It sounds like Jacques D'Arnoux,—his *Paroles d'un Revenant*: but I am not sure."

"No," said the Philosopher; "I happen to have marked those words in my copy of *La Vie Héroïque de Jean du Plessis*, by his father: '*Dieu n'aime, au fond, que l'héroïsme.*' A great book, by the way."

"Well, no matter who produced it, thank heaven for so noble an expression of the truth. It is not goodness that He loves, unless goodness be carried to an heroic degree; it is not beauty, except in the sense that heroism is the highest form of beauty; it is not wisdom, for I do not see that wisdom can ever be heroic,—unless it were argued that God must hate folly, and therefore must be thankful for its absence!"

"I doubt if it ever be absent, short of Mahatmaship," the Historian interjected. "The more I study myself and others, the more convinced I am that every one of us is crazy in certain directions. The degree of idiocy varies, and also its direction; but there is not much to choose between us. Most of us live on the verge of saying or doing something that, said or done by another person, we should not hesitate to describe as hopelessly idiotic. The best we can do is to conceal our inclinations."

"Bless my soul," exclaimed the Student, "what has happened to you!"

"Nothing," replied the Historian, quite unperturbed. "So far as I know, what I have just said is one of the fundamental principles of Theosophy, though phrased so as to mean something. The lower nature, the personality, is inherently unbalanced and insane. It sees little as big and big as little; it is the victim of every kind of glamour; it lives on words, on shib-

boleths, and although the rational nature is able to keep it in check in some directions, we must surely have observed, in others at least, the innumerable occasions when the rational nature is powerless."

"How I detest people who live in a well of gloom, emerging only to make others damp and chilly!"

"You need bracing," the Historian retorted. "You sit all day over a radiator—a radiator of self-sufficient and self-satisfying dreams. If you find my view of human nature depressing, it means that you have failed to see the positive and constructive programme which this view implies, and that, incidentally, you live in jeopardy every hour; for once a man accepts the truth—namely, that he is large part lunatic—he ceases to imagine that he can safely navigate his life alone. Figuratively speaking, he incarcerates himself; he limits his own freedom; he devises checks here and supervision there. When he does this—and not until then—he begins to show glimmerings of sanity. Instead of craving freedom, he dreads it. Not as yet knowing anyone who is completely sane—for as yet he probably does not know Masters—he remembers that one man may be blind, and another deaf, in which case the two would be wise to join forces when crossing a city street. So he conspires with his fellows to stand between himself and his worst attacks of folly; in other words, to stand between himself and his known exaggerations, his chronic or spasmodic manias, his recognized 'temptations.' He places himself under a Rule of Life, somewhat as a man who has been a drunkard, occasionally has sense enough to rule that he will never again go near certain places where liquor can be obtained; that he will hurry to a friend the moment the desire for it creeps near him; that he will report on his behaviour periodically to one or another of his intimates; that he will fill his mind with wholesome interests, and so forth. The main thing is to get rid of the hydra-headed sense of self-sufficiency, and to act accordingly. People dash off letters, here, there, and everywhere, as if the written word were a harmless, invisible gas, instead of a self-perpetuating explosive. They marry, enter into business agreements, cultivate acquaintances, embark on journeys, eat and drink, buy clothes, on no other basis than that of their likes and dislikes,—simply because they want to! The worst of all possible reasons. Any grown man, from painful experience, should know enough to beware whenever he finds himself clinging to a plan or idea. This is almost infallible when writing. Our 'fine' passages—the passages for which we have the tenderest regard—nearly always are our worst. It is only in directions where we are utterly detached, because utterly unconcerned *personally*, that there is likelihood of our taking a sane view of anything."

By this time the Student was thoroughly exasperated. "I protest," he exclaimed, "that I have rarely been obliged to listen to a more one-sided statement of a half truth. You would reduce the personality to the condition of a caged Chinese prisoner,—one of those poor, tortured creatures within bars so confining that he can neither stand nor lie down, but can only sit in a huddled heap. Worse than that—because a man in a cage may still

have some fight in him—the picture you suggest is that of a timid, diffident, self-distrustful creature, whose one genuine desire is not to make a mistake. Cross a street! He'd never cross a street. He'd never cross anything. He'd walk round the block so as not to cross a street, only to arrive, of course, where he started, terrified at his boldness. What a travesty of discipleship! The very opposite of what is wanted! Would you have a *chêla* of the Lodge a whole manvantara *less* than a Mussolini, *less* than a Cardinal Mercier,—less powerful, I mean, as a personality? Thank heaven, in any case, that you speak for yourself alone."

"Dear me, dear me," said the Philosopher, before the Historian could utter a word; "this is very interesting. It is not often that we are favoured with a difference of opinion so easily reconciled,—yes, so easily reconciled," he repeated, as both the Student and the Historian glared at him in disappointed surprise. "I am glad you mentioned Mercier," he continued, turning directly to the Student, "because he happens to supply the point of reconciliation. In a recent article—not otherwise very illuminating—a priest who knew him as well, perhaps, as most of those who were outwardly close to him, writing on his inner life, deals indirectly with the very problem you two have raised.

"The Cardinal's personality, he says, 'was strongly evident in all his works, and deeply impressed itself on the world with the radiance and fascination so familiar to all of us. It is interesting, therefore'—this writer continues—'to inquire how this "I" (*moi*), so powerful, so impassioned, and which stood out in such bold relief, could harmonize with his amazing simplicity and his profound humility. The answer is always the same: all that "I" rushed in love to God, saw God as its sole aim, sought Him only, was used solely in His service and for His glory.'

"Even in the case of Mussolini, in whom love of country probably takes the place of love of God, it is the love and service of that which is greater than himself, and for which all personal inclinations are sacrificed—at least in so far as he recognizes any conflict—which shows the way out of the dilemma. In other words, my verdict is that both of you are right, but that both points of view (not to speak of mine, a third!) are needed before the equilibrium, which we call Theosophy, can be attained."

"Further," interjected the Ancient, "as no two people are at the same stage of evolution, and as nearly every one is developed lop-sidedly, one person may need a dose of the Historian's medicine rather than a dose of the Student's, or vice versa. There is no such thing as 'a truth for all people equally.' One man's Truth is another man's poison."

Now it was our Visitor who broke out: "I know very little of your theories," he said, "but I have seen something of the world as it is; and I know, if I know anything, that you must take your choice between being steam-rollered and steam-rolling everything in sight."

We laughed. "Mussolini would agree with you anyhow!" the Historian insinuated, with a glance at the Student.

"I don't know whether he would or not," our Visitor replied; "and I confess that I am not greatly concerned about agreement or disagreement, because facts are facts. Not long ago a friend of mine was ill. He was obliged to have nurses—day and night—men. He told me afterwards that, having been seriously ill once before, he knew that his recovery would depend, in large measure, upon his ability to steam-roller his nurses, for otherwise they would steam-roller him. He had no desire, he said, to be washed to death, or ventilated to death, or talked to death, while, if his few remaining hairs were brushed and combed as often as the nurses desired, he knew he would not have one left after a week or two in bed. So, with fever to help him, he took the aggressive from the moment they entered his room, first with one and then with the other. A good trouncing to begin with, he said, though very exhausting, was essential if he were to have any peace; and any trained nurse could be relied upon to give one an opening, because, trained in hospitals, and accustomed there to wash all their victims before putting them to bed, they always assumed that the private patient also was in dreadful need of a bath, and would enter his room, armed with towels and basins of water and soap and rubber sheets, prepared for execution. That was the opportunity, said my friend, for whatever of well-regulated vocabulary one might possess,—with freedom or slavery as the issue. 'Flatten them out,' he said, 'or God help you.' And my friend was right, for the same thing is true in every human relationship. The theory of give-and-take, of compromise, is nonsense, for in practice it means that no one is satisfied. Peace in a home, the success of a business, the prosperity of a nation, all depend upon the ability of some one determined soul to steam-roller every creature within his reach."

The Student showed signs of worry. "Regardless of the determined soul's intelligence?" he questioned.

"Intelligence is comparatively unimportant," our Visitor replied. "I said 'peace in a home': does it really matter, for instance, whether the apple of their eye is sent to Harvard or, instead, is set to work in an office or factory at seven dollars a week? He will have opinions, and *she* (possibly more than one *she*) will also have opinions; but the peace and happiness of every one concerned will depend, not upon which path he follows, but upon the swiftness and finality of the decision which squelches all discussion and hurls young hopeful—body, soul and breeches—upon any path which gives him his chance, as every path must."

"What a home!" the Historian muttered.

"No wrangling in it!" our Visitor retorted.

"He made a desert and he called it peace," quoted the Historian.

"Pardon me," our Visitor objected, "but my own observation does not bear you out. Not to depart too greatly from your own simile, I have observed that rolling a grass lawn not only makes the surface smooth, but strengthens the roots and promotes closeness and vigour of growth. I am not speaking of half measures. To try to steam-roller and to fail, neces-

sarily creates friction; but to do it completely and, above all, with finality, stimulates right activity and obliterates friction."

The Philosopher, meanwhile, had been vastly entertained, chiefly at the expense of the Historian and the Student, both of whom, for their different reasons, had been squirming. Now he showed signs of coming to the rescue, —or of wishing to do so. "How about motive?" he asked.

"You mean selfishness or unselfishness?" our Visitor countered. "Very misleading, both from within and from without. An acquaintance of mine, not many weeks ago, was told by his doctors that unless he had parts of his insides cut out, he'd die. He stoutly refused to risk it, so they besieged his womenfolk, who naturally were frightened out of their wits, and who begged him, for their sakes, to submit to the operation. The doctors had their way, and he's dead—from sheer unselfishness, from a false consideration for those weeping, well-meaning women. His good intentions may land him in Heaven,—but prematurely, which is only another way of saying that his motive did not shield anyone from misery, while, if he had steam-rolled doctors and womenfolk alike, he would probably be alive to-day, and cheerful."

Before the Philosopher could pierce our Visitor's defence—and that it was vulnerable, all of us perceived—the Engineer threw in quickly, "Have you considered the example of Christ and Buddha?" to which came the immediate rejoinder: "You have suggested two supreme instances of effective steam-rolling. Buddha occasionally covered his with wadding, but Christ, never! He rode rough-shod over every one and everything, and gave himself to death at last, only that he might ride rough-shod over Death. That is one reason why he is worshipped. Read history. You can measure the extent to which men have been adored, by the extent to which they steam-rolled the world around them. Someone exclaimed, a few minutes ago, 'What a home!'—as if to crush my argument; but if you know of a happy home anywhere, you will find a steam-roller as its presiding deity."

"I am sorry to interrupt a very interesting discussion," said the Recorder at this point, "but there is another question which really must be considered, as I have held it over for months, and an answer has been promised in the 'Screen.'"

Both the Student and the Historian protested vigorously. "Impossible to leave that personality-steam-roller issue where it stands," the Historian said. "Your readers will be hopelessly bewildered. What do you expect them to conclude?"

"I have not the least idea what they will conclude," the Recorder replied; "but I am reasonably certain that their conclusion will not be the same in any two cases, and I doubt very much if it would be influenced by any further argument. Students of Theosophy are in the habit of thinking things out for themselves. It would be a mistake to attempt always to supply a ready-made answer, even if we were capable of doing so. I know that some of our readers will cheer for our Visitor, while others will be mildly horrified.

There will be those, however, who will easily be able to reconcile the appearance of disagreement, and who will see, as one of you suggested, that it takes red and violet and several other colours to make up the pure white light of Truth. In any case, I am bound by my promise. This is the other question:

“‘If the power that brought this universe into manifestation was *perfect*, what need was there for a manifested universe at all, with all its consequent suffering and sorrow?

“‘Is there some new power or life principle coming into existence by this painful process of evolution, that did not exist before?

“‘If so, shall we have to admit that the God of this universe is in a state of evolution in and through every manifestation that we see in this world?’

“Many years ago (*The Theosophical Forum* for October, 1894), Mr. Judge concluded an answer to a similar question by saying:

“‘If we think we are separate from God and his universe, then alterations of state and condition will naturally be thought of as needful, and the question will arise, “Why did we fall if we were once divine?” I do not admit that “we were once divine and have fallen,” but say that we are divine and always were, and that the falling is but apparent and due to the personal consciousness which calls that soul which is not, and that not, which is. We are God, and working out in various personalities and environments the great plan in view, and that plan is well known to the dweller in the body who calmly waits for all the material elements to come to a realization of their oneness with God.’

“But I appeal to the Philosopher for an answer, quite independently of my quotation from Mr. Judge.”

“One hundred words for the mystery of the universe?” the Philosopher questioned, quizzically.

The Recorder held his peace, so the Philosopher continued:

“I do not think that Philosophy, in the technical sense, can answer that question. We cannot measure the Infinite with our finite, human scales and foot-rules. The mind cannot fathom that which necessarily transcends mind. Mysticism alone can supply some hint of an answer. But first let me make this clear: Think of a boy at school,—of yourself, when you were at school. *Could* you have understood then the purpose of education? Could you have foreseen its ultimate uses? The very fact that you were a boy, no matter how intelligent, would have made it impossible to grasp the meaning of your father's or teacher's explanation. They would speak from experience; you were as empty of *their* experience as you now are of conditions on the planet Mars. How strange that we, as grown men, think that we ought to be able to fathom the purposes of God,—using that term in the widest sense, as the Absolute, or as the First Logos. As someone truly remarked, He would not be God if we could understand Him!

“May I also point out that the questioner, like most people, takes it for granted that suffering and sorrow are evils, or, if not evils, are in any case

states of consciousness to be deplored. Why this assumption? I look back on my own past (perhaps the questioner also) and am at least as grateful for its suffering and sorrow as I am for any of its joys. May it not be true, as some have claimed, that there are angels who know but one temptation,—that of envying man for his ability to suffer?

"But here is the answer of St. Augustine,—not always thought of as a mystic. He said that if he were God, as the true God is, he would cease from being so, that he might so become. I dislike to paraphrase so profound, so complete a perception. It means so much. Perhaps the questioner will be good enough to think about it, to meditate upon it. Union must be departed from, to be enjoyed. Dimly, very dimly, from the analogy of universal experience, we may catch the glimmer of a possible answer to his questions. That it will satisfy our analytical minds is not to be expected; but there is something in all of us which transcends the mind; there is the soul; and it was the perception of his own soul which St. Augustine recorded,—a glimpse into the heart of God."

T.

P. S.—As the Recorder occasionally practises what he hears preached, and, further, found himself clinging to the idea that he had written enough, he submitted his draft of the "Screen" to a friend who had not been present during the discussion. In due course he returned for criticism.

Said his friend: "I agree with the protest against leaving your main subject up in the air. It's as bad as some T. S. meetings, with a beginning but no end, when people go away wondering what they ought to do about it."

"Well," said the Recorder, "it was half-past five; it was time to stop." Then, innocently: "What more could be said anyhow!"

"Only to the extent that the personality is disciplined, can it have force. You remember de Maistre: that spring is the result of pressure, of suppression, and that the metal of youth must be disciplined if maturity is to have power. It is difficult to discuss the question unless we distinguish between the personality, true and false, and the individuality at a later stage of growth,—using those terms in the sense commonly accepted by students of Theosophy. In other words, there is a type of personality which is a growth from below, which is the false personality; and there is a type of personality in which these lower elements are controlled by a higher will. Then, as these lower elements are transformed by obedience, comes the birth of the individuality, or true vehicle of the soul.

"I cannot understand the confusion that seems to exist on this subject. Perhaps it is due to thinking of suppression in negative terms. Nothing can be understood in negative terms. Water let loose has no power, but harness it, compress it, confine its movement to a nozzle or other limited outlet, and, if there be sufficient volume, its force will split a rock. Do we think of some feat of hydraulic engineering in negative terms,—as a limitation of water, as something done against, or inflicted upon, water!

"The point is that quite regardless of good or evil, or of the *use* to which power is put, no personality can be powerful except as the result of discipline, which means the harnessing and, in a sense, the violent suppression of unbridled inclination. No matter what people may think, for instance, of Mussolini's motives, they would probably agree that his is an unusually forceful personality. His force necessarily is the result of rigid self-control, past and present, imposed either for personal ends, or for love of country. In the former case, he might be on the high road to becoming a black magician; but assuming that he is a man whose personality is ceaselessly dominated by an unselfish purpose, and by a consuming love of his ideal—than which nothing, perhaps, can supply a more severe or constant discipline, making his personality the slave of his higher will—it would follow that he is on the high road to the development of the permanent individuality, the force of which 'comes down from above' and far transcends the merely human, as we ordinarily use that term."

The Recorder began to smile. The eyes of his friend began to blaze. But there was no pause. "The man whose personality is mashed out as the result of discipline, had no personality to begin with. All he had was a mess of different desires. The personality is a tremendous thing, or should be,—one of the most tremendous things on earth, until the individuality be born; and the individuality can only be born as the fruit, the reward, of an iron discipline, accepted gladly, or self-imposed, for love's sake."

The Recorder laughed delightedly.

"Why do you laugh?"

"If this be the effect of reading the 'Screen,'" he replied, "I think it must be a better 'Screen' than usual!" And he went home. But he had to write some more.

T.

Don't waste precious time looking for an Opportunity: make one.—BENJEN.

*In vain he seeketh others to suppress,
Who hath not learned himself first to subdue.*

—SPENSER.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

February 11th, 1913.

DEAR ———

In answer to the several questions which you ask in your letter of yesterday, which I have numbered for clearness:—

1. Yes, of course. You should only ask one question in a given meditation and wait patiently for ideas on that. If, after five or ten minutes, you get no ideas,—try another question. Keep a written record of what you want to know, and go back to this record daily, at the beginning of your meditation. If at the end of a week, you cannot work the problem out by yourself, ask me.

2. Yes. Both —— and I have already told you to do this. Why do you ask again?

I do not feel that you need more answers to questions,—you need to put into practice the information you already have.

Another thing. I should like you to keep a written record of your inner life—a diary, if you like—which you write up each night. Put in it how you kept your Rule; how you fulfilled the duties of the day; how you observed your ideals of conduct; what particular faults you committed,—your special failures; anything you think necessary or pertinent. It need not be long—a half page a day. Send it to me once a week.

If you do this now, while here still, and get it going satisfactorily, it will help you when away from New York, and will serve as a link.

With best wishes,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

March 15th, 1913.

DEAR ———

I have to leave for —— to-night to be gone until Saturday. . . . I do not want to leave your letter, or rather your report, unanswered entirely, but I shall not have time for much comment.

It shows distinct signs of grace. You are learning. You are learning to feel, but your mind and your fixed ideas are still very much in your way.

The other day I wrote you a little word of encouragement. You almost automatically replied that you were not discouraged or depressed. Yet this report speaks of great discouragement, depression and fatigue,—weariness. I use this as an illustration. I write and say you are in need of encouragement,

and should not be depressed. You instantly deny being discouraged or depressed. But you *are*, very much so, and it is a good sign. It means that you are breaking through your shell, your hard exterior, which your life and habit of thought for many years built up. You are losing the support of that artificial stiffness—as you must—before getting real, interior, support, of the right kind, to take its place. The false must go before the true can enter in. This intermediate stage is always a trying and painful one (see the last three or four pages of the first comment of *Light on the Path*, beginning "It is a very well-known fact," etc.). Indeed, I should think *Light on the Path* would read like a new book to you now. Try it and see.

It is a mistake to consult more than one person at the same time. You should not have talked to ——— about your personal problems. . . .

* * * * *

This of course does not apply to philosophical questions, and those do not interest you now. You have too many practical ones.

Why on earth should you not want human sympathy and love, and why should you not show both, all the time, to every one you can love or sympathize with. I do not believe any of us could get along without the sympathy and love of each other. These are natural impulses. Follow them; but with common-sense, good manners, and above all with the kind of feeling that you can take to the Master, or which he can give you to feel with. Ask him to teach you how to love, him first, and then your fellow aspirants and comrades.

You say that you want to have a whole-hearted love for the Master and a realization that he will accept that love. You cannot love him, or anyone else, properly, save with the love he gives you. If we love him, it is because we reflect back to him a little of his love for us. Your feeling of desire to love him, means that you are beginning to feel his love for you and to return it.

So you see that I found your report distinctly encouraging. You are really doing very well. There is still much to be done, for you are only beginning, and have much in yourself to overcome.

I hope to hear good things of you when I come back Saturday.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 9th, 1913.

DEAR ———

Please read *The Blessed Angela of Foligno*. It will teach you how to meditate upon the Passion of Jesus Christ. You need to forget yourself and your own sufferings in a greater Self and in far greater sufferings—by sympathy, obtaining self-forgetfulness and love. You should try to enter into and lose yourself in the sorrows of Christ, and so realize his present need, and the fact that he loves you beyond any power of your belief. Presently, without any effort,

your heart will flow out to him, and you will understand the simplicity of love and the happiness of self-abandonment.

Duffield publishes *The Blessed Angela* in the Mediæval Series.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 16th, 1913.

DEAR ———

I am much obliged to you for report of week ending April 14th.

May I suggest that I want a *daily* report, sent in once a week, and not an expression on Tuesday of what you thought was your mood on the previous Saturday or Thursday. The daily changes are an important item of information; but I want to form my opinion of them, not to get yours.

This last report shows distinct improvement. Go on as you have recently begun.

In reply to your final question, I do not think you need to explain to anyone why you are going, but I see no reason why you should not explain the reasons why you go to yourself, as you suggest.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 17th, 1913.

DEAR ———

It does not seem to me that the letter received this afternoon is a very good evidence of the strictness with which you are carrying out my injunction not to think about yourself. And it was not my injunction either. I only passed it on.

You are told not to think about yourself. Surely if you obey this injunction you cannot now decide whether you are going or not.

There is no need for hasty decisions or for any decision at the present time.

I liked the general tone of your letter. It shows improvement.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 25th, 1913.

DEAR ———

I was a little worried when I received your second week's report until I calculated the date of my letter, and found that you could not have received it

before mailing the report. Then this morning came your letter which is more satisfactory in tone.

It has been hard, but I think it will grow easier—not harder. It is always the first plunge in these spiritual experiences which costs us most. As time goes on, we not only get used to the new condition, but we gradually learn how to live with it and in it, and get the lesson—the experience—out of it. And that in itself brings satisfaction, for we realize that we are accomplishing a part of our destiny. There will be times of discouragement; times when we feel that real things are slipping away from us; times when we think we are going backwards instead of forwards; times of actual failure when we must pick ourselves up again and go on, wearily perhaps, and almost hopeless; but also, we have our times of satisfaction; times when we realize that we have moved forward; times when our very struggle brings the inner world near.

All this is inevitable. We must pass through these experiences, all expressions of our self-will, in order to learn that by ourselves we can do nothing—accomplish nothing, and that our salvation lies in complete self-surrender and obedience. It takes a long time to teach us this thoroughly, and it must be learned thoroughly. We are obstinate people, and self-will has infinite varieties of manifestation. First we must struggle to learn that it is self-will that is the matter. Then we must struggle against the expressions of it. By degrees the way becomes clearer, or the next important step is understood, and then it is a question of self-conquest. Roughly speaking, people are divided into two categories: Those whose struggle is to discover their duty; and those who usually know their duty, but who must struggle with themselves in order to do it. You, I think, again speaking roughly, belong to the first category; but of course we all have some of both in us, and you are no exception to this rule.

Do not suggest Church work. Everyone is not fitted for it, and each kind of person must find his own work and do that.

Remember that the only way you can hope to help anybody is by *being* and *doing* the thing yourself. . . .

By all means pray to Christ and make Him the centre of your spiritual life. . . . Your trouble here is purely mental and has no existence in the real world. The Masters are all one in essence, and we can pray to whichever one seems closest to us. . . . Think of each as a step on the Path you are trying to follow, or a rung of the ladder you are trying to climb.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 8th, 1913.

DEAR ———

I am sorry that circumstances here have prevented my writing you sooner. We, too, are being tried to our limit, and sometimes, what seems for a time, to be beyond our limit.

I can only sympathize with you in your circumstances and say:

What counts is the amount of energy and heart put into effort, not *results* of any kind.

Get happiness from helping others.

It would have been easy for you to have slipped out of your tangle if you had not done wrong. . . . Take your trials humbly, as expiation, knowing that, if you remain steadfast and faithful, the Master who watches closely each struggle will release you the instant it is right and wise and for your best good.

So you must try to be cheerful in it all.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 27th, 1913.

DEAR ———

You must not think from this delayed reply to your recent letters, that I have the slightest intention of carrying out your suggestion that I do not write to you during the summer. On the contrary, the summer is the time when we should strive most earnestly to *be* the things we have read and heard about during the active period of the year. So I expect you to make great progress this summer, and I shall certainly do everything in my power to help you.

I have your records up to June 22nd, your letter of June 12th and the letter from ———. This last I return. It is a nice letter that must have gratified you very much.

Now as to your records: especially the last one. I have some very definite things to say.

You must stop thinking and caring so much what others think of you. It does not matter. Their opinions change from day to day and are not based on knowledge. You are doing there what you did here;—paying a great deal too much attention to the attitude of others towards you, and to what you think they are thinking about you. You thus set up in yourself an attitude of opposition, if not of actual hostility, which others feel, resent, and often act upon.

Help them by all means, with perfect simplicity, and all humility. This, in fact both, are virtues you have yet to acquire.

As for ——— almost everything you write about her is nonsense. She has no psychic power and would not know how to exert it if she had. Nor is she a "busted chéla." She is broken, nervously overwrought, chronically ill, one for whom you should make endless allowance. Just think of her as these things, and do not exaggerate either her faults, her virtues, or her powers. If you maintain a consistently friendly and sympathetic attitude, looking for her good qualities and overlooking her faults, you ought to be able to help her.

* * * * *

The way to counteract the influence of the feeling of superiority to those about you, is to dwell upon how very far you fall short of being what you ought to be, in view of all your advantages and the help the Master has given you. Humility comes from comparing ourselves with those above us, not with those below us.

You speak of clinging with all your might to the teaching. I do not think that kind of effort necessary. You could not forget or let go what you have learned, by anything short of a deliberate and prolonged effort. Accept things more. Take them simply; take yourself simply. Do not agonize over anything but your own past. Keep your sense of humour and your sense of proportion, and your common sense. You have plenty of all three, save where you are personally concerned.

We expect to sail for Europe July 11th, for two months, but it is by no means certain. Letters sent here will be forwarded regularly, but I shall let you know of our foreign address so that you can write direct, as soon as our departure is definite.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 19th, 1913.

DEAR ———

Our plans are again changed and we do not know when we shall be able to get away. We still hope to sail, however, in a week or two. We never know from day to day what we can do. Such uncertainty, and the cheerful acceptance of it, is one of the things we must all learn, and that can be done only by experience.

I have your letter of July 4th, and your records for three weeks. I have no special advice for you. My object in writing is to tell you once more to remember always that we are interested and concerned in your welfare, and that you can count upon our continual help in so far as it is possible for us to help you.

You have your fight to fight, your battle to win. Remember always that it is a battle with yourself, not with others or with circumstances. It is very hard for us to realize this, yet it is absolutely and perfectly true. A man who is starving for lack of a crust of bread, finds it very difficult to believe that the trouble is a purely personal one, in himself, and has nothing to do with others, yet it is so. The only exception to this principle is when, later on, we deliberately and consciously accept some burden for the sake of helping others; but we have to be pretty well along before we are permitted to do this. We *think* we do it before, but what we really do is to accept that means of learning some needed lesson ourselves. We learn it under the disguise of helping others.

So your fight is not with ———, or with the conditions of your life, with its

physical hardships and deprivations, or lack of companionship, or any of these things from which you suffer, but is with your own nature. You were lonely here; you will continue to be lonely no matter what your surroundings, until you learn to associate with others on an impersonal and correct basis. You had a hard time physically here, because you needed it for some inner purpose, perhaps to break down your rigidity and hardness.

Therefore the solution and cure of all these troubles lies absolutely within yourself, in self-discipline, self-conquest, self-renunciation, etc.

You have our best wishes and our constant prayers in your fight, which we are confident you will win, perhaps sooner than you think.

The others join me in kind regards.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 2nd, 1913.

DEAR ———

I return the letter to ———, which seems to me to be satisfactory. Do not pander to her sentimentality and morbidness, but the more you oppose these, the kinder and more sympathetic you must be.

Do not, however, get the idea that it is your job to "save her soul." It isn't. Your own is quite as much as you can handle, but you *can* manage your own. Remember that it is a law that we are never asked to do anything which we cannot do. But you must not make up your mind what it is you are asked to do, and measure your achievement by that standard, for you may be all wrong.

You may think you were set to do a certain piece of work, while in reality you were expected to fail while using everything in you to accomplish it. Do not, therefore, judge your position, your progress, by results. We cannot; and it is foolish to try. It only confuses us.

I have read your recent records with interest and sympathy. You are having a hard time, but everything ends, in time, save the things of the spirit, which, alone, are eternal. There is always sunshine on the other side of the darkest and longest night.

We are still here and have no plans.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.



REVIEWS

El Teósofo, Vol. I, Nos. 2 and 3, published by the Venezuela Branch of The Theosophical Society, at Norte 3, No. 38, Caracas.

Bravo *El Teósofo*, and long life to you!

The promise of the first issue is admirably maintained. Again we congratulate our friends and fellow-members in Venezuela on their splendid achievement. Paper, type, and general appearance are worthy of the contents,—which is saying a great deal. The October issue (No. 2) contains a full report of the last Convention of the Society, as well as many valuable translations, original contributions, and reprints from *Dharma*, one by Juan J. Benzo and another by F. Domínguez Acosta. A translation of Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students" is begun in the January issue, which serves to remind us of his devoted interest in members of the Society in Venezuela, and of his determined effort to master Spanish so as to facilitate correspondence with them. He gave his whole heart to their theosophical welfare, and it would surprise us greatly if his letters, read to-day in Spanish, did not serve to convey a special gift to souls in Venezuela, over and above all that he put into them when he wrote them originally.

As the present reviewer is also the Recorder of the "Screen of Time," he feels at liberty to protest, no matter how gently, against *El Teósofo's* suggestion that the "Screen" may be likened to an "antechamber of the Lodge." The Recorder feels frequently that an antechamber to Kama Loka would be nearer the mark. However, this is not a personal matter, either between the Recorder and those who hold forth in the "Screen," or between the QUARTERLY and *El Teósofo*! It is a matter both of principle and of policy. It is unwise, for instance, as a result of admiration and devotion, to describe anyone as a Master who was actually a high chéla but not a Master. We must temper our enthusiasm with discretion. The Student, the Historian, the Philosopher, and the rest of them, may feel flattered by the local-ity assigned to them; but what a terrible disillusionment for *El Teósofo's* readers if ever they were to meet, let us say the Historian, face to face!

T.

Gandhi the Apostle, His Trial and His Message, by Haridas T. Muzumdar. Universal Publishing Company, Chicago, 1923.

This book is divided into two parts: a Panorama of Indian History, to serve as a background for Gandhi; and a history of Gandhi himself.

The panorama of Indian history is in many ways interesting. It has the distinct virtue of allowing millenniums instead of centuries for the earlier history of India before the birth of the Buddha. At the same time, the author, who appears to be a Bengali Brahman, has an intellectual, rather than a spiritual, understanding of the teachings of the Upanishads and of Buddhism; his handling of both is superficial.

The panorama contains, on page 77, a paragraph which will be of interest to students of Theosophy:

"The writings of Ram Mohun Roy, Debendra Nath Tagore, Rajendra Lal Mitra, in Bengal; those of Ranade, Vishnu Pundit and others in Bombay, of Swami Dayanand and Sir Syed Ahmed Khan in Upper India, of Madam Blavatsky and the other Theosophists in Madras

brought about a new awakening, which afterwards received an even stronger impetus from the writings and speeches of Mrs. Annie Besant and Swami Vivekananda. This was on the religious and social side mainly, but its national character was unmistakable." To us, this strongly suggests that the author is unable to discern the profound difference between a spiritual movement and a psychic counterfeit, when he classes the deeply spiritual work of Madame Blavatsky with that of some of those who claim to be her successors.

But the essence of the book is the story of Gandhi, whom the author rather grandiloquently describes as "the son of a Prime Minister." It appears that Gandhi's father and grandfather had held office in the little State of Porbunder, on the coast between Bombay and the mouth of the Indus, with an area of 636 square miles and a population of 85,000. They were not Brahmans, but belonged to the Bunnia, or commercial, class. Gandhi as a boy was rebellious, iconoclastic and a professed atheist. He joined a secret society of boys who met to eat meat, not because they liked it, but because it was forbidden. As a youth, he went to England to study law. In London, about 1889, he is said to have met Madame Blavatsky, but the meeting evidently left no deep impression on him. He belonged to a different world. He then passed twenty years in South Africa, joining in the agitations which have inflamed and complicated the already difficult race problems there. He served as a stretcher bearer in the Boer war.

From South Africa, Gandhi returned to India, and from this point his story becomes of more general importance. It would be not unfair to say that, without intending it, his biographer has drawn an excellent portrait, not of a spiritual seer and leader, but of a typical psychic, in whom the element of distorted reflection, of counterfeit, is the motive power both of thought and of action. Again and again, the biographer is perplexed and astonished by the contradictions and mental somersaults of his hero. He explains them as the peculiarities of a saint. They are really the characteristics of a psychic, whose mind catches images now upright, now inverted. Thus we can heartily commend Gandhi's action at the beginning of the World War, in calling on the natives of India to help the cause of the Allies in all possible ways, but we must as distinctly condemn his successful efforts to create turmoil and disaffection in the years that followed the war. At his trial in March, 1922, Gandhi said, "to preach disaffection towards the existing system of Government has become almost a passion with me. . . . I knew that I was playing with fire." A psychic agitator, his head crammed with counterfeits of spiritual truths, and with a psychic's power of stirring up mob emotion: such is the portrait which his biographer unwittingly paints.

A more serious meaning is given to the subject by the description of the part played by Mr. A. O. Hume in the modern agitation in India. Mr. Hume was in one sense its originator when, in March, 1883, he took the first step that led to the formation of the Indian National Congress. His name and the date will both be significant to those who have met Mr. A. O. Hume in other records of that period. It was shortly after he had made the decision to "ride his own donkey," as one of his correspondents expressed it.

Mr. Hume had, in fact, turned his back on the plan for the true spiritual regeneration of India, laid before him by a Master of Wisdom. Instead, he started the National Congress, one of whose fruits is Gandhi the agitator.

So profoundly important are the faults of those who come into contact with the Masters, and are in any way involved in their work!

C. J.

Benedict Spinoza, by J. Alexander Gunn; Macmillan & Co., Ltd., in association with Melbourne University Press, 1925; price, 8s. 6d.

Matthew Arnold said of Spinoza and his work that they "bid fair to become soon what they deserve to become in the history of modern philosophy, the central point of interest." Perhaps this is an over-statement, but it is certain that Spinoza's philosophy has never been more pertinent than it is to-day. The unprejudiced scholar must in honesty admit that Spinoza reconciled religion and science in his own consciousness, without sacrificing either integrity of mind or simplicity of heart. Whether we accept his solution or not, we may

recall that few, very few who have tried to improve upon it, have left as an heritage such an impression of abiding serenity and peace.

Professor Gunn's little treatise, therefore, fills a real need, for it brings the essentials of Spinoza's system within the purview of the average reader who lacks the technical equipment to undertake the task of reading Spinoza "in the original." It is not the least merit of Professor Gunn's book that it should inspire the student with the desire to learn more of the details of Spinoza's thought at first hand.

However, Dr. Gunn's work is of special interest to those who already love Spinoza. He has effectively interpreted many obscurities and, in particular, has shown the impropriety of many illusions that have clouded the real significance of Spinoza's identification of God with Nature. "Nature" for Spinoza is not physical Nature; it is the One Substance which is conceived by the human mind only through the manifestation of Its attributes. One such attribute may be described as Thought; another is called by Spinoza, Extension, which includes all physical phenomena perceptible to our senses or conceivable to the intellect. Both Thought and Extension are perceived by a finite consciousness, as constituting the essence of God, but God Himself is ineffable, impersonal, mysterious, the Causeless Cause of all that exists. Spinoza has been blamed or praised for being a pantheist, "but his pantheism, if we permit the name at all, is not that superficial doctrine of a vague divine spirit pervading all things, but a clearer doctrine that all things are in God and are manifestations of Him" (p. 123).

In this connection, Dr. Gunn points out the fact that Spinoza is so absorbed in the contemplation of the One Reality as to remain somewhat indifferent to the process whereby the appearance of diversity arises in the Divine Unity. "Spinoza characteristically enough begins with the Infinite, not with the finite. His difficulty is not to reach the Infinite, but rather to get from the Infinite to finite things, and he passes over the question of metaphysics, *par excellence*—that ultimate question which for us can only be answered speculatively, if at all—the question, 'Why *are* there finite things?' His *conatus* is too mechanical, too physical. There is an *élan* of the universe, a growing, developing force, so well brought out in our modern biology and psychology, which is much more than a mere conserving force" (p. 126). Spinoza lacks the appreciation of Time so evident in the philosophy of Bergson. "His theory of modes, or we may style it of individuality, is utterly overshadowed by the sublimity and grandeur of his One Substance" (p. 54). After all, it is only the individualized consciousness that has need of Time in which to grow or develop. For the Absolute, growth or development is inconceivable.

This complete subjection of the manifested to the unmanifested, of the human to the divine, is the key-note of Spinoza's whole system. And as Professor Gunn points out, Spinoza's metaphysical vision was the consequence and justification of a corresponding moral vision. The philosopher sought God as the Supreme Good of human life, in the spirit of St. Augustine's words: "My soul is restless till it find rest in Thee." He found blessedness as others have found it before and since, in the complete gift of self to that which is greater than self. Doubtless, there are not many souls who can find bliss and quietude through continuous meditation upon the abstract Principle of all causality in the Universe. But seekers for truth in whatever form will recognize the universal validity of Spinoza's dictum that no man can truly love the Eternal, who desires that the Eternal should love him in return.

In Professor Gunn's words: "Spinoza deserves particular notice to-day because he drew attention to the fact that all reality is causally connected, and to the fact that all reality is dependent on God. He sees no conflict between the strictly scientific inter-connection of all things and the vision of their unity in God" (p. 128).

S. L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 318.—*There is a quotation from Henley: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." How much of our life is destiny? If all of it is destiny, how do we ourselves control it?*

ANSWER.—What happens to us at any given moment is the resultant of three forces, only one of which is then under our control: (a) the great universal laws governing all things; (b) our own past, that is, the relation which our wills have formerly borne to those laws, and (c) the present reaction of our wills to the situation. Our past actions determine the point we occupy in the long path of our evolution, and that, in turn, determines the character of the forces that play upon us, just as our decision to winter in Canada or Florida determines the character of weather which we experience. The degree of our development determines also the degree of control which our wills have over the situation. The house catches fire. If, in panic, I jump from the second storey window, my own action has put me in a place where the law of gravitation has entire control and my will none at all. I am then "destined" to get a bad fall. I might, on the other hand, have walked quietly down-stairs, gently assisted by gravitation, and experienced quite a different "destiny." Which of the two I did, is largely influenced by the sum of my past choices in minor matters where my will had free choice, whether I had made a practice of self-control, or had indulged my impulses. What we obey, determines what we become, and what we become, determines the type and character of the forces that will act upon us. An artist and a boor, looking at the same beautiful painting, are influenced by very different forces.

Life has been described as a divine conspiracy to bring us to heaven, to our goal, and the particular laws of life operative at any given point are those best calculated to advance souls at that particular stage of development. The higher the development, the greater the control over "destiny." Those who, by obeying the laws of life, show themselves worthy to be trusted, are rewarded by increased control over them. Those who disobey, lose what little power they had. "Unto him that hath shall be given." To the extent to which a man can and will train himself, Life leaves the task to him. When he neglects or refuses to undertake it himself, "destiny" forces situations upon him, time and time again, if necessary, until at last he learns that lesson, and acts accordingly thereafter.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Let us assume that by destiny, Karma is meant. The surroundings in which we find ourselves in this life are exactly those which we have won for ourselves by thoughts and actions, good and bad, in past lives; devotion and effort, sin and evil, have placed us this time in circumstances which are exactly those we most need. They afford us the opportunity to retrieve past mistakes, to turn past effort into further progress. We control this "destiny" by what we do about it. If we remain "tied and bound by the chain of our sins," this incarnation may be worse than wasted, for to stand still is impossible, and the net result of it will be that we shall have actually gone backwards. But if, with an understanding heart, on fire with devotion, our will turned, we press forward,—we use our destiny, and are not used by it.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Our efforts to control destiny are as ineffective as a radio set would be if some part of it were to begin to generate and to send out vibrations at its own key-note frequency. In that sense the individual is a receiver, designed to transform, transmit and deliver the messages of the Soul, which is striving to carry on its work of ceaseless, creative manifestation. The purposes of the Soul must be destiny for the instrument, but a destiny that is "all of life" and infinitely more, since the Soul "hath elsewhere had its setting and cometh from afar." If there be any point at which the ego can affirm Selfhood, it would there be "master" and "captain" *for* the Soul, not *of* it. Subordination, accommodation and co-operation are the rôle of the individual, one that demands the most positive use of all his powers, included among which is the power to control the lower vehicles so that they may be faithful transmitters, in their turn. The effort to "control" in any other sense, must distort the higher current that is seeking to operate through us. It is these frustrations of destiny, on our own part, which we commonly lay to destiny.

H. M.

ANSWER.—The vessel may be wrecked, or the troop of cavalry may run away, but a real captain will be captain still—though the heavens fall. There is a certain attitude of heart and mind and will which characterizes a real captain; an instinctive movement of responsibility; a positive kind of understanding and detachment, which goes with courage for serene waiting, or for instant action. He goes forward to meet life, and he goes forward to meet death, as Kitchener did, level-eyed.

In *The World's Desire*, Odysseus, chained to the bed of torment, speaks as the captain of his soul:

"Endure, my heart: not long shalt thou endure
 The shame, the smart;
 The good and ill are done; the end is sure;
 Endure, my heart!
 There stand two vessels by the golden throne
 Of Zeus on high,
 From these he scatters mirth and scatters moan,
 To men that die.
 And thou of many joys hast had thy share,
 Thy perfect part;
 Battle and love, and evil things and fair;
 Endure, my heart!
 Fight one last greatest battle under shield,
 Wage that war well:
 Then seek thy fellows in the shadowy field
 Of asphodel:
 There is the knightly Hector; there the men
 Who fought for Troy;
 Shall we not fight our battles o'er again?
 Were that not joy?
 Though no sun shines beyond the dusky west,
 Thy perfect part
 There shalt thou have of the unbroken rest;
 Endure, my heart!"

What can you do with a man like that? What can destiny do with him? He has conquered himself: he has "taken the kingdom of heaven by violence." He lives and acts in the world of realities. Fate is his ally. Destiny is his friend.

K. D. P.

ANSWER.—We ourselves *are* our destiny. We weave our destiny about us by the threads of thoughts and words and deeds, as the silk-worm spins from within itself its prisoning cocoon. There is no such thing as arbitrary destiny, or fate. It only seems so because we cannot see the past causes of present conditions. We throw a stone into a pond; we cannot stop the

ripples it makes, but we did not have to throw the stone. Someone jogging our elbow, perhaps, caused the stone to be cast? Even so, we could have let the stone fall at our feet, or we need not have picked it up in the first place. The throwing was our own choice, for good or ill. The choosing of each moment is our future destiny. The conditions of our lives are ripples of past choices.

H. E. D.

QUESTION No. 319.—*All writers on chélaship tell us that the disciple must fit himself for this state entirely alone and unaided; but the Christian Master has said that without Him we can do nothing. How can we reconcile this apparent contradiction?*

ANSWER.—Owing to the dual nature of the mind, a spiritual fact must be stated by paradox, otherwise one would have only a half truth. The would-be disciple must decide for himself and rouse his own will to action. Would he really expect that anyone else could push or drag him forward? On the other hand it is said that his efforts are ceaselessly reinforced by his own Master without whom he could accomplish—literally—nothing.

X.

ANSWER.—What is our motive? Why do we desire chélaship? Do we want it for growth in personal stature? Or do we want it, in all humility and devotion, that we may serve? In the one case, our effort is empty and futile, the results turn to dust and ashes, even if we do not accomplish positive harm. In the other, the whole power of the spiritual world is behind us, working in and through us when we do not block it, and we come to see that it is this power alone which makes possible whatever we may accomplish; that in and of ourselves we can do nothing.

But, granted the right motive, we must *learn* to serve. We must be trained, and while others older and wiser than we are may point out to us the ways in which we need training, our progress must depend in the nature of things on our own inner effort, on the growth of our devotion and understanding, on the exercise of our will. We alone are responsible for what we do about it after our line of action has been indicated to us. In this sense we fit ourselves alone and unaided. But the response from the spiritual world is immediate and sure when there is reality in our devotion and effort, though we may not be able to recognize the form it takes. We can be sure that we are never really alone.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—We have not given ourselves life, or consciousness, or any faculty or power whatsoever. In one sense, nothing is ours, except the power of choice, the power to select and use the forces loaned to us. For the most part we have used them to dig a deep pit of self, in which we are now imprisoned, and from which, unaided, we could never escape. The Masters cannot descend into the pit to rescue us, but the Lords of Compassion and the sacrifice of the great Avatars have placed the ladder of their love within our reach. We have to grasp and climb that ladder to a certain height alone and unaided, but if they did not hold it, it would not be there at all.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—In a kindergarten, the children learn by doing. They fashion, by their own efforts, a paper boat, let us say. A good teacher will not make it for them, but she has made the model. Also, she is *there*. Her presence, and the knowledge that other children have done what they are asked to do, that they have *in them* the same possibilities, makes them go on, step by step. Is not something similar true of us, in our kindergarten stage? "Christ *in us*, the hope of glory."

H. E. D.



NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 24th, 1926, beginning at 10:30 A.M.
2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.
3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meeting. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.
4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.
5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. At 8:30 P.M. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are cordially invited.
6. On Sunday, April 25th, at 3:30 P.M., there will be a public address at the Greenwich Village Theatre, Seventh Avenue and Christopher Street. Tickets are not required for admission. Invitation cards will be supplied to all members, on request, so that they may have opportunity to call the lecture to the attention of their friends who reside in New York or in the vicinity. Following the address, tea is served at 64 Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and the friends they wish to invite.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

February 15th, 1926.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held at 64 Washington Mews, beginning at half past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Those of the spring of 1926 are on the evenings of April 10th and 24th (Convention meeting), and May 8th and 22nd. Visitors are welcome. The location of 64 Washington Mews is on the north side of the Mews, the second door from the Fifth Avenue entrance—the Mews running midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North.

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The Theosophical Society

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



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

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

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

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

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

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the
Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.